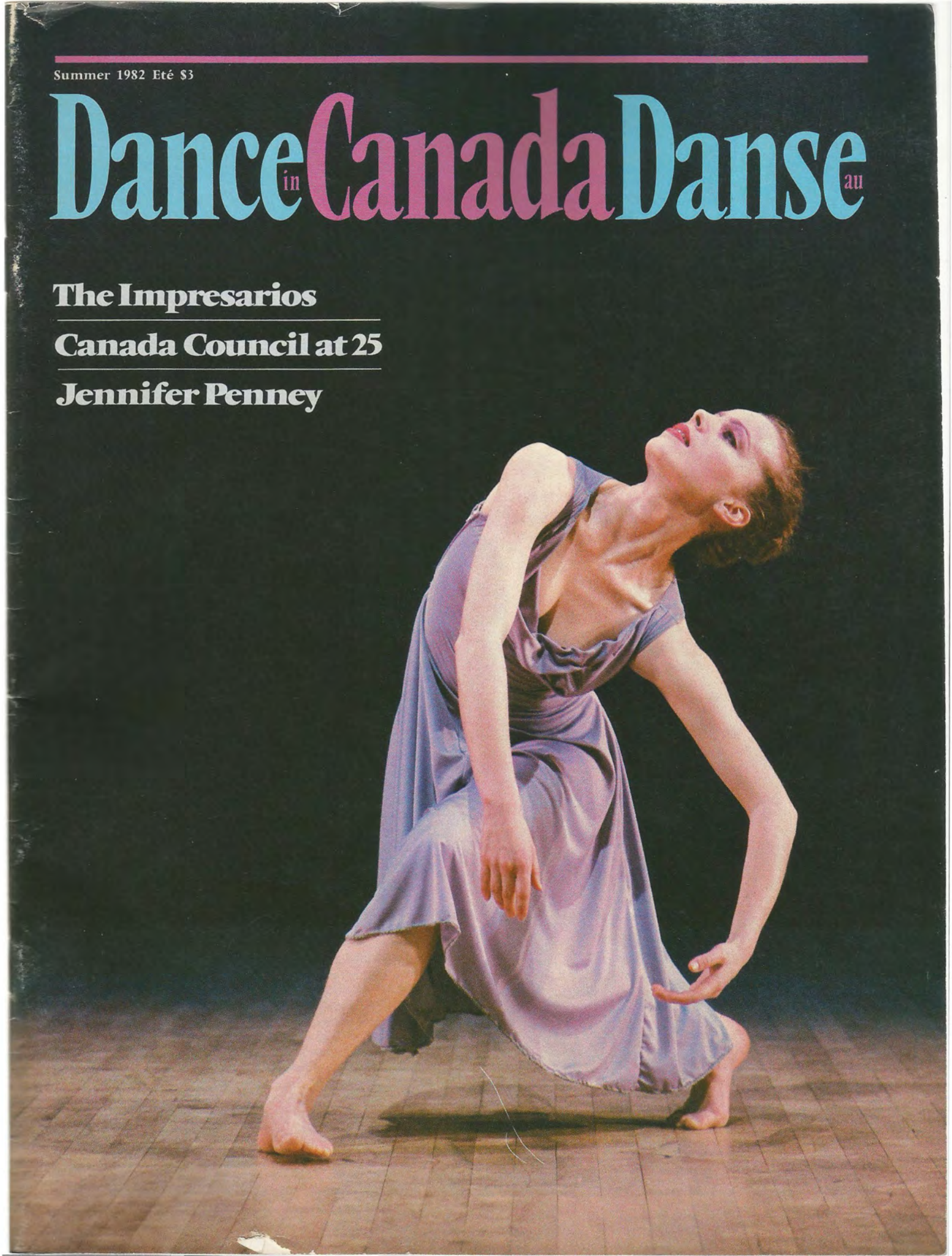
Summer 1982 Eté $3

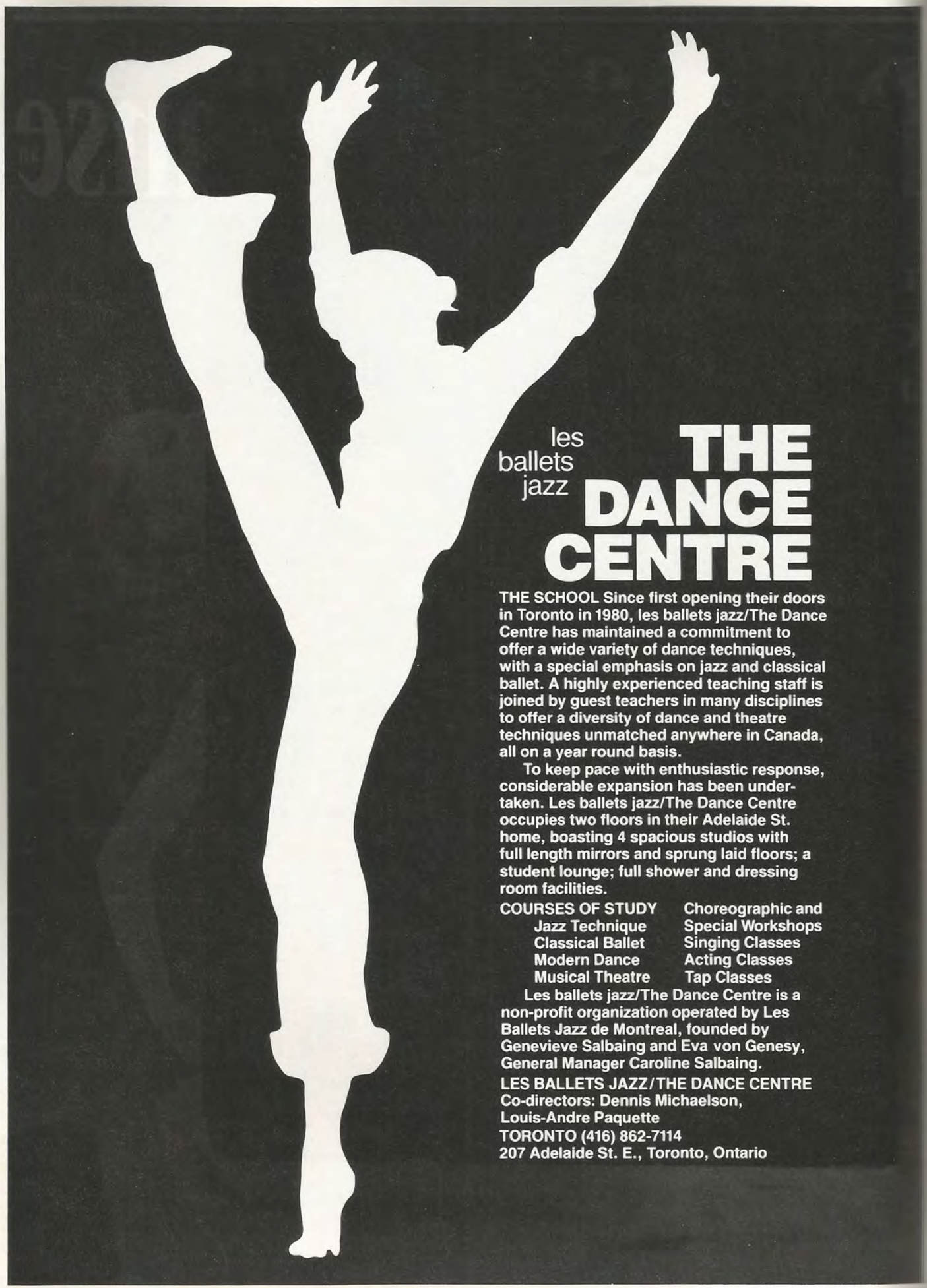
Dance in Canada Danse au

The Impresarios

Canada Council at 25

Jennifer Penney





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Dance in Canada Danse au

Issue Number 32 Summer 1982 Eté

Published quarterly by **Dance in Canada Association** (a non-profit organization, registration #00221-22-23), 100 Richmond St. East, Toronto, Ont. M5C 2P9. (416) 368-4793 Peggy MacLeod, Managing Director. The views expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of **Dance in Canada Association**. All rights reserved. Copyright © 1982 by the Dance **in Canada Association**. Subscriptions: $10/year; $18/two years; $15 institutions. Outside Canada add $3.00. Back issues are available in microfilm from Micromedia Ltd., 144 Front St. West, Toronto, Ont. M5J 2L7. Limited copies of back issues are available at $3.50 each from the editorial office. Send change of address, subscription orders, back issue orders and undeliverable copies to Dance in Canada, 100 Richmond St. East, Toronto, Ont. M5C 2P9. Printed in Brampton, Ontario by Charters Publishing Co., Ltd. Second class mail registration #03874. Return postage guaranteed. ISSN 0317-9737.

Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Dance in Canada publishes in official language of origin.

Special thanks to The Canada Council and The Ontario Ministry of Citizenship and Culture.

Publication trimestrielle de l'**Association Danse au Canada** (organisation à but non lucratif, numéro d'enregistrement: 002221-22-23), 100 Richmond St. East, Toronto, Ont. M5C 2P9. Directrice administrative: Peggy MacLeod. Les opinions exprimées dans cette revue ne sont pas nécessairement celles de l'**Association Danse au Canada**. Tous droits réservés. Copyright © 1982, **Association Danse au Canada**. Abonnements: un an: $10, deux ans: $18, institutions: $15. Etranger: ajouter $3. Pour obtenir d'anciens numéros sur microfilm, s'adresser à: Micromedia Ltd., 144 Front St. West, Toronto, Ont. M5J 2L7. Un nombre limité d'anciens numéros sont disponibles au bureau de la rédaction à $3.50 le numéro. Adresser vos changement d'adresse, demande d'abonnement, commande d'anciens numéros et tous numéros non livrés à Danse au Canada, 100 Richmond St. East, Toronto, Ont. M5C 2P9. Imprimé à Brampton, Ontario par Charters Publishing Co., Ltd. N° d'enregistrement de courrier de seconde classe: 03874. Frais de retour garantis. ISSN 0317-9737.

Les manuscrits ne seront pas retournés sauf s'ils ont été commandés ou s'ils sont accompagnés d'une enveloppe adressée et affranchie. Danse au Canada publie les articles dans leur langue d'origine.

Remerciements au Conseil des Arts du Canada et au Ministère des Affaires civiques et culturelles de l'Ontario.

Features

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COVER
Sara Pettitt of the Toronto Dance Theatre is seen in a new solo by company co-director Peter Randazzo, titled *Enter the Dawn.* It received its first performance in Toronto on March 23. The photograph is by Andrew Oxenham.

CREDITS
Elian Bachini, p. 42; Banff Centre, p. 38; Canada Council, p. 7; David Cooper, p. 2, 3, 4, 5, 23, 31; Michael Crabb, p. 40; Robert Etcheverry, p. 19; Melodie Garbish, p. 18; Andrew Oxenham, p. 25, 32, 41; Paul Pascal, p. 13, 43; Photo Features Ltd., p. 40; Rodney Polden, p. 21, 22; Leslie E. Spatt, p. 10

Photo-Gallery: David Cooper

Résident de Vancouver, David Cooper s'est fait un nom comme photographe de la scène théâtrale. Il a débuté sa carrière comme photographe et concepteur graphique pour le Vancouver Playhouse. Son goût pour la danse s'est considérablement avivé à la suite d'une visite de trois semaines intensives aux studios du Ballet Royal de Winnipeg. "J'ai photographié des corps dans toutes sortes de contorsions et la routine des danseurs dans leurs vieilles tenues de répétition usées, et à ma grande surprise, je suis parti de Winnipeg sur une note d'enthousiasme." Il a un grand respect pour l'art de la danse et ses interprètes et, depuis qu'il est devenu pigiste, il a photographié de nombreuses compagnies de ballet et de danse moderne parmi les plus importantes.

David Cooper a autant de talent pour la photo en studio que sur scène où il se sert d'un boîtier spécial qui atténue le bruit de l'appareil photo pendant les représentations. Il apporte un soin particulier aux angles de prise de vue et préfère les angles bas qui accentuent l'effet dramatique.

'Even with all my long experience in theatrical stage photography, dance remains the most challenging of my work. Sometimes it seems so impossible and frustrating that I begin to mumble to my camera, during a dress rehearsal, and curse myself for missing an important moment.'

These are the words of David Cooper whose own very evident desire for perfection in his work mirrors his observation of the way dancers approach their art.

Born in Toronto, where he spent two years studying architecture at the University of Toronto, David Cooper left to settle in Vancouver where he began work as a photographer and graphic designer. For several years he was on the staff of the Vancouver Playhouse.

Evelyn Hart (hand colouring: Mia Johnson; art direction: Eric Ashley)

Backstage–the Royal Winnipeg Ballet

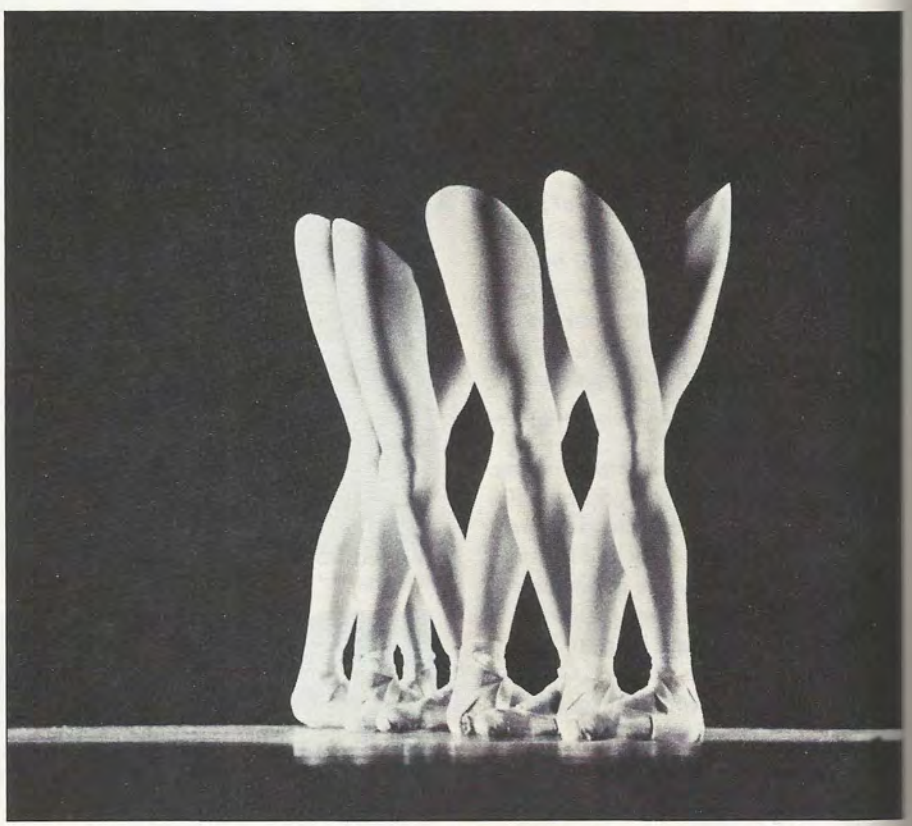
In rehearsal–the Royal Winnipeg Ballet

With the help of a Canada Council grant, he travelled to Manitoba to watch and photograph the Royal Winnipeg Ballet in class and rehearsal. He quickly developed a special respect for dancers. 'There was an obsessive discipline to perfect their work that I had never seen in other stage performers.' During his three weeks in Winnipeg he set up a makeshift darkroom in a washroom. By feeding his results to the dancers he was able to learn from their comments.

With his reputation already established in the Vancouver theatrical community, David Cooper left the Playhouse to freelance generally in the performing arts. His dance work has been used by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, the Alberta Ballet, Contemporary Dancers, Pacific Northwest Ballet, Terminal City, Anna Wyman, Judith Marcuse and many others. An exhibition of his work, *Theatre Images,* was shown at Presentation House and he produced a special, limited edition print, featuring Evelyn Hart, for Vancouver impresario David Y.H. Lui's 1981/82 season.

In his studio, David Cooper has a 24-foot-wide grey seamless 'cove' but often arranges a portable studio on location. He likes to keep his camera below waist level for a dramatic viewpoint and uses studio lighting designs similar to those employed on the stage–lots from the top and the sides.

Some of his best action shots in the theatre are taken with an automatic camera inside a soundproof 'blimp'. He also uses Nikons for 35mm work–his most favoured lenses are an 85mm f2, a 105mm f1.8 and a 135mm f2. For a larger format in the studio he turns to a Rollei SLX used with Norman strobes.



For years, like so many photographers, his staple black and white stock was Kodak Tri-X (pushed to 1600 ASA) but David Cooper is a recent convert to Ilford's XP1. He does all his own black and white lab work, using an Ilford print processor to keep up with large print orders. For colour work, he shoots Kodak Ektachrome 160 (tungsten).

Michael Crabb

A Decisive Decade

Monique Michaud and the Canada Council's Dance Section

While the Canada Council celebrates its 25th anniversary, the Dance Section marks its own 10th birthday. Throughout these often tumultuous and strife-ridden years for the dance community in Canada, Monique Michaud has continued to direct the affairs of the Dance Section. She has survived criticism to see many of her aims achieved and others reach the brink of fulfilment.

Monique Michaud, Head of the Canada Council's Dance Section is seen with her staff: Barbara Plumptre, Dance Officer (left) and Holly Gnaedinger, Dance Officer–Finance (right).

Bien que le Conseil des Arts du Canada ait apporté son soutien financier à la danse dès sa première année d'activité (1957-58), ce n'est qu'en 1972 qu'était créé le Service de la danse, sous la direction de Monique Michaud pendant les dix premières années de son existence. Malgré les critiques qu'elle a reçu pour certaines de ses politiques et la prétendue manipulation des procédures d'évaluation du Conseil des Arts du Canada qui auraient favorisé certains groupes, Monique Michaud a défendu sa position et nombreux de ses espoirs se sont réalisés. Elle entrait au Conseil des Arts du Canada en 1965 après avoir abandonné une carrière en arts visuels. Elle ne pensait pas avoir le talent suffisant pour apporter une contribution artistique originale. Ses parents avaient compris l'importance d'une éducation artistique, mais bien que son premier amour soit la danse, ils ont préféré qu'elle étudie les beaux-arts. Monique Michaud se considère à présent comme une bureaucrate créatrice en aidant la communauté de la danse au Canada à définir et à atteindre ses objectifs avec le soutien financier du Conseil des Arts du Canada. Elle se félicite de l'amélioration dans la situation dont la danse jouit à présent dans les affaires du Conseil par rapport à l'oubli dont elle souffrait auparavant. Malgré que le bien-fondé des politiques de financement du Conseil des Arts du Canada soit toujours contesté, Monique Michaud a apporté une large contribution à l'essor de la danse en épousant sa cause auprès du Conseil.

Bureaucrats are, by tradition, supposed to be faceless creatures, never seen and rarely heard. The Canada Council's staff, of course, are not bureaucrats in the ordinary sense of that rather derisory expression, least of all Monique Michaud–the tiny, feisty lady who, since 1972, has ruled the Council's Dance Section and thereby played a central, often controversial role in the development of dance across Canada. Partly by choice and partly of necessity she has been drawn into the general turbulence that has accompanied the growth of the Canadian dance community. There was no chance to stay closeted in an Ottawa office pushing papers around like other bureaucrats. She had to join the fray.

Monique Michaud's physical appearance belies both her energy and determination. She has a slight, short figure and a face dominated by spectacles with disarmingly thick lenses. They sometimes give her the wide-eyed look of a fanatic although she has the ability to drain all sign of emotion from her face and to disguise whatever is going through her mind.

That, however, is not Monique Michaud's characteristic style. She is an intensely emotional woman with a hearty zest for life who can laugh, drink and be merry as easily as she can be cool, reasoning and intellectual.

She was born in Ottawa 53 years ago, the second child and first daughter in a family of six. Although the family was French Canadian Monique Michaud delights in the fact that her grandmother was Irish: 'They say a drop of Irish never dries out'. Perhaps this accounts for what she claims is her fighting instinct and natural sympathy for life's underdogs.

Her parents were both devoted to literature. Her father was a journalist by profession and managed to establish a French language newspaper in Kingston, Ontario, during the height of the Great Depression. He later returned to work as a translator in Ottawa, among other things translating the Rules of the House of Commons.

A fulfilled creative bureaucrat

'My family', explains Michaud, 'was very concerned with the arts. When each of us was eight years old our parents asked what art we should like to study. I wanted dance classes but at that time in Ottawa dance was not quite the thing so I was sent to art classes instead. Dance was really my first love and although I never received any training I've since watched classes all over the world. However, when I was about 15 years old we used to go up to a summer home in the Gatineaus and there I would dance as entertainment for my friends. I suppose it was my Isadora phase though then I had no idea who she was. I am still a very physical person and have a very flexible body. But don't think, because of that, I'm a frustrated artist. I am a fulfilled creative bureaucrat.'

The route she took to her present position had its twists and turns. In the early fifties she lived for two years in New York as a traslator for the UN. 'I had what was then considered to be a huge salary. I felt rich, had tea at the Waldorf and went to the same hairdresser as Greer Garson. It was an exciting time in New York and was my dance awakening. I went to everything and watched the beginnings of Balanchine's company.'

Her roots, however, were not English or American and she returned to Canada. Her training as a visual artist gave her a means of support between her two marriages. The first produced a son, now 28 years old, her only child. Yet she felt unsatisfied as an artist. 'I did not measure up to my own standards and that's why I stopped. I did not feel I could make an original contribution and, even now, I am very impatient with artists who are unwilling to recognize their own limits. You have to have confidence but you must be honest.'

In 1965, Monique Michaud decided she wanted to be at the Canada Council. 'I just went in and told them I wanted to work there'. At the time, the Council was still a relatively small operation–a staff of only 45–and Michaud worked her way up through its rapidly expanding administration. She served in finance with André Fortier, later to become the Council's director, but her two main influences were the former Theatre Officer, Jean Roberts, and the legendary Peter Dwyer.

Like so many people in and outside the Council, Monique Michaud speaks of the late Peter Dwyer with a mixture of love and awe. An Englishman with patrician instincts, broad tastes and high ideals, Dwyer had come to the Council in 1958. Even now his earlier career in the British Intelligence Service is clouded in mystery and he did not like to be referred to as an ex-spy. Dwyer rose through the ranks of assistant and associate director to become the Council's head in 1969. He died in 1972. He taught Michaud the duties and responsibilities of an arts administrator, how to be disinterested and passionately involved at the same time. Both Dwyer and Roberts were champions of standards and, despite its powerful influence for good, accepted that the Council could not force the emergence of an artistic culture in Canada. They could encourage and offer help when needed but they could not actually create the culture themselves.

Conflicts of principle and personality

Once in charge of her own section at the Council, Monique Michaud became responsible for an artistic community in ferment. Although there has been a wide measure of support for the Canada Council's contribution to the dance there has also been dissent–conflicts over direction and principle and between personalities.

Two of Michaud's most important actions when she became Dance Officer in 1972 were the commissioning of a study, *Directions for the Dance in Canada*–the so-called McKinsey Report published in 1973–and the issue of invitations to dance people across Canada to gather in Ottawa for a conference. Her purpose behind the latter move was to inform herself of the dance community's concerns and ideas for the future. The indirect result was the formation a year later of the Dance in Canada Association. Its relationship with Michaud, however, was not always cordial.

The conflicts that arose were more than idealistic. It was not just a question of how the Council should best proceed in serving the needs of dance, of whether money should be distributed more widely, decisions about allocation of money made more openly. Behind it all was a lingering suspicion among a vocal section of the dance community that Monique Michaud was Public Enemy Number One. She was accused openly and behind closed doors of manipulating the Council's established procedures to favour a small entrenched group of organizations. She was perceived as the opponent of democratization and decentralization in the arts–at the time both very fashionable causes–and her private friendship with the National Ballet School's principal and director, Betty Oliphant, was held to compromise Michaud's position as an impartial administrator.

Brian Macdonald, Canada's best-known choreographer, still regards the operations of the Dance Section as a 'travesty'. He speaks fondly of Peter Dwyer and his 'heart-warming' encouragement but is not even on speaking terms with Monique Michaud.

As Macdonald sees it, Michaud manipulates the system to the benefit of favourites, in particular to the benefit of the National Ballet and the National Ballet School which together enjoy a lion's share of the funds allocated to dance. Gone, says Macdonald, is Peter Dwyer's 'wonderful vision'. His personal feelings are bitter: 'She has totally excommunicated me. I don't think she can even spell my name properly and presumably I don't know enough about dance in this country to sit

on any jury'. (Timothy Porteous, the Council's new director, says that Brian Macdonald has, in fact, served as a Council assessor and jury-member in past years.)

The question of integrity

Although less bitter in tone, Grant Strate has been equally critical of the Dance Section's operations under Michaud. At the time of the controversial Brinson Report (1975/6) which argued that Canadian ballet training needed a centre of excellence (the National Ballet School) if a distinctly Canadian style was to emerge, Strate went on record to condemn both the report and the Council. He accused the Dance Section of commissioning the report to give credence to a predetermined plan of action which took the form of a massive increase in the National Ballet School's Council subsidy. The integrity of the Canada Council was now in question, argued Strate. At the same time, Brian Macdonald wrote a satirical sketch of the dance scene in Canada as it would appear in 1984 with a Council issuing edicts to elevate the National Ballet School and the company to privileged heights while relegating everyone else to the boonies.

Grant Strate and Monique Michaud do not talk to each other either.

According to Tim Porteous, such intensity of feeling, openly expressed, does not unduly disturb the Council. As he correctly points out, for every critic there is at least one supporter. In addition, the Council accepts that its operating procedures, its insistence on a particular conception of excellence–which, inevitably means the imposition of 'standards'–is going to create enemies. Beyond that, Porteous sees the dance community as among the most intense of the Council's customers ('clients', as Michaud often calls them). 'That intensity', comments Porteous, 'seems to be endemic to a dancer's existence and is reflected in everything, including the response to what we do. Assessments we receive in the Dance Section are the most extreme of any art form'.

Monique Michaud, naturally enough, rejects the accusations of favouritism and assessment rigging which are still, occasionally, hurled at her. She points out that juries assessing individuals are not her responsibility–they fall under the aegis of the Arts Awards Service where former Royal Winnipeg Ballet principal Richard Rutherford takes charge of dance. On the question of assessments, Michaud insists everything is done to give organizations that apply for operating or project grants a fair hearing. Applicants are permitted to suggest suitable assessors and Michaud says it is not at all uncommon to receive a negative assessment from someone a company believes to be a supportive friend.

'The policy here at the Council is that the artists themselves decide. They are ultimately responsible for the development of their art form and if they goof it's their responsibility. The Council does not have its own aesthetic. The choices are not made by bureaucrats.'

Michaud admits her position holds great potential power–the very power which her detractors accuse her of abusing–but insists it is peer judgment that decides to whom the Council's limited funds will go. 'Sure there is power in this job if I wanted to use it but I'm not on a power trip. I think I can claim to go out of my way to make things difficult for myself. I could arrange things if I really wanted to make things more clear cut or to sway a decision. However, it's not a question of power but of responsibility.'

A controversial friendship

Of her friendship with Betty Oliphant, Michaud is frank and undefensive. 'We are both very strong characters but, you know, we don't always agree. I think it's very funny that after 10 years people still seem to think I have only one friend in the dance community. It's ironic that I'm accused of favouring the National Ballet when Betty has been fairly outspoken at certain things there she is unhappy with. What my attackers are really saying is that I'm very unprofessional and that I don't have a personality of my own. Naturally I don't like that and I don't think it true.'

When Michaud came under heavy fire at the Dance in Canada conference of 1977, (see *Dance in Canada*, number 14, Fall/Winter 1977/78), in Winnipeg, it was Betty Oliphant who defended her. On national radio, she accused a faction of the Association's board of, 'biting the hand which feeds them'. She went on to assert that the same faction wanted to take control of the Council's functions.

Monique Michaud is herself amused at her image as a supporter of traditional values and of the big companies which supposedly uphold them. 'My tastes are really quite avant garde. I'm certainly not a traditionalist. It's just the size of the National Ballet's grant that gives that impression. Tim Porteous thinks of me as the champion of the little companies!'

In crude numerical terms the National Ballet of Canada does appear to get more than its due share of a very limited cake. Figures published in the Council's 24th Annual Report covering 1980/81, show the National getting 35 per cent of the

total allocation for performing companies is 25 per cent of the Dance Section's total disbursements–more in fact than the sum of all the money granted to the small troupes receiving Council support. The National Ballet School in the same period received approximately 20 per cent of the money available to dance.

Monique Michaud insists that the figures reflect not only the real costs of these organizations' activities but the measure of confidence felt for them by the Council's 21 public trustees. 'People forget too', adds Michaud, 'that the National carries the rest of the dance community on its back. Government knows the National. If we cut it that does not mean the same amount of money would be available to go elsewhere'.

There is a sense of strained patience as Michaud bemoans some of her critics' ignorance of the way the Council operates, of the limited monies that must be apportioned out according to established, approved policies.

Tim Porteous is quick to point to the cost-efficiency of the National Ballet, the relatively small proportion the Council's grant represents as a part of the company's total budget, the way the National opens doors for dance in general by introducing audiences to the art form through spectacular, colourful ballets.

A Federal Pas de Deux

Even so, Moniqe Michaud and her colleagues have been sensitive enough to criticisms of the Council's policies to push themselves for change from within. In December, 1980, the Council published a summary of recommendations put before the Council by the Dance Section. *The Art of Partnering Dance: A Federal Pas de Deux*, addressed a wide range of problems and offered solutions–all of them requiring a substantial increase in the Dance Section's allotment of Council funds. 'Our standards are excessively high', said the authors of the report. It expressed a desire to return to the situation, 'where the whole of the discipline, as opposed to selected parts, is supported and developed'. It spoke of 'more flexible standards to address the problems of regional disparities', of more funding for independent dancers and choreographers.

Monique Michaud's report was favourably received. Her allotment for 1980/81– the year during which the report was submitted–was $4.9 million. The next year it rose to $6.1 million and for 1982/83 it will be $7.3 million–'perhaps even a little more if we're lucky', says Michaud.

She is justly proud of these developments and of the general pattern of growth during the past decade. Alluding once again to the problems she has faced of trying to satisfy the large and diverse needs of dance in a period of government fiscal restraint she says, ruefully, 'As an art form we chose a bad time to come of age'.

Monique Michaud is amazingly placid and philosophical as she reflects on the tumultuous years during which it has been her job to tend the dance in Canada. Arguments about direction, about assessment procedures, about defining standards of excellence will, she knows, continue. The virulent arguments, the politics of confrontation, seem, however, to be ended. Monique Michaud shows no signs of tiring of her duties. Instead she looks upon the past decade as a period of foundation laying. The really exciting things are yet to come.

Real Achievements

In reviewing the Council's growing commitment to dance, a development for which Michaud must largely be credited, she likes to point to the contrasts between the Council's relationships with dance in the early days and the situation today. In 1957 the Council funded just three companies, now, quite apart from its direct funding to individuals through the Arts Awards Service, her office funds 26 organizations. In the decade during which there has been a separate Dance Section, she has fought for and won a growing share of available funds.

The original Act of Parliament which established the Canada Council did not even mention dance in its list of what shoud be considered 'arts'. It relegated it to grab-all category–'other similar creative and interpretative activities'. Now the word 'Dance' features prominently in all the Council's self-descriptive publications.

As recently as 1970 Michaud recalls one exasperated Council member reacting to the appearance of dance on an agenda with the bored comment: 'Oh, no! We're not going to talk about tutus again are we?'. Ten years later, when dance had become a major preoccupation of the Council, Michaud was gently chided with the reminder: 'There *are* other forms than dance, you know'.

Perhaps Monique Michaud's greatest personal satisfaction came on the day when the Canada Council officially celebrated the 25th anniversary of its first meeting. There, before a VIP audience at the National Arts Centre, was Canadian dance on film–*Gala*, the NFB's record of last spring's Canadian Dance Spectacular. Its warm reception by all who saw it gratified Michaud: 'Was I ever pleased!' It was as if she had been waging a ten-year war for acceptance and had finally won. But even Michaud knows the battle has just moved into a different phase. She is ready to go on championing the cause of dance at the Canada Council and fully expects the next decade to be a story of victory and achievement.

Penelope Doob

Jennifer Penney

Modest Reflections on the Road to Stardom

Jennifer Penney has become one of the Royal Ballet's most widely admired artists, as gifted in the classical roles as in those created for her by Kenneth MacMillan. During a long conversation with Penelope Doob, she spoke about her career. Here, in a distillation of that interview, Jennifer Penney offers her reflections on being a dancer.

Jennifer Penney with Julian Hosking in Kenneth MacMillan's *Gloria.*

Née à Vancouver en 1946, Jennifer Penney est membre du Royal Ballet d'Angleterre depuis 1963. Elle a obtenu un grand succès dans une variété de rôles, mais pour des raisons qu'elle explique, c'est en tant qu'interprète des ballets de Kenneth MacMillan qu'elle éprouve la plus profonde satisfaction. Jennifer Penney est d'une grande beauté et sa présence sur scène suggère une vulnérabilité et une légèreté empreintes de sérénité. Elle recherche la perfection, mais sait laisser de côté ses préoccupations professionnelles pour profiter de moments de repos et se divertir. Comme elle l'explique elle-même, elle attribue une grande part de son succès à la chance. Elle déplore cependant le fait que les grandes compagnies (comme le Royal Ballet) fassent une catégorisation parmi les danseurs, ce qui limite leurs chances de développement artistique. Elle a une reconnaissance profonde pour Kenneth MacMillan qui lui a permis de devenir danseuse dramatique. Pour la première fois en décembre 1981, elle était en tête d'affiche pour son Roméo et Juliette *et remportait un succès foudroyant auprès des spectateurs et de la critique.*

I wish I could remember why I started dancing. I was about 11–I started late –and although it wasn't easy, it was something I felt at home doing. I started with a funny old teacher who used to whack me with a cane, which you'd think would have put me off, but obviously I do very well when whacked with canes! I studied with that teacher for a year or so, and then I went to Gweneth Lloyd and Betty Farrally. Because they took an interest in me, and because I was very fond of them, I began to take dancing seriously, and study-

Jennifer Penney as Odette in the Royal Ballet's production of *Swan Lake*.

ng with them was what kept me going. I studied with them until I was 15, and because my parents were splitting up, I actually *lived* with my teachers: I'd come home after school, they'd take me to class and give me my lesson. It was a lovely period in my life even though it shouldn't have been, but dance has that wonderful ability to carry you away from your personal problems. So I went on studying dance while I was going to high school, which I never finished–and that's something I regret, but I suppose there's always time to go back when I'm older, and while you're young you should be dancing if that's what you want. I've read a lot since, but I'd have liked more formal education.

'Most of my big breaks came because someone was injured'

I wonder now why I never thought of the National Ballet School, but it never occurred to me, and it didn't cross my teachers' minds either. They were very pro-English and I guess they thought I should go where they'd have liked to be themselves. I never even did an audition for the Royal Ballet School, which is something else I've never been able to figure out. All I know is that some photographs and some sort of recommendation were sent, and that was it. I was very lucky–*very* lucky! I was at the school about nine months, and then I had another piece of luck, because it so happened that the company needed three girls, and I was just the right shape.

Most of my big breaks came because someone was injured, so that meant I got to do a big role with a really good partner. I sometimes think that the story of my career was that Antoinette Sibley would be off and I'd get to do a new role with someone wonderful like Anthony Dowell! Actually, I need partnering less than most people. If I had my way, I'd have two kinds of rehearsals–one where I'd do everything on my own to be sure I knew it, and only then with a partner. I can't bear relying on the boy–it's not that I don't trust them, but they're all so different that it's much safer to do it on your own as much as you can.

Speaking of new roles, there have been three bad things that happened to me when I had to learn a role very fast, but the worst was *Swan Lake*, and that experience coloured my whole attitude to *Swan Lake*, which I hate even now. We were in New York, and I'd vaguely been told I could start learning it, but when you're just out of the corps, that's hardly the same thing as really having a chance to rehearse. Suddenly I had three days to learn it properly and perform it in New York! I'd only done about two fouettés in my whole life! I actually contemplated committing suicide. The *Swan Lake* was with David Wall, and if it hadn't been for him, it would have been total disaster. I did the last rehearsal in floods of tears, with Michael Somes [chief repetiteur]

Jennifer Penney was born in Vancouver, BC, in 1946. Along with Lynn Seymour and Wayne Eagling, she is one of three Canadian-born ballet dancers to have achieved universal acclaim as a member of Britain's Royal Ballet. In March, 1981, she was presented with the prestigious Standard Award for Ballet by Princess Margaret.

Jennifer Penney joined the Royal Ballet in 1963, became a soloist three years later and was made a principal in 1970. Although she is noted for her particular response to the choreography of Kenneth MacMillan, she has accumulated a repertoire that spans the works of Ashton, Cranko, Tudor, Robbins, Van Manen and many others. It was only last December, however, that she finally came to the title role in MacMillan's version of *Romeo and Juliet*. The response of both audiences and critics was ecstatic. Penney's technical and dramatic gifts seemed to have found their ultimate, perfect match. She was acknowledged to be a ballerina of the highest order, dancing in her prime.

Physically, Jennifer Penney is an exquisite creature. As a ballet technician she has always combined an astonishing facility with lightness and delicacy. Dame Ninette de Valois has compared her to Pavlova: 'There has always been something very, very special about Jennifer'. Her serenity and vulnerability on stage mask an intense perfectionism revealed in rehearsal and class. She arrives early, does much of her barre on point and looks like a textbook drawing of line and placement–when she is not mugging, scowling, or otherwise miming disgust at some miniscule fault.

Whimsical and engaging when relaxed, she also arrives at the theatre hours before a performance to try out innumerable pairs of unsatisfactory shoes and to persuade herself that she *can* do the role. Several hours later, the introspective worrier has become the most radiantly winning Aurora conceivable.

Jennifer Penney attributes her success to luck. In fact, her discipline, concentration, musicality and rare combination of strength and apparent fragility are really the qualities that have combined to make her such an enchanting artist, thereby winning her the hearts of audiences wherever the Royal Ballet is seen.

screaming and thumping about. I didn't have the stamina to get through the solos, never mind the whole ballet.

'I'm just not built for arabesques'

I took myself out of *Swan Lake* for five years, partly because of my initial experience and partly because I don't feel suited to the role. The ballet consists of 29,000 arabesques for a start, and I'm just not built for arabesques; if I manage a decent one, I can't breathe; an arabesque is the most painful thing on earth to me. And another problem with *Swan Lake*–everyone knows just what you're required to do, and that's very restricting. You can't play around as you can with one of Kenneth MacMillan's ballets, because the audience wants to see you do what they've seen 5,000 other people do better. That kind of limitation isn't satisfying to me–I need much more freedom of interpretation; that to me is *dancing*. With such a short career, why shouldn't you get pleasure out of what you do? Well, I do *Swan Lake* again now, but mostly for discipline–if I gave up on that, I'd probably give up on other things as well, and *Swan Lake* keeps me strong for what I like to do, Kenneth's ballets, which take a lot of strength of a different kind. So I grit my teeth and do *Swan Lake*, but I'll never enjoy it, and I'll only do matinees–they're less strain on my nerves. Oddly I don't mind Aurora so much, even though that's the most taxing role of all!

Two quick studies were *Daphnis and Chloë* and *Symphonic Variations*, which was awful because I learned it from scratch in two hours. I practically had notes written on the palms of my hands, and Anthony Dowell just carried me about. Even so, half the time I was in the wrong place, and that's the sort of ballet where you can't make a single mistake. Everybody in the audience knew it by heart, so they must have been very confused that evening!

'I've been a late starter in everything'

My performances in the sixties and early seventies were missing a lot of dramatic power. I think I've been a late starter in everything, and a lot of that was the company's fault–they tend to put you in stereotyped roles, and I was a classical dancer and only that. I even believed it myself, so I never thought about adding a dramatic dimension to what I did because it seemed that people weren't looking for that in those roles, at least from me. But once Kenneth MacMillan started using me–[when he became Director of the Royal Ballet in 1970]–and I think *The Seven Deadly Sins* [1973] was the first slightly dramatic role he made for me–I found I was having a wonderful time thinking about something besides technique; in fact, everything is so much easier when you're expected to have a little something upstairs! If it hadn't been for Kenneth, I would just have dribbled on, doing nothing but mediocre *Swan Lakes*, never looking for anything more in myself. I would have been very unfulfilled, and I probably would have stopped dancing long ago.

'I think I owe everything to Kenneth'

When I first did *Wedding Bouquet* [Ashton's comic ballet with a text by Gertrude Stein] I was the bride, the dumb blonde; but when we revived the ballet in 1981, I did Josephine [a notorious tippler]. Now, no one would ever have dreamed that I could do that before! And yet, in some ways, I'm a natural comedienne off stage, but it's taken so long to show that on stage because I'm such a perfectionist that if one step goes wrong, my face drops a mile, and that ruins the performance. But Josephine was such fun from the first that it whetted my appetite, and the more you do comic roles, the better you get at it. Thank God I was given the chance, because lots of dancers go through their whole careers doing just one sort of thing. That's why I think I owe everything to Kenneth.

Manon is my favourite role and next to that, Mary Vetsera [in MacMillan's *Mayerling*, the obsessed teenager who joins Crown Prince Rudolph in a suicide pact]; she's such a weird girl, but the moment you put that black nightie on for the seduction scene, that's *it*. Costumes are so large a part of Kenneth's ballets. In *Manon*, as soon as you have the blonde wig and that costume, you *are* Manon. Characterization is not a problem; there's no way you could be anything else. But what I love about working with Kenneth is that you wind up doing the most extraordinary things, and there's no way you'd ever be able to do those movements in any other ballet. Some people are appalled at what Kenneth does, but I think he has a wonderful way of exploring what bodies can do. And I love the kinkiness of some of the characters–it's an escape from reality. I adore going in and being nuts for a few hours! I love *Gloria* too; Kenneth said he wanted it to be an abstract work, so we started in rehearsals with no interpretation at all, but in the dress rehearsal it all fell into place, and it's been growing ever since. There's so much beauty in it, and so much pessimism underneath, as often with Kenneth's work. And then I love *Song of the Earth*–I wish we'd do that again! We have so many beautiful works, and yet we do so much trash a lot of the time. I don't know why we didn't bring *Manon* or *Mayerling* on tour to Canada last year, maybe because the New York critics don't like Kenneth's work, but audiences love both of those ballets.

'The older you get the more you realize that every debut is going to be chaos'

Working with Kenneth is terribly exciting. He'll give you an idea when he's making a ballet, and when you do it, if something else happens and it's bizarre enough, you can go on doing it, but many choreographers make you do exactly what they want, whether it suits you or not. You can play with one of Kenneth's roles, you feel you can make your own contribution. This year I danced Juliet–it's like Giselle, you have to be 35 to do a teenager well. Juliet is the one role left that I was really longing to do. It's daunting, especially because you know you're not going to be really good until you've done it a dozen times, and I may only have one or so a year, so I may not have time to get into it before I retire. The older you get, the more you realize that every debut is going to be chaos, or at least that it will *feel* like chaos!

Actually I'm a very nervous performer, but I need that nervous edge. You can easily become far too casual, of course, but I think there must be a happy medium! Sometimes I tell myself that I simply can't do a role, when I know perfectly well I could do it in my sleep, and I don't know what sets me off. There are still days when performing is a nightmare! But it's not anything like as terrible as it used to be. Maybe that's because my personal life is happier and more relaxed these days. When I wss less happy, I did all right, but now my dancing is so much better. I used to talk about retiring all the time, but I don't any more. I'm just going to keep going along and see what happens.

Kevin Singen

Dance to the Dollar

The Impresario An Endangered Species

How We Get To See the Dance We Do

Au cours des dix dernières années, la danse a connu un essor considérable au Canada et s'est distinguée par sa diversité. Présenter les artistes canadiens à leur public reste un problème complexe vu le coût des tournées et l'augmentation incessante des autres frais. Et il est encore plus difficile d'inviter les compagnies étrangères bien qu'il soit important qu'elles se produisent devant le public canadien. Jusqu'à maintenant, c'était en majeure partie des imprésarios indépendants qui se chargeaient des engagements des artistes. Mais ils ont à présent beaucoup de mal à survivre, et l'aide gouvernementale prend un rôle de plus en plus décisif dans le choix des spectacles qui seront présentés au public canadien. David Y.H. Lui, de Vancouver, est un des rares imprésarios connaissant la réussite dans le domaine de la danse. A Toronto, Mark Hammond et Uriel Luft maintiennent avec difficulté un public d'abonnés à leurs séries de spectacles lancées il y a deux ans. D'autres aspects du problème des présentations de spectacles de danse au Canada seront examinés dans les prochains numéros.

Nobody who claims an interest in Canada's performing arts has failed to hear about the so-called 'dance explosion' which, in little more than a decade, has added an important new dimension to the country's cultural life. The efforts of long struggling pioneers have matured and borne fruit, new companies have emerged with almost dangerous speed (some to collapse with equal haste) and, most recently, there has been a significant growth in the number of independent and solo artists at work. While 'explosion' may be an overly dramatic word to define this transforma-

nize that despite the increasing availability of Canadian dance performances, there are seemingly fewer and fewer opportunities to get a first-hand look at what other countries are producing–an unhealthy trend if local audiences are to acquire a sophisticated view of dance as an international art and to be able to place their own artists within that context.

The little matter of money

So, what determines the kinds of choices made available to us? Who has the power to mould our vision of dance? They are both important questions and neither has a simple answer but it should come as no surprise to learn that at root of it all is the little matter of money.

Dance is expensive and someone, directly or indirectly, has to pick up the tab. Dancers want to dance but they also have to eat and pay rent. Audiences are willing to commit hard-earned dollars to see live performance but they also have other commitments and when ticket prices begin to move above the $20 level all but the richest or most imprudent begin to balk. There is a limit to the number of peanut-butter sandwiches even the most besotted dance-lover is willing to endure in order to underwrite an artistic obsession.

The general issue can be broken down into a number of inter-related component parts. In attempting to understand the dance market–an odious but not inappropriate expression–distinctions must be drawn.

First, dancers have to appear somewhere for an audience to see them. They need stages, which cost money. Theatres have

ure of the past. He was the man, far more than a mere producer, who selected attractions according to his own taste, found a suitable theatre, raised any necessary funds, bullied, comforted and cared for the artists and, at the end of it all–if he was lucky–got away without loosing his shirt. The impresario, dodging creditors, sending flowers to ballerinas, ranting at choreographers, sipping champagne, is among the most colourful figures of theatre history.

But where is he today and what is he doing for Canadian dance audiences? Answer–to use a cliché: he is an endangered species.

Impresarios have to be crazy

In today's world you would not be likely to recognize an impresario on the street even if you were lucky enough to pass one. Apart from the slightly harried look, he would be indistinguishable from the average, attaché-case-wielding businessman. Yet, he is different. For one thing, he's certain to be quite mad. Nobody in his right senses would take on all the worry and strain of being an impresario in an entertainment world transformed by television and ravaged by ever upwardly spiralling costs. Only someone with an obsession, with a consuming love of the performing arts, with a childlike confidence and optimism and a resignation to the likely prospect of stomach ulcers would dream of entering such a risky, volatile business. When the National Association of Concert Managers disbanded five years ago it had only 40 members. In its heyday there were 400. The numbers speak their own moral.

tion, without question its effect has been to create a vital dance community in Canada in scale and variety beyond the wildest, most optimistic dreams of dance-lovers 20 years ago.

Alongside this, of course, there has been a reciprocal growth in the size of the dance audience. Cultural mandarins and company fund-raisers are quick to pull out figures to prove it whenever there's a chance of squeezing more dollars from government or corporate business coffers. Figures can, as we all know, be twisted to prove or justify almost anything but in this case they relate a true story. More people go to see dance performances in this country than ever before. What they see, however, the choices made available to them, depend on the vagaries of a complex set of economic, social and demographic factors. The impact of the dance explosion has, in certain respects, been selective–geographically and aesthetically.

Those with long memories will recognize that despite the increasing availability of Canadian dance performances, there are seemingly fewer and fewer opportunities to get a first-hand look at what other countries are producing–an unhealthy trend if local audiences are to acquire a sophisticated view of dance as an international art and to be able to place their own artists within that context.

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First, dancers have to appear somewhere for an audience to see them. They need stages, which cost money. Theatres have huge overheads of their own and, unless heavily subsidized (rare in this country) must charge rent for the use of the premises.

Despite the fact that most of the large theatres across Canada are not privately owned by profit-motivated entrepreneurs, that many of them work on a non-profit basis, their prices are still high.

If a dance company is confident and has cash in the bank it can take a chance, book the space, pay the management and pray that box-office receipts match expenses. That, however, rarely happens. The risks are too great. But who, then, is to take the risk? Why, the impresario, of course!

An Endangered Species

The very word impresario summons up images of silver-topped canes, silk-lined capes and dark fedoras–all, you will note, the sartorial trimmings of a bygone age. The impresario is, in many respects, a figure of the past. He was the man, far more than a mere producer, who selected attractions according to his own taste, found a suitable theatre, raised any necessary funds, bullied, comforted and cared for the artists and, at the end of it all–if he was lucky–got away without loosing his shirt. The impresario, dodging creditors, sending flowers to ballerinas, ranting at choreographers, sipping champagne, is among the most colourful figures of theatre history.

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provided his city's dance-lovers with a greater quantity and variety of attractions than anyone else working independently in Canada. Lui has had his disappointments. His plan to possess his own dance stage never worked out nor has he fulfilled the ambition, alternately admitted and denied, to establish a major ballet company in Vancouver. But what riches his audiences have had! The list of major Canadian and foreign companies to have passed through his management reads like an international Who's Who of the best in dance.

Touring Costs

To offer an overseas troupe presents its own new set of problems. Canadian companies can offer themselves at a lower price if they have Touring Office backing. Unless, however, some special cultural exchange arrangement has been made (and Canada's cultural exchange agreements are more often motivated by political than aesthetic considerations) the cost of bringing in a foreign troupe is prohibitive. 'Foreign' includes US dance companies. The National Endowment for the Arts (America's version of the Canada Council) does not underwrite touring costs of US troupes once they cross the border. As a result, it costs more than $130,000 a week to engage The Joffrey Ballet, getting on for half a million to hire American Ballet Theatre.

In Southern Ontario, dance lovers have seen leading US companies approach as close as Buffalo or Lewiston (both on the Niagara River) but rarely does one of them make it to Toronto or Hamilton.

Centre (where it pays a preferential rent) and sporadic visits by the Royal Winnipegers and Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, but the local audience waited more than a decade to renew a direct acquaintance last summer with Britain's Royal Ballet. As for such great companies as the New York City Ballet, American Ballet Theatre or The Joffrey, the long wait has given way to a resignation that they will never be seen locally.

An Experiment in Toronto

In the modern dance area, Toronto has enjoyed an exciting variety of homegrown artistry but, again, it has had only the narrowest of contexts in which to situate the work of Canadian companies. The impressive flow of small foreign companies through York University dried up in the late seventies and the vast O'Keefe Centre, with limited booking space available anyway because of its commitments to the National Ballet and the Canadian Opera Company, has only ventured so far as to present the Alvin Ailey dance company a couple of times in recent years.

A sense of the pent-up frustration among Toronto's dance-lovers was among the factors which convinced Uriel Luft and Mark Hammond to take action. Confronted with the small choice of stages for dance in Toronto they settled on the rather inhospitable but available 1,500-seat Ryerson Theatre. That ruled out the presentation of large ballet companies but it did bring into shooting range the smaller but excellent American troupes such as those of Lar Lubovitch, Jennifer Muller, Twyla Tharp and Louis Falco. They do

In Canada, the general problems confronting all would-be impresarios are compounded by the vast distances between cities. To engage a large dance company, for example, far away from its home base without a series of intermediate appearances along the way, is to incur almost impossible transportation costs. Mavericks in the business such as the late Nicholas Kudriavtzeff of Montreal or America's Sol Hurok have not been replaced. Given the particular problems of Canada, only the interventon of government, through the agency of the Canada Council's Touring Office, has ensured that national tours by large, already well-subsidized Canadian companies can take place.

The impresarios of today must concentrate their activities or work out cooperative arrangements with each other. Even then, the risks are terrifying.

Someone who gives every outward appearance of taking the risks fully in his stride is Vancouver's David Y.H. Lui who has provided his city's dance-lovers with a greater quantity and variety of attractions than anyone else working independently in Canada. Lui has had his disappointments. His plan to possess his own dance stage never worked out nor has he fulfilled the ambition, alternately admitted and denied, to establish a major ballet company in Vancouver. But what riches his audiences have had! The list of major Canadian and foreign companies to have appeared through his management reads like an international Who's Who of the best in dance.

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David Lui, an avid dance-lover himself, has been more aggressive in taking advantage of his proximity to Seattle and the US touring circuit. Although the costs are still high, with well-managed presentation and a large theatre, Lui has been able to bring American companies such as The Joffrey to Vancouver. While Lui acknowledges that ballet is a safer risk than modern dance, he has also introduced Vancouver audiences to modern troupes such as the Murray Louis company. His dance subscription series, now in its eighth year, attracts a very respectable average attendance of 85 per cent of capacity. 'Toe shoes and tutus sell', quips Lui. The 2,200 names on his subscription list confirm the truth of it.

While Vancouver audiences have for years been pampered by David Lui, Toronto has had to suffice with a dance diet of limited nutritional value. For the ballet-goers there has always been the National's regular seasons at the O'Keefe Centre (where it pays a preferential rent) and sporadic visits by the Royal Winnipegers and Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, but the local audience waited more than a decade to renew a direct acquaintance last summer with Britain's Royal Ballet. As for such great companies as the New York City Ballet, American Ballet Theatre or The Joffrey, the long wait has given way to a resignation that they will never be seen locally.

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not come cheap but in some instances were willing to negotiate very favourable terms, even at a risk to themselves, in order to reach what was essentially virgin territory.

Hammond and Luft find it very difficult to put themselves behind something they cannot believe in. Although branching out into rock concerts might have helped balance the books and offset possible losses in dance, they have taken a huge risk and pushed ahead without a safety net. The first season, 1980/81, met with enthusiastic response although there were complaints about Ryerson Theatre's poor sightlines and what, to many members of the modern dance audience, seemed exorbitant ticket prices.

The second season has been worrying for Luft and Hammond. Subscription sales were down and the final tally is likely to register a loss. 'It has been extremely difficult', says Hammond. 'We almost decided to cancel next year. We asked ourselves if there really are 10,000 people out of 2,500,000 in Toronto who want to see dance. We've figured we'll give them another year to show us.'

Luft and Hammond both hope that the scheduled summer renovations to the Ryerson Theatre, which will reduce its capacity by 300 seats but improve sightlines and increase foyer space, will attract more subscribers. If not, a courageous attempt to enrich Toronto's dance diet may be quickly ended.

The Road to Subsidization

Sam Gesser of Montreal, an impresario for over 30 years, now calls himself, 'the one who got out'. At a certain point the rewards of the business are so heavily outweighed by the heartache that there seems little point in struggling on. 'The cost of theatre rentals, union fees and travelling expenses have made the expense of bringing in the great companies virtually impossible', says Gesser. 'Five to six years ago, you needed a 60 per cent break-even point. Sell 60 per cent of the seats and you could pay your expenses. Now it is up to 75 to 80 per cent. Therefore the groups you bring in have to be subsidized or there is no profit.'

Subsidies, which rarely help a foreign company appear in Canada, have made many Canadian dance artists available to audiences across the country but they have pushed the independent impresarios out. Sam Gesser, a fervent believer in market economics, is not satisfied with the results of government intervention. 'At one time, box office ruled but now the companies can log huge deficits and, in part, ignore the public. The arts should be competitive. Companies should have to work on the economic level.'

Gesser's hard-line approach would, no doubt, meet with a good deal of opposition from the companies themselves. Even a cost-efficient company such as the National Ballet with a huge domestic audience and, in proportion to each ticket sold, the smallest subsidies of any of the big Canadian troupes, still depends on those subsidies if it is to be able to present itself to audiences as distant from its Toronto base as those in Newfoundland or British Columbia.

It is not just government subsidies that have made the independent impresario's life excessively problematic. He has been largely overwhelmed by changes in the economics of the theatre and by the peculiar problems of working against the vast expanse of Canadian geography. In earlier, easier days dancers were even more pitifully paid than some of them still are. Costs have risen because artists expect more, stagehands expect more, materials of every kind cost more, because travelling is very costly.

Interpreting and pooling these costs into individual ticket sales presents the major problem confronting would-be presenters of dance.

The trend, inevitably, is towards subsidy–of company tours, of theatres. It has given birth to a new sub-breed of the impresario–salaried booking managers and, of necessity, to a whole complex of innovative schemes for bringing dancers and audiences together. Unless the ordinary dance-goer is willing directly, out of his own pocket, to meet the demands of the dancers and companies he wants to see, he will have to allow what would otherwise be market decisions, determined by his own behaviour, to fall into the hands of others whose tastes and motives may be very different. Putting dance on stage is a very tricky business.

In a further article, Dance in Canada will look at the way risk-taking impresarios have largely been replaced in dance by salaried bookers in university and other non-profit organizations.

In Review

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens Place des Arts
Montreal
11–27 March 1982

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens in Brian Macdonald's new ballet, *Etapes.*

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens celebrates its 25th anniversary on May 2nd but that does not mean the company is 25 years old. A ballet troupe is an organism in constant flux, forever shedding skins. It is, in some respects, like a curious geological specimen which, when subjected to carbon dating procedures, reveals components of different vintage.

Les Grands Ballets has, for example, Madame (the Chiriaeff seems, under the circumstances, almost superfluous) 'fondatrice' and keeper of the flame for the first 21 years, until deposed in a bloodless (to the naked eye) coup to concentrate her formidable energies on the company's three schools.

It has Director General Colin McIntyre, an adroit and peripatetic administrator, who has used his ubiquitous connections literally to will a new company into existence. Works by Lubovitch, Hynd, Sparemblek and Paul Taylor have greased the evolution of the repertoire from mediocre classical to catholic verging on the chaotic. This spring, ready or not, Les GBC is off to City Center in New York, Jacob's Pillow and, in August, to London's Royal Festival Hall.

And then there is the front line: the dancers. They range from Swedish ballerina Annette av Paul who married resident choreographer Brian Macdonald, and with him the company, in 1970, to Sylvain Senez, a gawky kid nicknamed Spaghetti, who came up from the school only three years ago and is already making his presence felt.

There is Linda Stearns, former GBC soloist, who metamorphosed in 1969 into the company's meticulous, forceful, ever-optimistic ballet mistress, and Maurice Lemay, whose india rubber bounciness has too long been grounded because of internal conflicts. There is prim, kittenish Wendy Wright, who has laboured long and unnoticed, eclipsed by the 1,000-watt Sylvie Kinal, who has now gone on to bigger and better things at Cleveland and ABT II.

There are half a hundred people and stories and contributions within the current GBC but just because the company itself received its charter 25 years ago, it does not mean that it has a uniform muscle memory.

Mere longevity is no guarantee of success but it should lead to consistency. Maturity should equal dependability. Age should engender depth. Experience should inculcate style. But the older the company gets, the more temporary the bulk of its members is and the more worrisome the experience of watching proves for the involved spectator. Given the miraculous alchemy of live performance which can yield dross one night and gold the next, one can witness moments of real excitement but usually only after hours of embarrassment.

Given the state of the company, the current season is ambitious to the point of folly.

Company strength is down to 35. Almost a dozen dancers left last summer and two have been fired. Time has also taken its toll: the perennial *jeune premier*, Vincent Warren, now teaches and his heroic ardour has proven to be, so far, irreplaceable. Some replacements are, quite simply, inadequate; others have been dogged by injury. The net result is that one whole layer is missing. There are the reliable, not to say predictable, veterans at the top; there are a few sizzling kids coming up, but the tried-and-true middle range is not there.

There are money problems, too. With government subsidies down 23 per cent in constant dollars over the last five years, resources are having to be husbanded with Scottish frugality. This has meant skeletal orchestras or, worse, tape to accompany performances. It has meant distributing the risk among many small scale commissioned works that require a hybrid eclecticism. That has lead to a woeful lack of rehearsal time resulting in performances that belong more properly in the rehearsal studio. It has

Ballets in Linda Rabin's *Tellurian*.

meant that green youngsters were given their baptism by fire: do or die, perform or perish, in full view of a 3,000-seat hall. Finally, it has relegated Montreal to tryout status, unfortunately reminiscent of the days, 15 years ago, when Zubin Mehta used to learn his repertoire with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, in time to get it right with the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

Quite apart from cumulative long-term problems, the 1982 opening season was a killer. Of 12 works performed over three weekends, fully a third were premieres, just barely finished. Three others were new to the company, one involved only the schools, and the rest were revivals that had either not been done within (mercifully short) human memory or had had to be largely re-cast. Except for Lifar's chronic *Firebird*, the repertoire was, in reality, all new to most of the dancers. Added to that, within the same time span two major Balanchine works were being rehearsed for New York. The bedlam boggles the imagination!

It is against this background that the curtain rose on the first weekend.

Opening night was a marathon that promised more than it delivered. Butler's short showy *Othello* pas de trois, with its spectacularly difficult dives and lifts, came off best. Rey Dizon, brought over from the Phillipines in 1979 to be the company's answer to Wayne Sleep, finally found his feet, both literally and figuratively, as Iago. He was technically flawless, a development not to be taken lightly, but it was his smouldering conviction which really made the difference. Of the alternate Othellos and Desdemonas, David La Hay and Annette av Paul were the better, though unfortunately not paired. There is a matronly charm about av Paul nowadays, a delicate tentativeness, her feet as sensitive as antennae, which communicates not a lessening of control but a deepening of thought, that I for one find utterly beguiling. The bravura bits were nice but it was the interaction between the three that made the piece memorable.

Limón's *There Is A Time*, one of the company's recent major acquisitions, ticked by slowly and came alive only in 'A time to keep silent and a time to speak', thanks to Rosemary Neville's poignant mime and Sylvain Senez' ferocious attack. On the whole, it lacked weight and inevitability, the grave ceremonial beauties I remembered, and it seemed literal to the point of illustration.

Brian Macdonald's *Double Quartet*, a 1978 work I fear he is unlikely to surpass or even match, survived an almost wholly new cast (except for av Paul) with dignity. In new hands it became leaner, clearer, more distanced. Its portrayal of interdependence and vulnerability however, remains extremely moving. Had I been able to rid myself of the subliminal memory of the originals, it might have seemed perfect.

Les Valses, Ronald Hynd's lovely period piece, a series of shipboard flirtations heralding the end of civilization as we knew it, still exudes vintage Noel Cowardice but, as currently being performed by Les GBC, complete with fumbled lifts and dropped ballerinas, might be more suitable for the Trocs repertoire.

The company's inability to handle Hynd's often demanding neo-classical choreography is an indication of the price exacted by riding madly off in all directions. *Les Valses* was far from being an isolated incident. Ragged edges, visibly Herculean effort and general sloppiness were the rule rather than the exception. There were honourable exceptions, of course, but even they were sometimes hard to assess by the palsied movements demanded of them in some choreographers' apocalyptic visions. The long term implications, highlighted by the presence this season of two secure stylists from The National Ballet of Canada, James Kudelka and Karyn Tessmer, may have to be a choice between modern and classical, the usual dilemma between 'progress' and box office.

Not that there is a simple solution. The insatiable appetite of a novelty-hungry audience forces the company into a multiplicity of directions. This requires ever more preparation time and money. They are not likely to be forthcoming. In the past five years, Les GBC has increased its box office revenues by 43 per cent. Close to 200,000 people now see the company annually. A plateau has been reached. Without a fairy godmother on the horizon, the Medicis being long dead and ballet being too unwieldy an art form to be commercially viable, Les GBC seems fated never to scale the heights.

The company certainly did not soar with the eagles during its second weekend when it grouped five Stravinsky ballets and called them 'hommage'. Far from paying dutiful reverence to the man whose music had revolutionized the face of ballet, the evening lacked substance or distinction. Unless the homage paid is on a level with the man being honoured, his memory is being diminished. One had only to recall the unprecedented creative explosion of the 90th Stravinsky birthday celebrations by the New York City Ballet 10 years ago, to define what homage really means.

Balanchine's *Capriccio* (a.k.a. *Rubies*) with its quirky footwork and jokey vaudevillian classicism should be a joy to behold and there was a time, not so long ago, when it was finally beginning to look as if Les GBC were about to cotton on to the Balanchine vocabulary. It's all Greek to them now.

Poverty in the ranks has catapulted several dancers into the limelight this season and most of them have acquitted themselves surprisingly well despite the occasional blatant miscasting. Edward Hillyer and Gioconda Barbuto spring to mind in both contexts. Hillyer, who has not had a role that really suited him since Lubovitch's *Les Noces*, literally sparkled in Kuldelka's short *Genesis:* a highlife/lowlife octet for four chairs and four dancers. The jazzy 1940s fragment sent each dancer on a private trajectory tracing a square with shallow jumps and deep, dipping steps. Relationships were ambiguous but choreographic personalities emerged distinct and the piece had style and gloss.

Genesis also served to show off two plum acquisitions (defections?) from the National Ballet of Canada. We got an all too brief glimpse of Karyn Tessmer's gorgeous face and exquisite line. Tessmer, just recovered from a season-long injury, leaves the company again before New York to undergo corrective surgery.

Les GBC is certainly getting its money's worth from James Kudelka. Though an ideal *demi-caractère*, Kudelka is being pressed into overtime to dance in every conceivable style known to man and to choreograph as well. Perhaps the first is the price he has to pay for the second.

Jardin d'hiver, Nicole Vachon's ballet blanc for the hothouse plants of Les GBC's schools, transformed the Pulcinella score into a decorous parade of nubile young things. Nicole Lamontagne, the great white hope of the system since babyhood, proved a butterfly in the making, with a delightfully pliant torso and an absolute sense of herself. The work itself was a diluted, telescoped neo-classical derivative of *Les Slyphides*, notable mainly for its symmetry. A far cry from the zany, spaghetti-flinging free-for-all that Balanchine had forever stamped on the same score, *Jardin* left an overall impression of extreme care, not to say caution, and severity: old fashioned virtues not to be sneezed at.

The less said about Brian Macdonald's lamentable 1972 *Jeu de Cartes*, the better. Useful company piece that it is, its sledgehammer jokes and simplistic premise demean dancers and choreographer alike. Macdonald has come such a long way since then that *Jeu* serves only as an embarrassing reminder of his youthful excesses. It is well past time to lay it to rest.

Bèjart's *Firebird* appears to have dislodged several other turkeys as the company's party piece. Is it retained in the repertoire because it needs only two real dancers? True, it can camouflage a lot of the faceless ones but it is not fit to frame the gifted. If *The Rite of Spring* could accommodate Paul Taylor's madcap Dick Tracy whodunit, there is no reason why *Firebird* could not carry a Maoist tract: but the plain fact is that it is not very good dance.

Opening night of the third weekend coincided with the finals of the annual Place des Arts choreographic competition in which Daniel Leveillé and Claire Patry were awarded joint first prize by a badly split jury of international experts.

After the jagged visions of the noon-time finals, Les GBC's world premières that night proved to be just two apocalypses too many.

The evening began with Ronald Hynd's *Scherzo Capriccioso*, a pretty but trite divertissement set to Dvorak, for six soloists and corps. Silhouetted against Desmond Heeley's lantern-hung midnight sky and gorgeously decked out in white, silver and ripe peach finery, most of the dancers were as unsteady as newborn lambs.

From ersatz Raymonda at the start, Hynd switched without warning to Cape Canaveral in the dreamy second section. He backed a lyrical solo by leggy Andrea Davidson with nine recumbent boys, like so many male (clothed) Olympias by Manet, then catapulted her off the stage in an accurate but inappropriate approximation of a space age launch.

Winding up to the strains of *Danses Slaves*, Hynd found himself back in Ruritania, with most dancers having about as much idea of the style Mittel Europe demands as a group of Iroquois fresh off the reservation. Evidently someone in the front office noticed the problem as well because *Scherzo* was summarily yanked from the New York program.

Linda Rabin's *Tellurian* (earth dweller) and Macdonald's *Etapes* (Stages), though vastly different in style and intent, had similar frenzied dynamics. The scores, electronic sounds by Philip Werren and Roger Matton's *Concerto for 2 Pianos and Orchestra*, (performed live), were equally doom-laden and evoked atmosphere rather than compelling motion.

Rabin wove three squads of six dancers, each distinguishable by different coloured body stockings, into surging patterns of ebb and flow. The work, like some impressionist paintings, gained by being seen from a distance and was least effective when most detailed. Its style was callisthenic mime, set in a post-atomic landscape, peopled (if that is the word) with androgynous humanoids behaving like unstable molecular structures. The quality of Rabin's inspiration was not consistent but her sci-fi message is as valid today as it was when Bosch put it on canvas.

But the angst, malaise and alienation became tiresome in retrospect, followed as they were by the angst, malaise and alienation of Brian Macdonald's *Etapes*. Macdonald chose a contemporary setting for his alarms and confusions, rendered highly theatrical by being reflected in a huge tilted distorting mirror. What was being mirrored was a society or an individual in disarray, trying every ploy in the book, and failing, to come to terms with itself. Artist Claude Girard, who had also provided the mirror, clothed the 12 dancers in monochrome beachwear and dark glasses: intimations of hedonism, narcissism and blindness. Frankly, except for a brief glimpse of Annette av Paul, all in white, as an angel of mercy or fragile lifeguard leading the beachdwellers to temporary haven, their plight did not touch me. *Etapes* was energetic, full of scissors high jumps and collapses, overcomplicated muscle wrenching contortions and at least one leap centre stage by Rey Dizon worthy of *Spectre de la Rose*, but it was too 'with it' to make a lasting statement.

A dance company, or any endeavour, is judged by two standards: the care with which it maintains tradition and the boldness with which it anticipates the future. If the first two weekends showed the holes in Les GBC's maintenance operations, the third was a wry replay of Shaw's comment after his visit to the USSR: 'I have seen the future', he said, '– and it works'. Since then we have seen which way the future went.

It seems to me I have seen the future of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens and it does not get it get no sense of a consistent taste or philosophy. Trying to be all things to all people is a precarious balancing act, not worth the effort, that does not ensure a future. It is always likely to remain a hit and make proposition because, as Shaw's great contemporary remarked, you cannot please all of the people all of the time.

Besides, artists do not create in order to please people or to provide bottoms for theatre seats. The possibility of commercial success is irrelevant to the process of creation. Art brooks no compromise, no concessions to budget or realpolitik; art, to be worthy of the name, is absolute, accountable only to its own goals. Artists, therefore, normally starve. A ballet company, in order to be viable in these demonstrably hard times, has to compromise. But it cannot compromise totally. It must retain one small core of passionate belief in at least one thing it is doing. Otherwise what is the point of survival?

There are half a hundred people who comprise the current GBC and I would like to pose this question to each of them.

KATI VITA

Anna Wyman Dance Theatre
Queen Elizabeth Playhouse
Vancouver
15–17 April 1982

After all the hoopla had died down, after the red-carpet entry of officials into the theatre, after the anthems, the reception, the liquor, the food, the birthday cake for the Canada Council's 25th aniversary, after the unveiling of the latest Jack Shadbolt painting, after all this impedimenta had faded into the background, the newest Anna Wyman dances sat there, waiting. She'd brought three of them, plus one older piece, for the audience that had paid $50 a seat for the privilege of supporting this company's work. They were respectful in their appreciation, but cautious; the work provoked no spontaneous bursts of applause, no people standing in the aisles clapping until their hands hurt. That sort of response is rare anyway, but this night it wasn't even a possibility.

Ironically, the best dance of the evening was also the oldest: *Hamartia* has been in the repertoire since 1979 and it's a dance that I have come to admire. Inspired by Picasso's 'Man Sitting', *Hamartia* is a study in carefully sequenced conflicts. The rivalry between the two dancers, (Mary Louise Gilbert and Christopher Neil Hartley), seems to have been subordinated to a more urgent inner struggle which they both experience in their own ways. Whether spinning about on their tiny wheeled stools, or whirling about the stage, or, as they do at the end of the dance, hanging from a frame of a doorway, the sense that these two will never escape their private burdens is convincingly delivered. If a tragic flaw is to be identified in the pair, it's never made obvious. What *is* painfully evident is the conclusion that in this scheme of things, there's absolutely no escape from the dilemma of simply living.

Perhaps the reason that *Hamartia* stood up to the new work so well was it directness of approach. The other pieces, while not exactly escapist, didn't challenge the audience in any way. *Anna Wyman Dance Theatre On Tour*, for example, was what it promised to be – a

Dianne Garrett and Denise O'Brien in Anna Wyman's *Cadenza*.

fairly linear, overly mimetic chronicle of the daily grind of touring. The bus trips, the bag gage, the hotel rooms, dressing rooms, the receptions, rehearsals and performances are all here, in a piece that cried out for compression. It had its moments, to be sure: Neil Wortley easing his way into a stinging hot tub, another dancer writhing about, unable to sleep, the fascination of watching a company warm up (so *that's* what they do), then watching them do costume changes in the middle of a 'simulated' performance. What really weakened the dance was the final dancing, supposedly the culmination and *raison d'être* for doing it in the first place. Made up of bits cannibalized from other dances, the 'performance' performance was cute and ineffectual and ended without shape or any sense of completion. Maybe that's what it's like out on tour. If so, it's accurate, but that still leaves the audience with a dance that's too long, and not worth the wait once it's over.

Much of the work of Anna Wyman isn't about flow, that feeling that the movement leads inexorably along and that the dancers are along for the ride. It looks wonderful when it happens, and I think that many people have an unconscious belief that dancing is all about this magical ingredient called flow. Of the dances that premiered on opening night, *Cadenza* was the only one that contained it. This lyrical duet for two women, (Dianne Garrett and Denise O'Brien), set to André Gagnon's *Mes Quatre Saisons*, was intended to explore 'diverse moods of colour and tempo in solo and partnering relationships'. It was a fluffly dance, with the women floating and darting about the stage in their pastel chiffon, but there really wasn't much there. The whole affair was well-staged and beautifully lit, as are all Wyman productions, but it had no soul. *Cadenza* had flow but little else.

I'm being hard here, because compared to the last dance on the program, *Cadenza* was a delight. The big bomb was *Adastra*, one of those cosmic dances with helium balloons, the latest synthesiser-pop music, painted costumes, dry ice, a monstrous hinged stretch-nylon pool. Get the picture? Figures flitted about under the nylon, looking like waves with heads, then the men entered and swam about for a bit, before the pool cantilevered itself upstage with much noise and cranking. A section followed in which the men fork-lifted the women for a while, and then the whole process reversed itself. The dance was more a visual excercise than a dance. Beyond its technique, the ether loomed.

There are times when I want this company to scrap all the effects, the music and trappings that camouflage the movement. I want to see them dance, and dance things that have a hard centre to them, something that we as an audience can push against. It happens, but it happens infrequently.

PETER RYAN

Pacific Ballet Theatre
UBC Old Auditorium
Vancouver
8–10 April 1982

Vancouver is a town with a very active roster of visiting international ballet companies. That a local classical company could survive and even flourish is a small miracle. In spite of a lack of hometown support which keeps it on the verge of collapse, British Columbia's Pacific Ballet Theatre seems determined to achieve just such a miracle.

In its five seasons as a fully professional company Pacific Ballet Theatre has had its share of ups and downs but the growth has, nevertheless, been remarkable. In his short tenure as PBT's artistic director and choreographer Renald Rabu has built a tight little group that can no longer be ignored. Indeed, the Canada Council seemed impressed enough at the end of the last season to give the company a modest spot on its list of worthy causes.

At present the repertory consists almost entirely of works by Rabu. This season, however, Margo Sappington spent several weeks in Vancouver mounting her ballet, *Weewis* and next year PBT plans to include one and possibly two works by other internationally recognized choreographers.

But, for the present, Rabu's ballets are the mainstay of the repertory and he has done a creditable job providing a wide range of works–from *Ropes*, his award-winning study in eroticism, to the fanciful *Pierrot*.

Pacific Ballet's spring season featured two new works: apart from Sappington's *Weewis* there was a new ballet by Rabu based on the life of Judy Garland and appropriately entitled, *Forever Judy*.

Weewis was first presented by the Joffrey Balley in 1971 and has since been performed by several other companies. Although it deals with relationships, a topic seemingly more suited to the sixties than the eighties, *Weewis* retains its relevance and power. The violence and tension of the piece provide some very dynamic moments. The dancers demonstrated considerable versatility by skillfully manipulating a style so different from classical ballet.

Suzanne Ouellette of Pacific Ballet Theatre in Renald Rabu's *Forever Judy*.

Rabu's *Forever Judy* is an ambitious undertaking for PBT. By small company standards, it is a lavish ballet. Broadway style corps routines and striking set and costumes establish a stylized period tone for the work. Rabu has assembled a score including 12 of Garland recordings to build a ballet drama that attempts to capture some sense of the dreams and tragedy of the legendary singer's life.

The main dramatic focus of the ballet is a conflict between Judy 'the star' (Suzanne Ouellette) and the young Judy (Andrea Lougheed). The star is confronted by her alter-ego but succumbs in the end to the glitter of Hollywood.

Several of the segments, aided by Ouellette's strong dramatic abilities, are particularly effective. At one point, toward the end of the ballet, a small standing window about four feet high is placed in front of Ouellette. The stage is completely black except for a single white spot shining on the window. Ouellette seems to be trapped in a large glass box. She performs a moving solo to Garland's *The Man That Got Away*. In a shocking finale she smears paint on the window in front of her, creating an abstract expressionistic painting with her desparate and pathetic movements.

Rabu's strength is more as a designer than as a choreographer of steps. He is a craftsman of rich visual images. Above all he has a formidable dramatic talent. It often leans to the sentimental but his range includes the full spectrum of human emotions. His ballets tend to be warm and touching.

Rabu has been criticised for lacking musicality and being overly concerned with pictures at the cost of real movement. While these accusations are not entirely without foundation they tend to overlook the fact that his central concern seems to be one of total concept and design. He draws his inspiration from the emotions that the music evokes.

Pacific Ballet Theatre is developing a very appealling look. The 10 dancers sparkle with youth and energy. Technically they have some distance to go, but they are growing. The presence of Earl Kraul this year as ballet master has obviously born fruit.

Stars are beginning to shine. Charie Evans is the most notable. She is a picture of grace and is proving herself to be an accomplished artist. Merrill Lochhead, new to the company, is another emerging talent and Suzanne Ouellette's strong dramatic sense is an asset to the company.

While the men too have their strengths, (Robbie Waldman is a sprite, with considerable charm and stage presence), they lack the strength for some of the more demanding classical work often showing the strain under a heavy load of lifts.

The next few years are critical for Pacific Ballet Theatre. It has made significant strides towards building a BC-based classical company but local support has been slow in coming and is still only a trickle. It's anyone's guess if it will arrive soon enough and in big enough doses to root firmly Pacific Ballet Theatre for time to come.

LAWRENCE PANYCH

Prism Dance Theatre
Queen Elizabeth Playhouse
February 1982

Terminal City Dance
Presentation House
20 March 1982

Mauryne Allan's Mountain Dance Theatre
Queen Elizabeth Playhouse
20 March 1982

Modern dance burst into Vancouver in a variety of new forms in the early 1970s. Important among the influences was the developing dance program at Simon Fraser University which produced a number of interesting new dancers and stimulated others who needed to be refreshed. Making use of government OFY and LIP grants which were plentiful in that era, many of these dancers committed themselves to establishing dance companies. All those formed during this period have undergone enormous upheavals: three of the survivors, Terminal City, Mauryne Allan's Mountain Dance Theatre and Prism Dance Theatre, have gradually developed distinctive identities.

Terminal City is Vancouver's and one of Canada's, most daring and brilliantly imaginative dance companies. The founding members of the company, Karen Rimmer, Savannah Walling and Terry Hunter, are presently working with Ahmed Hassan; though much of their material is a result of collaborative processes each of the founders has been developing his or her own prodigious choreographic talent as well. They have in common a willingness to force movement, voice, music and costume into wildly unusual relationships in order to confront the issues most basic to us all – primal questions of identity and the frustrating search for relationship. These issues sound pretty heavy for a children's show but Terminal City's most recent concert, carefully, and generally successfully, selected material appropriate for a young audience.

Two of the works, *Creature* and *Drum Mother*, feature Terry Hunter in massive, colorful costumes which incorporate drum heads. The dances integrate Hunter's skills as a percussionist into earthy archetypal images. *Creature*, the older work of the two, is the more successful. The rustling, harvest-colored raffia costume designed by Evelyn Roth is used to enact references to the mysterious processes of evolution. The creature emerges from a plantlike state, shakes its drumstick feet together with the nervous chirping of a cricket and races up the phyla until we finally get an intensely potent medicine man, completely in charge of a rich explosion of percussion. *Drum Mother*, in which Hunter wears a large Earth Mother mask and a huge orange and red hooped dress, does not fully explore the potential imagery of the costume. Yet, Terminal City is usually patient enough to nurture their infant pieces.

Terry Hunter of Terminal City Dance in his *Creature*.

Banana Split, danced and choreographed by Savannah Walling and Ahmed Hassan, with a score by Elyra Campbell, is an hysterically funny dissection of a relationship. The dance is a sophisticated play on manners; a number of uproarious episodes are set to changing versions of 'begging your pardon' and 'excuse me'. In any other setting, I probably would have thought in terms of adult relationships as the conservatively dressed couple tease, harass, and make amends with each other. The children around me, however, shrieked delightedly and knowingly as the two actor-dancers provoked each other with counterpoints of 'You're driving me crazy – You're already crazy'.

The other clear favorite with the kids was Hunter's *Candy Man*. A raggedly dressed Hunter darts on stage with a wheelbarrow full of goodies. As half demon, half saint, he coos and growls at the audience as, unpredictably, he distributes and snatches up candy, money and spurts from a water pistol. Hunter is superb and his persona, tantalizingly dangerous, resonates on very adult levels as well.

These wild antics are quite different from what one gets at a Mountain Dance performance. Even when an entire evening is not choreographed by Mauryne Allan, (who, in fact, did do all six pieces in this concert), the works are quieter, more abstract studies. Allan's gift, increasingly expressed in her work, is to infuse these abstract kinetic and compositional concerns with human emotion – sometimes warm, sometimes troubled, but always present. The dancers never become visual pawns lost in the service of a larger kinetic whole;

their humanity always remains important.

Also evident in Allan's work is a determination to expand creative range: the pieces are quite varied. *Short Circuit*, ably danced by Paulette Bibeau, is a cheerful assemblage of mildly zany movement phrases. The down homeness of the Leon Redbone score is translated into a looselimbed cavort with quirky accumulations of body isolations, quick freezes and gleeful strollings and rollings. It's quite a contrast to the despairing quality of *Here in This Hollow Space*, in which a man and woman, initially confined in separate pools of light, seek to stretch and reach out of their isolation. Their union is a study of disunion; as one dancer curls or arches away from the other, each attempt at harmony quickly erodes into suspicion and dissension.

Also packed into this evening was *And Wild Shall They Remain*, a glimpse at Id imps who are able to achieve communication, and finally community, through shared ritual. *Phase 360* closely follows the concerns of a lushly repetitive Steve Reich score while managing to keep its display of the dynamics of pure movement warmly human. Allan's tribute to Royal Winnipeg founder Gweneth Lloyd, entitled *For Gweneth*, features three dancers dressed in pastel leotards and silky skirts dancing a lyrical arrangement of always changing dance phrases. Even the ending, which had no real denouement continues with the fresh discovery of more movement, suggesting a life bubbling with unabated vitality. *Tangents*, a new work, presents six dancers in loose shiny green body suits sweeping across the stage with full, rounded glides, leaps and jumps. Groups separate, individuals travel separately, rejoin forces and continually create a feast of swirling, jubilant movement.

Mauryne Allan, as this quick survey suggests, is a prolific creator in terms of sheer volume of work–but at a price. Most of the works need editing and clarifying. Unlike watching Terminal City develop its repertoire through time, one rarely gets to see Allan's works undergo major surgery. Pieces just tend to drift away from the repertoire to be replaced by studies representing Allan's latest interest. I don't think this is a totally reprehensible approach in a young choreographer. Allan's dances continue to indicate enough growth in craft to suggest that all these explorations are contributing to the development of her talent and, one hopes, in the future, to a somewhat firmer and more polished presentation of her ideas.

Another problem that's difficult to overlook in the company is the unevenness of its dancing. The population of the group has changed drastically each season and not only are there problems in developing the performance and technical skills of new dancers, but ensemble work doesn't convey the kind of group rapport which can only emerge over time.

Prism Dance Theatre has sufferred even more dramatically from the loss of good dancers. Many of the present company members have raw edges and neither of the artistic directors, Gisa Cole and Jamie Zagoudakis, both charismatic performers, danced in recent concerts. They seem to be concentrating on developing their choreographic skills. Zagoudakis has especially focused on branching out from his jazz roots and his work, *Wading*, shows how far he has come. The work features three dancers clad in subtle browns, the women in gauzy print dresses, the man in a darkly shimmering unitard. To a peacefully melodic score by Stavros Xarhakos, the dancers swing arms and torsos as water images ebb and flow. The dance evokes a certain hypnotic undulating quality but details that could perhaps be forgiven in earlier performances are now irritatingly glaring. The dancers only occasionally give the sweeping movements the kind of breathy extension they clearly need–a case of the dancers getting in the way of the dance. A compounding problem apparent in most of the works, concerned the attitude of the dancers. They convey an underlying confusion about what they're doing in the dance. In *Wading* there was an inexplicable fluctuation between cool abstraction and the random attempt of one dancer or another to smile and make eye contact as if the piece was really supposed to suggest an underlying folksy camaraderie.

Another work, *Fascinatin' Rhythms*, a jazzy 1980 dance by Zagoudakis, is much less fascinating than it used to be. The dance opens and closes with a slick, bouncy collection of slides, turns and kicks performed in comfortable unison. The middle is a medley of various character or mood pieces. These snippets have much less character and mood now since Jamie Zagoudakis is no longer doing his bombastic solo strut nor Shelley Cromie, (no longer with the company), bringing her sleek finesse to a high-stepping vamp number. The whole work, which used to burst its seams with energy, feels slack, and limps a little.

The one improvement I saw in the dancing was in Zagoudakis' *Echoes*, a sensuous, sculptural duet. A good solo dancer does not always make a good partner and Zagoudakis used invariably to indulge in idiosyncratic timings which created havoc with material in unison or canon. Now, with Robert Fung (replacing Zagoudakis) and Sarah Williams performing, it's a relaxed, graceful exploration of bodies coiling and stretching into space. *Echoes* is now able to reveal itself as a pleasant, well-designed dance.

None of the growth in the Vancouver companies has proceeded on a smooth upward continuum; these spring showings catch the groups at quite different moments in their volatile paths. The one thing they all share this season as in the past, is the struggle to capture Vancouver audiences who are much more willing to take chances on large, imported dance events coming to the Queen Elizabeth Theatre than on exploring the offerings of local groups. The audiences at all three concerts were pitifully small. If only the viewers of dance in Vancouver had learned as much in the last decade as the dancers!

SUSAN INMAN

National Ballet of Canada
O'Keefe Centre
Toronto
[illegible]–28 February 1982

As an experimental venture, the National Ballet has chosen to divide the Toronto component of its 1981/82 season into three rather than the usual two parts. What used to be called a 'Spring Season' is now emphatically a winter season and, in its three-week span offered such audience favourites as *La Fille Mal Gardée* and *Swan Lake* sandwiching between them a mixed bill of fare. This included the season's only new work–Constantin Patsalas's *Nataraja*–which, inevitably, bore the full brunt of critical scrutiny.

What first strikes one about *Nataraja* is the remoteness of the central trio. Dressed in golden body stockings and elaborate headdresses, Amalia Schelhorn, David Nixon, and Gizella Witkowsky stretch into life, like young gods waking from sleep. Behind them looms Russell Jacques' enormous free-form sculpture, a presence whose sweeping curves suggest the large public figures of Henry Moore or Alexander Calder. Suddenly there's a crash, and Kevin Pugh interrupts, whipping wildly around the stage, while a group of men slowly carry their partners across.

One thinks of Anthony Tudor's *Shadowplay*, but the world he created was specific, a jungle, wherein a single character, The Boy with Matted Hair, worked out his conflict between innocence and power. Likewise, in *Nataraja*, the conflict is inner and personal: Shiva, lord of the dance, in conflict with himself and his power, indeed desire, to create and destroy. Each time he achieves a kind of harmony, it collapses, destroyed either by some internal drive or by some external force. Patsalas' dances hurtle relentlessly forward while Jacques' sculpture moves through its inexorable rotation.

But how does a choreographer make conflict clear to an audience without a list of characters or a lengthy program note about The Young God and The God He Must Become? In particular, how does a choreographer focus the attention of an audience when the conflict is presented by three dancers?

Artists of the National Ballet in Constantin Patsalas' new work, *Nataraja*.

In *Nataraja* Patsalas takes us into a strange, exotic world. It might be one of ruined temples and monkey gods, though not the romantic world of *La Bayadère*, because the composer, Jacques Charpentier, has been fascinated by Eastern music for many years. Indeed, during the 1950s Charpentier was a pupil of Olivier Messiaen, who taught him much about Eastern music and attitudes. Or it might be the world of another planet, because the lighting is cool and distant and the dancers often move in a kind of slow motion, frequently against the rhythms of Charpentier's score.

Committed to a trinity, Patsalas and his colleagues have been immensely resourceful in attempting to resolve this formal question. Jacques Charpentier's *Third Symphony* (1969), subtitled *Shiva Nataraja*, is one of the most fascinating and complex modern scores the National has ever used. It requires a large orchestra with additional percussion, such as maracas, a glockenspiel, and a xylophone, but George Crumb and the orchestra gave a good account of themselves. So too did the dancers, though the corps looked in need of more rehearsal. Several minutes into the ballet there is a long adagio for Schelhorn and several men, during which she is turned, twisted, and carried around the stage. She looked serene and confident; the men, however, looked ill at ease and unsure, so that what should have appeared seamless was jerky and edgy. Kevin Pugh executed all manner of turns, but looked strangely removed from the drama around him. So too did Kimberly Glasco. Nonetheless, *Nataraja* provides her an opportunity to display her handsome line. But balletgoers already know of Pugh's turns and Glasco's arabesque. As well, we know that Schelhorn has wonderfully long legs, Witkowsky an imperious carriage, and Nixon splendid arms. We know these things from other ballets. The frustrating thing about *Nataraja* is that we learn nothing more about the dancers, even though this ballet contains some of Patsalas' most arresting choreography. Its references to insect life are numerous and fascinating, and the movements often look right on the dancers.

When everything is considered, however, *Nataraja* fails to connect with the audience. There's a business-like impersonalness to the piece that prevents one from caring about it and encourages the suspicion that the best dance in *Nataraja* may be nothing more than Russell Jacques' sculpture moving slowly through 360 degrees from first moment to last.

LAWRENCE HASKETT

Choreographers' Showcase

Dalhousie Arts Centre
Halifax
5 March 1982

Ten years of steady application and saintly long-suffering in cramped quarters have paid off for the Halifax contemporary dance community and nine of its most prominent personalities.

Wisely having focused their energies in the past on the honing of their choreographic talents, the nine in question–Pat Richards, Francine Boucher, Jeanne Robinson, Penelope Evans, Diane Moore, Ellen Pierce, Duncan Holt, Valerie Dean and Don Rieder–decided this year to take the plunge and gamble on their market value with the city's arts administrators. Late last fall they won their bid to stage a choreographers' showcase in early March in Halifax's largest concert hall, the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium of the Dalhousie Arts Centre.

Even to those on the outside, the win was seen as a major coup for dance in Halifax. Since the advent of the Halifax Dance Co-op in 1972, the local popularity of dance had blossomed spectacularly. (The Halifax Dance Association, renamed last year, now tend to 650 students a week.)

However, the various studios around town have seldom been adequate for performance purposes. Even the biggest shows have had to be mounted in small studios or modest rented facilities. Meanwhile across town one touring company after another has crossed the stage of the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, playing in most cases to full houses. 'Why not us too?' asked the local groups. By late fall they had their answer: a place in the Dalhousie Cultural Activities' winter calendar, the financial backing of the Arts Centre and the Nova Scotia Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness, and a director for their showcase in the form of the provincial department's Head of Performing Arts, Michael Ardenne.

The challenge of the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium was twofold: not only were the choreographers faced with adapting their work to the expansive demensions of an 1,800 square foot stage, come March 5 there were 1,041 seats to fill. No one is giving arts groups a second chance these days, least of all Dalhousie Cultural Activities Director Erik Perth, who at the time of the showcase, had already declared a moratorium on classical music in Cultural Activities 1982/83 season, in response to flagging ticket sales.

Knowing this, the choreographers took the most efficient route open to them: they divided the program into nine roughly equal slots, each choreographer responsible for his own part in the scheme. Two weeks prior to the showcase they came together to meet on the Cohn stage from their various settings around the city: Francine Boucher from the Theatre Department at Dalhousie; Pat Richards from Dal's Physical Education Department; Jeanne Robinson and Duncan Holt from their own studio at Nova Dance Theatre in downtown Halifax; and only a few blocks distant from them, Penelope Evans from the Halifax Dance Association; leaving the independents–the husband and wife team of Valerie Dean and Don Rieder (who comprise Klauniada) and Diane Moore and Ellen Pierce–to check in from their own private facilities.

Their dream of broad public exposure was realized when the show sold-out days in advance of its opening. Theatre sources verified later that more than 200 people had to be turned away at the door.

The results inside the hall were predictably uneven–as varied in imagination and creative skill as were the backgrounds and experiences represented. Yet the overall impression was positive.

Not surprisingly, the standard of choreography was better than the dance itself. There is still a dearth of good dancing in Halifax, in stark contrast to the creative talents here.

Nowhere was this more apparent than in Pat Richards' *Which I is I*, a superbly crafted philosophical probing of the human soul. Yet she lacked a group of dancers equal to her choreography. Jeanne Robinson skirted that problem in *Shifting Gears* by staging her work for a single dancer: herself. This was a fast, high-energy piece that sent her tracing geometric patterns in alternate corners of the stage. There was a little humour to go along, a little melodrama in the presentation that guaranteed our attentiveness, altough it did, however, sag in the middle, never quite regaining its momentum.

The synthesis of dance and nature in Francine Boucher's *Dances from the Marshlands*, was a third highlight in the program. Boucher's own solo 'bird dance' was cleverly conceived and brilliantly executed. Her application of animal sympathies to the human form combined realism and surrealism in a striking display incorporating colour, texture, slides, music and dance. By contrast, I found Duncan Holt's *Squares* pretentious. The in-depth analysis of dance and choreography that accompanied the dance (via voice-over) seemed inappropriate given the visual evidence of a young choreographer (Holt) still coming to terms with his own creativity and not yet choreographing with memorable results.

There was, however, mitigating evidence of deep thought in Holt's work, more than I discerned in either Penelope Evans' *Economics* or *Waltz*, or Ellen Pierces' *Running Time 2:27* which (except *Waltz*) leaned heavily for effect on large numbers of dancers, infectious music and attractive costumes.

Which leaves for contemplation Diane Moore and the Klauniada team, Valerie Dean and Don Rieder. I confess I was lost throughout most of Moore's *Short Stop*, confused by her schizophrenic meshing of dance and theatre. The work was as authentic as dancers hawking imaginary peanuts, popcorn and cold beer in the audience could make it, but it did keep us wondering, every time the baseball game broke for a little traditional contemporary dance, just what was going on.

Valerie Dean followed a somewhat similar route in *Amelia* (read Earhart), hers with voice-over. The most exciting thing about the work was Dean's face in transition, lighting up with whatever expression or emotion each small segment (of many) conveyed. The segments created a problem for the audience. So disjointed did each appear, that when Dean was finally finished, there were a few moments of silence while the audience waited, unsure if the act was indeed over.

Dean was again onstage for Don Rieder's *Ward Variations* playing a doctor on one side of the stage to Rieder's psychiatric patient on the other. The action switched from one to the other, with Rieder keeping up a steady stream of enormously funny antics in the tradition of the Czech artists' black humour. Rieder's comic timing was marvellous, though the relationship between himself and the doctor, quietly working at her desk, was never clear.

It's a curious fact that many of the nine choreographers are imports. Penelope Evans, Duncan Holt, Ellen Pierce, Diane Moore and Valerie Dean have their roots here, yet of those five, four have spent extensive time away and have only returned within the past two or three years. The others came at different points: Jeanne Robinson from the Boston area, Pat Richards from England, Francine Boucher from Quebec, and Don Rieder from the West Coast.

One thing appears certain: they form the basis of a strong and mutually supportive contemporary dance community in Halifax. The Showcase's overall success augers well for the future and there is already talk of holding a similar event next year, this time for two nights.

BARBARA SENCHUK

Le Groupe de la Place Royale
National Arts Centre
Ottawa
31 March–3 April 1982

Dancegoers familiar with the work of Le Groupe de la Place Royale are now quite used to seeing the dancers choreograph, dance, sing, act, compose and play music for their performances. Even so, it is still impressive and unusual to see a company developing and encouraging *all* these talents in its members. Le Groupe's program on March 31 followed an established and successful format: a work repeated from the previous program (Peter Boneham's *Collector of Cold Weather*), and two new pieces one choreographed by the company, another by associate director Jean-Pierre Perreault. The evening had a nice rhythm: a mixture of serious, funny, familiar and inexplicable, and the audience responded enthusiastically.

The new company work was called *Surfaces*, performed to a delicate percussion and electronic score by Montreal composer Harry Kirschner. It was partly taped and partly played live by Michael Montanaro and Janet Oxley (when she wasn't dancing). The set, designed by Perreault, was an integral part of the dance–tall movable screens, some solid black or white, some transparent vinyl and mylar. The screens defined areas, and the dancers were defined in relation to the areas–sometimes enclosed in a transparent cubicle, sometimes reflected in mirror images, sometimes appearing and disappearing like figures in a house of mirrors. At moments the panels moved mysteriously, like doors slowly opening by themselves (we couldn't see the dancers behind); at other times the dancers were clearly seen moving the panels, like stagehands.

The encounters among these screens were sometimes bright and athletic, sometimes sudden and violent, at other times slow and dreamlike, now one, two or three dancers, now all of them moving together. It started with Chris Ciccone and Robert Chiarelli (new members of the company), dressed in basketball shorts and knee-high woollen leggings, moving and grappling with each other. Meanwhile Suzanne McCarrey undulated in a bathing suit in a vinyl cubicle. Then we saw Suzy alone and the panels began to move. More of the dancers appeared, in coveralls of a warm pinkish fawn colour, and gradually everyone was dressed in coveralls. Coveralls of course have pockets, and one segment had Janet Oxley sprinting and darting around with her hands firmly in her pockets. Sometimes–especially in the slower movements–one was aware how much the coveralls hid the lines of their bodies and wished to see them more clearly. However in the more athletic moments and the sudden, fast appearances and disappearances –like quick snapshots–the coveralls worked very well, and went perfectly with the idea of dancers as both dancers and stagehands.

Towards the end there was a marvelous slow, dreamlike sequence where the dancers seemed to be swimming underwater behind glass doors, staring and moving slowly towards us, one reflected behind another. I thought that was a perfect moment to end on, but they tacked on a coda in which Cathy Kyle slowly comes out of her coverall and moves into darkness in her bathing suit. Even though Kyle is slim and beautiful, it was a long, awkward disrobing, and didn't seem to have anything to do with the rest of the dance.

Chris Ciccone and Janet Oxley in Jean-Pierre Perreault's new work for Le Groupe de la Place Royale, *Calliope*.

Jean-Pierre Perreault's *Calliope* was certainly the more startling and funny of the evening's new works. Three men and three women, dressed in tuxedos with black bow ties and cummerbunds, all carried small black harmonicas, stuffed in their mouths and suggestive of bizarre moustaches. They breathe in and out through the harmonicas as they dance, and this provides the musical score, devised by Vancouver composer David MacIntyre. Once you got over the initial shock (and some didn't, calling it merely cutesy-pie), *Calliope* proved to be an extraordinarily well-defined and entertaining piece. The dancers didn't always have the harmonicas in their mouths: there was a series of dances by different couples while the other four sat on musicians' stools upstage and accompanied them. Jackets were removed and we saw that each dancer wore smart black suspenders over the white shirt. Dancers and players changed casually with each other: at one moment the three men (Michael Montanaro, William James and Chris Ciccone) danced together while the women (Tassy Teekman, Janet Oxley and Suzanne McCarrey) sang and played. It wasn't so much singing as chanting quick patter, and I wish I could have caught their words more clearly (we heard 'sophisticated lady' and 'unsophisticted' repeated quite often). Whenever I hear words, I want to hear them clearly. Even so, it was engaging and outrageous and I understood, as though for the first time, the meaning of mouth organ.

After these two new works, coming back to *The Collector of Cold Weather* was like returning to an old friend, (reviewed in *Dance in Canada* No. 26).

Inexplicable and puzzling as it may be, *The Collector of Cold Weather* is a highly charged theatrical experience and one that could only be performed by excellent dancers who also have well trained voices for speaking and singing. I don't know of any other company in Canada or the US that develops such multiple talents in all its members–and encourages them to be choreographers as well. Le Groupe de la Place Royale remains a unique and valuable institution.

BURF KAY

Shumka
O'Keefe Centre
Toronto
7 March 1982

At the heart of traditional Ukranian folk dance lies gesture, gesture that is expressed within the stories of the dances. These story/legends have been preserved for many centuries and are illustrative of the hierarchical structure of the feudal societies of the Ukraine's four provinces. Gesture is the essence of Ukranian dance, giving it meaning and form and thus allowing it the honoured position of an archetypal art form rather than merely that of a circus-like acrobatic spectacle.

Shumka, a Ukranian ensemble from Edmonton, was established in 1959, 'to preserve and promote the development and advancement of the Ukranian culture as part of the Canadian Heritage, through dance'. All 50 members, (amateurs who earn their livings offstage), displayed their dedication and professionalism with a high calibre and spirited energy which brought a glistering performance and gave proof of the appropriateness of their company name–'Shumka' means 'whirlwind' in Ukranian. But, it is this very glistering whirl which, by the third dance of a long program, begins to plague the senses. Shumka has obviously chosen to be a troupe noted for spectacle–dazzling costumes and high-pitched stunts.

When the troupe attempts to be authentic problems begin. In the welcoming dance *Ukranian Spirit*, for example, the dancers greet the audience in the celebration of the dance. The symbolic apron draped around the hands and the traditional Paska (Ukranian Easter bread) is offered. The overpowering music and over-extended smiles of the dancers did not allow the reverance and grace of the dance to permeate the audience. A dance such as this must be developed from the inside out in order to justify the intent of the gestures. If not, the gestures become empty and nebulous.

Malanka Prelude, a group dance choreographed by the members of Shumka, is traditional character dance which encompasses a large territory. There are actually three smaller dances within the one main theme. A fortune teller predicts both gloom and joy for four young couples. Then, a traditional Hutzul dance, with its beautiful patterns, brings back memories of youthful, high-spirited days for the Ukranians in the audience. Weaving in and out, the dancers form circles which melt into each other. Sometimes there are three circles going at once. The visual effect is impressive, even a little mesmerizing, but the dancers lacked the genuine gaiety needed to depict this dance in its real folk style.

The core of *Malanka Prelude* centred on four masked animals who assume human characteristics. The elaborate masked headdresses were creatively and colourfully designed but I suspect I was not alone in my difficulty to figure out what their purpose truly was. Like a barnyard scene from 'Old Macdonald', the animals challenge the peasants one by one. They are ringing in the New Year.

A further solo brings us a sad young maiden. The technical demands of this otherwise delicate dance are few–a smattering of pirouettes–and the performer must, therefore, draw on inner understanding and knowledge of the gesture. It only can give meaning to the dance. It was missing. Just how much of the true spirit and history of Ukranian dance, one wonders, do these dancers really understand? Their dancing lacked the third dimension of authentic folk sensibility. A sense of spiritual emptiness prevailed.

Napad, another traditional folk legend, includes the beauty of a symbolic kerchief dance. The women use their kerchiefs to accentuate the dance. This section, hidden within the greater spectacle of the men's dances, was the finest little piece of choreography in the whole program. The gentle sovereignty of the Ukranian maiden is truly felt by the dancers who display it with care and understanding. The delicate chiming of the soft music was rendered delightfully by the orchestra.

Inevitably, there was a high-kicking acrobatic spectacle to close the show–the pyrotechnical bravura dancing of Cossack men. It was a good climax for all those Ukranians in the audience who needed to feel their heels again. However, after the program, I couldn't decide in my own mind whether I had actually seen traditional Ukranian folk dance or merely its representation delivered to us all in a well-meaning attempt to uphold, patriotically, one element of Canada's diverse cultural mosaic.

My eyes saw but my senses were unable to *feel*.

JUDITH POPIEL

Toronto Dance Theatre
Studio Theatre
Toronto
March 1982

As of February 8, the Toronto Dance Theatre was officially back in operation, reassembled intact after a much-publicized eleven-week shutdown, and actively sketching its distinctive silhouette back into prominence on the calendars of Toronto dance.

Perhaps spurred on by the enforced rest–and shaken by the thought of possible extinction, however remote at this point–the company spent March and April in a whirl of slightly schizophrenic activity. Easter found TDT performing co-artistic director David Earle's *Fauré's Requiem Mass*, a stirring work that flows with soft anguish and meditative human dignity. Ceremonial in structure and humble in manner, Earle's work demonstrates the power to be found in spare, unembroidered images. On Good Friday, the piece was effectively fragmented between readings, sermons, offertories, and communion, and accompanied by the live choral music of the Christ Church, Deer Park, for *An Ecumenical Celebration of the Eucharist*, an evening-length drama. Three days later, the company launched into a two-week goodwill mission of bringing culture to the white-collar lunchtime crowd, via the trampoline floorboards and shoebox surroundings of Solar Stage.

In advance of these events and most important in assessing the company, were two programs of works by co-artistic director Peter Randazzo, presented from March 23 to 27 at the company's studio theatre. It was the first time TDT had featured just one of its three co-founder/directors' work.

Randazzo is a choreographer

of extreme moods, most of them intense. Whenever he sinks into passive reflection or turns a clinical eye to pure movement, he is a pleasure to be with. The 1981 *Octet* is a herculean onslaught of pure movement; to the relentlessly repetitious strains of Steve Reich. Its eight dancers fling themselves across the stage at the top of their lungs. 1971's *Prospect Park*, a hazy memory of adolescent flirtation that hangs in the air like a warm and delicate scent, was given a tender reading by a bewitching cast that consisted of Christopher House, Michael Conway, Grace Miyagawa, and Lucie Boissinot.

But Randazzo has his other moods in which he is prone to spurts of unreined imagery and lengthy paroxyms of flamboyant nonsense. The basic comic formula of *A Simple Melody* and *Recital*, both from 1977, is to combine the hopelessly incompatible in pursuit of surefire laughs. A male trio dressed in shower curtains and harlequin collars engages in a mock-balletic Anniversary Waltz; a mean-fisted gang in black army fatigues breaks into a Charleston; eight track-suited joggers intermingle port de bras and scissor kicks while Dick Powell croons *By a Waterfall*. Not to everyone's taste, and the gags wear thin once the method becomes obvious.

Randazzo's latest plunge into his bizarre fantasies is *Tango:So!*, first seen in the March programs. *Tango*, a slapstick painted in surrealist hues, is designed for eight figures; four unflappable dancers inhabiting a mad world, and their counterparts, four life-sized dummies created in their images by Gordon Sim.

The piece, however, begins by pretending it is for just four dancers, chic castoffs from a sophisticted 1920s world, who appear to be engaged in fashionably unorthodox relationships beneath the flickering caress of a silver ballroom globe. As the sinuous, crafty chords of the *Last Tango in Paris* theme ooze through the air, Miyagawa and Sara Pettitt, two omnipotent ladies in electric blue dresses, dance together centrestage. Circling about them, elegant black tails flying, are Christopher House–fascinatingly pristine and perverse, a brilliantined China doll in subtle cabaret makeup–and Charles Flanders. Both at last come down to earth to lounge with chin in hand, gazing furtively at one another across the dancing women.

The furtive gaze was a sidelong hint of comic and offbeat things to come, a prelude to mayhem. With the unexpected entrance of a dummy which Miyagawa unceremoniously deposits upon Flanders' lap, Randazzo's own peculiar variety of hell breaks loose. The piece is a string of undeveloped fragments, isolated incidents each unencumbered by reason or consequence. With each entrance, the women's dresses steadily shorten into tackiness. The men lose their trousers and carry on as if nothing is amiss, one eventually trading what remains of his evening clothes for a creamy-white Disney version of a toreador's costume. Machine-gun fire fills the air while the women unconcernedly jabber in a mock-foreign tongue. The dummies acquire unpredictable lives all their own. They peer out from fold-away doors, act as love interest, objects of jealousy, indulge in knockabout fights. Flanders dances a cooly loving dance with the dummy of himself–loads of double-bladed psychological implications in that one! But Randazzo is not interested in following that route, of either studying or questioning it. He simply presents the image and then lets it drop with a cry of 'Next!'

This, I regret to say, is central to *Tango: So!*'s ultimate downfall. Randazzo's illogical comic world is aggressive, hard, tough, even heartless. Yet the characters themselves are benign, neutral. They behave according to their own set of laws that exist far outside and beyond our reality, and they do so essentially with straight faces, intimidated and unthinking. The absurdity that the characters thrust our way in *Tango: So!* is humour stripped not only of sentimentality but also of humanity, without conscience, without intellectual or emotional meaning, and there-

fore without sympathy. We can have no possible link to these men and women on any level.

It is also the humour of shock, of confusion; we can never be properly prepared for the next image, and so all we do is laugh. The laughs charge indiscriminately in and out of the blue like a bull into a china shop, with everything crashing down and apart at once.

In his serious moods, the choreographer catapults to an opposite extreme. The week's solos, *Arc* (1981) and *Enter the Dawn*, a première, mark Randazzo at his most controlled, his most minimal.

Too minimal, I would venture in the case of *Enter the Dawn*, although this study of big-city loneliness received enthusiastic approval from critics and audiences alike. Inspired by an Edward Hopper painting and Sara Pettitt's particular brand of world-weary elegance, *Dawn*'s setting is melancholy perfection; a bed constructed of a symbolically hard platform, the dingy, throbbing glow of neon lights from outside the woman's bedroom window, and the naked, plodding, bluesy Charlie Hayden score. As a woman struggling with her private miseries, Pettitt fulfills the lovely textures of Randazzo's arabesques and balances. But the formidable Pettitt is more presence than she is actress and she requires moves that mean something definite. The audience, aided by music and setting, goes most of the way in filling in her thoughts and emotions.

Vulnerability and compassion are not Randazzo's strong points, and neither are they Pettitt's–she's too incisive, too 'mean', too strong for pathos. It was ample satisfaction to find, in *Arc*, the driest of Randazzo solos, emotion packing the strength of a crushing blow.

Arc takes the form of a slow deliberate journey across the stage from wing to wing. Accompanied on the program notes by the words 'I am like an arrow...sent slowly...from God', and with Gera Dillon's slides of dark, sky-licked waters, which by front projection become both backdrop and costume, *Arc* is, in fact, two very different pieces with two different levels of meaning, because it is danced by two very different dancers. Randazzo seems to have done his share by setting up the work and then simply pointing Michael Moore and Charles Flanders in the proper direction.

The theme is the transition of the human spirit during death by drowning. Moore's *Arc* is a straightforward depiction of the cruel deadlock of a life attempting to refuse death. With tightened, gently agonized features and a body agloss in waves and sweat, Moore alternately stretches and winds into a foetal curl of desperate recollection and protectiveness, hopelessly battling and at last surrendering to the inevitable.

With Flanders, who cuts a more serene, majestic figure, the theme becomes ambiguous, ambitious, and certainly something larger. Moore may suggest approaching death; Flanders goes beyond, transcending death, anticipating the next phase in man's journey. Moving like breathing, and with fingers that might ripple through water–or air–his crossing suggests a cycle, life giving way to death, but death becoming life.

Subsequently, my attitude towards the surroundings changed; the morbid dark silken waters became more of what I think of water as being, the most sensuous of birth images. This is no last battle; this is a quiet trip, just one leg on an endless journey. The figure, haunted by a calm knowledge of the future, moves steadily, through death, towards spiritual rebirth. The image is reminiscent, in my mind, of that magnificent final scene in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, in which the Star-Child embryo, swathed in dignity and predestination, stares out over the earth that it slowly approaches.

The human spirit endures death and continues. I have never been able to decide whether or not that is wishful thinking, but in *Arc*, choreographer and dancer have joined forces to convey that philosophy as an unquestionable truth, and the idea is not an unhappy one.

PAT KAISER

Brian Webb Dance Company

Grant McEwan College
Edmonton
18-20 March 1982

Signs of developing maturity are always welcome in a young dance troupe and were clearly evident in the Brian Webb company's most recent hometown shows.

In the past, Webb has tended to populate his programs with heavily self-indulgent personal pieces. Now we have one well-balanced program, pruned of excesses and another that includes worthy additions to the repertoire by two senior company's members, Ken Gould and Andrea Rabinovitch.

Of the older works in the first program, *White Water/Grey Sky* reflects Brian Webb's powerful response to his physical environment. The inspiration in this case was Banff National Park–'the power of rapids and the calmness of an overcast sky'. There is an oddly effective feeling of spaciousness combined with a brooding quality. Webb usefully exploits the individual qualities of his dancers too: notably, Barbara Bonner–at her best in a role that calls for slow statuesque movements and an intrinsically imposing physique.

In distinct contrast, a new work, *I Love the Night*, commissioned by the Clifford E. Lee Foundation, is a tense, frenetic portrayal, rather reminiscent of the tough sleaziness of some of the dance scenes in *West Side Story*. The aura of the seamy side of city night life is simply but dramatically evoked by a stark set principally comprised of garish fluorescent lights. This is aptly complemented by Bob Myers' hypnotically discordant guitar music which carries the dance forward to a brutal climax. Unusually for Webb, there is a very obvious story line: symbolic movement is easily interpreted.

Field, on the other hand (another new work), is puzzling. Supposedly showing the sun playing across a field, (presumably covered in snow), it opens with a graceful trio in floating white robes. Unfortunately, the robes tend to float a little too freely and the sight of ample female haunches detracts sadly from what might have been a lyrically beautiful sequence. Worse, however, is to come as Webb and Gould grunt neanderthally at each other across the stage and engage in some mock wrestling only to be interrupted by the sun in red Lurex pyjamas! The remainder of the dance is equally disjointed as the company, by now totally pyjama-clad, perform collective callisthenics. This is neither a good abstract piece nor a well-constructed narrative. If it's all supposed to have some meaning it remains irritatingly out of reach.

But it is a welcome mark not only of a developing professional company but of a maturing artistic director that Ken Gould and Andrea Rabinovitch, dancers with the group almost since its inception, have been given the opportunity to create something of their own rather than simply help implement Webb's ideas. In Gould's case, in particular, there are clear signs of an emerging choreographic talent. His *Waiting–Weighting* is a deceptively simple but appealing series of balances and counterbalances involving some difficult slow manœuvres for the three dancers. There is a tentative, exploring quality in his work as he endeavours to sculpt live images and to show the grace of the human body in new ways. Well matched by Wendy Albrecht's score, this is a very intimate view of dance by one who seems to look on it as a highly analytical but always visually beautiful art.

In a very different mood, the company relaxes and patently has fun with Andrea Rabinovitch's much less demanding *L.A. Suite*. From a rather weak beginning in Arrival, Freeway, and Freebag, this piece picks up tempo and vigor with the fourth section, the Mexican-sounding Palos Verdes, and winds up, literally, with a snap as the final part, Funkin' at the Baked Potato, ends in the dancers 'photographing' the audience through a perfectly timed set of flash shots.

Overall, the program is a step forward for the company which has succeeded in maintaining a solid core of dancers whose progress is parallelled by growth in Brian Webb himself.

MURIEL STRINGER

Alberta Ballet Company
Jubilee Auditorium
Edmonton
20 - 21 April 1982

Granted, the Alberta Ballet has had an unusually demanding year but this does not really excuse the company's generally lacklustre end-of-season presentation.

The opening work, *Daphnis and Chloë*, choreographed by Brydon Paige and Lambros Lambrou, was potentially well suited to a medium-sized professional company. Ravel's music is familiar, and the story lends itself easily to small group scenes as well as solo work. Unfortunately, however, not even the vitality of Marianne Beausèjour as Chloë succeeded in salvaging the Alberta Ballet's interpretation. Scott Harris as Daphnis, while technically adequate, projected little of the ardent lover and appeared even more wooden when juxtaposed to the lively, expressive Beausèjour.

Attempts to inject energy and emotion into the overall sluggishness at times led to some unintentional humour. Kim Derene as the leader of the pirate crew who capture Chloë had a tendency to exaggerate to the point where, given the spiritless nature of the production as a whole, he crossed that fine line which divides drama from melodrama. And the several awkward attempts to heft Chloë aloft by Vasile Petrutiu as the god Pan were surely not a part of Paige's choreography.

Here, too, the male corps seemed ill at ease and badly coordinated, notably at the opening of the first act which failed to communicate the joys of village dance and indeed showed little evidence of any enthusiasm or animation.

As a narrative ballet, *Daphnis and Chloë* should at least have conveyed some sense of time, place and continuity but there was little to indicate that the story was set in ancient Greece, and, with the exception of the finale choreographed by Lambrou, neither the dance itself nor the costumes gave the presentation any sense of identity. With the arrival of a group of Saracens part way through the first act, the ballet became even more disjointed and at times had a disturbingly amateur appearance.

Michel Rahn of the Alberta Ballet in Lambros Lambrou's *Shostakovitch Piano Concerto* #2.

In Larry Hayden's *The Venetian Twins*, on the other hand, one certainly couldn't complain of lack of enthusiasm, although this was mostly manifested through a good deal of bawdy, often rather juvenile mime. Michel Rahn, dancing the parts of both twins, performed with particular gusto in roles seemingly very alien to his rather austere, reserved character. One could, it is true, legitimately question whether this so-called 'comic ballet' really merits the term 'ballet' but comic it certainly was and easily the crowd-pleaser of the evening, even though (or perhaps because) the jokes were mostly slapstick and there was no attempt to provide some of the more sophisticated elements of balletic humour.

In this piece, the male performers far outshone their female counterparts, with Chip Seibert and Scott Harris clearly enjoying an opportunity for some light relief largely free from the technical demands made on them earlier in the program. Principal dancer Svea Eklof, however, was far from being at her best. Despite her customary strong, assured performance, she seemed unable to project the clownishness her role called for and emerged more as a performer and less as a participant in the general buffoonery.

The Venetian Twins, while a rather strange choice as a dedication to Founding Director Ruth Carse, at least gave some impetus to a laboured program and showed a side of the company seldom visible.

But no company can present a selection of short pieces without including something overtly classical. In this case, even the purest of the traditionalists would have found Lambros Lambrou's newest work satisfying. Entitled simply *Shostakovitch Piano Concerto* #2, this was a neatly constructed, well-disciplined piece. Lambrou's choreography is maturing, and many of his earlier, often bizarre forays into movement have been eschewed in favour of clean, graceful lines.

Moving his groups of dancers in flowing patterns, he succeeded in giving the piece a consistently well-balanced appearance as well as a sense of continuous motion unusual in a work of this type. Soloists Michel Rahn and Svea Eklof, rather than being displayed against a relatively static corps, were skilfully complemented by the rest of the company to form an integrated, only slightly highlighted part of a cohesive whole.

Lambrou's own sense of direction notwithstanding, this was not one of the Alberta Ballet's better evenings, showing as it did a gallant but weary company trying to bring off a fitting finale to a major anniversary season and in the end falling back on its usual mixture of good and bad.

MURIEL STRINGER

Dancemakers

Hart House Theatre
Toronto
31 March–3 April 1982

Carol Anderson of Dancemakers in Paul Taylor's *Aureole*.

Dancemakers has always maintained a self-effacingly low profile. It has won a reputation for being accommodating, homey, the kind of company an audience can relax into. Dancemakers' fans prefer it because it doesn't present Dance as TDT and the Grossman company do, but simply dance. The decision of the directors, past and present, to feature an eclectic repertoire culled from a wide variety of sources–Janice Hladki to Robert Cohan–has meant that the company has never really achieved the kind of strong personality that companies shaped exclusively by one or two or even three distinctive choreographic talents have. This means that it is less intimidating on the one hand but also less 'efficient': with each work it dances, the company is born and dies.

Like many ballet companies that survive on an eclectic repertory system, Dancemakers depends on the individual personalities of its members to compensate for the company's collective facelessness. When they prove incapable of shouldering this (awesome) burden, they stand out in a way that insecure performers with TDT and Grossman never do; with the latter, strain is an artistic problem, with the former, it becomes personal, the failure of an acquaintance, a colleague, a seducer, and hence embarassing.

It's lucky for them and us, therefore, that Dancemakers has several interesting, even beautiful dancers who are up to the challenge of recreating the company with each dance. Carol Anderson and Patricia Fraser (who are, incidentally, the current co-directors in a venerable line of femal co-directors) are wonderful enough as performers to fool you into believing the company has a very vivid identity indeed. Whenever either of them appears on stage, the scene immediately acquires a shimmer it lacks without them. They are very different dancers. Anderson, very quiet and reflective, very centred. Fraser, for all her delicacy of feature, is more flamboyant, sociable, the solar counterpart to Anderson's lunar.

Besides these two, Dancemakers has a very steady, likeable dancer in William Douglas. There are dances when we are conscious that he is working too hard, but in a work like *Aureole*, Paul Taylor's glorious response to the ballet blanc, we can sense in him an innate graciousness and clarity of form that is truly buoyant.

If only by default, *Aureole*, which opened the company's spring season at Hart House, might well turn into a signature piece for Dancemakers, embodying as it does the company's two major characteristics: its desire to accommodate and its desire simply to dance. The company is less lucky with the other big-name choreography on the recent program. Where *Aureole* allows the dancers to give full vent to their dance personalities, Robert Cohan's beautifully titled *When Evening Spreads Itself Against the Sky* takes little notice of the dancers on whom it was set and pitilessly encases them in strait jackets of movement of the ballet moderne type, the impersonality of which ultimately kills them. Not even Bach's fifth suite for unaccompanied cello can breathe life back into them once they have succumbed and the costumes, ugly to begin with, end up as shrouds.

A few seasons ago, Donald McKayle's *Variations on a Summer Theme* did in the dancers in a similar fashion though perhaps not so heartlessly. By placing so much emphasis on the acquisition of works like this and Cohan's *Evening...Sky*, the company demonstrates a keener awareness of its identity crisis than is at first apparent. Instead of glossing over its basic anonymity, however, trite (and worse) works by McKayle, Cohan and other big names only make the company's plight seem more transparent. When programmed next to such interesting homegrown dances as Anna Blewchamp's *a.k.a* and Karen Rimmer's *Walking the Line*, these works look especially

desperate; we wonder why the hell Dancemakers doesn't wake up!

Neither Blewchamp's nor Rimmer's dance received anything like the hype Cohan's *Evening* was given; Rimmer's, in fact, had to share its place on the program with an alternately scheduled première by Carol Anderson called *Intaglio*. Blewchamp's *a.k.a.*, though commanding the closing position on both programs, was nevertheless sloppily, even indifferently, danced. As a survey of the ways in which social dance forms mirror socio-political changes from the 1920s to the present, this work is already in need of a set, perhaps projections, certainly a cleaner tape so that we can get the astringent juxtaposition of word and movement, and definitely better lighting (the lighting for the Hart House season was generally appalling); when the dancers merely walk through the material as they did, *a.k.a.* becomes a pointless romp. Only Susan McKenzie proved steadfast in adhering to Blewchamp's difficult and brainy course.

Rimmer's *Walking the Line* won more of an effort from the dancers. Combining two of Rimmer's favourite motifs, one philosophical–the alienation of the middle class, one kinetic–the advancing and retreating of lines of dancers, it closely resembles *Spiral*, its predecessor in Dancemakers' repertoire. Unlike *Spiral*, however, its conception is much more fully fleshed out–rather too much so: there seems to be enough choreographic material here for three dances–and it is more pungently presented. Choreographed for six dancers wearing variations on red and black, *Walking the Line* builds up a furious momentum. The dancers, breaking from their opening line, try out combinations of relationships all of which contain some element of hostility, aggression and violence. Finally it's not the destructiveness of these couplings that disturbs us most, but the sight of a reformed line of dancers advancing towards us at the end, united in their common experience of frustration, anger and pain. Abetting Rimmer's grim vision is a wonderfully eerie staccato score by Henry Kucharzyk. Given the work's umistakable power it's more than a wonder that it was not performed every evening.

The potential richness of *Walking the Line* and *a.k.a.* entitles them to higher priority in Dancemakers' programming. Rimmer and Blewchamp could well provide Dancemakers with the kind of stability the repertory system does not provide if it were to adopt one or both as choreographer-in-residence. In pursuing its original mandate to provide an alternative modern dance experience to Toronto audiences, the company is perhaps reluctant to give up the very thing that makes it different from TDT, Grossman and even TIDE: its eclecticism. When Toronto was still young in dance terms, this kind of mandate was at the very least useful. Now, however, when Toronto is treated to the full gamut of dance expressions by specialists in each, will Dancemakers end up pleasing no one with its late sixties heroic ideal of trying to please all?

GRAHAM JACKSON

Danny Grossman Dance Company
Young People's Theatre
Toronto
6–11 April 1982

Nobody who has watched the progress of Danny Grossman the choreographer during the past seven years can question either his fundamental craftsmanship, his wry wit or his commitment to significant human issues. Himself a dancer of great accomplishment, Grossman has also managed to develop a troupe equal to the idiosyncracies of his movement style and to the varied purposes served by his choreography.

Although Grossman likes to tackle meaty issues — the horrors of war, the silliness of jingoistic patriotism, the anguish of sexual stereotyping — he is known across Canada and beyond for his sense of humour and for the very watchable, at times almost acrobatic way in which he choreographs. Understandably, his company has been well received by audiences and critics alike and it was no surprise to find his most recent hometown performances attracting large crowds.

Whether they got what they came for, however, is another matter because this time out, Grossman seemed in a particularly serious frame of mind presenting a program of hammer blows. The presence of *National Spirit* at the top of the show–given an oddly muted performance–hardly balanced the mostly melancholy aura of *Ecce Homo*, the strident antiwar message of *Endangered Species* or the rather humourless new work, *Portrait*.

This latest excursion into social commentary is, in certain respects, Grossman's most ambitious work so far. It has the most elaborate set he has ever used–a domestic scene furnished by Mary Kerr with such items as a standing lamp, a large mirror, a bed, an armchair, a dressing-table and a toilet. It is arranged in such a way as to underline the fact that a wall has been lifted and we, the audience, are thus voyeurs. The furnishings themselves, distorted as if seen through an astigmatic eye, and garishly upholstered where suitable in red, are not just a backdrop. They are integral parts of the dance, get upended, crawled on and under and generally used as weapons, playthings or whatever else takes the characters' fancy to do with them.

Of these, there are six in *Portrait*. Their exact identities are not specified in the house program but, to judge alone by the easy familiarity with which they run around in undergarments, we can tell that three of them constitute a family. Grossman plays an adolescent child whose emerging sexuality becomes confused as he encounters the contrasting bombast and affection of his father (Gregg Parks), the neuroticism of his mother (Susan Macpherson) and the flirtation of would-be lovers–male and female (Randy Glynn and Judith Miller). Eventually, after much running around, rolling on the floor, kissing, feeling of crotches and standing inside the toilet bowl (it also gets assaulted in other peculiar ways) the confused youngster runs off with a black man.

Portrait holds the attention for part of its 35-minute course owing to the ominous forebodings of Murray Geddes' effectively edgy taped collage of sound and music. But, unless one counts adolescent identity confusion as an intriguing subject, the work becomes tedious to watch. Where is the statement? What is the point? Who really gives a hoot?

It matters not who the subject of the portrait may be. Its details are essentially boring and inconsequential and not all the antics Grossman has injected, the athletic couplings, vaultings over armchairs, headstands in toilets and so on, can really disguise this fact. Ironically, the emotional drama that does exist might well have been better communicated in a more abstract dance form. In spelling out details, Grossman has merely exposed the essential banality of his chosen theme.

KEVIN SINGEN

Nova Dance Theatre

Dalhousie Arts Centre
Halifax
29 April - 1 May, 1982

Nova Dance Theatre's spring season at the Sir James Dunn Theatre offered Halifax's dance-hungry audience two premiers and a second look at some of the company's most recent work. The entire program was choreographed by artistic director Jeanne Robinson and Angela and Duncan Holt and performed, with varying degrees of success, by them and newcomer Louise Hoyt. The two new works, Jeanne Robinson's *reMembering* and Angela Holt's *Fight / Flight* provided considerable food for thought.

Fight / Flight was a study of the two possible responses to stress–resistance or retreat. Dancers Holt and Robinson were costumed in fencing gear which effectively obscured their identities. Their very similar bodies lent an illusion of impersonal abstraction to the piece. A score blending fencing patter with the sound of a heart beating seemed to emphasize the conflicting elements–the primitive and the civilized–which motivated the dancers.

Holt explored flight from another viewpoint in *What Birds Dream About*. As one might expect from a dance that is mainly flight simulation, it is technically demanding and there were times when dancers Angela and Duncan Holt appeared decidedly earth-bound. Still, there were moments when they created a miraculous sense of soaring freedom while having two feet and one hand firmly planted on the floor. Duncan Holt contributed two works to the program–*Squares*, a dance about dance, and a comic piece *The G. The B. and The Ugly*. *Squares*, danced by the Holts and Louise Hoyt, presented an inside look at the making of a dance with an accompanying score based on American choreographer Murray Louis' views on being a dancer. The work was well performed and contained some bits of wry humour such as a stylized game of leapfrog which seemed to symbolize the world of dance.

The G. The B. and The Ugly was a light-hearted spoof in which Duncan managed to play both a horse and its rider. By some sleight of hand, or rather foot, he created the impression that his feet and the rest of his body were completely independent of each other. Clever manipulation of an over-sized cape and a cowboy hat delighted the kids in the audience as Holt satirized the Hollywood western.

Artistic director Jeanne Robinson's *Shifting Gears* was danced by Louise Hoyt. I missed Robinson's own performance of this piece earlier in the year, but the dance was so strongly Robinson that I felt I was continually comparing Hoyt's version of it to Robinson's own. It was a bit like seeing a ghost. I imagine this stems from Hoyt's determination to do the piece *right*! Now that she has accomplished this quite admirably I hope she will go on to give it her own stamp. The last piece on the program was Robinson's *reMembering*, and it was wonderful. Lighting by Ian Pygott clearly defined the boundaries of the work. There were horizontal bands of blue, orange and green across the stage which isolated the three dancers (the Hoyts and Robinson) from one another. Within their separate corridors the dancers depicted the search for a connection, something to belong to, that begins for all of us the moment we realize as babies that mother is not part of us. Finally as a white light disperses the coloured bands of isolation, the dancers find each other. They have re-membered. Yet the central question remains unanswered. The dancers seem to be saying 'Great, I have all these people to play with, but who am I?' And the search begins again. A powerful score by Bob Atkinson with Kurt Haughn expresses in sound the questions the dancers pose with movement. Technically and artistically *reMembering* was a cut above anything else on the program and puts dance in Halifax firmly beyond the boundaries of mere local interest.

CATRIONA TALBOT

Book Beat

The Ballet Goer's Guide, by Mary Clarke and Clement Crisp. (Knopf, 1981: $28.95)

Yes, Virginia, another ballet handbook, and another collaboration by Clarke and Crisp, who have jointly issued so many volumes on all aspects of dancing over the last several years as to make one wonder when they might ever find time to go to the theatre. This item, which has a rather business-like format suggestive of certain textbooks in the social sciences, offers the usual slice of dance history, and brief rundowns on choreography, music, and decor (a favorite topic of this pair). There's also an illustrated guide to the ballet steps and biographical dictionaries with entries for 30 historically significant choreographers and some 70 currently performing ballet dancers (here designated as 'stars'). The bulk of the volume consists of program notes for 143 ballets, nearly all of which can be seen today in the repertories of the mainstream companies.

As expected, there's little to find fault with in this offering. The illustrations are fine, the text is concise and accurate, and choices made in selecting data seem quite prudent. Balletomanes possessing even the most modest dance library will have no great need for this guide, but as a first reference book for the novice, it's as serviceable as anything currently in print and has the advantage of timeliness, with its inclusion of notes for ballets created as recently as 1981.

Modern Dance in America: the Bennington Years, by Sali Ann Kriegsman. (G.K. Hall, 1981: US $85.00)

During the nine years that the Bennington School of Dance functioned, the modern dance movement achieved full flower. Opened in 1934 as an adjunct to a small and select Vermont liberal arts college which in the midst of the Depression years sorely needed additional income, the school attracted as its founding faculty such giants as Martha Graham, Charles Weidman, Doris Humphrey, Hanya Holm, Louis Horst and John Martin. Within a few years it was a seminal force; its classrooms, laboratories and performing spaces summoned and generated the energies that established American dance as a legitimate and many-faceted occupation.

Sali Ann Kriegsman offers a splendid history of the school's unique accomplishment. Her painstaking research has yielded a brilliant document which no serious scholar of the American modern dance movement should miss. The price that an inconsiderate publisher has placed on this book, however, will put it beyond the reach of all but the most specialized theatre collections in libraries where expense is a small concern.

LELAND WINDREICH

The Luigi Jazz Dance Technique, by Kenneth Wydro. (Doubleday, 1981: US $19.50)

The prospect of reviewing a book about Luigi, who as a teacher had an important influence on my professional dancing career, gave me great pleasure.

Author Kenneth Wydro refers to Luigi as 'the pioneer in Jazz dance and sculptor of the human body'. The book has the informal binding of a teacher's manual. It is colourful and eye-catching, but the cover photo, unfortunately, does not capture the uniqueness of Luigi, the great master of Jazz. The image I hold is found on page 222, a summation of his artistry.

Mr. Wydro's 224-page book is divided into two sections. The first 33 pages are devoted to Luigi's philosophy of dance. There is also a 'Note From Luigi' in which he writes: 'Welcome to my jazz class. The best way to take my class is to pretend that you've never had a class in your life and that together we are going to discover new things about ourselves'.

One of the most crucial events in Luigi' s career was the almost fatal car accident he suffered as a young dancer. It curtailed his performing career but it was responsible for the technique he developed.

While Luigi was recovering slowly, with the aid of his devoted teacher, he concentrated with all his mind to 'make the body well, to free it, to move without pain and restriction', to be able to dance again. His philosophy of dance was born out of these long hours of loneliness. The accident was the key that opened the door to creativity! It was from it that he discovered a line of the body and a style of movement that was to influence a new breed of dancers, choreographers and teachers for years to come.

The remainder of the book is a description of the Luigi Jazz technique. Photographs demonstrating the succession of movements in great detail are arranged in the same order as the exercises on the Luigi Jazz record. The reader is encouraged to 'see the photos as a movie'. Wydro states that his book is intended, 'for the beginner who wants to learn about how to condition the body, and to the professional who wants to come to a greater understanding of the Luigi technique'.

I studied with Luigi when he was the most important Jazz teacher in New York. I shall never forget our classes with the live musicians, the mixture of professional dancers and Broadway performers. We danced up a storm! We all went to Luigi to relearn how to move freely, beautifully, beyond technique. To dance with the soul! This was his secret as a teacher. He made us 'feel from the inside'.

He made me fall in love with Jazz. How? Why? It was the way he moved! The grace and elegance – and it was *Jazz*! Until I saw Luigi dance I didn't believe that Jazz could be taken seriously as an art form. But then my whole outlook on dance has changed. It opened up a new creative field for me, which led me to find myself as a dancer and as a teacher and choreographer.

But where are the proofs of those magical moments in this book? Perhaps because Mr. Wydro is not a dancer he cannot recreate the height of excitement and inspiration Luigi meant for us dancers.

The book can be useful for teachers who studied with Luigi and want to teach his style, for students who worked with him and want to refresh their memories. But those who never took class with him would receive little guidance or understanding. Even though the photographic illustrations have been very carefully thought out it is impossible to truly represent movement on the printed page. Dance is motion. It requires a kinetic awareness.

If I feel a certain disappointment with this book is it because I ask for the impossible? Is there a way to put into words the essence of movement? To make visible the dancing soul? To hold onto magic? You might as well try to catch the wind.

EVA VON GENCSY

Noticeboard

The Canada Council Conseil des Arts du Canada 1957-1982

The Canada Council was established by Parliament in 1957 as an independent body to foster and promote the arts in Canada. During the 25 years of its existence, the Canada Council has played a major role in the development of all the arts. In particular, and especially with the founding of a separate Dance Section within the Arts Division in 1972, The Canada Council has assisted in the dramatic growth of dance activity across the country. Without its involvement many individual artists and companies would never have had the opportunity to fulfil their goals and ambitions. Similarly, without the encouragement and strong support of the Canada Council's Writing and Publication Section, this and many other specialized arts publications could not exist.

We thank the Canada Council for its efforts on behalf of dance and all the arts in Canada and send greetings in this its Silver Anniversary year and best wishes for the next quarter century.

C'est en 1957 que le Parlement créait le Conseil des Arts du Canada comme organisme indépendant dans le but de promouvoir les arts dans notre pays. Depuis ses débuts il y a 25 ans, le Conseil a joué un rôle important dans l'essor des arts. Et en particulier depuis la création du Service de la Danse au sein de la Division des arts en 1972, le Conseil des Arts du Canada a apporté son soutien au développement prodigieux que la danse connait dans le pays entier. Sans son concours, de nombreux artistes et compagnies n'auraient jamais pu réaliser leurs projets et leurs ambitions. De même, si ce n'était pour les encouragements et le soutien du Service des lettres et de l'édition du Conseil des Arts du Canada, notre magazine et bien d'autres revues artistiques spécialisées n'auraient jamais vu le jour.

A l'occasion de son 25e anniversaire, nous adressons nos sincères remerciements au Conseil des Arts du Canada pour ses efforts en faveur de la danse et des arts au Canada et présentons nos meilleurs voeux pour le quart de siècle à venir.

Dance-théâtre Paul-André Fortier, the **Danny Grossman Dance Company** and **Mime Omnibus** will be part of a mass showing of Canadian arts and artists next winter in Berlin. The announcement was made at a news conference on April 21 by Canada's ministry of external affairs which, with the Canada Council, will make the necessary arrangements. The German sponsor is the Akademie de Kunste (Academy of Fine Arts) in Berlin which, from December 5, 1982 until January 30, 1983 will host the multi-disciplinary presentation of Canadian arts including, besides dance, historic and contemporary painting, video art, architecture, literature, film, theatre and other performing arts.

Christel Wallin announced her resignation as director of the School of the Toronto Dance Theatre on April 21. She had held the position for 18 months and was the sixth director to leave the 15-year-old school since its opening. Miss Wallin cited disagreemnt with TDT's artistic directors as the cause of her departure. Miss Wallin had expanded the classes offered by the school to include not only Graham technique but also ballet, jazz, Limon and Alexander. In an interview with the *Globe and Mail*'s Stephen Godfrey, Wallin said: 'I think Graham technique is a narrow language which doesn't make dancers well-equipped for any other company but this one'. TDT's Patricia Beatty and Peter Randazzo had made it clear they wanted nothing but Graham. Beatty claims Martha Graham took all she wanted from the ballet technique and incorporated it in her own. Balletically trained modern dancers were, she said, 'less expressive in the use of the torso and in the sense of weight'. The TDT school, like the company, has been under severe financial pressure recently. It was the first modern dance school in Canada to receive Canada Council funding but was informed last year that it will no longer receive the federal subsidy ($22,000 for the final granting period).

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens paid its first visit in almost a decade to downtown New York last April. From April 7 to 12 the company presented 12 ballets arranged in three different programs at the 55th Street City Center theatre. That's where the company made its earlier Manhattan appearance years ago playing Fernand Nault's ballet version of The Who's rock-opera *Tommy*.

Some of the worst April weather in New Yorkers' memories – what the news called 'a life-threatening storm' – coincided with the Montrealers' arrival. Ticket sales were slow at first. However, after the generally positive opening-night reviews, including a virtual rave from the *New York Times*'s Anna Kisselgoff, things improved. Company management, knowing Les GBC's appearances at City Center would clash with Passover and Easter were conservative in their estimates of box-office revenue when the tour budget was set. So, says company director general Colin McIntyre, 'we did what we set out to do and hope to return soon'.

But weather was not the only problem for Les GBC in New York City. There were

also a number of serious injuries among the dancers resulting in last-minute cast changes. Even so, the company, which gave a teaser engagement last year at Lehman College in the Bronx, returned to Montreal with the compliments of New York critics ringing in their ears. Kisselgoff called Les Grands Ballets, 'a company to cheer about', spoke of its 'enormous vitality' and the 'gleaming polish and pure pleasure' of its dancing.

The *New York Post*'s Clive Barnes was less euphoric and had negative comments about items in the repertoire but endorsed Kisselgoff's impression of the dancing saying it had,'that special vigor we now associate with Canadian dance'. Of the ballets receiving their New York premières, Brian Macdonald's *Etapes* fared best with the critics. Barnes called it a work of 'elusive beauty and pounding energy'.

Les Ballets Jazz and the **Eddy Toussaint Dance Company** also had great success during their foreign tours, except they went farther afield — to Europe.

The Eddy Toussaint Dance Company gave 26 performances in 23 cities in France and Belgium, February 16 to April 3, and came back with a thick batch of glowing reviews.

Les Ballets Jazz played in more than 30 cities in France and, briefly, Belgium and Switzerland, (March 2 to April 22). The company has only a short break before it begins a new season on July 9th with a five-week Central American tour of Jamaica, Bermuda, Venezuela and the Antilles. Later, in August, Les Ballets Jazz will return to the Shaw Festival, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, and will then head south for a week's performance at the Knoxville 1982 World's Fair in Tennessee. Then, it's on to Panama for the first engagement of a three-week South American tour!

Timothy Porteous is the Canada Council's new director. The official announcement came on April 6. Mr. Porteous had been associate director of the Canada Council since 1973 and acting director since December 31, 1981, when his predecessor, Charles Lusier, moved to his new job as Clerk of the Senate. Mr. Porteous was born in Montreal in 1933 and attended university in both his home city (McGill and U of M) as well as in Paris. He was co-author and associate producer of *My Fur Lady*, a satirical musical that toured Canada in 1957 and 1958, but opted for the practice of law in Montreal until 1966 when he joined the federal civil service.

The Dance Centre, the Toronto branch of Les Ballets Jazz school, has lost its two founding co-directors. Dennis Michaelson and Louis-André Paquette resigned on May 18 – along with other administrative employees – apparently in response to a serious financial crisis and amid accusations by LBJ's Montreal head office that the Toronto school had spent prodigally. The Toronto school's staff had themselves earlier accused the Montreal office of gross financial mismanagement and breach of contract. Caroline Salbaing, manager of LBJ and its four schools, said the Toronto office had ignored warnings to cut back on spending. Her brother-in-law, Patrick Salbaing, immediately assumed temporary management of the Toronto school whose summer program will still open as scheduled on June 28.

The Canada Council's Pilot Program in Dance providing support to presenters of independent dancers and choreographers which was initiated last year, has been extended for one more year and has received an increase from $25,000 to $45,000.

Karen Kain was sorely missed by her Toronto fans during the National Ballet of Canada's May hometown season. She appeared for only one performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. The reason? She was dancing in France as guest artist with Roland Petit's Ballets de Marseilles, performing in the première of Petit's *Tales of Hoffman*.

Stephanie Ballard is the winner of the 1982 Clifford E. Lee Choreography Award. Ballard is associate artistic director of Winnipeg's Contemporary Dancers and has been part of

1982 Clifford E. Lee Choreography Award winner Stephanie Ballard.

that company for the past 10 years both as a dancer and choreographer. Two of her works, *Prairie Song* and *Construction Company* are in the company's repertoire. The award is sponsored jointly by the Edmonton based Clifford E. Lee Foundation and the Banff Centre School of Fine Arts. It includes a cash award of $3,000 and a summer residency at the Banff Centre where the winner's proposed new work is set on students of the Banff summer dance program and premiered as part of the Banff Festival of the Arts (July 29-31).

Rina Singha, Kathak dancer, choreographer and educator, will be teaching and performing at the Maine Folk Dance Camp in Bridgton, Maine (July 2-6). In August she will attend the Dance and the Child International Conference in Stockholm, Sweden, to give a presentation of her work using dance for language development with deaf and other handicapped children. She will also give solo Kathak concerts in Norway before her return to Canada.

For the Love of Dance, the National Film Board's hour-long documentary about the day-to-day work of dancers in seven Canadian dance companies, was selected as Best Film at the 11th Annual Dance Film Festival in New York last April. *For the Love of Dance* was directed in different locations by John N. Smith, Cynthia Scott, Michael McKennirey and David Wilson and was seen a year ago on national television.

The First International Summer School in Benesh Movement Notation is to be held this summer at the University of Waterloo in Ontario (July 26 to August 13). This innovative program has an interesting history and promising future. Although Sandra Caverly has been teaching Benesh notation at York University for many years, advanced students have had to go to the Institute of Choreology in London, England, to complete their studies for certification. At the instigation of the Canada Council, Rhonda Ryman of the University of Waterloo's Dance Group (herself an Institute graduate) began discussions with the IOC in London with a view to starting a Canadian 'branch'. Monica Parker, the Institute's director, visited Canada last November to inspect the facilities at York and Waterloo and, on her return in December, confirmed that a series of summer programs leading to professional certification could be offered at Waterloo. Seed money was made available by the Institute and Waterloo's Faculty of Human Kinetics and Leisure Studies and an additional grant will come from the university's Teaching Resource Office. Additional government support is hoped for. The first course this summer will include both Monica Parker and Wendy Walker, (American Ballet Theatre's company choreologist) as faculty. Enquiries and registrations have already been accepted from as far away as Venezuela. A few spots in the course, which is geared to ballet dancers, teachers and those planning a career in movement notation, are still open. The course can be applied towards a University of Waterloo degree as well as towards IOC certification. For further information, contact: The Dance Group, University of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, N2L 3G1.

The Dance in Canada Association's 1982 conference to be held in Ottawa from June 23-27 will be recorded for television by Rogers Cable. A crew of 16, using six cameras will document performances for archival purposes in a special studio in Ottawa as well as garnering material, including non-performance activities, for a series to be screened in Toronto starting this September. This marks the first time such a comprehensive coverage of the DIC conference has been undertaken.

Betty Oliphant is presented with the Canadian Conference of the Arts' Diplome d'Honneur by federal finance minister Allan MacEachern.

Betty Oliphant, Director and Principal of the National Ballet School was awarded the Canadian Conference of the Arts Diplôme d'Honneur during the CCA's annual conference in Ottawa, May 7. The award–a medal and citation–was presented to Betty Oliphant by federal finance minister Allan MacEachern.

Arnold Spohr, artistic director of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet was presented with one of the annual Dancemagazine Awards in a glittering, star-studded ceremony at the Sheraton Centre in New York City on May 3. He is the first Canadian-born artist, active in Canada, to receive the award. Melissa Hayden, born and initially trained in Toronto, received the Dancemagazine Award in 1961 but rose to fame in the United States as a member of the New York City Ballet.

In presenting the award to Arnold Spohr, celebrated American choreographer Agnes de Mille paid tribute to his genius as a ballet director and ability to inspire and retain the loyalty of his dancers.

Gala, the National Film Board's documentary on the Canadian Dance Spectacular of May, 1981, was given its première screening at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa on April 30. The evening was dedicated to the Canada Council which held its first meeting on the same date 25 years ago. Artists from across Canada gathered on the stage to pay tribute to the Council and to present, on behalf of the artistic community, a large Inuit sculpture of a bear which will stand in the Council's Ottawa headquarters.

The documentary itself was a triumph for the NFB. It had stepped in a year before at two days notice to fill the breach left when a planned live telecast by the CBC had to be cancelled owing to strike action by members of NABET. In 90 minutes, *Gala* successfully recreates not only the dancing on stage (accompanied by fine Dolby-Stereo sound) but the atmosphere of excitement and anticipation backstage and in the audience. Following its Ottawa première, *Gala* was screened in Montreal (May 8-11), Saskatoon (May 25), Halifax (May 29) Edmonton (June 3,4,6,10,11 and 13), and Toronto (June 25-July 1). Other screening dates remained to be set. A full review of *Gala* will appear in the next issue of *Dance in Canada.*

Arnold Spohr received the Dancemagazine Award in New York on May 3. Here he is greeted by former RWB dancer Gwen Ashton. Agnes de Mille (seated) presented the award.

The Friends of Terpsichore is a new book service in Toronto dealing in used, rare and antiquarian dance books. For more information contact Friends of Terpsichore, PO Box #563, Station Q, Toronto, Ontario M4T 2N4. (416) 651-7262 or 961-5560.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver's Goh Ballet Group toured to Singapore in March with guest artist Jenny Chiang of the Northern Ballet Theatre and American dancer William Starrett. Artistic Director Chiat Goh, a native of Singapore, came to Vancouver in 1967 following a 20-year career as principal dancer and ballet master with the China Ballet of Peking. Since his arrival in Canada Goh has worked with the Anna Wyman Dance Theatre and has taught at York University, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the Banff Centre. Just two years ago Goh and his wife Lin Yee founded the ballet group and affiliated school. The touring repertoire included works by Goh and Xixian Wang, longtime ballet master of the Chinese Central Ballet Troupe. The company performed to audiences of more than 7,000 people and has been invited to perform in Hong Kong in the near future. In April, the Goh Ballet Group appeared in Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Playhouse and is currently planning its first extensive tour of British Columbia schools.

The Western Front Society in Vancouver presented that city's first Independent Choreographer's Series at the Firehall Theatre over two weekends – May 14-16 and May 21-23. There were three nights devoted to the work of individual choreographer/performers and three 'mixed' evenings of work by well-known or emerging local artists. Included in the series was an appearance by Marie Chouinard from Montreal.

ALBERTA

The Banff Centre will celebrate its 50th anniversary in 1983. The newly-formed Alumni Association is eager to re-establish contact with former students and faculty of both the School of Fine Arts and the School of Management who may be interested in the special events and projects planned for the anniversary celebrations. For more information contact the Alumni Association, Banff Centre, Box 1020, Banff, Alberta. TOL OCO. (403) 762-6100.

Children in Dance is a performing company founded in Calgary in 1979 by Gayda Errett to give young dancers the opportunity to perform. In May the company presented *Ting-a-Ling and the Five Magicians*, a colourful production choreographed by artistic director Shirley Murray for a cast of 37 girls and boys aged six to 12. The two other company choreographers are Sonia Yudcovitch and Sheena Bean.

Sun•Ergos celebrated its fifth anniversary in May with Celebration Chautauqua which featured guest artist Menaka Thakkar, classical Indian dancer from Toronto, as well as 40 dancers from the ethnic communities of Calgary. Sun•Ergos will spend the late summer/early fall in Europe performing at the Dance and The Child International Conference in Stockholm, Sweden, (August 14-20) and the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in Scotland (August 24-September 4). The company will tour the Scottish Highlands (September 13-24) and the Mid-Pennine Arts Association Districts, Burnley, UK (September 26-October 2), participate in the Swansea Fringe Festival, Wales, (October 3-9) and give performances in Cardiff, Wales (October 9, 10). The tour finishes with residencies at Worcester College of Higher Education, Worcester, UK (October 11-15) and Dunfermline College of Physical Education, Edinburgh, Scotland, (October 17-21).

Keith Urban and **Maria Formolo** have left Regina Danceworks and moved to Edmonton to found a new company – Urban and Formolo Dance. In

March and April the duo toured to Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Yellowknife and will perform at the Riverside Dance Festival in New York (June 9-13). Their first home season in Edmonton is scheduled for the fall. Plans also include residencies and children's performances. General Manager Ernst Eder, who founded Interface Magazine and before that Tournesol dance company, will begin his duties by finding the new company a suitable studio. Future plans include a return to Toronto's Harbourfront and to Tangente in Montreal this September as well as an international tour.

Laura Alonso, ballet mistress and principal teacher of the National Ballet of Cuba, will be at the Banff Centre from June 28 to July 17 as guest teacher in the Performance Class of the summer dance program. Laura Alonso, daughter of the famous ballerina Alicia Alonso, was herself a dancer (she was trained in New York and Moscow) before retiring from the stage at the age of 35 to become a teacher. Brian Macdonald, director of Banff's summer dance program and himself a close friend of the Alonsos–he has choreographed works for Alicia and her company–said he was delighted that such a distinguished teacher would be joining the faculty.

MANITOBA

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet ended an exceptionally busy and successful 1981/82 season on May 8 with a hometown engagement which included the world première of Vicente Nebrada's *Firebird*. During its 19-city winter tour of the US (22 performances and 7,434 miles of traveling) the company averaged a total attendance of 90 per cent capacity. The RWB played to 87 per cent houses for its short Winnipeg appearance (March 3-7) and then headed off on another tour, this time through southern Ontario, the Maritimes and into Quebec where it gave 34 performances altogether. In Montreal and Ottawa it presented its full-length *Romeo and Juliet* (by Rudi van Dantzig) to packed and enthusiastic audiences. To conclude a record-breaking 1981/82 season, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet presented the world première of Stravinsky's *The Firebird* by Venezuelan-born choreographer, Vicente Nebrada. The spectacular new production starring Evelyn Hart, guest artist Zane Wilson and Susan Bennet received an ovation from its opening-night audience in Winnipeg on May 5. A full review of *Firebird* will appear in the next issue of *Dance in Canada.* Meanwhile, 17 students from the professional division of the RWB's school toured schools in and around Winnipeg with a mixed repertoire drawn from the company's own rep. **Concert Hour Ballet,** the young troupe's name, not only offers an introduction to the art for school children but brings ballet to smaller communities often denied live dance performance. Concert Hour Ballet gave 28 performances from March 10 to May 14.

The RWB will become the first Canadian company to appear at the prestigious Athens Festival this summer when it appears in the 1,800-year-old Odeon of Herodes Atticus, July 15-18. The company will also appear in Thesalonica during its Greek visit. Before that, the RWB gives a special benefit performance in Nicosia for the Cyprus Red Cross, July 9.

ONTARIO

Canadian Cameos: A Multicultural Showcase presented in April at the George Ignatieff Theatre, University of Toronto, consisted of 15 cameo performances by actors, singers, dancers and musicians. The performance, produced by Robert Glickman, was part of a fund-raising drive for the Bloor-Bathurst Information Centre.

Ottawa Dance Theatre's spring season at the Odeon Theatre, University of Ottawa, featured the première of *Diversions* by Ted Marshall, formerly of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and *Street Suite* by Louise Kralka, formerly of Les Ballets Jazz. The program also included the revival of artistic director Judith Davies' *Lost Moments* and Nikki Cole's *Pacific Tidepools*.

Toronto's Harbourfront probably presents more dance events than any other Canadian centre. There has rarely been a dance-free week all year. This spring featured apearances by TIDE and the New Music Co-op in a collaboration called *Colliding*, the Richard Lyon Dance Troupe of native Indian performers, Ottawa's Le Groupe de la Place Royale, Toronto's Musicdance Orchestra and the Danny Grossman Dance Company. The summer series of dance performances will include Danceworks 27 (June 10-13), Douglas Nielsen Dance Company from New York (June 17-20), Wallflower Order Dance Collective from Boston (June 24-27), classical Indian dancer Menaka Thakkar (July 30–August 1), *Totem* a collaboration by Vancouver performers Santa Aloi, Susan Osberg and Randy Raine-Reusch (August 6-8), Montreal folk dance troupe Kalinka (August 13-15) and Toronto's Folk Dance Theatre (August 20-22). Highlights of the 1982-83 Dance Canada Dance lineup will be the Paula Ross Dance Company of Vancouver, Le Groupe Nouvelle Aire of Montreal and the Brian Webb Dance Company of Edmonton.

The Danny Grossman Dance Company's spring season at Toronto's Young People's Theatre featured the première of Grossman's new work *Portraits*. In April and May, following its Toronto season, the company performed in Montreal, Huntsville, Ottawa and at the International Children's Festivals in Stanley Park, Vancouver and Harbourfront, Toronto. In August the company has been invited to perform in the International Festival of Art and Architecture in L'Aquila, Italy and will make its first tour of the Maritimes in the fall giving performances, master classes and lecture demonstrations in Fredericton (November 2), Sackville (November 4), Wolfville (November 9, 10), Halifax (November 12) and Rimouski, Quebec (November 17). Later in the fall the company returns to Europe for performances in the UK and West Germany. **Dindi Lidge** has joined the Grossman company this year. He was formerly with the Toronto Dance Theatre and joined the Martha Graham Company as a soloist in 1977.

Madame Xu Shu-ying of the Peoples' Republic of China.

Madame Xu Shu-ying, China's leading authority on and teacher of folk dance visited Canada as guest teacher with the National Ballet School from February 15 to March 19. Madame Xu then went on to Ottawa for a further two-week teaching engagement with the

School of Dance, Pre-Professional Program.

Madame Xu, who gave a number of well-received lecture-demonstrations during her Canadian stay, taught a collection of authentic Chinese folk dances from the 56 minority nationalities of the People's Republic. Madame Xu, a pioneer of dance education in China, has travelled throughout the country learning and recording the dances. Her work took on new urgency after the depradations of China's so-called Cultural Revolution, during which Madame Xu was branded an anti-revolutionary artist. The Revolution destroyed a good deal of the work she had done and she now refers to her efforts as a cultural 'rescue mission'.

Ballet Shayda of Ottawa is touring western Canada this summer with a program entitled *Martyrs: A Tribute in Dance*, dedicated to the recent martyrs of the persecuted Baha'i faith in Iran. The company was founded by Michele Danesh in 1973 and has since then performed her choreography throughout Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and the eastern US, participating in school tours and cultural festivals as well as giving performances on behalf of the Baha'i community. Roderick Johnson of Theatre Ballet of Canada will appear as guest artist on this tour, dancing with the company and also presenting some of his own work. Tour dates include Thunder Bay (July 19), Winnipeg (July 21, Brandon (July 22), Saskatoon (July 25), Lethbridge (July 27), Vernon (July 29), Vancouver (August 1), Duncan (August 3).

The National Ballet School is one of three performing arts training institutions to benefit from an imaginative cultural support program of the American Express Canada Corporation. If you watch television, you may already have seen Peter Ustinov explaining how the plan works. During the Spring, American Express donated money for every new card membership registered, sale of traveller's cheques and for every card transaction. The amount raised–expected to be well in excess of $75,000 when the final tallies are in–will be split equally between the National Ballet School, the National Theatre School and National Youth Orchestra.

The National Ballet of Canada was able to escape a particularly cold and gloomy Toronto in March to make a two-week tour of the southern US where the audiences were as warm as the sun. The company appeared in Palm Beach, Florida and in Houston and Fort Worth, Texas. Among the company's guest artists during the tour were Martine van Hamel, Anthony Dowell and Natalia Makarova. On its return to Toronto, the National went into rehearsal for a three-week May season at the O'Keefe Centre which included performances of *Napoli, La Sylphide, Washington Square* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Although Kevin Pugh was scheduled to dance his first Gennaro in *Napoli* he was eliminated from the season by injury. His place was taken by second-year corps member Jeremy Ransom. Together with Sabina Alleman, also making a debut in the leading female role, the two gave a remarkably confident and very popular performance as the young lovers in *Napoli*. During the season, another notable debut was that of Peter Ottmann in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Shortly before the official close of its 1981/82 season the National announced several promotions. Among these was the elevation of Moscow silver medal winner Kimberley Glasco from second to first soloist. She, however, soon after announced her decision to accept an offer from American Ballet Theatre where William Stolar, who had been making a strong impression in recent National Ballet performances, had already decided to pursue his career.

QUEBEC

The Kalinka dance company celebrated one year of operation with performances in April of a full program of Slavic dance and music at Montreal's Centaur Theatre. The company of 12 dancers, five musicians, three singers and a master of ceremonies perform dances of Russia, the Ukraine and Poland set by artistic director Mikhail Berkut.

Daniel Léveillé, the Montreal-based choreographer, was awarded the Jacqueline Lemieux prize this year at the final performance of his critically acclaimed *Le Sacre du Printemps*. The memorial prize, established in 1980, is given to the candidte for Canada Council dance awards that the jury finds the most deserving. The first two Jacqueline Lemieux prizes went to Robert Desrosiers (1980) and Roxanne d'Orléans-Juste (1981).

Léveillé has performed with le group Nouvelle Aire, Axis and Qui Danse, has received numerous choreographic awards and has created eight works in the last five years.

Tangente provided Montreal audiences with a busy May schedule including Lisa Kraus's *Kabuki Home Movie*, Vancouver's Terminal City Dance, the dance, music and poetry of Susan Munro and Zeeva Weisz and the Boston Dance Collective's *Rock Garden* by Martha Armstrong Gray. Summer dance begins with Julien Meunie and Aline Ribière via an exchange program between Montreal and Bordeaux (June 5,6), Sherry Lee Hunter and Sylvia Lee Saunders from Halifax (June 11, 12) and *Hommage à Sally Rand* with the Fan Club (June 25-27). Former Falco dancer Louis Solino and Paul Jenden will perform solos by José Limon, Roberta Maxwell and works by Jenden (August 6-8). Tangente co-founder Dena Davida and Marsha Paludan will conduct an intensive workshop exploring Releasing Technique and Contact Improvisation (August 7-11).

Tangente now has a small gallery designed to exhibit a multitude of artistic endeavours related to dance and movement. As well as painting, graphic and photographic art, Galerie Tangente presents film, video, three-dimensional installations, writing and music. For information contact Robert Rayher or Denis Farley, Galerie Tangente, 1596 St. Laurent, Montreal, Quebec. (514) 842-3532.

Focus on Jazz is an intensive summer dance program running August 1 to 21 at John Abbot College in Ste. Anne de Bellevue. The program, founded and directed by Jeanne Marler, offers a concentrated exposure to jazz dance as well as classes in ballet and modern and workshops with resident choreographers. The two resident choreographers need little introduction in the jazz dance community. Eva von Gencsy, renowned teacher, choreographer and co-founder of Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal, returns to Focus on Jazz for the third consecutive year. She will produce a new work for the professional level students and give master classes. Richard Jones returns for his second year to choreograph for students at Focus.

The jazz faculty includes Louise Kralka from Montreal, Danny Pepitone from New York, Anne Marie Porras from Montpellier, France, and Patricia Strauss from Miami. Montreal's Manon Larin will teach ballet and American dancer Louis Solino will teach Limon technique.

An added feature this summer will be the presence of a professional company–the Miami-based L'Image de Ballet Jazz directed by Patricia

Eva von Gencsy–a guest teacher at this summer's Focus on Jazz.

Strauss. Company members will participate fully in classes and workshops and will present a ballet from the company repertoire for the closing performance.

For more information about Focus on Jazz contact the Centre de Danse Jeanne Marler. PO Box 36, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec. H9X 3L4 (514) 849-7073.

Studio Québec is the title of one of the most original artist support programs yet to be evolved by a provincial government. Situated in the Soho district of New York, the studio space is being made available by the ministry of culture to individual artists for a term of six months each. Appropriately enough, the first resident is a dancer/choreographer from Montreal, Marie Chouinard.

NOVA SCOTIA

Dance Nova Scotia held its first annual dance conference May 28 to 30 at the Lord Nelson Hotel in Halifax. Celia Franca, founder of the National Ballet, was present as guest of honour. Conference delegates were treated to a broad range of dance forms from ballet and modern dance to ballroom and step dance, and participation was the order of the day.

Nova Dance Theatre, the Halifax-based modern dance company, following its first anniversary performances at the Dalhousie Arts Centre (April 29 to May 1), made a tour of Nova Scotia and will appear at the Ottawa Dance in Canada Conference. Plans are now almost finalized for Nova Dance Theatre's first overseas tour–to Europe–where Jeanne Robinson, Duncan and Angela Holt and Louise Hoyt will appear at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival (Scotland), the St. Edmunds Art Centre in Salisbury, England, and at Susanne Linke's Folkwang-Tanz Studio in Essen, Germany.

Letters

Montreal

I was intrigued to read Dr. Celeste's article 'Peak Performance' in your last issue since I have, quite inadvertently, become interested in this subject myself by way of a related activity–music. I have noticed that many musicians with whom I've had contact are left-handed which seems to indicate high right hemisphere brain activity. I became curious and began researching the subject.

Although I'm a translator by profession I have an active interest in ballet, music, juggling, figure skating and writing and have also studied some architecture. I mention all these activities because, after reading about right and left brain hemisphere activity, I made some interesting personal discoveries about which hemisphere is most helpful in specific activities.

As far as motor control is concerned ('percepto-motor integration') I found from my juggling that it affected almost every other activity as well. In figure skating, for example, my perception of the symmetry of figure 8s improved noticeably! (Right hemisphere spatial ability). I also felt more relaxed and, hence, 'artistic'!

Other intriguing things happened too. Juggling four balls, for instance, requires both hands to work independently but equally in a far more demanding way than for three balls. I would give my left hand a mental command to throw higher and, instead, my right hand would do it! To my surprise, I realized my command control wasn't bridging the hemispheres fast enough. Gradually, with practice, these particular messages got sorted out.

What is clear is that motor and perceptual abilities are linked up with the two brain hemispheres which must work together. A music professor told me that the best performers, the smartest and most artistic, were, by his observation, physically well-coordinated people–indicating that both brain hemispheres are working well together.

I would say, therefore, in response to Dr. Celeste's article, that it is not so much a question of 'quieting the left brain' as of waking up both of them to work harmoniously together.

I like Dr. Celeste's recommendation about focussing and making 'mental pictures' of oneself dancing. As for doing combinations from the middle, and backwards, I recall reading that Charlie Chaplin (who was left-handed), to give himself a bit more of a challenge, would go through a routine completely backwards. He would even fall upstairs! If filmed, this unusual performance could be played in reverse and, to everyone's amazement, the sequence would come out perfectly in forward motion. His hemispheres must have been working together splendidly!

Sincerely
Ann Gamina

Editor's Note
In publishing Dr. Celeste's article in our last issue we omitted to identify the two logos used to illustrate left and right brain modes. That for the left brain was by Erik Dzenis (omitting the word 'Dance' which was superimposed by us to emphasize the verbal element of left brain activity). In its original form, it is the logo of the Toronto Dancewear Centre–the city's major outlet for Capezio. For the right brain mode, we used Uri Sendrahinai's (Creative Direction), logo for The School of the Toronto Dance Theatre. Our apologies for not acknowledging this at the time.

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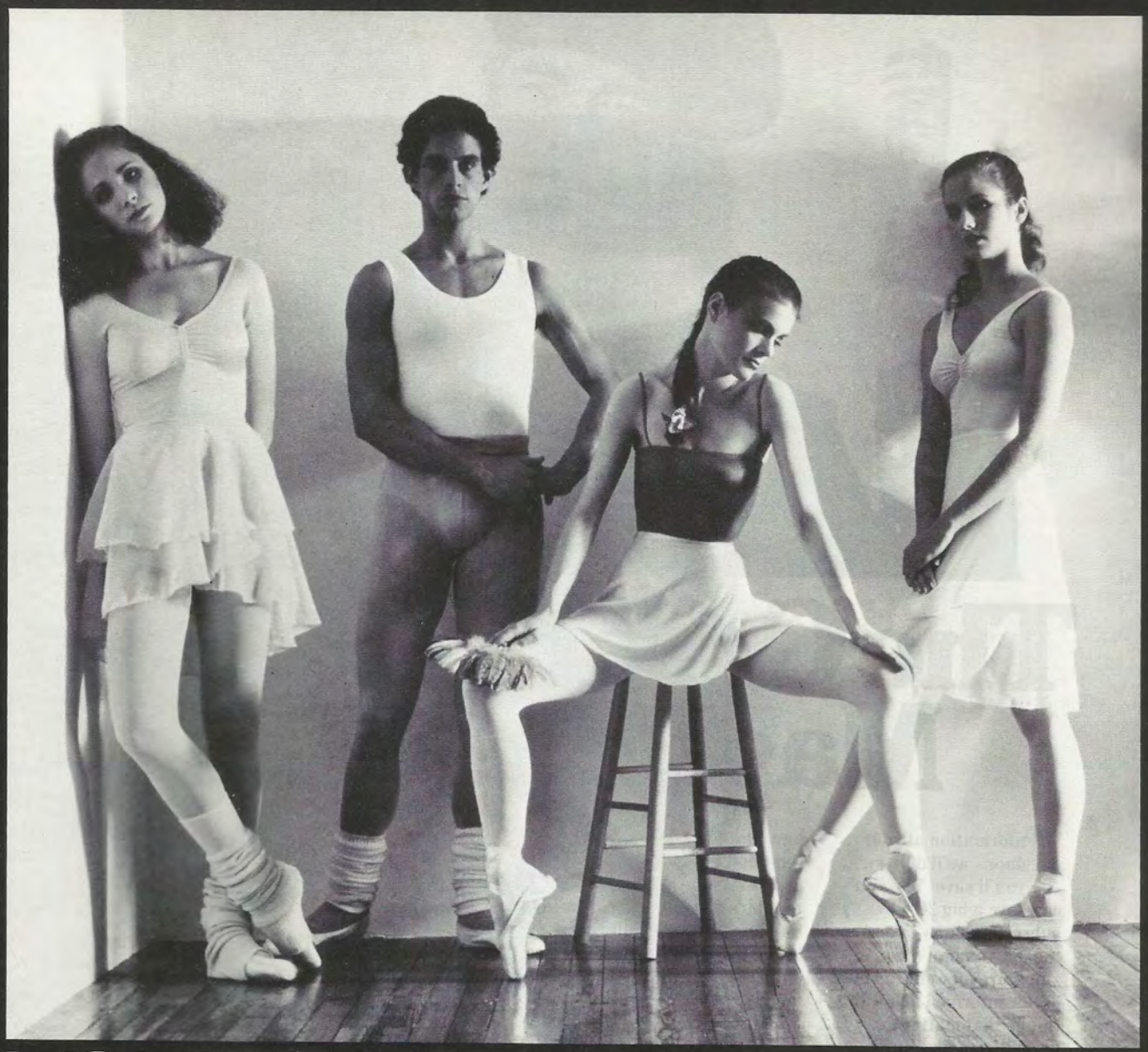

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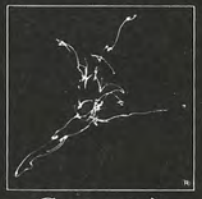

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