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Dance in Canada Danse au

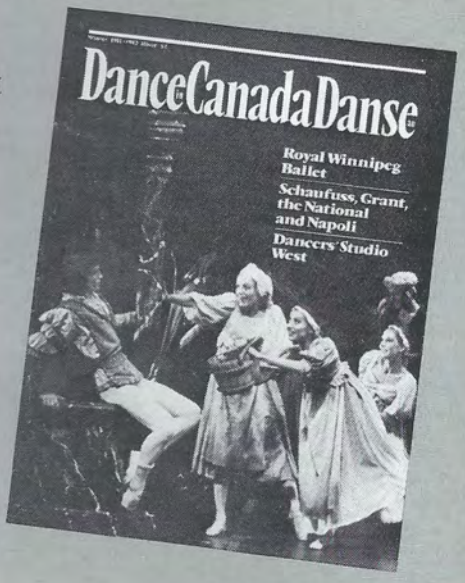
10TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Oh, oh, oh, what a magazine!

DanceinCanadaDanseau

Canada's Royal Winnipeg Ballet salutes Dance in Canada on the occasion of their tenth birthday.

Canada's Royal Winnipeg Ballet



Dance in Canada Danse au

Issue Number 38 Winter 1983/84 Hiver

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The First Decade

Dance in Canada After 10 Years

MICHAEL CRABB

The history of *Dance in Canada* magazine properly begins with a rare and curious folder-full of typed mimeographed sheets entitled, "Dance Canada Publication Number 1". That was in the fall of 1973. It cost $1.00 and was available both in French and English.

This modest little publication was produced by a four-member committee which, so it told its readers, had to send out two sets of invitations to elicit articles from what was then known as "the field"!

As if to validate its authority, the publication boldly declared its parentage. On page 3 it was stated that the publication was a "vehicle of the new Association which gave it birth". Much of that first issue was filled with information about the recently incorporated Dance in Canada Association, including a very useful summary of its origins by Dianne Miller.

There were no photographs, no cartoons, just print. Monique Michaud, then still known as Monique Aupy, Dance Officer of the Canada Council, submitted a friendly little guide to the agency's funding programs. She even suggested that there should be a "Dear Canada Council" column in future issues. (That was never to be!)

Deeper into Publication Number 1 was an impressive section of "Letters from the Field", (the image of pioneering sowers and reapers lingers on) among which was a missive signed by Eva von Gencsy, Trish Beatty and David Earle.

They offered a list of suggestions the third of which called for a "Dance Canada Magazine" which, they told us, should include a directory of individuals, their biographies and news of activities and "articles". They did not want to read reviews!

Well, pick up any recent issues of *Dance in Canada* and you'll see that we've come a long way. In particular, an important change has occurred in the relationship between the magazine and its publisher, the Dance in Canada Association. It wasn't something that anybody decided upon; it just happened.

Today, although the magazine shares office space with the Association and is administered by its Executive Director, editorially it functions as an independent organ. In its early years, the magazine was still viewed as DICA's own parish quarterly. Its concerns were very much oriented toward the professional interests of dancers and companies. However, as the Association itself grew to incorporate a far more broadly drawn membership, so the magazine grew as well.

Under the guidance of Susan Cohen, who became editor with DICA's second publication early in 1974, *Dance in Canada,* as it was soon retitled, began to address a larger audience with very diverse and often unspecialized interests.

Not withstanding the pleas of von Gencsy, Beatty and Earle in that first issue, Cohen introduced the magazine's very first review in the fall edition of 1975. It was an elegantly written and intelligent examination of feminist dance in the United Kingdom. The author was Penelope Doob, one of the best dance writers in Canada and still, as you will see further on in these pages, a regular contributor.

Cohen had, however, already answered the call for a publication that would keep the geographically dispersed members of the dance community in touch with each other's activities. With her very first issue, she created "Noticeboard" and, from what we hear, it remains the magazine's most read section.

Susan Cohen did not, however, want the magazine to become inward looking. Her own knowledge of the dance world made her appreciate the value of looking beyond the country's borders from time to time.

She also championed the right of contributors to say what they believed to be true even if it meant harsh criticism of DICA member companies. By the time she relinquished the editorship to devote her energies to the Ontario Arts Council, Susan Cohen had established the framework and substance of a small but significant arts publication. The magazine had acquired a clean, distinctive design concept, was printed on coated paper, ran photographs and addressed itself to a wide range of dance related topics.

My job, from 1977 on, was to maintain and develop what Susan Cohen had

C'est le 10e anniversaire du magazine Danse au Canada que nous célébrons dans ce numéro 38. Vous pensez sans doute que notre arithmétique laisse à désirer, mais 1983 marque notre 10e année de publication.

Le magazine a été en constante évolution au cours de cette première décennie et il a subi d'importants changements dans les premiers temps. Au tout début, ce n'était qu'un assemblage de feuilles volantes agraffées et regroupées dans une chemise. On a ensuite produit une véritable couverture, et pour la première fois dans le numéro 3, nous présentions des photos.

Il a fallu un certain temps pour que le caractère du magazine s'affirme, mais en 1977, au moment du départ de Susan Cohen, la première rédactrice en chef de Danse au Canada, il était non seulement devenu un moyen d'expression dans le milieu de la danse, mais il atteignait également le public amateur.

Dans les années qui ont suivi, la rédaction a continué à élargir l'intérêt du magazine parmi ses lecteurs. Le numéro d'été 1979 a publié pour la première fois des photos en couleur et certains changements ont été apportés à son format. C'est ce qui, petit à petit lui a donné la présentation claire et élégante que nous connaissons. Et le magazine a conservé son caractère sérieux sans tomber dans le pédantisme ni l'obscurantisme.

Depuis sa création, le magazine a reçu le soutien du conseil d'administration de l'Association Danse au Canada et du Conseil des Arts du Canada indirectement par son service de la danse et directement par son service des périodiques. Sans leur aide, le magazine n'existerait pas. Maintenant que Michael Crabb a décidé de quitter son poste de rédacteur en chef qu'il a occupé depuis 1977, le magazine entre dans une nouvelle phase de son évolution.

Dance in Canada editor Michael Crabb and assistant editor Holly Small leafing through past issues of the magazine. The current issue is their last.

established. I was also encouraged by DICA's board of directors to make the magazine more accessible, to attract a broader audience and, by implication, to increase its circulation.

There were no radical changes but slowly Holly Small, the magazine's assistant editor since 1977, and myself have introduced a series of modifications designed to win new readers without damaging the magazine's credibility as a serious journal of the dance.

One of the most obvious changes has been the use of colour for our covers, since the summer edition of 1979. In some respects this has proved to be a costly luxury since its main purpose was to attract more casual buyers at the newstand. In fact, the bulk of our readers still receive the magazine by individual subscription and would likely keep taking it whether it contained colour or not. But then we would have sacrificed some very attractive images! Perhaps, on second thoughts, it's worth the price.

The introduction of Photo-Gallery, represented in this issue by a photo-essay on the television production of *Romeo and Juliet,* combined with slight modifications to our layout, including the use of subheads, all helped to give the magazine a fresher, more appealing look.

The heart of it all, however, has remained the writing. The magazine's growth has paralleled the incredible development of the art across Canada which itself has been accompanied by the rapid emergence of a generation of writers eager to apply their minds and pens to dance.

It may seem a little invidious to name names but few of our regular readers would deny that in such contributors as Penelope Doob, Graham Jackson, William Littler, Lauretta Thistle, Kati Vita, Leland Windreich and Max Wyman, the magazine has been able to publish some of the most persistently intelligent and thoughtful dance writing to be found in any similar English-language publication. And they've done it all for peanuts!

Outstanding foreign writers have also appeared in our pages over the past 10 years: Nancy Goldner, Noël Goodwin, Deborah Jowitt, Marcia Siegel and David Vaughan spring to mind. And in this issue, the Canadian-born dance critic of Britain's *Daily Telegraph,* Fernau Hall, makes his first appearance in a Canadian magazine.

We have not forgotten the importance of hearing from the artists themselves either. Grant Strate, Erik Bruhn, Brian Macdonald and Anton Dolin are among the many contributors "from the field". Several of our regular reviewers are also dancers and choreographers.

It seems only yesterday that I started work on my first issue of *Dance in Canada* and only the day before when I contributed my first article. But here I am after six years passing on the editorship of a magazine that has survived for a whole decade. And that survival should not be taken for granted. It couldn't have happened without the direct and encouraging support of the Canada Council's Periodicals Section nor without the indirect support, through DICA, of the membership as well as such other funding agencies as the Ontario Arts Council, this year celebrating its 20th Anniversary.

To all our readers, to the Association and its members and to our many dedicated contributors: Thank you!

Happy Birthday *Dance in Canada* and good fortune in the next decade.

Congratulations to Dance In Canada Magazine For Ten Years Excellent Coverage of the Canadian Dance Scene

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Tinda Holland School of Dance, Toronto
Toronto Dance Theatre
York University, Dance Department, Downsview
Workouts (at Bellair), Toronto

Big Ballet on the Small Screen

The CBC and the Royal Winnipeg Ballet Bring Romeo and Juliet to Television

KEVIN SINGEN

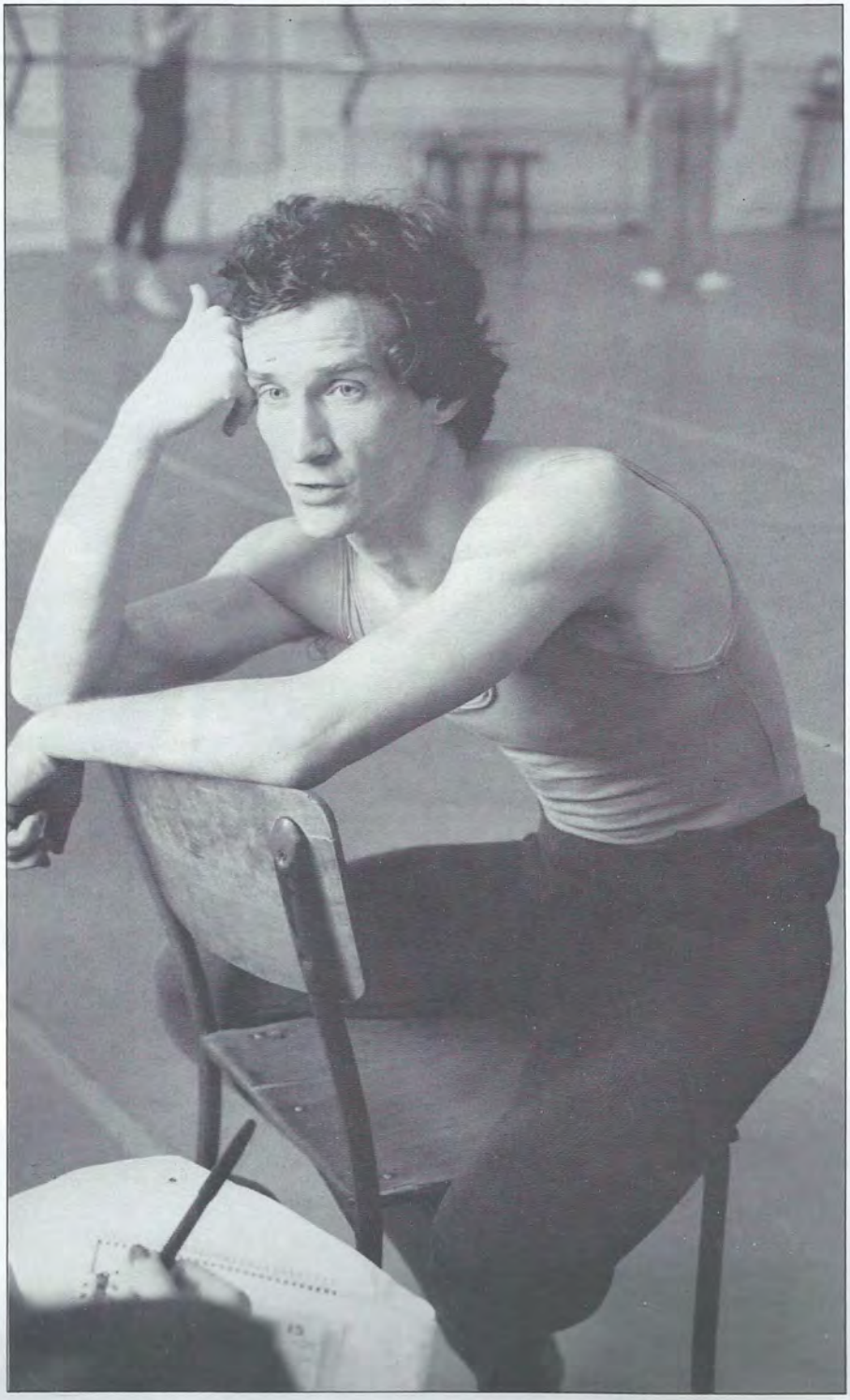
Considering the CBC's track record for shelving big-budget extravaganzas after only one screening, the evening of December 11, 1983, could be your only chance to see Emmy Award-winning director Norman Campbell's production of *Romeo and Juliet,* with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet dancing Rudi van Dantzig's choreography.

For Campbell, whose television production credits both here and abroad fill several pages, bringing him honors and awards galore, the attitude of his CBC bosses towards many of the corporation's finest productions is nothing short of heartbreaking.

"Of course", concedes the quietspoken composer of *Anne of Green Gables,* "it's a money problem. It costs something to buy rebroadcast rights but surely somewhere money can be found. The present situation almost dooms television shows not to be seen more than once and yet many of the old tapes are classics".

Le 11 décembre prochain, le réseau anglais de la télévision de CBC présente une production de 2 heures de Roméo et Juliette *du danseur et choréographe Rudi van Dantzig du Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Le spectacle télévisé est réalisé par Norman Campbell, lauréat du prix Emmy. Ses nombreux spectacles télévisés ont remporté beaucoup de succès et Roméo et Juliette sera certainement un des meilleurs. Evelyn Hart et David Peregrine en sont les vedettes, et pour la première fois dans ses 25 ans de carrière comme directeur artistique du RWB, Arnold Spohr interprétera le rôle de Friar Lawrence. Les danseurs ont répété dans les studios du Ballet national du Canada à Toronto, et le tournage a été réalisé en six jours dans les studios de la CBC à Toronto. Les décors créés par James E. Jones ont été particulièrement appréciés par Evelyn Hart qui a déclaré, "J'ai enfin un vrai balcon sur lequel je peux me pencher".*

Les photos ont été prises par Fred Phipps, photographe en chef aux services créatifs de la CBC à Toronto.



A pensive Romeo: David Peregrine during a break from rehearsal.

Juliet comes to Friar Laurence for help. Royal Winnipeg Ballet artistic director Arnold Spohr and Evelyn Hart.

In rehearsal at the National Ballet of Canada's Toronto studios: Evelyn Hart and television director Norman Campbell.

His new production of *Romeo and Juliet* will certainly be considered a classic if for no other reason than the fact that it preserves for posterity a brilliant performance by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's leading ballerina, Evelyn Hart. She dominates this TV production.

However, there's a lot more of interest about this particular *Romeo and Juliet* than Hart alone. For one thing, it offers the unusual sight of Arnold Spohr, this season celebrating 25 years as RWB's artistic director, performing with his company. On stage, the RWB uses one dancer to double as the Duke of Verona and Friar Laurence. That won't work on television — so Spohr stepped into stage costume for the first time in almost a quarter century to portray young Juliet's spiritual mentor.

Of all Norman Campbell's many television productions of established story ballets, this *Romeo and Juliet* is, arguably, the most stunning to look at. The sets and costumes for the stage version are by Toer van Schayk and, while the costumes stand up admirably to the close scrutiny of a camera, the sets proved to be unsuitable for the kind of production Campbell had in mind — one that recreated the ballet within the confines of a TV studio.

Instead, Jim Jones designed *Romeo and Juliet* for television and the results are splendid in their evocation of period and location — very medieval and very Italian. A lot of ingenuity went into stretching the bounds of CBC's Toronto Studio 7. Compared with the facilities of rival networks in the city, Studio 7 is tiny. There's no room to manouevre, to pull back the camera, to soar up high for a eagle-nest shot.

When Campbell was taping *Nutcracker* with the RWB several years ago he had to open Studio 7's doors and cart his cameras outside to get the right shot. This time Jim Jones managed to provide a set which looks amazingly spacious while still leaving enough room for the dancers to move.

The huge costs involved in producing a show as big as this meant keeping the total time required to a minimum. Rudi van Dantzig, who first choreographed this version of *Romeo and Juliet* to the Prokofiev score in 1967, could only spare three days to come to Toronto and approve the changes needed to shrink the production by more than 30 minutes. There were a further two days in the "dry" studio and then an all-too-brief six days for actual shooting. Miraculously, it was finished on time — but not quite soon enough for Campbell to attend Karen Kain's marriage ceremony!

Van Dantzig still has not seen the finished product but Campbell hopes he'll be proud of it. "He was really great and so co-operative. When he left we all felt we had to do a good job — for him."

"You always lose something with television", commented van Dantzig during a short rehearsal break last May. "On the other hand you can get very close and become so much more involved with the acting".

Everyone seemed delighted with Eveyln Hart although she herself was petrified when it came to letting van Dantzig see the changes she had made to his choreography since first learning it in 1981. As it happened, the Dutch National Ballet's artistic director was pleased. "She has grown tremendously in the role since I last saw her."

For Norman Campbell, Hart's appear-

A distraught Juliet discovers that Romeo has killed himself.

Juliet ponders her fate after being told that she must carry Count Paris.

ance as Juliet had a marvelous historical twist to it. The last time he produced a *Romeo and Juliet* for television was in 1965 — with the National Ballet of Canada and a very young and intense Veronica Tennant in the title role. Sitting watching that show in a Peterborough, Ontario, living room was the 11-year-old Evelyn Hart. The performance convinced the skinny, high-strung schoolgirl that she too wanted to be a beautiful ballerina and it made her a confirmed fan of Veronica Tennant. Who knows whether some other aspiring young dancer, watching Evelyn Hart on December 11, will not also be inspired by another memorable performance.

"She was a dream", says Campbell of Hart's work in the studio. She was also the production's leading practical joker. While tape was rolling for the famous balcony scene Juliet poked her head through the thin curtains, looked around, retreated and then suddenly appeared with a huge pair of binoculars pressed to her eyes. In the bedroom scene, when Juliet is about to drink the potion provided by Friar Laurence, Hart strode on brandishing a milk-shake glass spewing the heavy vapors of dry ice. For the solemn moment in the crypt when her Romeo, danced by David Peregrine, pulls away the cloth covering his beloved's body, what should he find but Hart clutching a doll.

"Evelyn has a tremendous sense of fun. She can get very nervous herself but she knows how to relax the people around her", comments Norman Campbell.

Hart also knows how to spellbind them. When it came to the final moments of the taping, when Juliet discovers the dead Romeo and clutches him to her breast, the studio was wrapped in a deathly hush. Hart,

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tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbed audibly. The rest of the company and entire crew stood around in awe. When it was all over there was a spontaneous burst of applause.

For Campbell, the production of *Romeo and Juliet* has a happy ending. Had it not been for the willing co-operation of the National Ballet, the Winnipeggers would have had no adequate rehearsal space in Toronto. "People tend to think of the tradition of Russian ballet where everyone hates everyone and murder is just about to be committed next week. But here you have the National Ballet opening its doors to another Canadian company so it can rehearse a rival production of *Romeo and Juliet*. That's something that should go on record".

Fred Phipps

The photographs accompanying this article are all by Fred Phipps. Born in Windsor, Ontario, he spent one year studying photography at Ryerson College before joining the CBC in 1957. For the past 18 years he's worked in the promotional area, in a division now known as Creative Services.

His interest in photography began in Sunday School but most of what he knows has been self taught or learned by careful observation.

Nowadays, with the title of Photographer/Editor, Phipps is responsible for covering major CBC productions and for supervising the freelancers who are sometimes brought in for specialized subjects.

"Our role here", says Phipps, "is to produce good quality stuff that will be used by the media. If we're talking about colour then that means it must be really colourful. You have to have an eye for what will work when it's finally printed in a newspaper or magazine".

Nowadays most of the equipment he uses belongs to the CBC — a Hasselblad, two 35mm Nikons with five lenses and one viewfinder Leica with two lenses.

"I like sitting back in the shadows of the studio with a 400mm lens", says Phipps. "My job is to flatter my subjects".

Phipps work has taken him as far afield as India and his subjects have been as diverse as violinist Yehudi Menuhen, impersonator Rich Little and actress Grace Kelly.

And as for dance? "I love it, but it's hard. I try to capture the less obvious moments. You have to learn to watch very carefully and listen to the music".

Royal Winnipeg Ballet stars Evelyn Hart and David Peregrine with television director Norman Campbell.

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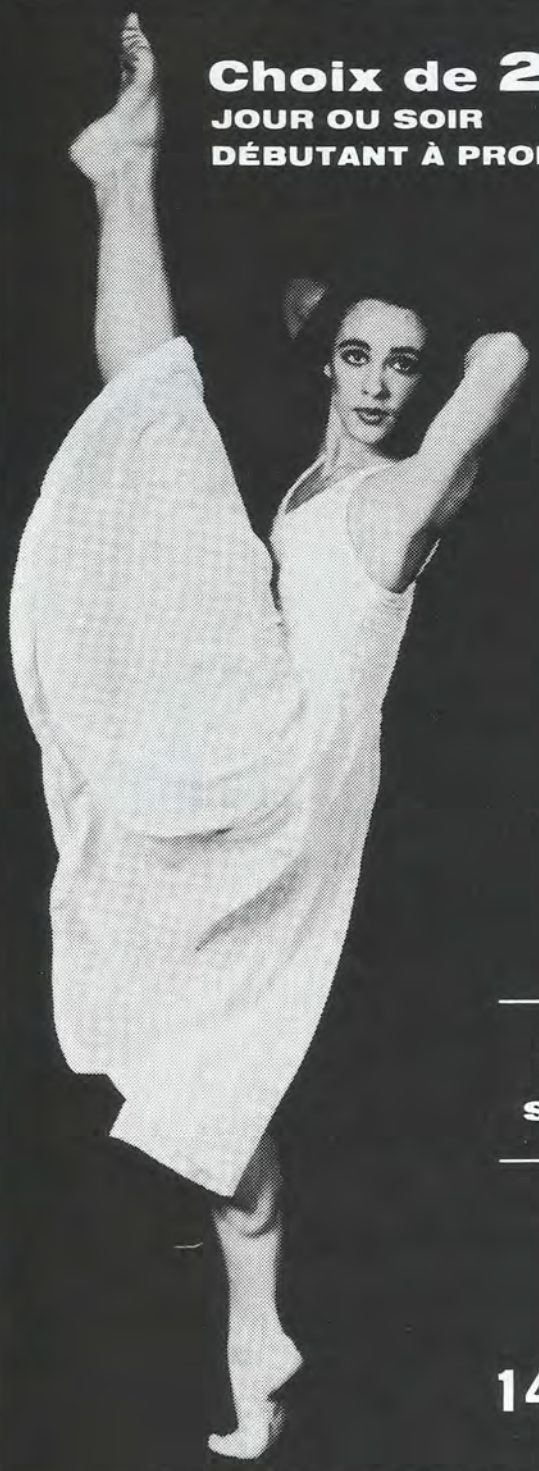

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Who Needs Canadian Dance?

A Futile Search For National Identity

MAX WYMAN

Immigrants often make the best patriots, and as a naturalized waver of the Canadian flag for almost twice the lifespan of this magazine, I have done my best to argue that a national identity is certainly possible for Canadian dance, if not (he peers round anxiously) actually here yet.

I have pointed to the landscape imagery of the Group of Seven and its evocation of the physical presence of Canada as a possible parallel; to our heritage of Canadian literature; even to our music (the composer R. Murray Schafer once suggested to me in a fanciful way that it might be possible to hear the cold expanse of the northern Canadian landscape in the high, long notes that can be found in the music of some of his contemporaries).

I think I have been wasting my time.

It is one thing to have a community of individuals who have developed or are developing personal identities as creators. In their dance-making, Brian Macdonald and Judith Marcuse, for instance, are recogniza-

Canadian dancers of Les Grands Ballets performing *Serenade* by Russian-American choreographer George Balanchine.

Dans la constante poursuite de notre "identité canadienne", il semble que nous soyions arrivés à sérieusement nous méprendre sur la nature de la danse au Canada. Il est trop facile de proférer de vagues généralisations sur le style et le caractère des compagnies canadiennes et de déclarer que certaines créations sont véritablement canadiennes. L'optique dans laquelle ces déclarations sont faites est probablement fausse. L'incroyable diversité et l'originalité de la danse au Canada sont ce qu'elle présente de plus intéressant, et il est donc futile de vouloir appliquer à la danse des concepts aussi essentiellement politiques que le nationalisme.

bly themselves. So are Paul-André Fortier and Edouard Lock and Robert Desrosiers and perhaps a dozen others.

But is there something about their work that is recognizably Canadian?

I think not, and I am not convinced (my earlier flag-wagging notwithstanding) that there can ever be. Personal expressiveness is a far cry from national representation.

There may well be exceptions to this — the "English" ballets of Sir Frederick Ashton, the dynamic "American" style that George Balachine forged for the New York City Ballet, the heavy "Russianness" of the Bolshoi — though I am by no means sure I'd be willing (or able) to defend these wildly generalized assumptions.

"Personal expressiveness is a far cry from national representation".

However, the obsession to identify ourselves as a nation remains. Acutely aware of the giant at our shoulder, we let our sense of national insecurity (and its counterpart, a desire for national assertion) convince us that the mere proclamation of our name will tell us who we are.

What other magazine of dance finds it necessary to proclaim its nationality in its title? (Well, the one in Australia, actually.) I don't mean to single out *Dance in Canada;* the fact that it is the organ of the association might even qualify it as an exception. A wide range of Canadian magazines — *Opera Canada, artscanada, Musicanada, Cinema Canada,* journals which some might regard as little more than house-magazines for cultural shut-ins — seem to operate from the assumption that the mention of the country in the title implies a promise that we are getting a chance to read something specifically about ourselves, rather than another dollop of condescending colonialism from the Brits, the French or the Americans. We recognize the names as those of our neighbours, and we feel the more significant for it.

The reassurance may be comforting, but it has nothing to do with the development of an identity. It is clear that we have so far been unable to come up with anything in dance that we might put our hands on and brandish aloft as Canadian. Certainly, the clichés — the notorious "prairie freshness" of the Royal Winnipeggers, the "self-effacing Canadian reserve" of the National Ballet — won't do. *Particularly* the clichés.

Does Canada *need* an identity in dance? The answer depends, to a certain extent, on what we intend by the national and international distribution of art.

Many, perhaps most performers devoutly wish the chance to take their work to audiences beyond their immediate environment. Our governments encourage this. In Canada, national tours are popular and well-supported, and companies are able to travel abroad with some regularity. It is not hard to see why.

The arts provide a useful political tool. André Fortier, a former director of the Canada Council, believes that cultural nationalism (that is to say, the goal of national unity) and the enhancement of national prestige have for half a century provided the main motivation for government action in the arts field. The action may well be benign, the motives eminently worthwhile (how many of us would complain about a justly and democratically united Canada?), but the point remains: support for the arts is a political act.

The official version puts it in a slightly different way. According to a recent booklet, *The Canada Council in the 1980s: the Applebaum-Hébert Report and Beyond,* there are two valid and complementary reasons for supporting the work of Canadian artists outside our borders: to foster their professional development and international careers, and to further good relations between Canada and the rest of the world".

There is increasing evidence, however, that parts of the rest of the world — the less fortunate parts — are not entirely sure they want these relations furthered, particularly when their furtherance is little more than a means to political message-making.

One of the implications of national touring, after all, is the idea that *we* have something we think is worth showing *you* — something we probably do better than you or is unique to us, and something that therefore makes us in some sense better people than you.

"We take a keen pleasure in our obscurity, even as we grumble about its effects".

That kind of cultural colonialism has been visited on Canada for many years — so many years that many of us have come to accept it as part of our very cultural identity — and the desire to turn around and do similar things to someone else is probably, by now, a race urge.

I don't mean to ascribe any dark ulterior motives to a dance company's trips abroad; I am fairly sure there are no intelligence operatives hiding in the RWB's travelling wardrobe. But there *are* better reasons than the buttressing of national influence and the strengthening of colonial-style power to justify cultural interchange.

We are, after all, at a time when it is more important than it has ever been to understand the variety of historical, cultural, religious and ethnic experiences of other peoples.

And on this topic it is worth listening to the Mexican specialist on international affairs, Jorge Alberto Lozoya, who spoke at the Art and Reality conference in Vancouver last year during a session on the arts and Internationalism.

He warned of the manner in which the poor countries of the Third World are growing increasingly resentful of wealthy nations. It is a resentment caused not merely by the wealthy nations' money, but by the way their "aid" suffocates local identity. "As was the case with the Mongolian hordes", said Lozoya, "where American

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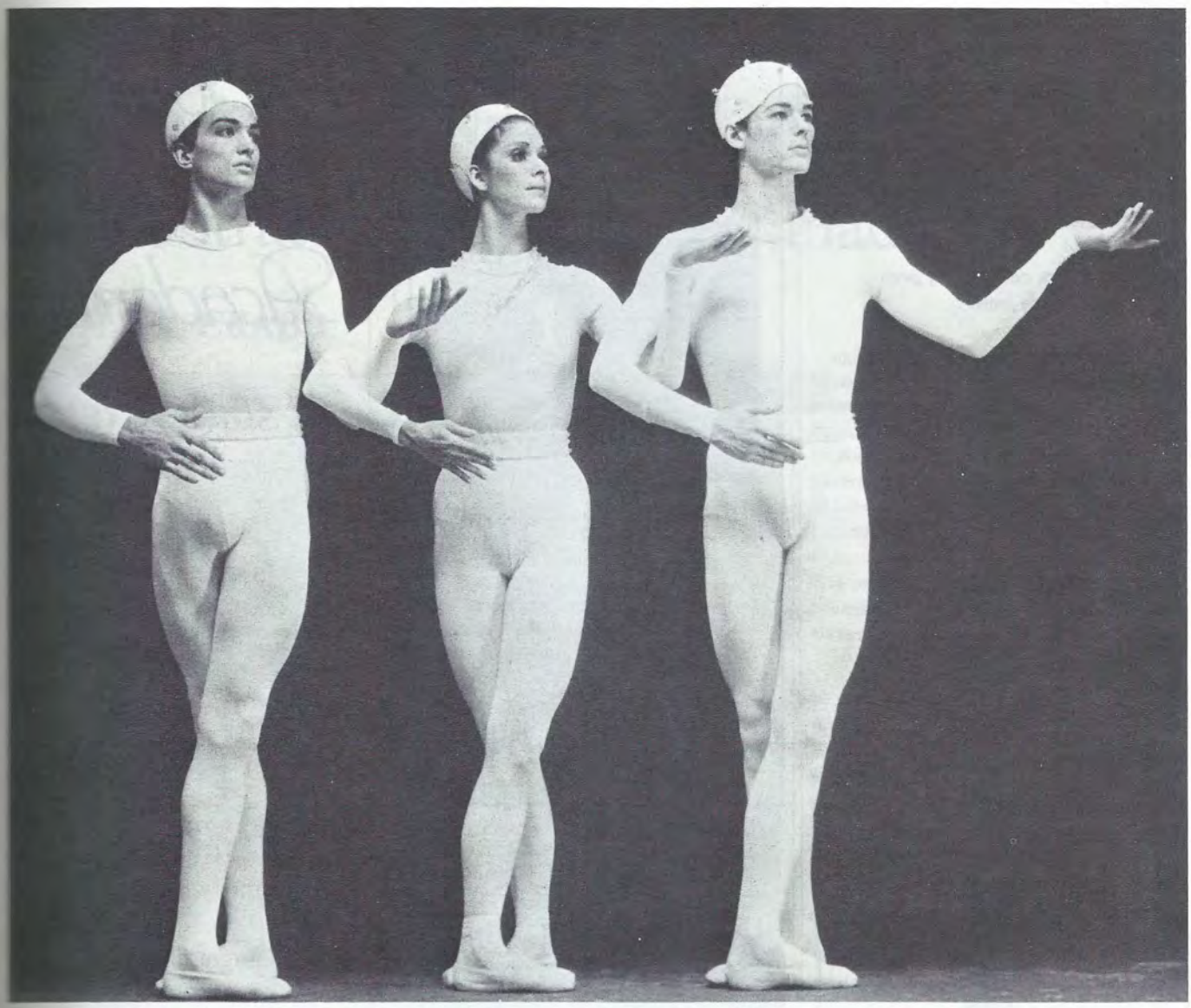

The popular cliché has it that the National Ballet of Canada's dancers are "self-effacing". Max Wyman says it's only that — a cliché. Peter Ottmann, Linda Maybarduk and Raymond Smith in Frederick Ashton's *Montones II.*

films and TV pass by, the grass never grows again".

More international exchange, he suggested, might only make matters worse, particularly if we continue to couch it in the language of the West. Where is the voice of the international underdog to be heard in the new information technology that is so rapidly evolving?

"In the collective imagery that mass media is designing for the collective future .... why is the input of Anglo-Saxon, German, Central European, French and Jewish thinking and feeling so predominant? .... Why are they the ones who have the last word when it comes to values and fashions in science, philosophy, art, literature, mass media and fashion? Is everything being objectively evaluated?"

If it is not, he implied, we may find ourselves headed for the ultimate unpleasantness. What he called the "dramatic shortcomings" of the societies that have produced science and technology are clear, Can the 1980s, he asked, generate a new format for international relations, "based upon a transcultural reappraisal of globality, diversity, equality, fairness, justice, progress and happiness?"

"A nation is a fabricated thing".

These are high hopes, but surely not impossible ones. However, these changes will come, if they come, from a regard not for something that is transcendentally global, not for some kind of cultural multi-nationalist equivalent of Pepsi-Coke, but from something that speaks of the individual (not the national) experience. Might dance possibly be that vehicle, that format?

A nation is a fabricated thing. The experience of the individual human being is a natural wonder. And that experience is rooted, ultimately, not in broad nationality but in specific place, not in timeless generality but in the detail of specific moments. And it is through our exposure to those specifics — to the acts of creativity that those experiences generate — that we come best to understand the other individual ... and are best able to make Lozoya's cultural reappraisal. This exposure is something that dance, the art of the visible, tangible, non-abstracted individual, is well equipped to provide.

Canadian identity, national unity, international (under)standing ... we have paddled ourselves into some murky waters, and it is time to make for a comforting haven before darkness descends.

In Canada, of course, the darkness often *is* the comfort. We take a keen pleasure in our obscurity, even as we grumble about its

effects. In the matter of the dance, that obscurity may well be a virtue. Instead of worrying about where we stand in the world, and what kind of united national image we present to other lands, we might more profitably take strength as a community from a recognition of the generous diversity of creativity the country has nurtured and continues to nurture.

"Our dance community presents no single front".

Our dance community presents no single front. In the aftermath of the 1970s and in the excitement of yet newer creative freedoms, we find ourselves with an unprecedented range of invitations to look. Style is all a-jumble; the movement we are shown, in halls of culture or grubby storefronts, has never been so dizzyingly diverse.

And perhaps that diversity, rolled into a whole at Dance in Canada conference-time or shown to us piecemeal four times a year in this magazine, might be enough of an identity to be going along with.

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Grant Strate and Dance in Canada

MICHAEL CRABB

Grant Strate est l'une des personnalités les plus influentes de la danse au Canada. Au cours de sa longue carrière qui a débuté en 1951 en devenant l'un des membres fondateurs du Ballet national du Canada, il est resté fidèle à ses idéaux personnel et professionnel. Jusqu'en 1970, il etait surtout connu comme chorégraphe résident au Ballet national. Il s'est ensuite révélé particulièrement actif dans le domaine de l'éducation de la danse et a fondé le département de la danse de l'Université York dont il a été président pendant 6 ans. Depuis 1981, il est directeur du Centre des Arts de l'Université Simon Fraser à Burnaby, près de Vancouver.

Avec sa formation d'avocat, Grant Strate combine une sensitivité artistique avec de grandes qualités d'organisateur et d'administrateur. Il a également exercé une profonde influence sur de jeunes danseurs contemporains au Canada. Il défend ses convictions et n'hésite pas à maintenir son opposition à des idées qu'il juge fausses en principe. Le rôle d'avocat du diable semble particulièrement lui convenir, sans doute parce qu'une idée qui a de la valeur ne souffre aucunement d'être soumise à la critique.

In the eyes of hundreds of creative dance artists across Canada, he's a saint and a hero. To some others he's a needling trouble-maker. Either way, very few of those who know Grant Strate for any length of time find it easy to remain indifferent.

Strate has inspired countless young artists to have faith in their own talents, to take creative risks, to stand up for their principles, to think independently — in short, to become mature artists.

His extraordinary gifts as a persuasive *animateur* have made Strate a prime mover in many important developments in Canadian dance.

After almost two decades as one of the National Ballet's charter members, Strate moved to York University on the northern edge of Toronto. There he established Canada's first major dance degree program and for the six year's of his chairmanship turned York's dance department into an exciting power-house of creativity. His wide-ranging contacts throughout the dance world allowed Strate to draw on an impressive roster of guest teachers while the incandescent nature of his own leadership attracted a dedicated permanent faculty.

The last two words in his vocabulary ever likely to find themselves next to each other are "me" and "too".

Already widely known across Canada, Grant Strate became a more immanent force in the country's dance community during the 1970's through his crucial involvement with the Dance in Canada Association. It was his fantastic gift for organization and administration which, more than anyone else's, allowed the struggling organization to gain a foothold. York University became Dance in Canada's first home and in 1973 the venue of its first annual conference.

It was Grant Strate who persuaded Susan Cohen, then teaching a foundation course in York's dance department, to take on the awesome responsibility of founding a magazine for DICA and when she relinquished its editorship in 1977 it was Strate who decided that I might just be able to take it over. Unsuccessful in his first direct

A youthful Grant Strate as the Sun King, Louis XIV, in David Adams' *Ballet Behind Us,* 1953.

approach, Strate then reverted to stealthier tactics and invited me to dinner at a favourite restaurant. Who could refuse after that? It's the only time I've known Grant to take an unfair advantage of someone's weaknesses.

Although he himself would quickly refute the suggestion, there are few who could deny Grant Strate's right to be called the father of the Dance in Canada Association and of its magazine.

Even as a dancer and then as a choreographer in the National Ballet, Strate was known as a strong-minded, often controversial figure. Perhaps it has something to do with his early professional training as a lawyer in his home province of Alberta. More likely it results from the natural agility of his mind. Either way Grant Strate loves a good argument. The last two words in his vocabulary every likely to find themselves next to each other are "me" and "too". He's an independent thinker who revels in good, honest intellectual dispute. At times, it's almost seemed he's played the devil's advocate just so he could exercise his formidable debating skills.

One of the prime targets of Grant Strate's scrutinizing mind has, of course, been the Canada Council. He's ruffled a pillow full of feathers both in and outside DICA with his forthright opposition to those Council policies which he's earnestly believed to be wrong. His years as chairman of the association were often marked by confrontation with the Canada Council's dance section, culminating in an emotionally turbulent annual general meeting at the 1977 DICA conference in Winnipeg.

Some have argued that Strate was fighting a personal vendetta against the Canada Council's dance head, Monique Michaud. Their common distaste for each other is hardly a secret. Yet, if you trace the line of argument throughout all of Grant Strate's battles with the cultural mandarins in Ottawa it becomes apparent that they were fought to champion a cherished set of principles.

Again, Strate's heritage, as the son of an Albertan Mormon family, provides the clue. He is naturally suspicious of self-proclaimed authority and, despite the years spent living and working in central Canada, is ever

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Ballet — and suffered a great deal of thoughtless criticism in the process — and has remained almost impossibly sympathetic to the most questionable expressions of New Dance.

Today, Grant Strate is firmly established on the West Coast as the Director of Simon Fraser University's Centre for the Arts in Burnaby, BC. He accepted the post for a five-year term in 1980 after being rejected at York as the favoured candidate for the post of Dean of the Faculty of Fine Arts. At the time, though Strate tried to disguise the fact, it was a bitter blow. Now, as he looks out from his quaint little SFU office to the snow-capped peaks of British Columbia's coastal range, he accepts the event as a blessing.

"It's one of the true strokes of good fortune in my life that I didn't get that deanship. York is now in a maintenance situation. That's not my style. Basically, I'm not a nostalgic person. I don't look back a

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Again, Strate's heritage, as the son of an Albertan Mormon family, provides the clue. He is naturally suspicious of self-proclaimed authority and, despite the years spent living and working in central Canada, is ever mindful of the country's strong regionalism. Diversity, in Strate's view, is the essence of the Canadian experience and anything which tries to defy that fundamental fact is to be repudiated.

It explains Strate's angry response to the Brinson Report on ballet training in Canada which, despite disclaimers to the contrary, gave the clear impression of favouring the notion that one school, namely Betty Oliphant's *soi-disant* "National" Ballet School in Toronto, should become a "centre of excellence" for the whole country.

Diversity, in Strate's view, is the essence of the Canadian experience.

It also explains Strate's opposition to the seemingly capricious judgments of Canada Council juries whose decisions on which groups should receive funding offended his sense of what the arts are all about.

His own philosophy has always been one of openness to new aesthetic approaches. He was an experimenter in his early choreographic endeavours at the National Ballet — and suffered a great deal of thoughtless criticism in the process — and has remained almost impossibly sympathethic to the most questionable expressions of New Dance.

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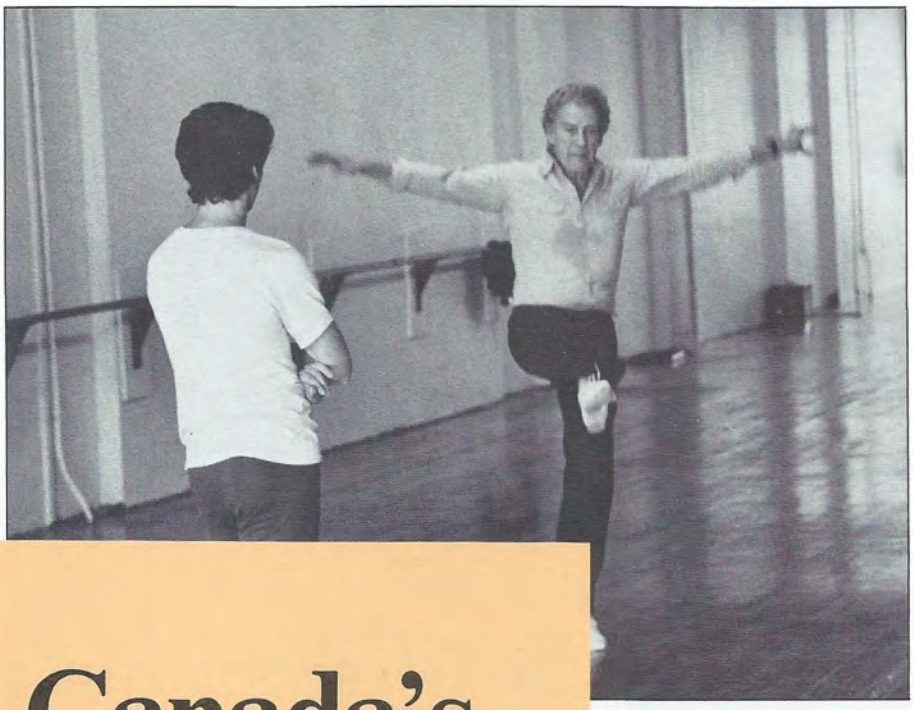
great deal. There are certain contacts I miss being here. For example, I miss being conversant with the Toronto dance scene. But, then, the scene here is so very active."

According to Vancouver dance critic Max Wyman, it's become even more active since Grant Strate arrived at SFU. "The university, with people like Iris Garland there, was always a very creative place for dance but since Grant arrived it's really become a force to be reckoned with".

"I really do have a love for administration and truly believe it can be very creative".

As the Centre for the Arts' director, Strate has integrated its activities more fully with the local arts community. SFU a



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Grant Strate with Lilian Jarvis in Celia Franca's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune:* National Ballet, 1952.

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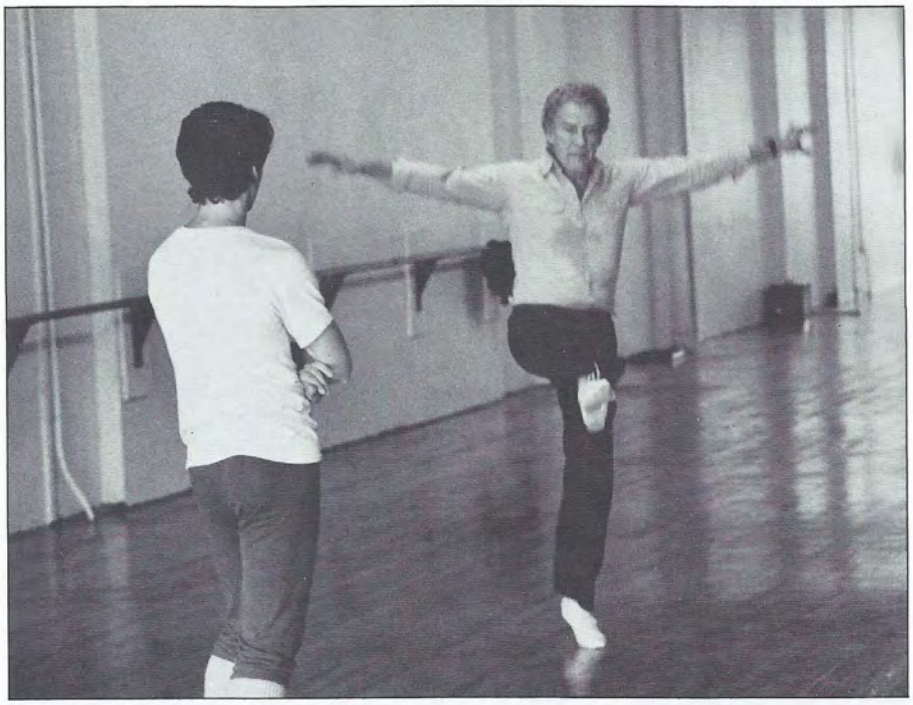
As the Centre for the Arts' director, Strate has integrated its activities more fully with the local arts community. SFU, a dreamchild of the idealistic sixties, rests atop a small mountain, a spectacular complex of buildings inspired by, of all things, the architectural motifs of ancient Central American Indians. Yet, for alls its beauty, the university also appears from the outside as remote and austere — an intellectual ivory detached from its community.

When Grant Strate first arrived critics were not welcome at student and faculty performances. Now the critics come freely and performances sometimes move downtown to the Firehall Theatre. Despite his busy schedule on campus, Strate deliberately involves himself in projects off the campus — for example, he's just finished a stint as chairman of the BC council's touring office — and brings the outside onto the campus by convening international seminars and conferences.

There's a familiar urgency to the way Grant Strate moves about his business. You



A sprightly Grant Strate rehearses SFU students for a faculty concert.

Grant Strate with Lilian Jarvis in Celia Franca's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune:* National Ballet, 1952.

Grant Strate with dancer Maralyn Miles and his artistic collaborators for the 1963 ballet, *House of Atreus* — composer Harry Somers (left) and designer Harold Town (right).

never see him stroll. There's a purposful thrust to the way he walks that makes it close to a march. His patient secretary finds it hard to keep track of all his comings and goings. His colleagues marvel at his energy. "He's not a boy any more you know", says one of them.

"People pay me a respect I don't feel is due".

But Grant Strate is in his element at SFU. To call him a brilliant administrator would be offensive only to Strate himself since he would probably rather be thought of as a brilliant choreographer. He says that choreography, teaching and administration are the three passions of his life — in that order — but although he keeps active as a maker of dances and still gives his complex but stimulating ballet classes it's as a creative administrator that Grant Strate is now best known.

"He's so damn good at it", says his longtime friend, Earl Kraul. "I admit", comments Strate, "I really do have a love for administration and truly believe it can be very creative".

Among his many projects at SFU has been the development of a five year plan that will transform the Centre for the Arts so that all its teaching divisions — dance, film, theatre, visual art, music and interdisciplinary studies — have the status of major degree-earning programs. He's also busy developing a plan for a Masters degree in music.

Grant Strate enjoys talking about his work but is far less happy talking about himself, especially about his contribution to dance in this country.

"Really I have no idea what I'm supposed to have contributed. People pay me a respect I don't feel is due. I'm not without ego but it's an ego for different things, for my work."

The Centre for the Arts, over which Strate presides with a paternalism that he says is disarming to some of his colleagues, consists principally of a connected series of prefabricated shacks on the edge of the main university complex. It's a far cry from the high-tech splendours of York's Fine Arts Building but Strate's now rather aged and hairless dog, Fella, enjoys his easy access to an enticing campus, full of little courtyards, grassy banks and clumps of trees and shrubs.

"We're in a time of consolidation, not of emerging ideas".

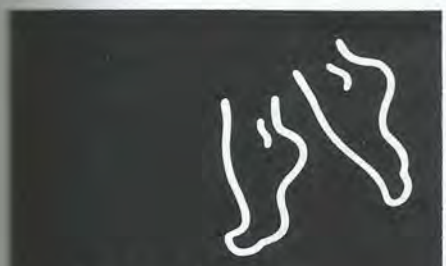
When Strate has time to talk he likes to take guests to SFU's new faculty club. It must have the most beautiful view of any such facility in a Canadian university. The balcony of the timbered building hovers over the steep sloping hillside and through the tall conifers you can catch glimpses of sparkling water and, beyond, of the mountains.

Looking back on the early years of the Dance in Canada Association Grant Strate admits he may have gone a little beyond reason in defending the rights of artists to experiment freely. "The artist is so vulnerable. My awareness of this makes me very sympathetic — even to those things I don't like. We're now in a time of consolidation, not of emerging ideas. Art generally is rapidly moving back to romanticism and realism. Some of the seventies stuff really was very bad and needed to die".

Grant Strate, in a heavily retouched archival photograph, as Dr. Coppelius: National Ballet, 1959.

Being 3,000 miles away from Ottawa has not lessened Strate's concern about the effect of Canada Council policies on the development of dance. "There is a big danger we face now. A number of groups managed to gain acceptance and the tendency today is to view them as poor fragile darlings. But they only exist because of public funds and some of them are turning into rehearsal companies. The new direction seems to be to protect them against audiences. You don't protect art from its ground. That's cultural engineering. The sources of money are drying up and everyone's scurrying for holes. At this point it would be very dangerous for Dance in Canada to give up its lobbying role. Bureaucracies have to behave the way they do. I understand that. But they need to be watched and should know they're being watched".

Now in his mid fifties, Grant Strate shows no outward signs of slowing down. In rehearsal with his students he can still demonstrate steps full out. His appointments calendar would daunt the most hardened business executive. The lively independence of his mind and piercing exactness of his words still hit their targets. Grant Strate remains a prime mover.



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The National Ballet of Canada

In Review

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens
O'Keefe Centre
Toronto
25-29 October, 1983.

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens is one of those companies whose whole is much greater than the sum of its parts. It has no real stars, though Andrea Davidson and Rey Dizon come close, but it has a wonderful esprit de corps, an ability to communicate the pleasure its dancers feel in what they do; and what they do, they do with about 150 per cent of their actual talent and technique. When dancers give that much, you just have to like them.

The repertoire for the Toronto season was mixed in more ways than one, the works falling into three categories: Balanchine ballets, which Les Grands perform with panache if not with perfection; big box-office numbers, which I'd rather they didn't do at all; and serious works created for the company in a classically-based modern style that they do so well I wonder why they bother with anything else. Les Grands don't have the technique for the classics or for superb show-dancing, but they could become the Canadian equivalent of Netherlands Dance Theatre or Ballet Rambert if they wanted, and that would be terrific.

The Balanchine works on display were *Allegro Brillante,* of which Balanchine said it "contains everything I knew about the classical ballet — in thirteen minutes", and *Capriccio* (better known as *Rubies*), vintage Balanchine in a jazzy, American, hip-thrusting, turned-in idiom. Although the company hasn't the speed or the freedom in the upper body to do these pieces admirably, it does them well enough to show the choreography, which is well worth seeing. Moreover, Andrea Davidson has become a real Balanchine dancer — crisp, clean, gracious, witty, generous, deliciously musical, with technique to burn. Jerilyn Dana had glamour but not technical security, while Judith Johnson (in Patricia McBride's original role in *Rubies*) shows immense promise in the Balanchine repertoire. All the men I saw have a way to go in mastering steps and style.

As for the box-office hits (Fernand Nault's *Tommy,* John Butler's *Quest, Astaire* by Brydon Paige and John Stanzel), however effective they may be as crowd-pleasers, they're negligible as choreography. *Tommy,* the company's signature piece in the early seventies, was as splashy as I remembered but also dated and very long. An historical curiosity — it put Les Grands on the map when the National was splurging with Nureyev and *The Sleeping Beauty* — it may have created new audiences for dance, but by now the converts should be ready for higher things.

Quest, yet another of Butler's body-beautiful numbers, should have been called "Pumping Iron": it consists chiefly of a sequence of body-building poses and spectacular tricks repeated so often that, were there any magic in them, it would have dissipated by the end. Rey Dizon, with his intense stage presence and superb ballon, deserves better.

Worst of all was *Astaire,* at least to a real Fred-and-Ginger addict. Intended as an honest tribute, *Astaire* struck me as a piece of ill-judged arrogance. Its underlying assumption seemed to be that since classical dancers are the most highly trained of their kind, they can do any sort of dancing creditably, and that simply isn't true. Good show dancing, let alone the genius of an Astaire, demands a sense of timing, ease, and loose-limbed insouciance all its own, and you don't get those qualities simply by applying tap shoes as needed, any more than Maureen Forrester could become Janis Joplin by downing a quart of booze. If John Stanzel, to whom the work is also a tribute, *sings* as well as Astaire, that isn't saying much, nor does it make a ballet or even a good revue.

Astaire might be fun at a Christmas party for Friends of

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens in Judith Marcuse's new ballet, *Seascape.*

Sylvain Lafortune supports Edward Hillyer in James Kudelka's latest work for Les Grands Ballets, *In Paradisum.*

Les Grands, but it shouldn't have entered the repertoire. Give me re-runs of the real thing any time.

Now for the good news: in Judith Marcuse's *Seascape* and James Kudelka's *In Paradisum,* the company has two highly attractive works, the best I've seen from either choreographer, and it performs them magnificently.

Seascape, set to tapes of crashing waves and J.S. Bach's *Concerto in D minor for Violin and Oboe,* is a sensitive evocation of the life of the sea — water, plants, sea creatures, marine birds — with the grand sweep and flow of Jiri Kylian's work as well as the precision, playfulness, and sudden sharpness so characteristic of Marcuse. A fine piece for an ensemble, *Seascape* also focusses on individuals: Betsy Carson in a fluent, twisting adage, rippling and bending like a deeply-rooted piece of seaweed caught in the undertow; Albert Forister and Catherine Lafortune in a subtle romantic pas de deux of near-touches against a fascinatingly diverse corps of three graces, an angular couple and two lyrical couples; an athletic, teasing pas de deux for Sylvain Senez and Gioconda Barbuto; and a seagull pas de trois (Pierre Lapointe, Josée Ledoux, Edward Hillyer) full of abrupt neck twists, sharp stalkings, and intimidation tactics. A blend of comic, even grotesque, movement with lyrical swoops and rushes, *Seascape* shows the company at its best.

In Paradisum shows Kudelka's strength in unexpected areas: if not quite an abstract ballet, it is universal in theme — the art of dying well — and far removed from the specificities of character, and coincident constriction of movement, of much of Kudelka's previous work: and the movement owes far more to Martha Graham, the expressionists, and even Laura Dean than to the *danse d'école.*

Inspired by his mother's terminal illness, by the writings of Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, and by graphic images of death (from Kathe Kollwitz and others), Kudelka has created hypnotically repetitious movement to Michael J. Baker's equally hypnotic minimalist score, itself reminiscent of Steve Reich's work. Powerful sculptural images crystallize amidst an incessant flux of simple but compelling movements: sudden leaps, whirls, off-balance swayings, stylized gestures of grief, pleading, compassion. The unversality of the theme is echoed in the unisex costumes by Denis Joffre: long, full-skirted tunics in white or grey that amplify the swirl of the steps and the sculpted tranquillity of the poses.

The casting, too, stresses universality: men and women exchange roles from performance to performance. The "male" cast (I saw Hillyer, Sylvain Lafortune, and Kudelka) renders a more abstract, ritualistic work: Everyman going to his grave, attended by friends and angels. The "female" cast turns the ballet into a family tragedy of dying mother (Annette Av Paul, magnificently serene, vulnerable, anguished, and exhausted by turns), her distraught husband frustrated by his inability to help (Jacques Drapeau), and their daughter (Catherine Lafortune), alternately furious at being deserted and compassionate, her tension mirrored by a stuttering movement of straight arms with flexed wrists.

The work progresses inexorably from the moment when the news of impending death is given (strident, clangourous music, frantic leaps) through the dying one's search for escape first from death, then from the ties of family and of life itself, to the moment of death (the music here is really a chorale prelude).

It's a fair measure of the work's power that it succeeds with both casts, both interpretations. Fittingly, Kudelka has hit his stride as a choreographer while creating a haunting memorial for his mother. And seeing Av Paul in this work convinces me that her coming retirement will be a serious loss to the company; she has a warmth, a generosity, a mature presence, that will be missed, perhaps in this ballet most of all.

PENELOPE DOOB

Le Groupe de la place Royale
National Arts Centre
Ottawa
14-15 October, 1983.

The piece is called *Faustus: An Opera for Dancers.* The creative genii involved are Gertrude Stein, on whose (mercifully truncated) three-act play *Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights* the libretto is based; John Plant, who has been seen and heard in these parts before, composer of the score; Peter Boneham, artistic director of Le Groupe de la Place Royale, the choreographer; and the dancers of that company, who *are* to be confused with the singers of that company.

The basic problem with *Faustus* is how to come to grips with what it's supposed to be. Taken on its own billing, it's an opera, but then John Plant's agreeable score is less *operatic* than, say, *Tommy,* The Who's early attempt to change the meaning of the word "opera". Its depth is closer to that of the musical stage with a more avant-garde use of musical devices than, say, *42nd Street.* It goes beyond Sondheim, but hardly reaches Janáček.

But if we grant the rubric, there is one expectation which I, anyhow, am loath to forfeit, and that is that opera will be sung — and sung properly. Here one has to return to the formal (and, as I realise it, artfully-selected) subtitle of the piece: *An Opera for Dancers.* Dancers they are: Le Groupe is a company which has consistently demonstrated the finest and most disciplined tech-

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whatever the eccentricities and experiments of its presentations. Singers they are not, and I fail to see why we are listening to a score sung by people without the blessing of trained voices. They are remarkably *well-trained* in voice — the result of the same dedicated and disciplined application which makes their dancing so impressive — but all the training in the world cannot impose *tone* on a particular set of pipes. Not one of Le Groupe's dancers is a naturally good singer or at least loud enough to project, musically, in a hall the size of the 900-seat National Arts Centre Theatre. Quite a lot of this weirdest of texts could not be understood as the dancers/singers struggled with projection, breathing or whatever.

It's a little hard to be forgiving of an evening so hard on the aural sensibilities, but there might have been compensations. After all, this is a modern dance company, and a good one. But the dancing in *Faustus* seemed throughout to be almost spontaneous. Landings from (endlessly-repeated) butterfly jumps would obscure yet another word or note from the libretto and score. If Peter Boneham's choreography was intended to pick up the nuance of a Stein text, I think it succeeded — she repeats, he repeated. Tassy Teekman, as a dog, flapped around with effectively canine paws and smile, struck an attitude, upped into space and came back to earth — all beautifully executed, of course. Michael Montanaro, as Mephisto, posed a lot, and from time to time leapt about diabolically.

In the central role of Faustus, Bill James — presumably cast because of his uneven but not entirely unimpressive bass voice — had very little dancing to do at all. The female lead, a character named Marguerite Ida and Helena Annabel (really; this is Gertrude Stein at her Steinest) was played by Janet Oxley. She had more movement, but she had so much singing, in some oddly-pitched passages of the score, that her dancing faded quickly from memory. Indeed, the choreography is paler than the music. It's one-dimensional, which is probably the way Boneham wanted it, while the music is richer in texture and dominates the performance.

Looking at *Faustus* is an odd experience, the proof, in a way, of the triumph of will over all adversity. For my money, the libretto is rubbish, the singing substandard, the choreography irrelevant and only the music satisfactory; and yet, the patina of the performance was lustrous with confidence and the exhilaration which can propel many a work despite its defects. Partly it's just this seasoned dance troupe, most of whose members have now worked together for the better part of a decade; partly the high-gloss design by Arthur Penson, who fashioned quite striking costumes and an arresting series of sets. But there's a sense that everyone in and of the production has set out to conquer Everest, and the news from base camp is of the bloodied but unbowed. It's a little eerie. All this talent, energy, commitment — all these exceptional dancers working for years now to learn vocal technique; Peter Boneham, a restless *magister ludi* seeking new avenues for his company and himself through additions of text, voice, theatre, now video and film, to dance — the art form which, beyond all others, had to work long and hard to prove that it was a legitimate and effective means of artistic communication on its own.

The sheer effrontery of *Faustus,* the brash confidence on the part of its perpetrators — is, in a way, its own success. The moves in ever-different directions which Boneham has been navigating for some time reached a fairly effective culmination in the 1981 *Collector of Cold Weather (Part One),* another musical collaboration with Plant. *Faustus* may just be an overreach, and it may be churlish to fault a company for trying to stretch beyond the immediate.

There are curiosities in *Faustus,* which could perhaps make it a stellar vehicle in the vocal chords of others. Listening to the music and wondering if another group of singers could indeed pull it off, and forget about dancing, I realised that the score is extremely sensitive to the rigours of dance, the needs of dancers. It is a dance score which happens to have a vocal text. Could, then, Le Groupe have the singing recorded and use it merely as that? Alas, no, for the choreography itself would not sustain the score. The movement of the dancers depends utterly upon their being the instruments of the score.

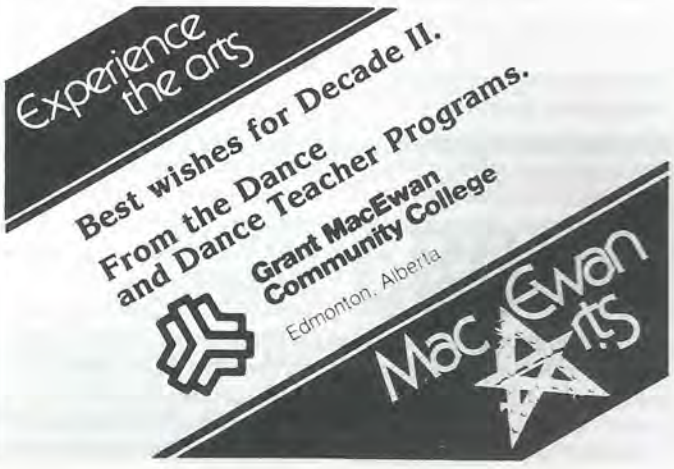
Unlike *Collector, Faustus* is not a dance piece, by its own admission. Sadly, it's not an opera either. All this is not to suggest that Peter Boneham and Le Groupe stop the wandering — there is a place for any theatrical venture which works (and room for efforts which may not, especially when you have paid as many dues as Le Groupe). The company seems happy to stay together and is well into its new generation of choreographers — perhaps because Boneham's interests are less and less satisfied by dance alone he is nurturing the various talents from within. But, with all affection and respect for this creative group, a caveat. Nobody can do everything, as this *manqué* production shows. The scariest thing of all is that it would not appear that anything the current membership of Le Groupe would do can make it any better. They have reached at least one of the limits.

HILARY McLAUGHLIN

Painters And The Dance
St. Lawrence Centre,
Toronto
22-24 September, 1983.

Painters And The Dance, Patricia Beatty's evening of collaborative works at the St. Lawrence Centre in Toronto, was more than a concert; it was an event. Never had so many of the city's glitterati assembled for contemporary dance, usually the poor cousin of the arts. Thus, there were signficances beyond Beatty's unique concept of merging visual art and dance. For one thing, the lavish production demonstrated what could be achieved by monied support; secondly, a whole new audience, namely the corporate elite, was introduced to contemporary choreography. As well, the concert demonstrated that the recently-renovated Bluma Appel Theatre makes a superb venue for dance.

The focus of the concert were the dances Beatty set on the stage designs of Canadian abstract expressionists, Graham Coughtry and Gordon Rayner. To say stage designs, however, is misleading. The two artists in fact created huge paintings which Beatty's dancers, mostly from her home company, Toronto Dance Theatre, brought to life. Thus, the Coughtry/Rayner designs were taken to the third dimension by Beatty's choreography. The evening was completed by two older works. *Seastill* and *Skyling,* which, according to Beatty, have elements of abstract paintings about them in their designs by Aiko Suzuki.



Miguel Moore and William Douglas in Patricia Beatty's *Emerging Ground;* costumes and decors by Graham Coughtry.

The idea of having dancers bring a painting to life first came to Beatty when she was standing in front of a huge canvas in the New York Museum of Modern Art eight years ago. The thought struck her that the work had the effect of a proscenium. Thus, rather than having a painter make a setting for her ideas, Beatty envisioned a choreography which brought to life the ideas of the artist. Painters And The Dance is the fulfillment of that dream.

The first work, *Emerging Ground,* contrary to its title, attempted to capture the coming of light. Coughtry painted a huge canvass in his signature swatches of colours. It stretched from wing to wing and covered both the back wall and stage floor. The dancers' tight-fitting body suits repeated the canvas's pastels and earth tones. Thus when the curtain opened, the audience was greeted by a gigantic painting in which the performers were initially indistinguishable from the setting.

For this work, Beatty had her dancers begin on the floor, constantly rising to higher and higher levels as the stage became filled with more and more light. At the end, bathed in the intense golden glow, the dancers executed movements of joyous celebration, still in motion as the curtain closed. Although the choreography had aspects of gymnastic exercise about it, Beatty held a tight restraint on the movement in keeping with the subtlety of her theme.

Seastill and *Skyling,* both created in 1980, continued the program's concern with nature. As well they provided an interesting contrast to the new works. Suzuki's set designs had, in Beatty's words, "the impact of water colours against the oils of Coughtry and Rayner". Placed behind a scrim, *Seastill* created the indistinct aquamarine calm of the ocean floor. Beatty, who has always regarded this work as an experiment in stillness and the absence of dramatic tension, used minute fragments of images to represent sealife. *Seastill,* by its very static quality, is a daring exercise in dance impressionism.

Skyling, on the other hand, is filled with clever images of soaring and hovering, almost restless motion, set against a vivid blue cyclorama slashed with two diagonal lines of white. The choreography was as it happened, more exuberant than the muted light in which it was set. The effect was of twilight rather than morning and *Skyling* lost some of the sharpness it had first presented.

The hit of the evening was the collaborative work with Rayner, *Raptures and Ravings.* Having been lulled into the abstract calm of Nature by the first three dances the audience was suddenly plunged into Rayner's giant collage of an adult playground gone wild — ladders at odd angles, trampolines of various sizes, ramps awkwardly placed, hanging pieces of jagged sculpture — in short — a nightmare of an obstacle course. As for the choreography, Beatty matched Rayner's quirky vision with an unprecedented athleticism which took the form of one-upmanship between Stephen Raptis and the other more timid dancers. Raptis, is an agile American whom Beatty met several years ago when she was impressed by the fact that he jumped over the person who introduced them! He was made the focal point of the work. Beatty utilized every nook and crany of the set making Raptis swing, hang, jump or roll in an amazing display of suppleness and daring. The work concluded with the three scenic artists, dressed in crazy clown costumes and playing instruments, marching through the set to the wild and appreciative applause of the audience.

PAULA CITRON

Sun•Ergos
Edinburgh Festival
September, 1983.

The Calgary-based company, Sun•Ergos, has come to Edinburgh at festival time for three successive years, and the latest production by Dana Luebke and Robert Greenwood — at the Assembly Rooms, where now a selective festival is organized, alongside the official festival yet distinct from the unselective rest of the "Fringe" — is even better than its predecessors.

A Memory of Two Moons had its world premiere in Edinburgh and inevitably there were a few rough edges which needed polishing. But only one serious flaw emerged: the ending, which needs reworking. Otherwise the piece maintained a remarkable standard of poetic dancing and acting, using fine poetry. Both artists have suffered through the illness and death of relatives and have taken death as their main theme, treating it in many ways, with the passages of dancing and poetry linked to each other in a variety of subtle ways.

The combination of dancing and acting developed by Sun•Ergos is admirably original. I know of no other programs with anything like this format, performed at Edinburgh or elsewhere, and it gives the two artists a chance to use their complementary talents to fine advantage while "saying" something which could not be said in any other way.

In fact, one piece which was also given its world premiere at the Edinburgh Festival this summer — a ballet, based on Oskar Kokoschka's pioneer expressionist play *Murderer Hope of Women,* created by Glen Tetley for the Ballet Rambert — did bear some superficial resemblance to Sun•Ergos' work. Tetley, rejecting his original (and very sensible) idea of using music by Schönberg which was right in period, feeling and style, had the dancers speaking lines of the Kokoschka play, translated into English. This was a grave mistake. Dancers usually have little flair for, or experience

Robert Greenwood and Dana Leubke (masked) in a combination photograph from *Rainforest* and *Stroke.*

in the speaking lines. Of all the Rambert dancers only Lucy Burge (in the title role of Woman) rose to the challenge of the expressionism which was developing in Vienna in the early years of this century. Not only was the speech of the other Rambert dancers lacking in the bite so characteristic of expressionism but for much of the time they performed in silence creating even greater difficulty in communication with the audience.

The two Sun•Ergos performers, in contrast, coped skilfully with the problems involved in combining dancing and acting. The spoken lines (including a speech which Robert Greenwood imagined his father saying to himself after having a stroke which deprived him of the power of speech) were admirably acted by Greenwood in a variety of styles. He succeeded in bringing together two contrasting pieces of sublime poetry, a speech from Shakespeare's *Richard III* and Dylan Thomas' magical poem *Fern Hill,* both concerned (though in very different ways) with death.

A Memory of Two Moons began mysteriously with Robert Greenwood wrapped in a shroud, which looked back to a previous Sun•Ergos piece, *Small White Poems.* Dana Luebke unwrapped Greenwood from the shroud, and he eventually appeared not as a corpse but as a living man. Then came a succession of solos. At the end, the two artists came together again.

In one dance Luebke projected his own interpretation of the *Danse Macabre* familiar in medieval times. He wore a strange mask, suggesting an old man or an old woman, and kept his slow, curving movements close to the ground. A later dance, entitled *In Second Position,* was very different in style, but also might be called a *danse macabre.* In fact it showed influence from the dance images of the Death-figure in *The Green Table,* that masterly work (melding modern dance and ballet) by Kurt Jooss. In his new dance, Luebke kept his knees deeply bent in second position, with his heels pounding the floor in remorseless rhythms — thus projecting both anger and a feeling of death.

The links between the acting of Greenwood and the dancing of Luebke were particularly clear when Greenwood acted excerpts from Gogol's *Diary of a Madman,* and Luebke followed this with the dance, *A Spanish Grandee and his Retinue.* Gogol's madman imagines that he is the king of Spain and Greenwood's performance is simultaneously funny and disturbing. Luebke's solo starts off in a solemn way, suited to the solemn Spanish music of Soler but then the dance changes to a wild satire on its previous solemnity. The conjunction of these two solo pieces produced a strange and vivid effect, characteristic of the work of Sun•Ergos at its best.

FERNAU HALL

Canadian-born Fernau Hall is dance critic of The Daily Telegraph, *London, England. This is the first time Mr. Hall's writing has appeared in a Canadian periodical.*

Terrill Maguire
Toronto Dance Theatre
6-9 October, 1983.

When male choreographers deal with rape, it's usually the act itself, vividly mimed, that provides the focus: think of James Kudelka's *A Party,* in which the main event is the rape of an innocent girl by a casual stud, or his *Rape of Lucrece,* whose noble Roman heroine must kill herself to atone for her unwilled defilement. MacMillan's *The Invitation* gives us another pitiful victim: a young girl, rather repressed (witness her revulsion from the nude statuary), who unconsciously incites an older man to rape her. She will never be the same again, the ballet tells us, but her attacker seems to achieve a tentative reconciliation with his sympathetic wife.

The pattern is clear, in these ballets as in most literature, the victim of a rape is pathetic, permanently destroyed; the rape itself is the choreographic highlight and the victim's fate is determined once and for all by the rape and its immediate aftermath. She ceases to be of interest to choreographer or audience once she has been "ruined".

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Terrill Maguire (right) with Holly Small in *Cutting Losses.*

How refreshing, then, to see Terrill Maguire's powerful new work of dance/theatre, *Cutting Losses.* Maguire is interested not in the rape itself, which we never see, nor in the rapist, but in the long, uncertain struggle of a strong, gutsy woman for renewed integrity and self-respect after what is, above all, a *psychological* violation, an unthinkable act of lust by a dance teacher/date.

Choreographed, scripted, and performed by Maguire, *Cutting Losses* opens slowly with a tense gavotte as Maguire, saxophonist Harry Mann, pianist-composer John Lang, and dancer Holly Small advance, retreat, and advance again across the stage in various groupings. Minimal adjustments in Maguire's posture project fluctuating moods of curiosity, aggressiveness, fear, defiance, supplication, sensuality, confidence. For reasons yet unknown, her progress is halting, her relationship to the others ambiguous, the isolation of each person nearly complete. Suddenly, shockingly, the music begins, and Maguire (in black) and Small (in beige) stamp and clap their way off stage, the violence of their movement mimicked by Lang's percussive and pizzicato attack on his piano. Maguire returns, her convulsive, defiant, sometimes self-destructive steps imaging an anger yet incomprehensible; her off-balance surgings across the stage, her body led not by her will but by the wayward impulse of a hand or foot, suggest her imperfect control of mood and direction.

Occasionally Small, quizzical, detached, vaguely sympathetic, steps on to watch or imitate; she seems to represent any woman who has not been raped, perhaps, or Maguire's innocent past. Now and again, there are monologues for Maguire: in one, she speaks, quite calmly, of "the incident" and her determination to return to dance class, "to show I hadn't been entirely damaged". She tells of her rapist's parting shot: "Hey, babe, you wanted it as much as I did". Later, her skirt tied protectively between her legs, she keens on the floor, legs spraddled, torso lashing in rhythmic circles, and tells us briefly about the rape itself. Later, Small joins her, and the women beat their thighs, feet, and the floor in patterned violence. At one point, Small huddles on Maguire's back while Maguire whirls about the stage, showing, perhaps, that Maguire can support her own detachment from the past, or, alternatively, that a sense of innocence can oppress.

Maguire speaks of how "these things resurface", but also of the need to "reclaim my life" by letting go of an obsession with the past. Success is cumulative, but not permanent: this extraordinary work ends with Maguire cowering far upstage and then advancing on the audience as she exhales with increasing volume and violence, her hands whipping her head and hair from side to side.

This is a woman's view of rape. Obsession with the event is mirrored by repetitive movement phrases. Anger and inevitable, however unjustified, guilt lead to the savagery of self-destructiveness. Yet clearest of all is the determination to survive, to let obsessions go, to reclaim one's own life, to refuse to be a victim.

Maguire gives us no easy triumph, of course: losses cannot be cut entirely. But what matters most, finally, is the heroine's determination to be whole: that, perhaps, is the real integrity of heroine and piece alike.

Cutting Losses is not a perfect work: given its subject and complexity, it couldn't be, but it is a courageous, stunning piece of dance-theatre, and a work that goes far to redress the balance between art and the reality of rape.

PENELOPE DOOB

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Contemporary Dancers
Warehouse Theatre
Winnipeg
17 September, 1983.

When Winnipeg's Contemporary Dancers stepped on stage with a show called "In the Spirit of Isadora", more than the season was new. There was a new artistic director and a new role for the former artistic director. There were also five new dancers in the 10-member company.

Over the summer, the troupe lost several of its most experienced dancers, among them JoAnn Kuby and Tedd Robinson. The dancers left, as dancers do, to try new experiences, to study or to concentrate on choreography. And some, like associate artistic director Stephanie Ballard, were probably tired of the backstage manoeuvring that's gone on over the past months.

There have been changes at the top. Rachel Browne, who founded Winnipeg's Contemporary Dancers 19 years ago and who has been largely responsible for keeping it alive, has been "persuaded" by her board of directors to step aside in favour of a new artistic director. But this isn't the end of Rachel Browne's influence on the company.

Browne retains the title of "founding artistic director". She hired the new crop of dancers, selected this season's program, and had a hand in picking her replacement. She intends to continue teaching, dancing and creating new works and, in fact, now finds more time to concentrate on choreography. As a result she had a new work, *Jest of God* to offer at the season opener.

But despite all that, the new artistic director also made his presence felt. Bill Evans ambled to the front of the stage, flashed an engaging smile and charmed his audience while chatting about the solo dances he was going to perform. They were Daniel Nagren's *Jazz: Three Ways,* in which Evan's loose limbs undulated through characterizations of a *Blue Man,* a *Bounce Boy* and a *Bop Man.* It was all very affable and very American.

There's no question that Evans is a gifted solo performer; his stylish dancing alone should provide inspiration for the members of his new company. He has left an established career in the United States, both as dancer and director of his own Seattle-based company, to come to Winnipeg. And there was more than a little difficulty in persuading Immigration Department officials to let him make that move. So why did he bother?

Evans says he's attracted by the stability of arts institutions in Winnipeg, by the level of support for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and by the fact that the Contemporary Dancers have been around for 19 years. He's also excited by the opportunity to train dancers for a repertory company, to teach them a strong technique that can adapt to a variety of styles because his tastes, like Browne's, are eclectic. The unanswered question right now is how those two tastes and temperaments will come together to provide artistic direction for the company.

In contrast to Evan's outgoing ease and loose jazz style, Rachel Browne's *Jest of God* was tight and angular and inward looking. Based on Margaret Laurence's fine novel, the dance explores the inner workings of the heroine's mind by putting five Rachels on stage. Rachel Cameron, intensely interpreted by Karen Unsworth, is surrounded by her three other selves. And then there's Rachel Browne who created *Jest of God* and provided the taped narration.

Unfortunately the quality of sound reproduction was so poor that many of the words were lost and, with them, much of the dance's impact. The work doesn't literally interpret Laurence's language, but it does depend on it for emotional echoes and clues as to what the dancers are doing. Without the narration, for example, it would be difficult to realize that a group of skipping children has suddenly turned into an old women's bridge game. The three supporting dancers play all those roles as well as expressing Rachel's inner turmoil and sexual frustration. But, by the end of the piece, there's just one Rachel left — a woman who has discovered her own strength and independence.

While *Jest of God* is not a completely realized work, or at least not yet, it is powerful and intriguing. And it provided some needed intellectual and emotional weight to a program that included two engaging, even witty, ensemble pieces that concern themselves simply with movement. And *Jest of God* also indicates that Browne will continue to experiment.

Yet, for all the impact of Rachel Browne, Bill Evans and their new dancers, and for all the enthusiasm they generated in their audience, the evening really belonged to guest artist, Annabelle Gamson. Gamson is a New York dancer who performs the works of the modern dance pioneer, Isadora Duncan, and, even more importantly, recreates the intensity of her spirit. Duncan liberated dance from toe shoes and tulle; she believed in intuitive, natural movements and Gamson lets us discover what a breath of fresh air those dances were and, in fact, still are. We see how simple and untechnical they were and yet how intense. Watching Gamson sweep back and forth across the stage, long white hair flowing, draperies fluttering, I suddenly understood how I've always wanted to move to the Blue Danube Waltz.

And I realized, too, that the performance by Winnipeg's Contemporary Dancers, with its emphasis on personal style and the sheer joy of movement, truly was "In the Spirit of Isadora".

JACQUI GOOD

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Members of the Danny Grossman Dance Company in *Endangered Species.*

Danny Grossman
Dance Company
National Arts Centre
Ottawa
27 September, 1983.

Danny Grossman once said that the inspiration for his choreography is all around him: he takes from life. That being the case, Grossman must be still living in "suspended imagination" somewhere between 1969 and 1977. The company's appearance in Ottawa was composed of his often-seen, political and social commentaries. To his credit, most of the works stand up over time because the wit and vitality of the choreography still stings and captivates an audience.

Grossman's company was alternately sharp, aggressive and achingly emotional throughout the program. However, this comic/serious motif became staled. There are new areas where Grossman's acute political awareness could apply itself.

The anti-patriotism of *National Spirit,* created at the time of the American bicentennial, is now dated and seems merely to be an amusing, but relatively harmless poke at the red, white and blue.

Endangered Species, takes its theme from the music, Krzysztof Penderecki's *Trenody to the victims of Hiroshima* and Goya's visual testament, *The Disasters of War.* The anti-war message has never been clearer. The movements of the victims, draped in tattered clothing, arouse feelings of despair and sympathy. They run in a frenzy of terror, raked into a huddle by a demonic, flag-bearing soldier. This death/warrior symbol is sometimes embraced, sometimes repulsed, but it always remains a threatening and very dangerous figure.

Endangered Species is a prominent example of Grossman's skillful use of dance as a medium for political statements. In this particular show, the work was paired with *Higher,* true to Grossman's formula of programming opposites. Grossman's signature piece was provocatively performed by Randy Glynn and Pamela Grundy, yet fine as they were, their performance could only invite reflection to the time when *Higher* was performed by the master himself together with Judith Hendin: a reminder perhaps that this dance too ripened long ago?

Nobody's Business, another Grossman classic, was also included in this choreographic restrospective. By reversing roles and presenting sexual parodies, Grossman sets the basis for his observations and social criticism, a lively, witty condemnation of sexual stereotyping. When it appeared two years ago, *Nobody's Business* was even then pure frolic, with little political punch. Now it has even less. Society may not be improving as quickly as Grossman would like, but this isn't the Dark Ages anymore either.

When Grossman and Glynn interlock in what has been labelled a "homosexual" duet, it's really only a pas de deux with an angle. The heavy message is not the engaging factor in this piece so much as the athleticism and exuberance that bursts from the stage.

This was immediately followed by *Triptych,* a dance brimming with hopelessness and despair, featuring three ambiguous characters writhing in torment, stretching upward, seeking the light. With extremely slow movements, they try to discard their clothes, to relieve their suffering. Exhausted from this struggle against an unseen force, they draw near each other, frightened and wary. It is a sensitive, unnerving work if somewhat unclear in its theme. Coupled with *Nobody's Business,* it created a shocking polarity in mood and intensity.

The same effect, to a lesser degree, was felt when *Curious Schools of Theatrical Dancing: Part I* followed *National Spirit.* The acrobatic dancing of the latter was sharply contrasted to the distorted rolls and turns of the bizzare pantomine Grossman performs encaged in a circus ring. Frivolity so swiftly replaced by eccentric, tragic movement was disquieting but as the performance continued the arrangement of the program became, unfortunately more predictable.

His stark thematic contrasts work on the surface because of their inherent theatricality and the high energy projected by the company. However, the repertory needs to be rounded out.

Apparently, Danny Grossman has self-consciously developed a repertory, but none of it is breaking new ground. Someone who is as politically and socially in tune as Grossman should be serving up more relevant choreographic works.

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The Ballet of the Twentieth Century
Place des Arts
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15-18 September, 1983.

Maurice Béjart's niche in the pantheon of dance is not entirely secure. He is seen as too much of a showman and he tends to flaunt his eclecticism. These characteristics are not guaranteed to endear him to purists but, conversely, they did assure him of five sold-out performances in Montreal, despite dates that straddled Yom Kippur. A decade earlier, a similar conflict with Jewish High Holy Days had resulted in The New York City Ballet dancing to almost empty houses.

Montreal has always been putty in Béjart's hands. Audiences adored him during Expo 67, again in 1975, and accorded both current programs (which could hardly have been more dissimilar) bravoing, whistling, standing ovations.

The Ballet of the 20th Century lead off with *Eros Thanatos,* (Greek for Love and Death), a pastiche of star turns from 16 Béjart works spanning the last quarter century. The emphasis was on love. Death, in the form of prostrate youths, bathed in a golden glow, provided only a link between numbers and, very occasionally, a point of view. Although Béjart was playing homage to his father and to two of his dancers who were cut down in their prime, there was something about the deliberate detachment of their travels around the periphery of the merrymaking, and the vulnerability of their barely clad young bodies, that caused Wilfred Owen and Michaelangelo's David to come to mind. The images were poignant but death never entered the fabric of the work.

Even a spotlight pointedly sweeping over rows of dead Montagues and Capulets was only a theatrical device to underline the pointlessness of killing, rather than a means of coming to grips with death itself. It is not easy but as those who saw *Death and The Maiden* during the London Contemporary Dance Theatre's recent Canadian tour know, it can be done.

Shonach Mirk and Patrice Touron of Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century.

Béjart's choreographic forte is an infinite variety of pas de deux, singly and in canon, to catalogue the various faces of love and despair. Movement is confined to interaction between individuals; the corps seems largely superfluous.

This is an enormous waste because the 60-plus member company is superb. It is chock-ablock with rock solid boys who do not stagger as they land and a bevy of leggy sylphs who would gladden the heart of Flo Ziegfeld.

Most of the company is Béjart-trained but he also borrows with a discerning eye. Ronald Perry is a recent acquisition; Béjart's gain is certainly the Harlem Dance Theatre's loss. Mark McClain, a miniature Charles Atlas on loan from Stuttgart, could give Wayne Sleep a run for his money in bounce, ballon, Puckish ambivalence and text-book crisp execution.

Everything is grist for Béjart's mill: from Bach to gamelan, taafelmusik to Grand Opera. One has to admire his many sidedness even while being thrown off balance by his abrupt shifts in mood. He can wreak amusing mischief with context, as when he sets a group piece for men to Meyerbeer's *Les Patineurs* and follows it with a chorus of Verdian conspirators. But he can also clobber you with cleverness, unmindful of the diminishing effect of inappropriate juxtaposition.

The most crassly counterproductive example of this was a phalanx of static vestal virgins gesturing demure anguish to the strains of Casta Diva, immediately swamped by the explosive élan of a quintessentially quavering Neapolitan love song (Surdate Innamurato), brilliantly danced by Gil Roman with fittingly flashing feet, eyes and teeth.

Despite such juvenile excesses, Béjart's innate theatricality frequently triumphs. I am thinking of Pavlova's delicate *Dragonfly* solo, done in drag but not for laughs. It was the epitome of *travesti;* only Patrice Touron's muscular legs gave him away.

Touron, a demi-caractère of great finesse, scored again with a stately dance to traditional Japanese drums and flute. Clad in a magnificent bird of paradise hued kimono which he manipulated like Loie Fuller, and which set off his chalk white face, Touron was the very personification of the Noh idiom which, like Britten in his church parables, Béjart seems to have acquired by osmosis. It was meticulously observed, down to the Koken, those black-clad stage assistants whom convention considers to be invisible.

Throughout the first night an undercurrent of expectation was building toward the moment when Jorge Donn, Béjart's great male star, with the idiosyncratic torso and the face of Adonis, would make his first entrance. In the event, most — though it must be said: not I — missed it. There had been a hobo wandering across the stage from time to time. Not part of the action, one could chalk him up to an Absurdist whim — shades of Ionesco — until, suddenly stripped, he was revealed to be Donn. The Adagietto from Mahler's Fifth Symphony underscored a Faustian contemplation of life. It had extraordinary moments: Donn never fails to command attention and his arms snaked like Plisetskaya's, but the number was thin and, at 12 minutes, too long.

Now 36, Donn is still riveting,

although no longer riveting enough to deflect attention from the work he is performing. This was particularly the case in the too popular (thanks to the Lelouch film, *Les Uns et les Autres,* which was, not coincidentally, playing at a Montreal cinema the same weekend, to packed houses) *Boléro.* Despite its frenzied finale, it lacked the smouldering sexuality, the proud reticence and the cumulative tension without which this repetitious Ravel score begins to grate on the nerves.

Wien, Wien, Nur du Allein, which followed the Béjart primer the next evening, was a different kettle of fish.

The title, taken from a popular Viennese song, conjures up images of Grinzing, Demel's and the once blue Danube, all the more so since all advertising had stressed music by Johann Strauss, father and son; Schubert and Mozart. The irony lay in one's expectations, for it was Berg, Schoenberg and Webern who gave the work its real tone: a post-war, post-hope Vienna of emotional derelicts; devastation in ¾ time.

If there was a specific subtext, with characters called The Countess, Night & Tears, Angel-Lili, Hans Sorglos, etc., it was lost on me. At its première in Brussels' Cirque Royale in March, 1981, some people found it to be an updated *Messe pour le Temps Présent;* others an adaption of Sartre's *Huis Clos.* Béjart contrasts a dark present (brilliantly evoked by the post-war rubble of the set) with a seemingly glorious past (19th century fashionplates, irrelevantly, on parade) and comes up with an all too familiar scenario. You can see it on sandwich boards in Times Square any night of the week: "Repent ye! The end of the world is nigh".

Wien is a chamber work for 14 flawless soloists, most notably Marcia Haydée, the Stuttgart Ballet's exquisitely expressive ballerina who has recently embarked on a creative liaison with Béjart; the elegant, ephemeral Kyra Kharkevitch; a lyrical American with the improbable name of Shonach Mirk, who has the fragility of a Dresden doll minus the fussy sweetness of these porcelain shepherdesses. It is really not fair to single out any three; all of them danced superlatively.

There were many striking moments: Haydée being passed hand to hand, Donn silently mouthing obscenities like a reincarnation of Munch's *The Scream,* three droll angels in *Lederhosen* being picked off by an unseen sniper — but they were not enough to keep a long and frequently confusing work afloat.

It was impossible to differentiate between the dancers sufficiently to follow the convoluted mini-dramas being acted out and their angst was too cool, sexless, almost ascetic, to engage one's compassion.

Béjart's choice of music was an unexpectedly powerful component. Playing off the sweet melancholy of Schubert against the ominous strings of Berg was the musical equivalent of Yeats' much abused lines: "... things fall apart; the centre cannot hold ..." The theme was echoed in the decors: a fissure in the wall and a boarded up door gave you the whole ballet in a nutshell before a step was danced.

How, after all this, Béjart arrives at his inexplicably Pollyannaish conclusion that there is a new world a-dawning, is typical of Béjart's irreconcilable duality. He is magnificent at ritual and pageantry — who can forget his *le Molière Imaginaire?* — but when it comes to matters of taste, a combination of caprice and self-indulgence render him untrustworthy as an artist.

Fortunately, I represent a minority opinion and the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, which decided to celebrate its 50th anniversary by temporarily going into the dance impresario business, made a handsome profit; the Béjart company profited from their Montreal visit to limber up for their New York season, and everyone — well, almost everyone — is happy.

KATI VITA

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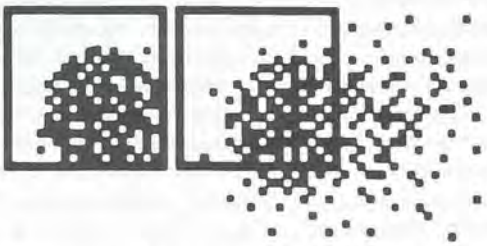

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Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet
National Arts Centre
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When the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, then called Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, first toured Canada and the U.S., in 1951, it travelled leisurely on the ship, *Empress of France,* and then frantically by its own train (72 cities in six months). It was known as "the kids" and "the company with bounce".

Such patronizing epithets would not properly be applied to the present company, which undertook a nine-city, six-week tour of central and western Canada in October and November. Some of the principals are mature artists in their thirties, and there is occasional traffic between the peripatetic Sadler's Wells and its more stay-at-home sister company, the Royal Ballet. The pressure of so many rising stars pushing for a place in the spotlight helps explain a revival of *Raymonda* Act III, which has a string of solo and small ensemble dances. It may also have influenced the new *Swan Lake.*

You might think you've wandered into the wrong theatre when the curtain goes up on the 1981 production of *Swan Lake,* by Peter Wright and Galina Samsova. As the prelude soars to its climax, we are shown a dimly lit funeral procession, with draped bier (Siegfried's father's) and elaborately costumed mourners. So, the producers are telegraphing that this is a tragedy, and that we are in for some changes!

In the first lakeside scene, Act III, von Rothbart looks like something out of *Star Wars* or — more British — *Lord of the Rings.* Sorcery is his profession, but he "moonlights" in ballet-mastering: he hovers around the corps, even standing inside a circle at one point. Mercifully, he disappears to his seaweed den during the grand adage.

In the struggle between Siegfried and von Rothbart in Act IV, Rothbart loses his power when the helmet is wrenched off. An obvious comment: why didn't Siegfried think of removing the helmet *before* Odette was drowned? But there, princes must be allowed *esprit d'escalier.*

Desmond Kelly portrays the wicked magician von Rothbarts' dying moments in the Peter Wright/Galina Samsova production of *Swan Lake* for the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet.

Is this, then, a sort of comic-book reduction of *Swan Lake?* Not really. The new production is dramatically absorbing. Enough of the original Ivanov and Petipa choreography has been retained to mollify the traditionalist, and many of the changes are both logical and choreographically rewarding.

As in most modern-day productions, Benno is banned from the role of gooseberry in the great Act II love duet. One of the curiosities of history is how Benno held on to this part for decades after the emergency was over. (Gerdt, the first Siegfried, was too old to partner.) To compensate, Benno has an exciting role in the *pas de quatre* in Act I. This *pas* uses the music of the familiar *pas de trois,* and the choreography is influenced by the Gorsky production of 1911 which producer Samsova learned in Kiev. Siegfried's introspective solo (to a Sarabande) fits rather uneasily in this pas de quatre.

More changes in Act I: neither the tutor nor the jester (the latter a Gorsky addition) appears. And Wright, the SWRB's artistic director, has followed others in reasoning that a Polacca for men of the court is more logical than having peasants appear at a private party.

In Act II, except for von Rothbart's part-time ballet-mastering, and new choreography (ex Gorsky) for the two "big swans", the choreography is mostly pure Ivanov. That is to say, Ivanov as filtered through the nervous systems of Nicholas Sergeyev, who first taught it to the British, Ninette de Valois, Peter Wright and Galina Samsova. There is no "urtext" for *Swan Lake,* despite there being a whole generation of Canadians who probably think that Erik Bruhn's version for the National Ballet is the veritable "ur".

Act III, the ballroom scene, is awash with changes. Samsova has tinkered with the czardas and mazurka, and very effective they are. Wright has created an unremarkable *pas de six* at the

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Marion Tate (The Girl) partnered by Desmond Kelly (The Husband) of the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet in Sir Kenneth MacMillan's *The Invitation.*

beginning. But his greatest change is the extensive revision in the roles of the princesses.

Each of the three foreign princesses (would-be brides) is accompanied by a delegation of fellow countrymen in national dress. (The Neapolitans are gaudy to the point of nausea, but let it go). After her group does its national dance, each princess gives a solo. This allows the audience a chance to see the company's rising ballerinas, such as Chenca Williams, one of the best of the production's Polish princesses. The princesses then join in a coda.

Some putting and taking of music was necessary, of course. This coda uses part of the same Act III music that Balanchine employed for his *Tchaikowsky Pas de Deux.* And this was the original Black Swan music — but that's another story.

The idea of a delegation accompanying each princess is extended to Odile and von Rothbart, who are accompanied by a quartet of Spaniards clad in — you guessed it — black. But the Spanish influence has not sullied the circusy brilliance of Petipa's Black Swan pas de deux. Incidentally, the first Odile I saw on this tour, Samsova, chose not to do the celebrated 32 fouettés: others, Marion Tait and Margaret Barbieri, included them.

One of the subtler aspects of this third act is that the temptress Odile makes a real effort to copy the sinuous softness of Odette, the better to fool Siegfried. Of the three ballerinas I saw, Marion Tait was the most successful at this bit of imitation, perhaps because she had more to draw from — her Odette was beautifully ardent and vulnerable, much more so than Samsova's or Barbieri's.

Act III ends with such a flurry of new stage business that you may not absorb it all at one viewing. For instance, a couple of soldiers (or are they courti-

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ers?) are struck dead by von Rothbart's sorcery, and the frightened survivors, huddled on the floor at curtain-down, raise a couple of small crucifixes. This production, though unsubtle in several ways, has many such rewarding details.

In Act IV, Wright has created a new love duet for Siegfried and Odette, thus risking comparison with Ivanov's in Act II. But on the whole this act is a superb feat of revision. The corps, seen first in a ground fog of dry ice, is beautiful. Odette is handsomely anguished, and the pell-mell action at the end is calculated to remove from Act IV the old stigma of being an anti-climax, something to be got through.

As for male dancers, the company is rich in good ones, if lacking real stars. David Ashmole was somewhat constrained in the first Siegfried I saw him dance, but a couple of nights later, when he submitted at short notice he substituted for Desmond Kelly, Ashmole was much freer, and danced superbly. French dancer Alain Dubreuil's Siegfried was well conceived, strong in both emotion and technique. Roland Price's Benno impressed as stronger in character, but Iain Webb's was beguiling and technically fluent.

Philip Prowse, who designed both sets and costumes, has provided a big basic set, using six groups of pillars, variously clad. This works well for the castle scenes, less so for the lakeside which is uncommonly dank and claustrophobic.

Since this company spends most of its time on the road, it is good to see that the provinces are treated to lavish costumes. But one wonders about the statistical chances of three ambassadors, from three different countries, turning up in Act I in flowing robes all alike. Siegfried's court must have enormous clout, to command such cloning.

The ballets in the mixed bill brought to Canada were nicely varied — one, *Night Moves* by the 26-year-old company choreographer, David Bintley; Kenneth MacMillan's *The Invitation,* which has lasted surprisingly well over 23 years, and Rudolf Nureyev's gloss on that durable Petipa showpiece, *Raymonda, Act III.*

Bintley's *Night Moves* uses Benjamin Britten's *Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge,* a fragile piece of music to entrust to pick-up orchestras on tour: I have heard it badly mauled. Fortunately, on this occasion the National Arts Centre Orchestra did SWRB conductor Barry Wordsworth proud.

This ballet has no sustained plot, but hints at fragmented relationships. Some of the references, such as four girls donning black veils, are obscure. But the choreography is fluent, the atmosphere casual, and there are some good "in" jokes. I liked the young dancer who did a solo in the style of *Afternoon of a Faun* (Nijinsky's, not Robbin's), making much play with a white towel (surrogate for a nymph's scarf?). When he had the audience agog to see what the ending would be, he just strolled off, nonchalantly massaging his back with the towel.

The Invitation, with its themes of sexual repression and violence, is not a likeable ballet, but it is well crafted. MacMillan skillfully lays the groundwork for the searing drama. And in Marion Tait the company has an admirable successor to Lynn Seymour, who created the role of The Girl. Galina Samsova and Desmond Kelly, as the older couple, are effective; let's hope they stay around a long time to do character roles.

Raymonda? Well, it's glitzy — gilt set, gilt costumes, gilt score (Glazounov). Some of Nureyev's choreography, such as the *pas de trois,* is dull and some of the younger dancers don't know yet how to achieve the amplitude of phrasing needed for such a showpiece. Yet it's a fine vehicle for displaying the company's wealth of soloists. Particularly noteworthy: Sherilyn Kennedy's delicate solo to music of celeste; Sandra Madgwick's bird-like solo; and the diamond precision of Karen Donovan.

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Book Beat

San Francisco Ballet: the First Fifty Years, by Cobbett Steinberg. (San Francisco Ballet Associates, 1983. US $35)

America's oldest ballet company came into existence like many European ballet ensembles — as an adjunct to an opera establishment. Adolph Bolm, late of the Diaghilev Ballets, mounted its first season in 1933 with a production of *Le Coq d'or,* in a Fokine opera-ballet style, and managed over the next few years to develop a repertory company for performances that were independent of the opera, using vocals and guest dancers.

In 1937 the first of the three Danish-American Christensen brothers arrived to begin a family association with ballet in the West which has continued to this day. Willam, Harold and Lew Christensen forged the destiny of SFB with the vigor they had given their class vaudeville act during years of touring as juvenile performers. At the same time they became itinerant students of classical ballet. Wherever they found a Russian or Italian teacher they attended his classes. Smitten by the muse, young Willam was determined to stage full-length classics in San Francisco. In 1939 — the year after Gweneth Lloyd launched her Ballet Club in Winnipeg — Willam researched and mounted a three-act *Coppelia,* following it a year later with America's first full-length *Swan Lake.*

SFB is perhaps the only company on the continent which originated in indigenous theatre, and to this day it continues to celebrate its unique heritage. Michael Smuin, who currently co-directs the company with Lew Christensen, is himself an alumnus of the SFB School and an offspring of a theatrical managing family in Montana which had been at one time a rival to the Christensen Père enterprises in Utah. SFB's link

Dancers of the San Francisco Ballet which is celebrated in a new book by Cobbett Steinberg.

to the School of American Ballet and the early companies led by Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine is Lew Christensen, who performed in many of the early American ballets, devised some of his own, and ultimately won the rights to perform in San Francisco over 20 works by Balanchine. Today ballets by Lew and Smuin feature prominently in SFB programs which also include works by Frederick Ashton, John Butler, Jiri Kylian, Anatole Vilzak, and of a carefully nurtured team of young resident choreographers.

Cobbett Steinberg's book honouring SFB on its 50th birthday has been put together with intelligence and affection. The text is vivacious, drawn from the researches of company archivist Russell Hartley, who must have saved every pin and scrap of paper since he joined SFB as a character dancer in 1943. (It was Hartley who designed and executed the 1944 *Nutcracker* costumes — all 144 of them — on a budget of $1,000!) There are contributions by Smuin and Lew Christensen and paeans by Lucia Chase, Oliver Smith and Lincoln Kirstein. The 50 chapters offer fascinating lore about the company's influences and activities, its unique accomplishments and its triumphs and disasters. Canadian readers especially will find in this success story some of the answers to questions about company identities and the reasons why ballet, a transplanted art in Canada, has taken so long to establish itself here.

Off Balance: The Real World of Ballet, by Suzanne Gordon. (Random House of Canada, 1983. $21)

According to journalist Suzanne Gordon, today's ballet girl in America is underweight, undersexed and underpaid. Dedicated to achieving a physique which constitutes a mere cipher of a human female, she courts all the disasters that plague her competitive profession, remaining in a perpetual state of semi-pathology throughout her career. Trapped in an unresolved puberty, she is referred to as a "girl" at her place of employment, often enduring humiliating treatment at the hands of ballet masters and choreographers. She performs for wages lower than those of the stagehands and hesitates to approach her union for help. An injury or forced retirement can end her career on the spot.

The arch villain in this blast at the ballet profession is the late Geoge Balanchine, who spent 50 years developing a pin-headed, emaciated self-denying performer for the kind of choreography he liked doing. Gordon draws a fascinating parallel of his role as director of the School of American Ballet and the New York City Ballet with that of the evil Baron von Rothbart in *Swan Lake.* His Cassandra, she notes, is *The New Yorker* dance critic, Arlene Croce, who eulogizes those ballerinas ready to relinquish all links to humanity in service to the master, chiding those who gain a few pounds or go to work for someone else.

Gordon finds a grim scene wherever she looks. Male dancers, relegated to the role of porters at City Ballet, have as bad a time as the women do in Houston, San Francisco, and New York — places she visited in her investigation. At American Ballet Theatre director Mikhail Baryshnikov feeds the flames of youth-worship, causing premature burn-out by overworking promising teenagers. Maturing soloists are neglected, and some dancers who pass 35 get their walking papers on principle, even those with irreplaceable mastery of a huge and complex repertoire.

The reader is likely to conclude that only madness or masochism could direct a child into this distressing field. Gordon stabs at some of the problems: in the case of most female dancers, a mother lurks nearby, either feeding the child's drive from the wells of her own frustration or relishing the sacri-

fices made on behalf of a daughter's obsession. But some dancers seem to have avoided becoming victims. On the dust jacket of the book Martine van Hamel endorses Gordon's work but lets us know that she was mighty lucky to have "escaped the extreme conditions to which ballet dancers are born nowadays". Gordon does not give her space to tell us how this happened, nor does she contemplate the enormous changes in the aesthetics of ballet over the past half century which have increased the hazards and made the conditions so extreme. In a number of recent books by and about dancers who performed when ballet was basically a road-company venture, one is struck by the affection felt for a career involving the sharing of hardships and heritage and for the maturing process made possible through acceptance of a personal and artistic responsibility. Ballet today now appears to require more of the body and less of the person, the mind and the spirit. Suzanne Gordon could easily write another book on these issues and make her pronouncements seem thus less inevitable.

LELAND WINDREICH

Śiva in Dance, Myth and Iconography, by Anne-Marie Gaston. (Oxford University Press, 1982. $31.50)

The God Śiva performing his cosmic dance of creation and destruction is one of India's most powerful images. For her book, Anne-Marie Gaston has collected sculptures and myths centering on this revered deity and has used them to examine how iconography and dance gestures share much of the same symbolism.

Known better by her performance name, Anjali, the Ottawa-based writer has demonstrated a deep commitment on stage to presenting several styles of Indian dance, imaginatively incorporating slides of painting and sculpture to explain the technique and themes of the dance. Now Anne-Marie Gaston draws on her years of dancing and studying in India (dating back to 1964 when she worked for CUSO) to offer a new way of looking at stone figures of Śiva.

Appropriately the book emphasizes visual material; photographs predominate over text. Although the quality of the illustrations is uneven — at times because of the age and erosion of certain sculptures or the play of light and shadow — there are some fascinating examples. Surprisingly clear are two ornate *nataràja,* (lord of the dance), from the famous south Indian temple at Halebid. These are carved into the temple's darkened ceiling, presenting a difficult challenge for the photographer. The range of images presented is truly impressive and the task of collecting them awesome. One imagines Gaston and her husband, who take equal

credit for the photography, trekking across India to record celebrated and obscure representations of the god.

To help readers keep track of the range of images, the author has categorized them into four successive periods and four major geographical regions. Each plate is clearly identified and described. For readers who are unfamiliar with Indian sculpture and its elaborate iconography, these notes should prove extremely helpful in the way they point out the multiple hands which often hold multiple objects, such as snake and trident, attributes which characterize a particular form of Śiva.

The complement of visual documentation is devoted to the dance, for which all but one of the poses and positions of the hands and feet are executed by the author herself. Gaston's ease with costume, jewelry and makeup reflect her strong professionalism. Also the clean lines of the poses themselves are pleasing. However, although the project demanded images to match the sculpture, it might have strengthened the book and allowed the author a more objective position as a scholar to include examples of native Indians performing their own dance. There is something in the proportion of an Indian dancer's limbs and torso that informs the dance and that varies from eastern to southern regions of the country. The differences between the gracefully rounded Odissi style and the more angular Bharata Natyam, which Gaston accounts for in historical terms, also have geographical roots. This variation which occurs to some degree in the sculpture also could add a further dimension to the study of the relationship between dance and sculpture.

The clearly written text includes many fascinating references to the role dance plays in Indian society. The author draws on such sources as census reports, inscriptions and passages from early texts and classical literature for her discussion of both religious and secular functions of dance. However the patchwork approach leads to some unexpected leaps — from the impressions of a European witnessing a festival in Northern India in the 17th century to the account of another westerner visiting the south two centuries later — as the author follows the dictates of similar sources rather than

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developing a sense of what Indian dance was in any one place at a particular time.

Gaston's major contribution lies in her proposal for a new system of classifying sculptures of Śiva, from the point of view of a dancer. To find an unequivocal way of categorizing the range of poses, the author initially sets aside the hand gestures which, as in the dance, are used in so many combinations. She also leaves for other purposes the degree of bend in the body caused by the deflection of head and hips from the vertical axis. Instead she looks to the feet to determine each basic type of pose. Although this system might seem logical and workable, it is perhaps here that the author gives away her western bias when she chooses five basic positions of the feet, even though they are markedly different from those of classical ballet.

Gaston's book, based on a thesis prepared for the department of Oriental Studies at Oxford University, is divided into sections that are intended to interest dance enthusiasts, scholars of Indian art and those interested in mythology. Because of the scholarly nature of the work, both in the extensive use of Indian terminology and in the emphasis on classification which requires one to keep track of various types and subtypes of a pose, it is not an easy read. But those who patiently make their way through the meticulous detail and who spend time with the well chosen images will be rewarded with an enhanced appreciation of the complexities of Indian art and dance.

ROSEMARY JEANES

The Intimate Act of Choreography, by Lynne Ann Blom and L. Tarin Chaplin. (University of Pittsburgh Press, 1982. US $17.95 cloth, US $7.95 paper.)

Here is a comprehensive workbook for choreographers, dance composition teachers and serious dance students. The authors, both graduates of UCLA's masters program in dance, have extensive experience in both theatrical and academic aspects of dance. They have managed to wrestle a nearly unmanageable body of knowledge into a coherent and usable work. Subjects ranging widely from Rudolf von Laban's Effort/Shape theory and the philosophies of Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey, to the use of chance procedures and conventional music composition devices are all pressed into the service of the choreographer. There is something for everyone here.

The authors point out that the *art* of choreography is far more elusive than the *craft* of choreography. They have wisely concentrated on the development and refinement of that craft with an approach best described as one of very serious play. Chapters with headings such as Speaking Body, Space, Time, Energy, Group Work, Abstraction, are introduced with explanatory notes and contain a series of exploratory assignments and inumerable structured and not-so-structured improvisations followed by choreographic study assignments. These improvs and studies seem designed to be offered exactly "as is" to one's students. Yet I cringe at the prospect of an inexperienced group leader delivering, verbatim, the book's first improv: "Take a look at your hand . . . I wonder what it can do. Can it walk? fly? jamble? Come on hand, try to ripple, spurt, stiffen, quiver, clench, scratch, hang . . . It likes that. It's getting all excited! It's hopping all over the place. Hey, it's running away . . ." Good grief! There is nothing worse than an improv leader who never shuts up long enough to let you get on with the matters at hand — so to speak.

Nevertheless, for the most part the improvs are well-conceived. Some are classics, such as mirroring with a partner, moving to the rhythm of heartbeat or breath and developing an instinctive sense of time duration (called here "The Whimsical Minute"). Some, with titles such as "Macy's Balloon", "The Three Dolls" and "Growing A Monster" seem to be too specific to be of much interest to any but the most chronically obedient student. Others such as "Safety Zone", "The Turn-Around Place" and "Arrange/Rearrange" are so clear and open-ended the possibilities for discovery and invention are limitless.

In the hands of an experienced, sensitive, perceptive leader, the book could very well form the backbone of a university or highschool dance composition course. Blom and Chaplin have set out the content and method, what to teach and how to teach it. They have described a method for choreographic discipline that might also be useful to the practising choreographer when she occasionally finds herself in a creative desert.

While *The Intimate Act of Choreography* undeniably has that dreary "textbook" look and feel it is not totally devoid of the human touch. One senses the authors are young, their missionary zeal untainted. The final chapter, aptly titled Tangents, is a lovely jumble of disjointed thoughts any one of which could send your imagination on an inventive excursion. Here's one: "Dance is a continuous progression of lost moments". And another: "When in doubt, ~~cross it out~~". The best: "Some things are too simple for beginners".

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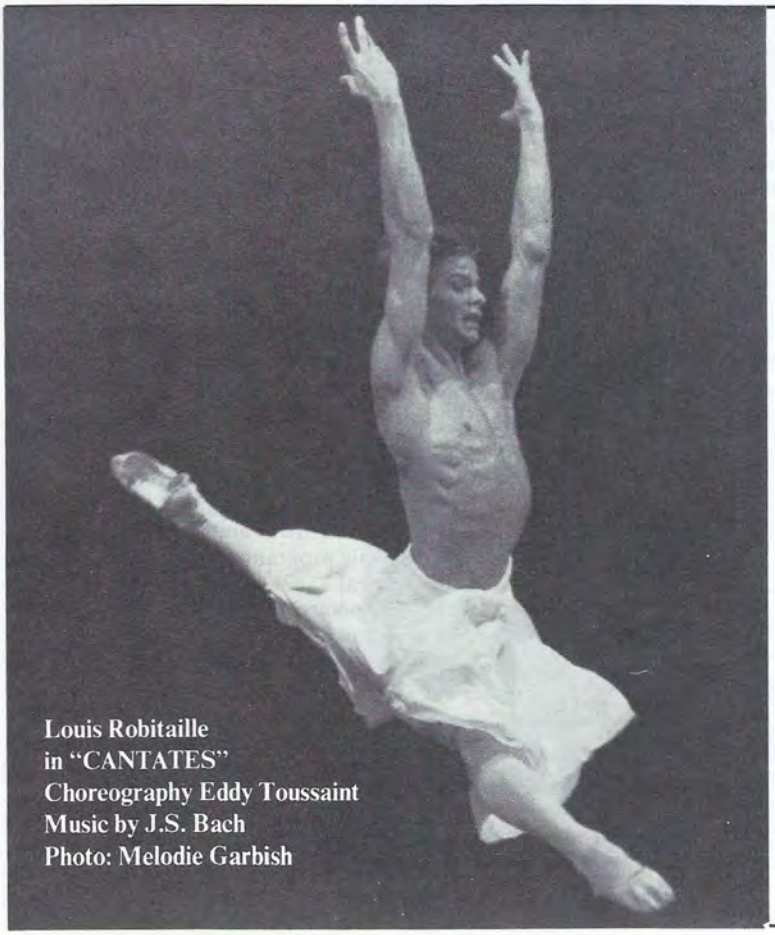

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Noticeboard

Arnold Spohr has been artistic director of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet for the past quarter century. To celebrate the event, a splendid gala performance was held in Winnipeg, at the Manitoba Centennial Concert Hall, October 18.

Friends and admirers from across Canada, including Governor General Edward Schreyer and his wife, and from the United States and Europe, gathered to pay tribute to Spohr — and what a tribute!

The gala was planned to raise money for an endowment fund named in Spohr's honour, from which annual scholarships will be awarded to students of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's Professional Division School. More than 400 people paid $125 to attend both the gala performance and a special celebration dinner, generously donated by Westin Hotels. Both events received wide national coverage on radio and television.

The 2,000-odd seat theatre was packed for the performance. Students from the RWB school in renaissance costumes and bearing flaming torches stood outside to welcome audience members. The lobby featured a huge screen on which a projected image of Spohr could be seen flanked by cascading displays of flowers.

One of the most unusual and happy features of the gala performance itself was the participation of the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, then in the midst of its cross-Canada tour. The company opened the program with *Raymonda, Act III* and then joined members of the RWB for a performance of Hans van Manen's *Five Tangos,* led by Evelyn Hart and the SWRB's Carl Meyers.

There followed a variety of pas de deux, contributed alternately by the RWB and SWRB, before the senior "Royal" troupe — the Winnipegers — wound up the show with an excerpted revival of former company member Paddy Stone's *Variations on Strike Up the Band.*

Arnold Spohr was then greeted on stage by his dancers and a host of former RWB board presidents as the audience gave him a standing ovation. It was the first time Spohr had appeared on stage with his company in its hometown since their triumphant return from the Paris International Dance Festival 15 years ago.

Spohr already knew he was to receive a metallic silver-grey Jaguar XJ6 sedan and there were cheers when the elegant automobile, proudly bearing the licence plate number "RWB 1", was driven on stage. What he did not know about was the black mink coat, which current board president Lynn Axworthy draped around his shoulders as Spohr received the keys to his new car on a silver tray borne by a beefeater-costumed driver.

With typical self-effacement, the hero of the hour then made a long speech, the gist of which was that everyone but himself was in fact responsible for the RWB's success during the past 25 years.

The party didn't stop there. As film crews in the theatre lobby interviewed attendant celebrities, Spohr stood for more than two hours while a seemingly endless queue of well-wishers waited their turns to greet him personally. Across the lobby, other guests read the many telegrams of greetings sent from around the world.

For Arnold Spohr, who couldn't have made it to bed before 3 a.m., it was "business as usual" the next day — up early arranging rehearsal schedules, fussing over transportation to the airport for homebound out-of-town guests and generally planning the next 25 years. "I'm all for continuity", said Spohr. "This is my home. I have no plans to leave".

The 1984 Dance in Canada Conference will be the largest and most eventful to date. The conference, to be held at the University of Toronto and at Harbourfront (June 26-July 1) coincides with the Toronto International Festival of Music and Dance, Toronto's Sesquicentennial, Ontario's Bicentennial and the 20th Anniversary of the Ontario Arts Council. 1984 is also designated as the Year of the Artist so Toronto conference delegates will be treated to an extravagant array of cultural activities.

This extraordinary concurrence of events will enable Dance in Canada to host a conference featuring topnotch guest teachers, key-note speakers, workshop leaders and performers from all areas of dance, the arts and education. International critics, in town for the Toronto International Festival, will be invited to participate on a critics' panel convened by Michael Crabb to discuss aesthetics and the history of criticism. Noted Canadian composers of music for dance including Michael J. Baker, Milton Barnes, Ann Southam and John Weinsweig will hold panel discussions on the relationship of music and dance. All the winners of the Jean A. Chalmers award in choreography have been invited to a public discussion about the creative process in dance. Among those confirmed to attend are Paula Ross from Vancouver, Maria Formolo from Edmonton, Christopher House from Toronto and Paul-André Fortier from Montreal.

Guest teachers and workshops leaders include Daniel Sellier of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens' Maison de la Danse, as well as Montreal dance teachers Linda Rabin and Dena Davida and Toronto teacher Donald Himes. German modern dance artist Pina Bausch will be performing with her company at the International Festival and is also scheduled to give a workshop for conference delegates. Pierre Morin, a director of music and dance programming for Radio Canada, the CBC's French language division, has been invited to lead a workshop in Dance for Television.

Conference organizers have invited eight dance pioneers from across the country to discuss their early work in choreography, teaching, set design and the establishment of

Royal Winnipeg Ballet co-founder Betty Farrally (left) and American modern dance choreographer Bella Lewitzky congratulate Arnold Spohr at a special gala held in Winnipeg on October 18, 1983, to mark his 25th anniversary as the RWB's artistic director.

performing companies. So far Betty Farrally from Kelowna, B.C., Nesta Toumine from Ottawa and Françoise Sullivan from Montreal have agreed to participate in a session focussing on Canadian dance pre-1950 to be hosted by CBC commentator Lorraine Thompson. Plans are also moving ahead on a project called *Dance: Rhythms of an Era,* a performance of reconstructed works by four Canadian choreographers working in the 1940s and 50s, well before the establishment of the major Canadian dance companies.

The Special Events Committee of the conference has organized an exhibit of costumes from the Diaghilev Ballets Russes and robes from Japanese Noh Theatre at the Royal Ontario Museum. A collection of dance prints and posters will be on display in the Metro Library and an exhibit of dance photography, organized by experimental photographer Vid Ingelevics, will be on display in the lobby of Harbourfront's Premiere Dance Theatre.

This year performances will be held in four theatres — Hart House, Harbourfront's Studio Theatre, Brigantine Room and Premiere Dance Theatre — as well as open-venue performances on the U. of T. campus. The program at the Premiere Dance Theatre, entitled "A Celebration of Dance" will represent a broad cross section of Canada's more well-known companies and will run four consecutive nights (June 27-30). Groups and independents performing at Hart House, the Brigantine Room and the Studio Theatre will also represent the diversity of Canadian dance. These shows will also run four evenings with the same program playing for two consecutive nights. Environmental performances will be staged all over the city, particularly at Nathan Phillips Square and at the Eaton's Centre. Dance in Canada, in co-operation with Danceworks will host an after hours Performance Art Cabaret in the Tent at Harbourfront for those who have a spark of energy left after a full day of dance-related activities.

Christopher Rees' bronze bust of Karen Kain.

Karen Kain, the National Ballet of Canada's internationally celebrated ballerina, has been cast in bronze! **Christopher Rees** of Windsor, Ontario, has created a small but exquisite bust of Karen, 20 bronze copies of which went on sale in Toronto, November 9, at the O'Keefe Centre as part of the National Ballet's regular art exhibition. Twenty further limited edition porcelain copies of the Karen Kain sculpture went on sale later — same price for either bronze or porcelain: $750.

35-year-old Rees, who came to Canada in 1970 from his native England, has established an enviable reputation as a sculptor. He also teaches his art in Windsor.

Rees produces both full-length figures and portrait busts, often working from photographs which he himself has taken of his subject.

The sale of the Karen Kain sculptures will help raise money for the National Ballet since part of the artist's profit is made over to the exhibition's sponsors as commission.

Chris Ree's next project is to create a full statue of Karen Kain in a dance pose.

Brian Macdonald, resident choreographer of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, opera director, head of the Banff School of the Fine Arts dance program, Officer of the Order of Canada — and a variety of other titles and responsibilities — was named one of this year's two recipients of the Molson Prize.

The 55-year-old Montrealer received his award, a cheque for $50,000, on stage at Place des Arts following a gala performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* — the touring Stratford Festival production which Macdonald first directed with such success in 1982.

The annual prizes are funded from the income of a $900,000 endowment, given to the Canada Council by the Molson Family Foundation. The awards, administered by the Council, are intended, "to encourage Canadians of outstanding achievement in the fields of the Arts, the Humanities or the Social Sciences to make further contribution to the cultural or intellectual heritage of Canada".

Lois Smith, for many years the National Ballet of Canada's reigning prima ballerina and today a distinguished teacher, was awarded the 1983 Dance Ontario Award for her outstanding contribution to the art of dance. The award, which included a framed citation as well as a personal gift, was presented to Lois at a special

They've Said It All

With a little bit of delving and a lot of guessing you should be able to match the sayings in the right hand column with the names of their authors on the left. Write down how you think they match up, "7a", "3f", etc. and send your list to The Editor, Dance in Canada Magazine, 38 Charles Street East, Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 1T1, no later than 15 January, 1983. The first five correct entries received will get either a free one-year subscription to Dance in Canada or, if they're already subscribers, an extension of one year beyond the expiry of the current subscription. Make sure you provide your name and address too.

a.	**Mary Wigman**	1.	*Dance, dance, dance little lady! Leave tomorrow behind.*
b.	**Noel Coward**	2.	*You'd better dance, little lady! Dance little man! Dance whenever you can.*
c.	**Thomas Hardy**	3.	*Where once we danced, where once we sang, Gentlemen, the floors are shrunken, cobwebs hang.*
d.	**Ezra Pound**	4.	*Without ecstasy there can be no dance.*
e.	**Bernard Shaw**	5.	*Music begins to atrophy when it departs too far from the dance.*
f.	**Arthur Murray**	6.	*I first started to dance to keep warm.*
g.	**Agnes de Mille**	7.	*A good education is usually harmful to a dancer. A good calf is better than a good head.*
h.	**Ted Shawn**	8.	*I just put my feet in the air and move them about.*
i.	**Fred Astaire**	9.	*Dancing is a very crude attempt to get into the rhythm of life.*
j.	**Ira Gershwin**	10.	*The difference between wrestling and dancing is that some holds are barred in wrestling.*
k.	**Josephine Baker**	11.	*British women dance as though they were riding donkeys.*
l.	**Bob Hope**	12.	*Dance is the only art of which we ourselves are the stuff of which it is made.*
m.	**Romola Nijinski**	13.	*I don't advise anyone to dance. You train for twenty years and are famous for three.*
n.	**Heinrich Heine**	14.	*Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself.*
o.	**Havelock Ellis**	15.	*The rumba is a dance where the front of you goes along nice and smooth like a Cadillac and the back of you like a jeep.*

Lois Smith (left), winner of the 1983 Dance Ontario Award with Susan Cohen, founding editor of *Dance in Canada* and now dance officer for the Ontario Arts Council. Cohen displays the special award presented to the OAC to mark its 20th anniversary.

ceremony in Toronto on November 13.

Lois Smith, who now heads the dance program of George Brown College in Toronto, was recognized internationally as a ballerina in the true sense of the word, a dancer of authority, fully equal to the great full-length classical roles, and blessed with a distinctive and personal style of movement.

Together with her then husband, David Adams, Lois Smith became known across Canada as part of a great ballet partnership, long before the popular cult of Kain and Augustyn. Her enormous personal contribution to the advancement of ballet in Canada was, belatedly, recognized by the government in Ottawa when Lois Smith was awarded the Order of Canada in 1979.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Pacific Ballet Theatre welcomed Vancouver-born Reid Anderson, a principal dancer with the Stuttgart Ballet, back to his native city to set two short works on the company — John Cranko's *Ebony Concerto* and his own *Autumn.*

PBT has three new dancers this season: Cynthia Westaway from Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Brigid Hoag from North Carolina and Danny Furlong from New York. The company's new administrator, Ingrid Rennblad, comes to the organization from six years in financial management with Alberta Culture. Lynn Thompson is PBT's new public relations and communications manager.

In October PBT opened a Professional School under the direction of Pacific Ballet's artistic director Renald Rabu and newly-hired ballet mistress Katia Zvelebilova.

Vancouver Dance Week, (Nov. 6-13), was a city-wide event to highlight dance in Vancouver. More than 30 Vancouver-based choreographers and performers presented work on five dance programs at the Firehall Theatre, the Western Front and the Paula Ross Studio. The week's festivities coincided with the First Canadian Dance Critic's Seminar. The Vancouver dance community organized an array of activities including live performance, a dance film series, outdoor events and dance photography and poster exhibits. The opening ceremonies were highlighted by the western premier of the National Film Board's productions *Narcissus,* (see *Dance in Canada,* Number 31), by Norman McLaren and *Flamenco* by Cynthia Scott, a film examing the inspirational Spanish dance teaching of "Susanna" at the National Ballet School.

ALBERTA

The Alberta Ballet Company toured to Alaska this fall performing a varied repertoire which included the company premier of *Plus One (A Moment in Time)* by Clinton Rothwell. The company has two new dancers this season — Allan Barry formerly of the New Zealand Ballet and Bernard Emond from Montreal.

A highlight of the 83/84 season is the Young People's Ballet Series, three one-hour programs designed to introduce children to the world of ballet. The series, which began in October, continues with 1984 performances at the intimate John L. Haar Theatre (Jan. 28, 29 and Mar. 31, Apr. 1).

Nice Work . . . If you can get it is the name of a concert of dances presented by **Denise Clark** and **Anne Flyn** at the University of Calgary Theatre (Nov. 30-Dec. 2). Guest artists included dancers Donna Krasnow and Hannah Stillwell and choreographer Vicki Wilis.

The Alberta Ballet School Performing Arts Program has received accreditation from the Alberta Department of Education and the Edmonton Public and Separate School Boards. Senior students in ballet or jazz can now earn up to five credits per year towards their High School diploma while studying dance. The Alberta Ballet School is the first such school in western Canada to receive formal accreditation by government and school boards.

Maria Formolo and Keith Urban — the company and directors of Edmonton's Formolo and Urban Dance — returned in October from an exciting cultural exchange tour to Japan and China. Formolo and Urban were the cultural components, together with Edmonton's Tommy Banks (Jazz) Quintet, of a comprehensive exchange between the province of Alberta and the provinces of Hokkaido, Japan, and Heilang Jiang, China. For part of their China tour, Formolo and Urban travelled with Alberta premier Peter Lougheed.

The most fascinating part of the whole tour was the time spent performing in cities and towns in Manchuria, away from the official restraints of Peking, (now known as Beijing). Away

ANTON DOLIN

It was with deep sadness that *Dance in Canada* learned, just as the magazine was going to press, that Sir Anton Dolin, one of the great figures of 20th-century ballet, died in Paris, November 25. He was 79.

Anton Dolin was well known to members of the dance community across Canada. Only this year he was in Vancouver to stage his famous *Pas de Quatre* for Pacific Ballet Theatre. In April he joined his friend Ludmilla Chiriaeff to help celebrate the 25th anniversary of the company she founded and with which Dolin himself was long associated — Les Grands Ballets Canadiens.

Toronto audiences will recall Anton Dolin's 1978 appearance with the Lindsay Kemp company as Herod in Kemp's *Salomé,* an event covered by *Dance in Canada.*

Dolin's wonderful career stretched from the days of Diaghilev, in whose company he was a star, through his celebrated partnership with Alicia Markova, his years as director of the London Festival Ballet to his later career as teacher, coach, actor and choreographer.

Friends of Dolin cherished him for his irrepressible vivacity. He could be a difficult man at times and always demanded his due measure of attention and respect. However, behind the cantankerousness and sardonic wit was a man of deep compassion and sensitivity.

The passing of Anton Dolin leaves a void in the ballet world that no other can fill.

M.C.

from the capital, Keith and Maria found themselves accepted in a very open way. Often they discovered that dances which they consider to have deep, mystical overtones and which some North American audiences find difficult to relate to, were quickly and easily understood by the country people.

There were many opportunities for discussions with the Chinese artists and Keith and Maria also taught numerous classes and gave improvisations at the end of each concert. They found the Chinese had no word for improvisation! "The artists", says Formolo, "would grab us and feast off us".

In Japan, Formolo and Urban made contact with the 30-member Hisako Ozawa Modern Dance Company. The two dancers hope to find a way to bring the troupe to North America and plan a return visit to Japan in 1985.

SASKATCHEWAN

The Moose Jaw Festival of Dance will be celebrating its 25th Anniversary in 1984 and already preparations are well under way for the week-long event, to be held in Moose Jaw's 800-seat Peacock Auditorium, May 7-13.

The annual festival, which nowadays draws participants from beyond Saskatchewan, began as an offshoot of the Moose Jaw Music Festival and remained part of that event until 1977.

Its purpose is to provide a forum for dancers, teachers, choreographers and for those with other dance-related interests. In particular it provides stage performance experience for dancers ranging in age from 5-years-old to young adults.

Competition categories include classical ballet, character, demi-character, ethnic, national, tap, jazz, musical theatre and choreography. Over the years, the festival has attracted a long list of distinguished teachers to act as adjudicators, among them Vincent Warren, Earl Kraul, Gwynne Ashton, Rachel Browne and Sonia Chamberlain. A recent innovation in the adjudication process is the use of audio tape recordings in which the judges' comments are heard against the background of the performance music so that a dancer can pinpoint exactly what is being discussed.

April Chow of Saskatchewan Theatre Ballet — in her former student days a regular participant in the Moose Jaw Festival of Dance.

The festival is run by a 22-member board of directors and a further 60 to 70 volunteers are required during the festival week itself.

The culmination of the festival is a concert showcasing select performances from the week's entries.

Odette Heyn and Diane Fraser will present an Evening of Contemporary Dance in Regina at 1876 Wallace Street (Jan. 6, 7). Fraser, who is a dance teacher at Regina Modern Dance Works and Heyn who is Director of the Winnipeg Contemporary Dancers Professional program, are joined by Alana Shewchuk and Desiree Kleeman, both apprentices with Winnipeg Contemporary Dancers and Robyn Allan, of the Regina Dance Works performance group. The program will include works by Heyn, Fraser, Nanette Bevelander and Petre Bodeut and will feature live music by Winnipeg performer Fred Penner.

MANITOBA

Evelyn Hart, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's medal-winning ballerina, was in Ottawa, October 5, to be invested by Governor General Edward Schreyer as an Officer of the Order of Canada. Accompanying Hart to the presentation ceremony, held in the ornate ballroom at Rideau Hall, was her teacher and mentor, David Moroni, head of the RWB's professional division school. "After all", said Hart, "I owe so much of this to him".

The itinerant ballerina then left the next day for Osaka, Japan, to appear as guest artist of the Homoura Tomoi Ballet in a performance of Giselle. She was back in Winnipeg in time to appear in Arnold Spohr's 25th Anniversary Gala and was then off to Europe — to a gala in Munich, to buy pointe shoes in Vienna, and then again to Osaka for another *Giselle.*

Hart returned to Canada in early November to begin rehearsals for the RWB's *Nutcracker* season but will leave for England shortly after Christmas where the 27-year-old dancer is scheduled to give two performances of *Giselle,* (3 and 5 January), with the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet. Her partner there will be David Ashmole.

This will be the exacting London critics' first opportunity to see Hart dance the role for which she has already been acclaimed in Winnipeg, Toronto and on tour across Western Canada.

While with the SWRB Hart will also dance in two performances of Sir Kenneth MacMillan's popular ragtime romp, *Elite Syncopations,* (10 and 11 January).

There are rumours that Peter Wright, the SWRB's artistic director, is anxious for Hart to dance her first full-length *Swan Lake* with his company and the busy Toronto-born ballerina has a daunting list of guest engagements on her schedule for 1984, including appearances with the Ballet de Marseille Roland Petit.

ONTARIO

The National Ballet's fall season opened November 9 with John Cranko's *Romeo and Juliet.* Guest artists included National

Evelyn Hart receives the insignia of an Officer of the Order of Canada from Governor General Edward Schreyer at a Rideau Hall investiture, October 5, 1983.

Ballet founder Celia Franca in the role of Lady Capulet and American Ballet Theatre principal Patrick Bissell as Romeo. Corps de ballets member Kim Lightheart made her debut as Juliet opposite Peter Ottmann and the National's newest principal, Marco Pierin, danced his first Romeo opposite Mary Jago.

The second week featured a mixed program of one-act ballets including two company premiers and the world premier of resident choreographer Constantin Patsalas' *L'Ile Inconnue,* set to Hector Berlioz's *Nuits d'été, Songs for Mezzo Soprano and Orchestra,* sung by Janice Taylor. Artistic director Erik Bruhn's *Here We Come,* originally created for students at the National Ballet School and restaged for the Royal Ballet School in England, is a show-off piece for the male ensemble, set to a selection of martial music by American composer Morton Gould. Also new to the company was the regal *Sylvia Pas de Deux.* It was choreographed by George Balanchine in 1951 to the music Leo Delibes composed for the original full-length ballet in 1876. The National's version is that formerly danced by André Eglevsky.

The season concluded with performances of *Don Quixote* staged in 1982 by Nicholas Beriozoff to the music of Ludwig Minkus.

Gizella Witkowsky as Mercedes in *Don Quixote.* The ballet closed the National Ballet of Canada's fall season in Toronto on November 27.

Erik Bruhn, in his first year as artistic director, has planned a season that runs the gamut from full-length classical ballet to modern dance. Bruhn has invited some of ballet's greatest stars to appear in the 1983-84 season. Natalia Makarova will set her Kirov-inspired version of *La Bayadère Act II* on the company. Rudolf Nureyev will appear in the opulent production of *The Sleeping Beauty* which he set on the National in 1972 and Mikhail Baryshnikov will perform with American Ballet Theatre dancer Robert LaFosse in John McFall's *Follow The Feet* as part of the National Ballet Gala on February 18, 1984. Bruhn himself will perform in the Gala as the teacher in his *Master Class in Concert.* Among others appearing in this gala will be Danny Grossman, dancing his solo, *Curious Schools of Theatrical Dancing, Part* I

The company's winter season at the O'Keefe Centre (Feb. 8-26) opens with Sir Frederick Ashton's charming *La Fille Mal Gardee.* The second week offers a mixed-program including *Serenade, Etudes,* a new ballet by American choreographer John McFall and a distinctly modern work, *Endangered Species,* by Danny Grossman. The winter season closes with Bruhn's *Swan Lake.*

The Toronto Dance Theatre presents a special holiday production, — *Court of Miracles* — at the Premiere Dance Theatre (Dec. 14-23). It will feature many noted guest artists in the fields of dance, music and theatre and is the work of TDT resident choreographers David Earle, Peter Randazzo and Christopher House, as well as guest choreographers Carol Anderson of Dancemakers and James Kudelka of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens.

In January, 1984 The Toronto Dance Theatre embarks on a month-long tour of eastern Canada. The company will visit 15 cities including Montreal (Jan. 19-21), St. John's (Jan. 30, 31), Halifax (Feb. 4) and Quebec City (Feb. 15) and return to Toronto in time to perform David Earle's *Miserere* at the National Ballet Gala at the O'Keefe Centre (Feb. 18).

The Harbourfront Independent Dance series opened on October 12 with a performance by Leslie Friedman, a solo dancer from California. The series continued in November with Peggy McCann and Dancers' premier of McCann's newest work *Ladies Home Journal.* Coming up in the new year are three Toronto groups, Dancebreakers (Jan. 4-7), Pavlychenko Studio (Feb. 15-18) and T.I.D.E. (Feb. 29-Mar. 3) and America's Footpath Dance Company (Mar. 21-24).

Toronto Independent Dance Enterprise opens its fifth Toronto season with a new work directed by company member Sallie Lyons at the Winchester Street Theatre (Dec. 7-10).

Toronto's Danceworks presents "The Western Connection" at Harbourfront (Dec. 1-3) featuring new works by Christian Swenson and Helen Walkley of Seattle, Washington, and Peter Ryan and Peter Bingham of Vancouver, as well as Toronto choreographers Murray Darroch and Kai Lai. Ryan and Bingham will also perform a duet by Steve Paxton with

Lois Smith, winner of the 1983 Dance Ontario award, as she appeared in Antony Tudor's *Lilac Garden.* See story, page 41.

movement drawn from a photographic score. Danceworks' first choreographic workshop of the season, held at the Joseph Workman Auditorium (Dec. 14) presents new works by Louise Azzarello, Chantal Bourgeois, Sarah Dickie, Peggy McCann and Patricia Wynter.

Flashdance has spawned a new performing company — **Dance Manic.** George Curtis Randolph, a former member of the Alvin Ailey Dance Company and Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal, is the director of the troupe which orginates in Ottawa and has a performing branch in Toronto as well. Dance Manic will appear in bars and clubs in both Ottawa and Toronto and, not surprisingly, a television deal is in the works. Dancers in the company include Susan Wright, Mara O'Connor, Daniel Dagenais, Monica Jeffrey and Karen Zissof.

Dancemakers presented two in-studio programs this fall, of primarily new works by company members. "Solo Show" in September and "Close-up" in December featured new choreography by co-artistic director Carol Anderson, company members Conrad Alexandrowicz and Richard Bowen as well as guest choreographers Karen Rimmer and Murray Darroch. The shows highlighted Dancemakers' more creative, experimental side and played to packed houses in the company's recently renovated Toronto studio.

Kei Tekei, founder of the New York-based dance company Moving Earth, was choreographer in residence at York University's Dance Department during October. While at York she choreographed a new work on the students for performance in the Spring Concert in March 1984. Rigorously avant garde and individual in her approach to dance, Kei Tekei is best known for her epic work *Light,* begun in 1969 and now consisting of 18 parts.

BBC Television has purchased the National's television production of *Newcomers,* Brian Macdonald's ballet set to the music of four different Canadian composers, Harry Freedman, Lothar Klein, Andre Prevost and John Weinzweig. It is the first television project in which the National Ballet served as its own production company and the sale to BBC is a significant step for the company into the international television market.

Originally taped for C-Channel, *Newcomers* is directed by Macdonald and features Veronica Tennant, Raymond Smith, Vanessa Harwood and Sean Boutilier.

Amelia Itcush, noted Toronto teacher and dancer, has recently opened her own studio in Toronto. A member of the Toronto Dance Theatre, 1968-1973, she has been studying Alexander Technique for the last 10 years and is currently evolving a training process with a built-in injury prevention factor. Itcush plans eventually to develop a performing company trained in her Alexander inspired movement style.

Theatre Ballet of Canada premiered company artistic director Lawrence Gradus' ballet *Moralities* at a gala fundraising event at Ottawa's National Arts Centre on November 7. *Moralities* is set to music by contemporary German composer Hans Werner Henze, written in 1967 to a text by W.H. Auden, based on Aesop's Fables. Sets and costumes are by Jack King and live narration is by Celia Franca. The gala, sponsored by Northern Telecom Limited, featured the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra, the Cantata Singers, the Ottawa Board of Education Children's Choir and guest artists Karen Kain and Frank Augustyn. TBC will perform at Toronto's Premier Dance Theatre January 10 to 14.

The Winchester Street Theatre is the new name of the Toronto Dance Theatre's studio theatre. The name change is intended to differentiate the performing venue from the dance company and avoid confusion when visiting dance, theatre and music troupes rent the space to give their own shows. The Winchester Street Theatre is located, at 80 Winchester Street in Toronto's trendy Cabbagetown.

QUEBEC

Momment'homme, a festival of male choreographers, brought together 17 dance artists from across Canada for two weekends of performances, workshops, films and exhibits at Tangente Danse Actuelle in Montreal last November. The series featured works by Peter Bingham and Peter Ryan of Vancouver, Tedd Robinson of Winnipeg, Kai Lai and Murray Darroch of Toronto, Massimo Agostinelli, Yves Lalonde, Joel Simkin, Andrew Harwood, Daniel Godbout, Gilles Simard and Gilbert Beaudry of Montreal and performance artists Tim Miller of New York.

Andrew Harwood in *Eau.* Harwood was instrumental in bringing to Montreal male choreographers from across Canada for a special series entitled Momment'homme.

Fortier Danse-Creation, formerly known as Danse Theatre Paul-André Fortier, has recently returned from an appearance at Mexico's Festival Internacional Cervantino and a three-week tour throughout the country. The eight-member troupe has two new dancers, Cheryl Prophet and James Saya.

Dansepartout toured Quebec and the western provinces this fall with a program of works choreographed by artistic director Chantal Bellehumeur and guest choreographers Maria Formolo and Keith Urban of Edmonton's Formolo and Urban Dance.

The Quebec City-based modern dance company performed in Drummondville, Trois Rivières and Montreal; western cities included Edmonton, Vancouver and Powell River, B.C. Returning to Quebec in December, the company gave performances at the Grand Theatre (Dec. 9, 10) featuring guest artists Nina Watt and Collin Connor of the José Limòn company.

Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal became Les Ballets Jazz de Paris for a brief week in late October when the company appeared as the only Canadian representative at the French capital's International Dance Festival. The ornate 2,000-seat Théâtre des Champs Elysées was virtually sold out for the 5-day engagement and received an enthusiastic response from audiences. However, although most of the critics liked the dancers very much the, program they performed drew a mixed critical response.

Richard Evans, Paris correspondent for CBC-FM's *Stereo Morning,* phoned to give *Dance in Canada* his assessment of Les Ballets Jazz's Paris engagement just as we were going to press:

"Les Ballets Jazz were generally praised for their energy and technical skills and standards. Paris's daily newspaper *Le Quotidien* praised the company for its, 'almost heart-breaking discipline'. Les Ballet Jazz's performances, coming at the end of the Paris festival were called, 'the sweet surprise of the last hour', by French columnist Guy Lagroce. However, *Le Monde's* noted dance critic, Marcel Michel, took Les Ballet Jazz to task for what he termed, 'a lack of a choreographer capable of gestural invention or energy'. Marcel praised the dancers but blamed choreographers Judith Marcuse, Rael Lamb and Daryl Gray for producing dances that were, 'drowned in stereotypes'.

"Though the critics did not all agree, the performances were covered by all the major newspapers, suggesting that French critics now consider Les Ballets Jazz to be an important company and one worth watching in the future".

La La La, the company of dancers led and inspired by Montreal-based, Chalmers Award-winning choreographer **Edouard Lock,** made its British debut in Leicester, England, November 2. The company presented Lock's latest extravaganza, *Businessman in the Process of Becoming an Angel,* which was then taken to London for performances under the auspices of Dance Umbrella (November 4-6) and on to Manchester, (November 8 and 9) and Bristol, (November 11 and 12). La La La then crossed the English Channel for appearances in Paris, (November 25 and 26).

In February, Edouard Lock and creative companions will undertake a tour of Western Canada with visits to Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver — dates to be announced. The same month, La La La will also perform in Seattle, Washington.

Atelier de Chorégraphie de Montréal is a new non-profit corporation founded to promote dance in Quebec, specifically, to produce performances which feature free-lance dancers and choreographers. The Atelier, directed by Michel Boudot, will also provide agency and consultation services in the field of Dance. The Atelier represents numerous Montreal dance artists and has produced two shows this fall. Entitled "Nouvelles Tetes '83-'84", the program was presented at Victoria Hall in Westmount in September and at the Tritorium in October.

NOVA SCOTIA

Nova Dance Theatre of Halifax has received a sizeable government grant which will assist the company in its operations for the next six months. The first step taken by artistic director Jeanne Robinson was to hire three new dancers — André Fairfield, whose experience ranges from work with Le Groupe de la Place Royale to performances of *Rocky Horror Picture Show* in Las Vegas and Hollywood, Christiane Miron, who has performed and taught in Montreal with Linda Rabin's Danse Moderne and Cliff LeJeune, an Atlantic-based dancer who has spent the last year dancing and teaching in Newfoundland. Company veteran Louise Hoyt will continue to work with NDT as will frequent guest artist Francine Boucher.

The company is currently busy remounting existing works and creating a lecture-demonstration and touring program. Choreographers Jennifer Mascall and Francine Boucher will join Jeanne Robinson in creating new works for the company's next home season at the Dalhousie Arts Centre in January 1984.

The Atlantic Ballet Company toured throughout Nova Scotia this fall performing artistic director Marijan Bayer's version of *Romeo and Juliet* and ballet master Donald Paradise's staging of *Les Sylphides.* In November the company travelled to Bermuda to give six performances of Bayer's *Nutcracker.*

NEWFOUNDLAND

The Newfoundland Dance Theatre made an island-wide tour in November performing a program of works choreographed by company co-directors Gail Innes and Linda Rimsay. The production, entitled *Fresh Dances Watered,* played at the local Arts and Culture Centres in St. John's, Gander, Grand Falls, Corner Brook and Stephenville.

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For detailed information and applications, contact:
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Letters to the Editor

Montreal

C'est en parcourant une critique sur Pointépiénu signée de Kati Vita, parue dans votre numéro d'automne 83, que j'ai décidé à mon tour de prendre la plume et de mettre un peu de lumière sur un spectacle qu'on a méchamment descendu en quelques lignes.

L'article en question ne cite ni les oeuvres qui y furent présentées, ni les noms des danseurs et des chorégraphes invités. On n'y mentionne pas non plus l'absence de près de deux ans de la troupe Pointépiénu sur la scène montréalaise. C'est à se demander si Kati Vita a assisté au même spectacle que moi. Elle parle de cinq oeuvres récentes de Louise Latreille, ce qui est inexact. Le programme comptait six oeuvres, dont une de Judith Marcuse intitulée *Elegy* (1983) et une autre du jeune chorégraphe Howard Richard, en première montréalaise *Cast dance to an Indigo Night* (1983). De Louise Latreille, il y avait quatre oeuvres dont une ancienne *Initiation* (1979), *le Ballet d'Intro* (1982), *le Carrousel de la Vie* (1982) et la seule toute récente intitulée *Ich Grölle Nicht,* crée en 1983.

L'école Mudra n'est pas assimilée! Voilà une assertion assez bizarre énoncée par Kati Vita. *Pour avoir vu* la dernière oeuvre de Louise Latreille *Ich Grölle Nicht,* je ne saurais manquer d'affirmer que c'est sa pièce la plus réussie à tous les niveaux et surtout la plus personnelle. Sans jouer au critique permettez-moi de me considérer comme un simple "afficionado" de la danse. Mon estime pour Maurice Béjart est sans bornes — quant à Louise Latreille elle s'est vraiment révélée dans cette oeuvre; son thème de la folie, dansée par de jeunes "punks" éveilla en nous un besoin d'éelatement, sans oublier le superbe montage sonore basé sur une chanson de Nina Hagen et la musique de Gérard Leduc. Louise Latreille, pour la première fois s'est envolée de ses propres ailes.

Dans l'attente du prochain spectacle, j'ose espérer lire une critique plus honnêt, d'ici là, que le spectacle commence, la Cie Louise Latreille et Pointépiénu est née.

Michel Vinet

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