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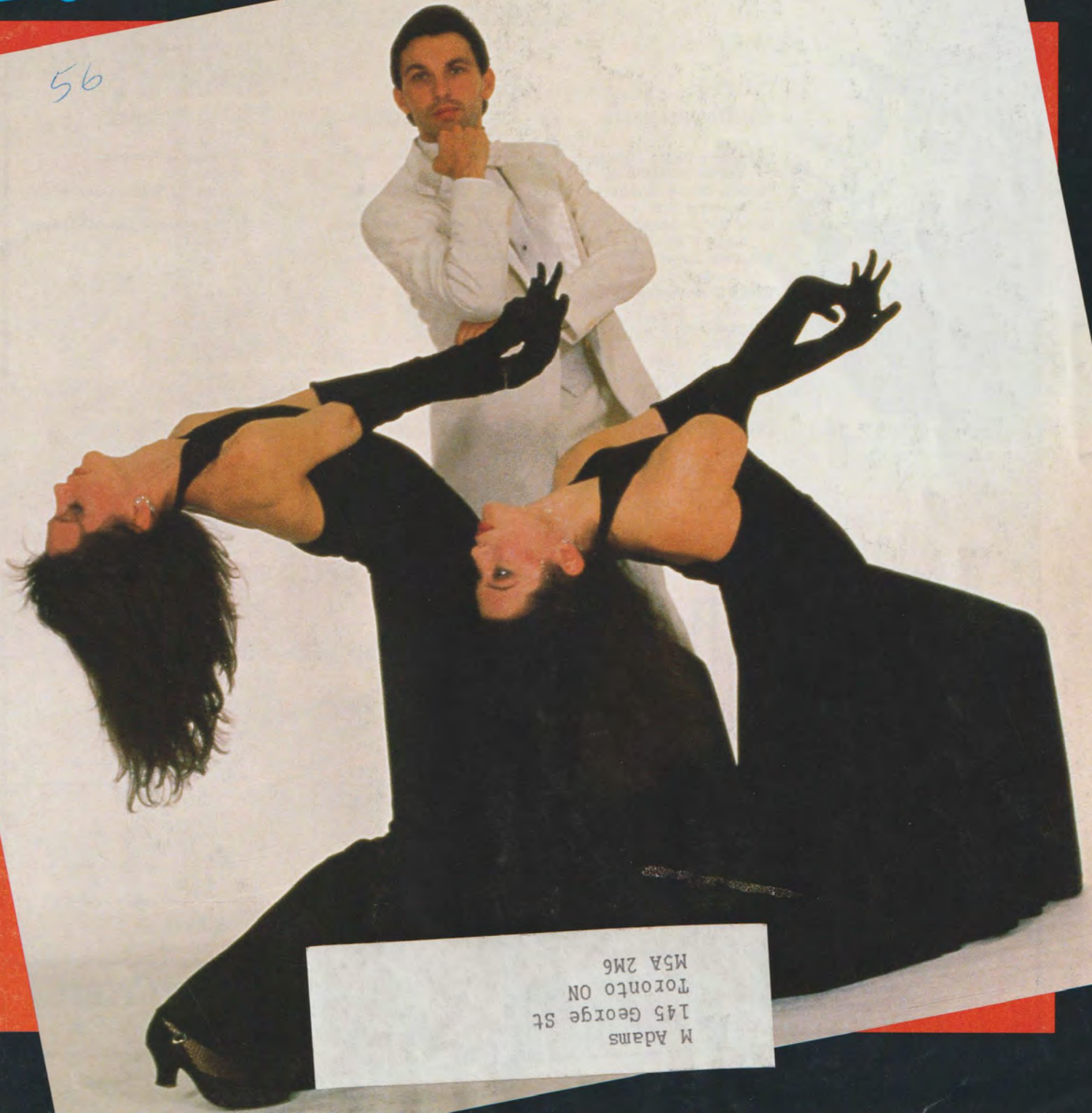
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COVER: Members of Les Ballets Jazz de Montréal in Lynne Taylor-Corbett's Appearances. Photograph by Ian Westbury.



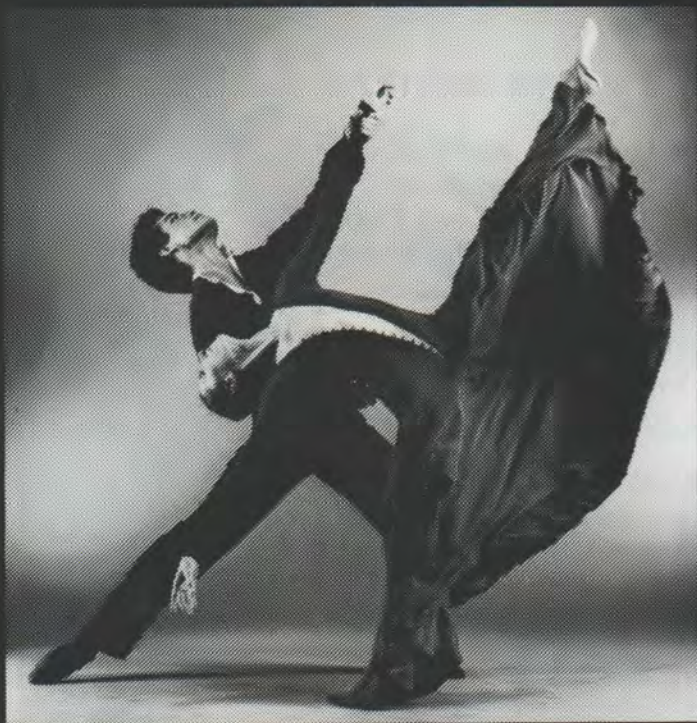
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Ian Westbury

*Geneviève Salbaing,
artistic director of Les
Ballets Jazz.*

LES BALLETS JAZZ DE MONTREAL

Keeping Up the Energy

By LINDE HOWE-BECK



IT IS ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING — early for the decidedly immoderate passion churning in a studio at Les Ballets Jazz de Montréal. An Astor Piazzolla tango blares as dancers, streaming with sweat, dip, dive and lift in a flat-out rehearsal.

A cool contrast in her perfect little suit, Geneviève Salbaing relaxes in a chair, facing this seething physicality. As artistic director, she has called the all-out rehearsal for more than her visitor's benefit. The 13 dancers know Mauricio Wainrot's *Fiesta* well, having performed it for more than a year. But, Salbaing reasons, they must keep exploring.

She smiles. "At least twice a week, we run the whole show, full blast [in the studio]. We have to keep up the energy. Besides, we are leaving tomorrow for Greece."

Athens. Where spectators sat two to a seat; where a near-riot developed when people began breaking theatre doors to see Les Ballets Jazz; where police had to be called to control the crowds. Athens may be an extreme case, but it is an example of reaction to this dynamic company.

Canada's most toured group — it gives about 100 performances annually — has played on five continents. It makes cross-Canada, Asian, South-American and European tours every two years, keeping up a schedule that allows little time at home. Les Ballets Jazz not only knows where it will be next month or next year, but it is booked well into the longer term, as well. Two years from now, for example, the company will be back in Argentina.

"There's no place we've been to that we haven't been invited back," Salbaing says with considerable satisfaction.

For most of its 16 years, Les Ballets Jazz has kept to a hectic schedule, mainly because of money. The company is much in demand for its generally lighthearted dances brimming with humour, *joie de vivre*, energy and intensity. Good dancers perform easily understood works that speak directly to their audiences, uniting peoples of different colours, creeds and languages in a matter of minutes.

But the cost of such extensive touring — sometimes more than 30 weeks a year — is dancer burnout, a constant search for new blood and general fatigue for everyone, including the artistic



Andrew Oxenham



Ian Westbury

There are works by many choreographers in the company's diverse repertoire, including *Up There* (left) by Eva von Gengsy, one of the co-founders of Les Ballets Jazz; *Carapaces* (top) by Brian Macdonald; and *Gershwin Songbook* (above) by Norbert Vesak.



Members of *Les Ballets Jazz* in Louis Falco's *Escargot* (above) and Mauricio Wainrot's *Libertango* (right).

director, who accompanies almost every tour.

Salbaing, now 66, is eager to hand the company's reins to someone else who shares her fervor about dancing to jazz music. "I would like some breathing space," she declares. "When I take a week off, I feel guilty." The trouble is, although she came close last year with Argentine choreographer Mauricio Wainrot, she has not found the right person. Wainrot, she feels, is too sombre to reflect her upbeat idea of ballet jazz.

THE COMPANY'S STORY BEGAN in a basement studio in 1972, when Eva von Gency and her student Eddy Toussaint asked Salbaing to help set up a new company devoted to their new hybrid dance, jazz ballet.

They were an unlikely trio. Salbaing, savvy and tough-chic, had the necessary social and business contacts through her marriage to the director of an international French company. She had been a ballerina, a founding member of Montreal's *Les Ballets Chiriaeff*, where she met fellow dancer von Gency. The latter, a gentle dreamer with a yen to choreograph, had become an excellent teacher who went on to make an international teaching career. Toussaint, youngest of the three, was charming, impatient and ambitious. His group of dancers fused with von Gency's students to become the new *Les Ballets Jazz Contemporains*.

There were sour feelings from the beginning. Toussaint and von Gency didn't want to share the artistic direction with Sal-



Photographs by Ian Westbury

baing. She was listed as president. She wanted more.

In order to get involved with Les Ballets Jazz, Salbaing had left a comfy retirement — for the second time. Trained in Casablanca and Paris, she had danced with the Washington Concert Ballet when her husband's career took him to the U.S. capital during the Second World War. In 1946 they moved to Montreal, where Salbaing found a cultural desert. "I'm going to die here," she thought. "This is the Middle Ages."

There was no chance of performing, so she taught — until 1952, when Ludmilla Chiriaeff founded a little made-for-television company. Salbaing choreographed and danced with this group for a few years, until, because of major surgery, she decided to stop dancing once and for all, and stay home and play hostess and companion for her jet-setting husband.

DURING THE FIRST YEARS, there were a lot of changes. By the time it was a year old, Les Ballets Jazz had chopped the "Contemporains" off its name, and the first rupture appeared among the partners. Toussaint resigned in a huff over accounting methods. By 1978, because of artistic differences, von Gencsy would have stormed out too, leaving Salbaing with malicious gossip to contend with — as well as complete control of the company.

What had begun as a hobby now turned into an all-consuming mission for Salbaing, drawing on all her resources, including her children.

Her four sons were a great help. One, a chartered accountant, taught her how to do her books; another, a lawyer, drew up contracts. A third helped to organize fundraising balls, and a fourth pitched in with touring, even acting as tour director on the company's first South-American tour. Perhaps most important, daughter-in-law Caroline began helping with the administration 12 years ago. She is still there as Salbaing's right hand, one of two salaried office staff.

During those early days, Salbaing was flying blind; she had no idea running a dance company would be so perilous. She made mistakes, lots of them. Problems loomed on every side, and still do. But she had turned the company into a family business, and drew support from that. Today, she intimates she owes her success to Caroline. "We believe in each other. Without her, I would have stopped a long time ago."

TODAY, LES BALLETS JAZZ dances a variety of works by a number of choreographers from all over the world. But in the beginning, von Gencsy was company choreographer. Her initial works were supported by the Canada Council, and Geneviève Salbaing remembers *Jérémie* (1973) as being the best. But by 1976, von Gencsy's work was becoming repetitive — *Fleur de lit*, made for the 1976 Olympics, was a disaster. The Canada Council reconsidered, von Gencsy took a year's leave of absence, and by 1978 had officially left the company. That same year, the Canada Council revoked the company's operating grant of \$35,000, handing it a \$3,000 project grant instead. Soon, there would be no help whatsoever.

"Life with a ballet company is one problem after another," Salbaing philosophizes. "We were going absolutely nowhere when they [Toussaint and von Gencsy] left. We were doomed to failure [because of the limited repertoire]."

Salbaing continues, "People detest me because they think I threw her [von Gencsy] out. We paid her that whole year of leave." She adds testily that Les Ballets Jazz has never paid her a salary in 16 years; she has always been a volunteer.

But there is no doubt she has been hurt by the gossip. "They say I stole Les Ballets Jazz. I don't think so. I made Les Ballets

Jazz. I'm sure I did, and I never got one cent for it," she explains quietly, with a mixture of pain and pride.

CERTAIN THAT THE REPERTOIRE needed to expand if the company was to survive, Salbaing began a quest for choreographers. Critics have condemned her for going international, for not buying Canadian. But jazz is international, she reasoned. Besides, she was trying to find the best and most diversified repertoire possible. She wanted to free the company's movement vocabulary from the limitations of grinding hips and far-flung



John Lederman

Members of the company in Buzz Miller's *Kew Drive*.

arms, but she would ensure that the musical core would be jazz.

She introduced modern dance, ballet and even Broadway, starting with Brian Macdonald's *Carapaces* and Norbert Vesak's *Gershwin Songbook*. Later, she would invite Louis Falco, Lynne Taylor-Corbett and the American Dance Machine, among others, giving the company an American appeal reflecting its jazz base.

Sometimes her programs worked; sometimes they didn't. Always they were different. "We are never the same," she would say happily.

The constant, however, was a dance energy almost unparalleled. Salbaing's dancers are ballet-trained and chosen for versatility, personality, performing zeal and intensity — integral ingredients in any explosive Ballets Jazz concert.

THROUGHOUT HER DIRECTORSHIP, Geneviève Salbaing has projected an aura of invincibility somewhat at odds with her diminutive, well-coiffed lady-of-leisure first impression. She has weathered highs and lows, repeatedly backing her venture with her own funds as collateral when needed, crying, smiling and suffering earthquakes, cancellations, stolen costumes, dancer injuries, dropouts and, above all, a tour schedule that has broken many a younger person. She rules with an iron will that propels everyone else along.

An example of her tenacity occurred in 1975, when she decided to be invited to a dance festival in Italy. Realizing foreign exposure would do wonders for the company's reputation at home, she applied. There was no response. So, in Paris on business with her husband, she called a family friend who happened to head the Canadian delegation to UNESCO, the festival sponsor, and asked him to arrange a meeting with Maurice Béjart, artistic director of the huge event.

The next day, she arrived at Béjart's Brussels headquarters at

the appointed hour, and was told Béjart was with his company at Lille, 100 kilometres away. She called; he gave her an appointment an hour-and-a-half later. Nonplussed, she borrowed the \$100 cab fare and rushed off, arriving on time.

"In one hour, I had my contract. We didn't make an impression on Béjart, but we did on the Italians, who went crazy with all that jazz," she recalls. "We got good reviews, and through them we were invited to New York for a week at the Roundabout Theatre. I always say, if you want something hard enough, you get it."

The company's New York debut was a sold-out triumph. Bookings piled in. But the more popular Les Ballets Jazz became, the less interested the Canada Council seemed to be.

Tenuous finances, which obliged the company to tour more and more, also encouraged the inevitable spinoff problems of dancer turnover and under-rehearsal. The company creates four or five new works annually, and dancers work a five-and-a-half-day week, trying to squeeze in enough studio time. They are guaranteed 32 weeks of employment a year, but most often work much more. Last season, for example, extended to 48 weeks.

THE COMPANY STIMULATED another appetite during the late 1970s. Its style looked like fun, and lots of people wanted to try. Suddenly there was ballet jazz fever throughout Quebec that lasted into the '80s.

Les Ballets Jazz opened five schools, four in Quebec and one in Toronto, with a peak enrollment of 3,000. For years, during the height of the fitness craze, the schools helped to ease the company's financial strains.

Today, though, yielding to the trend towards aerobics and jogging, all the schools have been closed. The original school, which had always shared quarters with the company, was closed this summer after losing \$50,000 last year.

SALBAING'S HUSBAND WAS THE ONLY family member who refused to get involved with the company throughout the early years. He advised his wife not to back it financially, sensing a bad investment. Now, although "I wasn't at home and doing what I should", she says he is pleased with the outcome.

"He sees all goes well, and even if we don't have the money, we have the reputation."

She takes great consolation in that, too. But every year she applies for a Canada Council grant, since she wants funding as well as the respect that goes with it for Les Ballets Jazz.

Last December, her dancers, along with those of Ballet de Montréal Eddy Toussaint and Les Sortilèges, a folk-dance company, marched on the Canada Council's Ottawa offices, demanding to know how Council justifies subsidizing so many other dance companies while pleading insufficient funds to help the three Montreal groups, each of which makes extensive international tours annually.

They charged the Council with unfairness in treating Canadian troupes, claiming Ontario troupes receive 57 per cent of funds available against 18 per cent for Quebec. The march was the culmination of years of grievances the companies had harboured against the Council.

Les Ballets Jazz, in particular, was deeply wounded. The company said Monique Michaud, then head of the dance section, had promised help as soon as money became available. This never happened.

Salbaing recalls one of the most painful periods in the history of Les Ballets Jazz. It was 1985, and the dancers had scraped through what the director remembers as a "horrible" tour of one-night stands in several African countries.

"Some of the dancers were spoiled; they were touring Africa like they were touring Club Med," Salbaing recalls. "And they wouldn't listen." She suspected them of taking drugs, but never caught them at it. She fired nine of her 12 dancers as soon as she could, and came home to hire and rehearse some more before leaving for Mexico.

The virtually new group arrived in Mexico City in time to be caught in a major earthquake. Badly scared, the company limped home — and had its costumes stolen en route. Then, three of the best dancers quit, saying they were nervous wrecks — although Salbaing was the only member of the company to suffer physical injury in the quake. Next, a Saskatchewan labour dispute caused cancellation of Saskatoon performances. Financial losses at this point were totalling \$42,000. But the worst wasn't over.

Salbaing faced a cross-Canada tour with a diminished company and little chance of finding good replacements, because it was autumn, long after the best dancers were hired. To top it off, the Canada Council had recently promised funding, should its budget increase, and Salbaing knew assessments taken during this tour would determine whether or not a long-awaited grant might finally arrive.

She didn't want to do the tour, thinking "this is going to be the death of the company". But she did.

"We did it with three horrible guys — all crooked. If they had been any good, I would have hired them in the first place," Salbaing explains, "because they were from the School. Of course it was a disaster. Of course Madame Michaud said, 'You're doing nothing for Canadian dance.' Instead of helping me go to New York to get auditions, or to do whatever you do in those bad cases."

But even after all those years of rejection, Michaud's attitude was a seismic shock. "*Claque dans la figure*" is how Salbaing describes it, with more finality than its English translation — slap in the face — can ever convey.

BUT SHE HASN'T LOST HOPE of someday being recognized by the Council. Certainly she has been accepted by just about everyone else. In 1986, at Théâtre de Paris, Les Ballets Jazz celebrated its 1,000th performance, with, according to Salbaing, "fantastic ovations and good reviews from the toughest critics — and, God knows, they are tough".

And, "after what Madame Michaud said to me," Salbaing was inducted into the Order of Canada last fall.

There was another surprise, too. Last spring, the Touring Office of the Canada Council belatedly sent \$33,000 to help with the troupe's 1987 cross-Canada tour. It had supported two previous Canadian tours, but when Les Ballets Jazz asked for help for the tour last year, the company was told that, from now on, the Touring Office would use the same assessment of companies as the dance section of the Council. Although Les Ballets Jazz gets continuing assistance from Quebec's Ministère des Affaires culturelles (\$250,000 last season), as well as from External Affairs and its Quebec counterpart, for international tours, Salbaing takes comfort in the Touring Office's change of heart.

And yet, this woman whose father pulled her out of law school when she was a girl, who had thwarted convention by following her husband across the Atlantic during the Second World War, believes "the more hard things you have happen, the more you get a carapace [shell]. I feel I've shown them. I know Les Ballets Jazz is good. It took me a long time, because at the beginning I wasn't happy with what I was doing. But now . . ."

The 1988-89 season will be a very good one, Geneviève and Caroline Salbaing agree. They've already toasted it with champagne. ■



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A CELEBRATION OF YOUNG TALENT

The First Competition for the Erik Bruhn Prize

By GARY SMITH

FOR ERIK BRUHN, CHALLENGE made life interesting. His courage as an administrator and artist led to a bold new look for the National Ballet of Canada.

When the Danish-born *danseur noble* assumed artistic control of that troubled company in July 1983, it was to youth he looked for the energy and inspiration to recast the National Ballet in a vigorous new mold.

All the more reason, then, to celebrate the first annual International Competition for the Erik Bruhn Prize, a fitting memorial to Bruhn's legacy and to a man affectionately known to his dancers as "Laser Eyes".

Throughout his too-short career, Bruhn championed youth, providing coaching, advice and sincere interest in the young generation he realized represented the future of ballet.

Beginning his career with the Royal Danish Ballet, Erik Bruhn danced into the international arena of success, appearing with Britain's Royal Ballet and commencing a long association with American Ballet Theatre as *danseur noble* and the quintessential prince of his generation.

From 1964, when he accepted Celia Franca's invitation to stage the Bournonville ballet *La Sylphide*, Bruhn began an important relationship with the National Ballet of Canada. In 1967 he staged his controversial, revisionist production of *Swan Lake*, with its new focus on Siegfried and its Freudian significance which deepened the drama and darkened the dilemma for the Prince.



Erik Bruhn — danseur noble and the "quintessential prince of his generation".

As a visiting teacher, Bruhn also began an important connection with the National Ballet School, providing vital coaching, particularly for the young male dancers who aspired to join the company.

While staging *Les Sylphides* with Celia Franca in 1973 and *Coppélia* in 1975, Bruhn made regular visits to the National Ballet School. He also appeared as a guest artist with the company, performing Madge and Dr. Coppelius in his own productions of *La Sylphide* and *Coppélia*.

When he finally accepted the position as artistic director in 1983, he knew it would not be easy. "I guess I'm looking for a new challenge," he laughed. "And anyone who isn't ready to work hard had better watch out."

Unfortunately, Bruhn's tenure lasted only until April 1, 1986, when he died of cancer. It was the end of a memorable pas de deux — Bruhn and the National Ballet soaring magnificently together, matching heartbeat for heartbeat.

SOMETHING OBVIOUSLY HAD TO BE DONE to celebrate Erik Bruhn's life — something that would continue to help young dancers as surely as his strict coaching and brilliant role model had.

In a codicil to his will, Bruhn provided financial support and guidelines for a dance competition in his name, not as a memorial to his career — his dance legacy enshrines that forever — but as a celebration of young talent from the four companies with which he was most associated.

A cash prize of \$15,000 would be divided equally between a male and a female dancer, or couple, between the ages of 18 and 26. Eligible competitors selected from the Royal Danish Ballet, the National Ballet of Canada, the Royal Ballet and American Ballet Theatre would compete in both classical and contemporary pas de deux and variations. (Interestingly, the codicil to Bruhn's will provides for the entry, upon application, of dancers from other ballet companies.)

Envisioned as an annual event, to be held in Toronto in conjunction with the National Ballet's regular season, the International Competition for the Erik Bruhn Prize would be judged by the artistic directors of the companies involved, or their designates.

The recommendations for judging are rather vague, but the codicil to Bruhn's will does state that "the panel of judges, in selecting and judging, are requested to exercise their judgment in

a manner to reflect such technical ability, artistic achievement and dedication as I have endeavoured to bring to the art of dance during my career”.

To facilitate the first competition, Merrill Lynch Canada Inc. was involved as corporate sponsor, providing \$100,000, as well as assistance in marketing. Such sponsorship affirms the company's strong position as a supporter of and investor in the arts in Canada.

WITH EVERYTHING IN PLACE, the bubbly flowed at the O'Keefe Centre in Toronto on Saturday, May 14. The beautiful people, elegantly attired and coiffed, danced into the wee hours of the morning, celebrating Toronto's entry into the international arena of competitive dance.

The lounges, bars and reception areas of the theatre, decked out in gold and silver decoration, provided an inviting atmosphere for pre-performance conversation. And on the stage, four pairs of rising young stars provided the excitement that made the Competition sizzle.

It was a long evening. An exquisitely poised Karen Kain and ebullient Glen Tetley proved perfect hosts, providing brief outlines of the competitors' careers, as well as intriguing anecdotes from their own. The dancing, more technically correct than exciting, provided testimony of the superb training by the individual home companies of the young hopefuls.

Audience favourites were obviously Viviana Durante and Errol Pickford of Britain's Royal Ballet, who danced a bravura, if not exactly Russian-looking Grand Pas de deux from *Don Quixote*. Also popular were American Ballet Theatre's Bonnie Moore and Wes Chapman, with their melting and lyrical Balcony Pas de deux from Kenneth MacMillan's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Canadian competitors Martine Lamy and Owen Montague looked nervous in the demanding Black Swan Pas de deux from Erik Bruhn's production of *Swan Lake*. They failed to establish an essential rapport in this treacherous exercise in precision and passion.

The Canadian dancers suffered, too, from poor choices in the contemporary section of the Competition. Why Lamy chose the

Photographs by David Street



Errol Pickford of the Royal Ballet and Rose Gad Poulsen of the Royal Danish Ballet accepting the Erik Bruhn Prize from Glen Tetley, artistic associate of the National Ballet of Canada and master of ceremonies for the Competition.



David Street



Balloon Head solo from Robert Desrosiers' *Blue Snake* is curious. Extrapolated from the ballet with its exciting surrealistic effects, but without benefit of appropriate lighting or effective set, the solo had little significance and must have proven anathema to most of the judges.

Montague, performing the Dance of the Chosen One from *The Rite of Spring* by Glen Tetley, suffered, too. Not from the banality of his chosen piece, but from lack of stamina.

Danish competitors Rose Gad Poulsen and Lloyd Riggins managed a delicate, moving pas de deux from *La Sylphide*, though neither danced Antony Tudor's *The Leaves are Fading* with particular affinity for the work's exquisitely perfumed romanticism.

Durante and Pickford soared through Kenneth MacMillan's Summer and Autumn solos from *The Four Seasons*, sealing their position as front-rank contenders. But, sadly, Bonnie Moore and Wes Chapman were unable to express the rapturous abandon that would make their pas de deux from Kenneth MacMillan's production of *The Sleeping Beauty* more than an exacting exercise.

WITH SO MANY STYLES TO ASSESS, it couldn't have been easy for the judges. As it was, John Taras of American Ballet Theatre, Frank Andersen of the Royal Danish Ballet, Monica Mason of the Royal Ballet, and Valerie Wilder and Lynn Wallis of the National Ballet of Canada were left to sort peaches from pears.

Each company represented was allotted one vote. It was understood that no one was permitted to vote for his or her own dancers. Dancers were ranked first, second and third in terms of choice — a system which is not infallible, since it frequently allows a second-place contender to squeak ahead if first place is split between two candidates.

The judges comprised an illustrious panel of international dance experts. Frank Andersen, artistic director of the Royal Danish Ballet, trained in Copenhagen, Paris, New York and Leningrad. He has danced everything from the Melancholic

variation in George Balanchine's *The Four Temperaments* to the Pas de deux from *Le Corsaire*.

John Taras, associate director of American Ballet Theatre, had been ballet master of the Paris Opera Ballet, artistic director of the Deutsche Oper Ballet in West Berlin, and ballet master and choreographer at the New York City Ballet before joining Mikhail Baryshnikov at American Ballet Theatre.

Monica Mason, principal *répétiteur* to the Royal Ballet, was previously known primarily as a brilliant principal dancer with that same company. Her classical and contemporary repertoire included everything from Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake* and Princess Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty* to roles in Kenneth MacMillan's *Song of the Earth* and *The Rite of Spring*.

Valerie Wilder and Lynn Wallis, co-artistic directors of the National Ballet of Canada, were part of Erik Bruhn's triumvirate of power at St. Lawrence Hall. After Bruhn's untimely death, they kept the company together with their business expertise and coaching know-how, as well as artistic management skills, helping to place the National Ballet at its present level of excellence.



Martha Swope

Bonnie Moore of American Ballet Theatre as Juliet in Kenneth MacMillan's production of *Romeo and Juliet*.



David Street

(Far left) Viviana Durante and Errol Pickford of the Royal Ballet in the *Grand Pas de deux* from the third act of *Don Quixote*. (Centre) Martine Lamy and Owen Montague of the National Ballet of Canada in the *Black Swan Pas de deux* from Erik Bruhn's production of *Swan Lake*. (Left) Rose Gad Poulsen and Lloyd Riggins of the Royal Danish Ballet in *La Sylphide*.

WHILE THE JUDGES CAST VOTES backstage, the glittering audience was treated to some spectacular dancing by guest artist Natalia Makarova. Partnered by Kevin McKenzie, a principal dancer with American Ballet Theatre, she danced a rapturous, deeply moving White Swan Pas de deux from *Swan Lake*. Here was the abandon of a soul on fire. Makarova's delicate musicality, perfection of line and deeply etched dramatic shading provided a rolé model for any of the female aspirants to the mantle of genius.

The Russian superstar then returned to the stage to deliver a divinely witty monologue cataloguing the "tragedies" of her stage career, taking advantage of that same delightful tongue-in-cheek humour that made her performance in *On Your Toes* a winner on Broadway.

While the competitors waited backstage for the judges' decision, members of the National Ballet, led by Kimberly Glasco and Rex Harrington, danced Glen Tetley's stirring *Voluntaries*. With its soaring lifts and liturgical imagery, it proved a powerful statement of the company's amazing proficiency. *Voluntaries*

showed off to the international dance critics present the bold new face of Canada's National Ballet.

AFTER VOLUNTARIES, the young competitors lined up onstage while Karen Kain and Glen Tetley fumbled with the envelopes from the judges.

The British competitors, born oceans apart, trained at the Royal Ballet School. Viviana Durante, born in Rome, Italy, joined the Royal Ballet in September 1984, and recently won the hearts of British fans by stepping in, mid-performance, to dance the final act of *Swan Lake* when injury prevented a principal dancer from continuing. Expressive and dramatic, Durante is someone to watch in the next few years.

Errol Pickford, her partner, was born in Perth, Australia. He caused a stir when he danced the Bluebird at the Royal Ballet School performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* in 1984. He has since capitalized on his superb elevation and velocity, dancing the Jester in *Cinderella* and the Blue Boy in *Les Patineurs*.

In the United States, Bonnie Moore and Wes Chapman have captured the fancy of audiences in *Romeo and Juliet*, bringing youthful vigour and drama to their dancing in the title roles. Alabama-born Chapman and Moore, a native of Phoenix, Arizona, are soloists with American Ballet Theatre, and already have a following in New York, where they have appeared in Natalia Makarova's production of *La Bayadère* and Mikhail Baryshnikov's *Nutcracker*.

For Rose Gad Poulsen of the Royal Danish Ballet, American-born Lloyd Riggins was her third Competition partner. After injuries sidelined two others, Riggins stepped in to dance *La Sylphide* and *The Leaves are Fading* with the rising Danish star. With roles in Alvin Ailey's *Caverna Magica*, Flemming Flindt's *The Lesson* and Bournonville's *Abdallah*, Poulsen is a dance virtuoso.

Canada's Martine Lamy and Owen Montague unite French and English Canada onstage with their vibrant partnership. Both dance principal roles with the National Ballet, and have appeared together in *Don Quixote*.



Wes Chapman of American Ballet Theatre.

Martha Swipe

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BY THE TIME THE WINNERS were announced — a trifle over four hours after the Competition began — the results seemed almost an anticlimax. For the record, it was the "Royals" all the way, with Poulsen of the Royal Danes and Pickford of the Royal Brits sharing the \$15,000 prize money. Each seemed shocked to win, and Poulsen left her cheque on the podium, waltzing away with the elegantly crafted trophy instead.

After the performance, each stressed the importance of the event as a celebration of talent rather than a showdown for points. "I didn't dance to win," Pickford grinned nervously in the glare of international television cameras. "I just danced with my partner." Poulsen agreed, adding, "I danced for the joy of dancing. Winning was wonderful, but most unexpected."

NONE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS PANEL of international critics who met the next day at the O'Keefe Centre to ponder the state of dance admitted to a liking for competition. William Como, editor-in-chief of *Dance Magazine*, said, "Competitions encourage circus performing as opposed to high art." Nicholas Dromgoole, dance critic for the *London Sunday Telegraph*, agreed. "Ballet is an art form, and bringing it into the arena of competition is like turning it into an athletic meeting." Yet he relented a little, in the end, saying that "Erik Bruhn has shown the way towards a different kind of competition".

Most of the critics complained of the difficulty of comparing one dancer against another and the unfairness of such competition. But Monica Mason, the Royal Ballet's representative on the judging panel, disagreed. "Frankly, I'm tired of hearing about fairness," she bristled. "I don't think life is fair. For me, the difficulties in judging had more to do with assessing clearly and not being distracted by comments heard or previous knowledge of the dancers. You assess each dancer as an individual, not against the others. Of course, it's not easy, but dancers live with competition all their performing lives," she said.

Though no one seems to like the notion of professional dancers going head-to-head for a knockout, the Competition for the Erik Bruhn Prize seemed to minimize the disagreeable nature of such a process, at least partly because of Bruhn himself.

Both Canadian dancers admitted, some time before the event, that the affair had special significance for them because of Bruhn's memory.

"I couldn't express in words what he meant to me," Owen Montague confided. "He was much more than an artistic director. He allowed me to be myself, and so I always thought of him as a very open person. He made everything a real challenge, and I really liked that."

"He'd come beside me in the studio," Martine Lamy remembered, "and he'd say, 'That's not the only perspective you see, there in the mirror.' He wanted you to go beyond technique. He brought a fourth dimension to dancing for me."

ACCORDING TO NATIONAL BALLET publicity director Gregory Patterson, "at present, the National Ballet is reassessing the matter of an annual Bruhn Competition, and it may be the event will be held every second year, instead. But, as far as we are concerned, it will always be held in Toronto and hosted by the National Ballet of Canada."

Whatever happens, one thing is sure. As long as elegance means anything, the world of dance is hardly likely to forget Erik Bruhn, Competition or not. ■

Gary Smith is dance critic for the Hamilton Spectator, and a frequent contributor to Front Page News and the O'Keefe Centre house program.

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MONTRÉAL

BRIAN MACDONALD

A Personal View

By HERBERT WHITTAKER



(Above) Brian Macdonald (top) and friends in a photograph taken early in his career. (Left) The 50th-birthday celebration: (left to right) David Haber, Grant Strate, Annette av Paul, Brian Macdonald, Lois Smith, Earl Kraul, Walter Homburger and Arthur Gelber.

From Herbert Whittaker's collection

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE that Brian Macdonald has reached the 60-mark. Just at an age when many people are starting to think about retirement, the extraordinary Macdonald is plainly at the beginning of a new career or a new phase of his already crowded career. He's planning a new Broadway musical with New York producers Barry and Fran Weissler. Canada's contribution to the legendary Broadway scene is to do both direction and choreography for *Topper*, which is based on a famous Hollywood film which became a television series. And in the roles played by Cary Grant and Constance Bennett, there will be two bright theatrical stars, tall Tommy Tune and small Sandy Duncan.

His schedule is hectic: Malmö wants *Time Out of Mind* (his first U.S. ballet, commissioned by the late Robert Joffrey); he revises *The Merry Widow* for Cleo Laine; there is a Christmas TV special with Margaret Atwood and Ray Pannell for the

Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; Australia wants his *Stratford Gondoliers* for the Sydney Opera House in January; and there's an opera due in Edmonton for February!

For a man who has reached his 60th, Brian has a great deal ahead of him. But then, one must admit, he has a great deal behind him. I've been lucky enough to be in an observation post for a surprisingly varied number of Macdonald achievements. So perhaps I will be forgiven for taking a personal view of his career, so far.

In fact, Brian suggested that I be invited to write this article. He's not looking for flattering estimates, I know, for the last time I attended a birthday party of his, he reminded me that I'd never given him a good review as critic for either *The Gazette* in Montreal or *The Globe and Mail* in Toronto. I can hardly believe this is true. In dealing with the sensitive creative spirits, a poor review can rankle, and a series of them can feed a strong impres-

Annette av Paul and Alexandre Bélin in Les Grands Ballets Canadiens' production of Brian Macdonald's Time Out of Mind, his first U.S. ballet, commissioned by Robert Joffrey.



sion of antagonism. And I will admit when Brian took first to choreography, I felt he was far too frivolous for the high art of the ballet. He's never been particularly solemn, come to think of it.

And, come to think of it, that last birthday party was about a decade ago in Toronto. I have photographs of it, one with Brian towering above a gaggle of grinning guests. He is flanked by his beautiful wife, Annette av Paul, and Canada's first prima ballerina, Lois Smith, also David Haber, Grant Strate, Earl Kraul, Walter Homburger and Arthur Gelber, all one-time National Ballet colleagues. And when you examine the cake Annette and Lois are holding, you can read that it was a 50th-birthday edifice. So this May 14, they added another candle to the top tier.

I picked up a very much earlier photo of him recently. It showed a pyramid of young dancers. It made me laugh because the biggest of them was at the top, instead of the smallest. "I was the only one with the courage to get there," Brian explained.

BECAUSE I HAVE KNOWN HIM for so long, I take the liberty of calling the subject of this tribute by his first name. I never knew him as a child actor or whiz-kid on radio, though a good friend, Adelaide Smith, remembers him then, as his teacher. I knew Elisabeth Leese, his first dance teacher, too. As she was a "defector" from Trudi Schoop's comedy troupe, she had a lasting influence on this lanky 17-year-old compensating for his height by being comical. Gérard Crevier introduced him to ballet steps (Elisabeth being modern), and gave him the foundation of his ballet training, later reinforced by summer school with Celia Franca in Toronto.

My colleagues and I in the Montreal newspaper world knew Brian first as a junior music critic. He did freelance articles for *The Gazette*, which meant he passed the high standard set by its distinguished music critic, Thomas Archer. (Tom Archer was writing the first biography and critical estimate of Richard



Photographs from Brian Macdonald's collection

(Above) In Moscow for the International Ballet Competition in 1985: Brian Macdonald and fellow jurors Robert Joffrey (front row, left) and Alexander Grant (front row, right), and Yuri Grigorovich, director of the Bolshoi Ballet (front row, centre). (Left) Brian Macdonald in rehearsal with Karen Kain for a CBC-TV Superspecial in 1978.



Strauss, so he sometimes needed help with the oppressive flow of musical activity Montreal offered.)

It was under this scrutiny that young Brian did so well that he was engaged as music critic for the *Montreal Herald* by 1947, while still attending McGill University. Presumably he was also pursuing his studies elsewhere during this highly formative period. Another teacher in his mastery of the dance was Françoise Sullivan of Montreal. Later, his biography reports, in New York he went to study with Madame Ivantsova-Anderson and M. Celli. It also states that his first ambition had been to be a figure-skating champion, when most Canadians of his age were yearning to skate for the Montreal Maroons.

To be music critic for Montreal's noon-time paper at that tender age — his biography informs us that he had entered McGill at the age of 15, which would establish unusual academic brightness, as well as physical prowess — would be enough for any musically inclined young Montrealer, but being satisfied was never Brian's way. He was soon giving his views on nightclubs, drama and film. When his editor, Patricia Pearce, was on holiday, Brian was in his element. He would tackle anything. Sydney Johnson, a *Montreal Star* critic, remembers Brian at a screening

when it was announced that *Quartet*, the film made of Somerset Maugham short stories, was due. Brian expressed sharp disappointment. "Well, Pat may be back in time to review it, but you can still see it," said Sydney consolingly. "I don't just want to see it," retorted Brian. "I want to write about it!"

Sydney remembers that same ambition when the great Russian director Theodore Komisarjevsky was brought to Montreal to stage a modern-dress production of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* beside Beaver Lake on Mount Royal. It being the summer of 1950, Pat Pearce was again on holiday. At another screening, Brian quizzed Sydney about *Cymbeline*, as he had never read it. He told Brian what he could, having just read the play again himself in preparation for this prestigious event. Sydney was astonished to read Brian's review in *The Herald* the very next day. "He discoursed about *Cymbeline* with authority, and even made a few suggestions as to how Shakespeare might have improved it!"

"He was arrogant and impulsive as a youth," Sydney Johnson recalls today. "But he was always very nice to me, and I liked him."

JOHNSON HAD FURTHER REASON to see the young Macdonald flourish, and in the field where he was to make his name internationally known. Brian turned his full attention to the dance. He just didn't take up ballet, but organized his own company. He called it the Montreal Theatre Ballet.

So Sydney Johnson's next encounter with the rising young choreographer took place at the Salle G esu, on Montreal's Bleury Street, a much-used auditorium owned and run by the Jesuits. Furthering his own devotion to ballet, Sydney Johnson had joined forces with a leading dance teacher, Mary Beetles, to organize a ballet festival for the groups evolving in Montreal. It was not an elaborate affair, this precursor of the *Canadian Ballet Festivals*, for it was all to take place on one day, with the evening before set aside for rehearsals by the groups.

"Brian's company was scheduled for the second last spot that evening, to set lights and run through its festival entry. Brian ran overtime, and the group to follow him was getting restless." Sydney approached Brian, still atop a ladder setting lights. He remonstrated with him. "Brian was very demanding that everything had to be his way, or he and his company would not appear. When I suggested that he should allow the waiting contestants their allotted time, then come back later to adjust his lights, at a time when he could go on all night, Brian accepted my solution immediately." And so it was.

Brian rehearsed his company unmercifully. In fact, they complained to the Canadian Dance Teachers Association, which admonished Brian. "He took this as a joke," remembers Sydney Johnson, "but it broke up his company. I appreciated his professionalism, even when I didn't like what he was doing."

THE RISING STAR MOVED solidly into my own orbit, the theatre, when he was invited to stage a very special effort by students at McGill University, one which became a national success. This was *My Fur Lady*, and it was produced by some very bright young people at McGill, including James de B. Domville, Timothy Porteous, Galt MacDermott and Donald MacSween, all of whom continued to be bright after they left university. But at that time, one of the brightest things they did was to engage Brian as director and choreographer. This, by the way, was in 1957.

Actually, they engaged Brian and Olivia Macdonald, for by this time Brian was married to Olivia Wyatt. He'd done a great many other things by then, including being one of the original

members of the National Ballet of Canada in 1951. He had trained the Alouettes' drum majorettes, had done choreography for innumerable operettas, musicals and nightclub shows, and had also started his long television career.

Among the many things he did to keep alive and use up his enormous creativity were the *Red and White Revues*, staged annually by McGill University. In the program for *My Fur Lady*, he claimed to have appeared in all of the *Red and White Revues* since 1943. (His academic career permitted this, as he returned to finish his arts courses after some lapse.)

Loyal Canadians in search of national identity were proclaiming "Art for Art's Sake" in those days, but Brian's intense personal drive was never for anybody called Art, but for one called Brian, who had a right to express himself in his own way. I'd call him one of the first professionals of his day, one who could stand up to the imported professionals.

He stood up to Celia Franca when he was part of her first National Ballet company in 1951-52. He stood out, and not just because he was taller than the other dancers. (I remember him best as the absurdly tall Chinaman in *The Nutcracker*, in the second year at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto.) He left after two seasons. One might expect that incompatibility was the cause, but an arm injury is the official reason he left the National's corps.

My Fur Lady won him a national name. The previous *Red*



Vincent Warren, Maureen Forrester and Annette av Paul in Brian Macdonald's ballet *Adieu*, Robert Schumann for *Les Grands Ballets Canadiens*.

and *White* shows had been revues, but this one, staged by the Red and White Club, which could draw on past talents for membership, was a satirical musical comedy, making fun of that very same search for Canada's identity. On the way, it poked audacious fun at many semi-sacred institutions, not sparing the Queen's representative, Parliament itself, or Canadian educational and cultural bodies.

Brian played an important part in shaping this remarkable college show, as well as directing it and supplying, with Olivia's help, its choreography. The book was by MacSween, Porteous and Timothy Wang.

Their success was phenomenal — to such a marked degree that *My Fur Lady* embarked on a national tour, with some major substitutions in the cast. Brian went along to keep everybody up to scratch. His professional standards led to many quarrels,



Brian Macdonald on the road with his production of *The Mikado*

especially with students whose lives were not dedicated to the performance arts, as was Brian's. But his demands paid off, if not in popularity. *My Fur Lady* was a tremendous success from coast to coast. It was a national hit, and Brian can be credited with making it and keeping it that way. In doing so, he won notice for himself, too.

He met up with and won the respect of John Hirsch and Tom Hendry, then building up the celebrated pioneer Manitoba Theatre Centre in the middle of the country. Brian starred in Anouilh's *Ring Round the Moon* for them, and did choreography

for the first of 12 ballets for the newly Royal Winnipeg Ballet. The country was opening up to this prodigious worker.

Then tragedy hit. Olivia, the charming partner who tempered Brian's demands on his colleagues and co-workers, was killed in a car crash, leaving him with a five-year-old son to bring up. (A tender note was struck recently by Montreal friends from that time. Soon after the baby's arrival, not having regained her figure, Olivia had ordered a dress which could be adjusted when she became slimmer. Brian turned up at a fitting: "Good, now it can be let out for the next arrival!")

Another kind of blow had hit Brian earlier, ending his career as a dancer. He had always worked Montreal nightclubs as a source of income. A fall in 1953 resulted in the arm injury that turned him from performer to choreographer. Both events shaped the Macdonald career significantly. He became a money-earner, as a responsible single parent, and he turned his great personal drive to directing others.

CANADA'S SEARCH FOR CULTURAL IDENTITY had finally led to the creation of the Canada Council, inspired by the Arts Council of Great Britain, and a great shaper and encourager in the land. One of its most rewarding grants was made to Brian Macdonald at this low point in his life. He was funded to study in London, New York, Leningrad, Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm. Norway came up with the first offer of work, and that led him on through the portals of the Royal Opera House, Stockholm. He emerged as director of the Opera Ballet. There, too, he met the lovely ballerina Annette av Paul.

It was in Stockholm that our paths crossed next, when I was writing for *The Globe and Mail*. I was discovering Ingmar Bergman's theatre, where the new sensation was the play known



as *Marat/Sade*. Stockholm was an exciting town at the time, and Brian and Annette were part of it. Brian was himself again, demanding that the Opera House declare its ballet company autonomous under his direction. Opposed, he departed — and took with him the beautiful Annette, who was to discover a new life in Canada, as prima with Les Grands Ballets Canadiens in Montreal, then with Vancouver's Ballet British Columbia and at Banff. Another contribution made, albeit indirectly, by the Canada Council in its early days.

It was necessary, Brian knew, for him to leave Canada, starting with those \$90 flights to New York to discover the work of George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins. "There were no such role models for me here. There were teachers like Elisabeth Leese, who was very strict with me, and I learned much doing ballet for Pierre Mercure's televised *L'Heure Concert*, working with the French-Canadian talent. But role models, no."

What with work in Norway and Sweden, some of that Canada Council grant may have remained, for Brian Macdonald includes New York in his Council-aided explorations. As in Sweden, he found confrontation as well as employment in Manhattan, with the eccentric Rebekah Harkness, whose personal ballet company he served for two seasons, although he only lists *Zealous Variations* among his choreography for it at that time. However, three earlier Macdonald works were repeated.

The purpose of such Canada Council grants is that the recipient bring back his findings to enrich Canada. Brian did this now, almost with a vengeance. The decades following stagger under the returns Brian Macdonald brings. He comes back, not to the National Ballet of Canada (which could use a choreographer), but to its Montreal rival, Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. After three years with the company, he wins the rank of resident

choreographer, which he holds to this day. He is invited to teach at the Banff Centre School of Fine Arts, and is named director of its summer dance program the very next year.

His demands are now being listened to, his contributions recognized — signs of his growing authority. In a few years, he will discover the uses of agents in matters of confrontation and will employ several at once — in Paris, New York, Toronto and for South America! He needs them all, working in those places, as well as at La Scala in Milan and with London's Festival Ballet, Ballet-Théâtre Contemporain of France and Israel's Batsheva Dance Company.

HAS BRIAN BECOME MORE SERIOUS? Less antic in humour, perhaps. He is recognized as a serious artist, even at home. Those solemn critics who found *Ballet Behind Us*, *Les Whoops-de-Doo*, *Ballet High*, *Capers* and *Aimez-vous Bach?* frivolous as names for ballet were mollified by such imposing labels as *Prothalamion*, *The Shining People of Leonard Cohen*, *Voices from a Far Place*, *Prologue for Tragedy* and *Remembrances* — the latter pair for Ballet Nacional de Cuba — even if we were set back by *Tam Ti Delam*, which, critics or not, became one of his most popular works.

He hardly needed us, for by 1985 Prime Minister Brian Mulroney was calling on him to stage a St. Patrick's Day gala for the visit to Quebec of President Ronald Reagan of the United States. *And him a Macdonald!* That same year he received the Canada Dance Award and served on the Moscow International Ballet Competition jury. Among the other jurors: Galina Ulanova, Robert Joffrey and Alexander Grant.

In 1983 he had been awarded the Molson Prize, and in 1967 the Order of Canada. The Paris International Dance Festival



Happy 60th Birthday, Brian Macdonald

THE NATIONAL TAP DANCE COMPANY OF CANADA • ARTISTIC DIRECTOR: WILLIAM ORLOWSKI

There may be
snow on the
roof, but
there's a fire
in the hearth!



HAPPY 60th, BRIAN!

From all your friends and colleagues
at



had presented him with the Gold Star for Choreography as far back as 1964.

CERTAINLY, HIS GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS creation *Adieu, Robert Schumann*, with the most celebrated Canadian contralto, Maureen Forrester, was given the kind of respectful appreciation a distinguished artist deserves. Yet off goes Brian to the Stratford Festival to hoist this same diva into the flies as the Fairy Queen in *Iolanthe*!

Brian's first invitation to Stratford, for years the most important theatre in the country, was to choreograph *Candide* for Lotfi Mansouri. Four years later, he was back, in charge of both choreography and direction for three Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas (*The Mikado*, *The Gondoliers* and *Iolanthe*), reviving a profitable Festival sideline launched earlier by another tall creative spirit, Tyrone Guthrie.

The first of these works, *The Mikado*, provided an excellent measure of Brian's sophisticated approach to these beloved inheritances. First, all signs of the D'Oyly Carte originals had vanished, no tribute paid even to the wonderful Charles Ricketts re-setting of them. Neither was he recreating the Japanese prints which had originally inspired them. A clear stage was backed by a huge, unfolding fan in Susan Benson's lucid decorative scheme. The *Mikado* himself was brought on in a huge lacquer box, Koko climbed into a dwarf tree to sing of Tit-Willow, while, best of all, Yum-Yum presided at a traditional English tea ceremony. There were Macdonald witticisms projected to a new level of brilliance.

And everybody, naturally, danced with great originality, too. It was not surprising, even to Canadian critics by then, that *The Mikado* shot off on the road to delight North American audiences after being transferred to Toronto's Royal Alexandra, winding up in New York (where it won Brian two Tony nominations, unsurprisingly) and London's Old Vic.

This last connection with the Mirvishes — Ed and son David — resulted in a fourth Gilbert and Sullivan production, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and established a promising commercial alliance. For the Mirvishes next, he stages his idea of *The Merry Widow*, set in New Orleans.

I WOULD VENTURE THAT CANADA only let Brian down once in its gratitude, when a group of backers picked him to direct *Duddy*, the musical based on Mordecai Richler's novel. Launched in Edmonton, it was to travel through Canada on its way to its real destination, Broadway. Alas, it collapsed en route, leaving the message that if you create for somebody else's audience, you are very likely to lose your own. (The forthcoming *Topper* is designed to appeal directly to Broadway and will be made on the premises, under Brian's generalship.)

He need have no qualms about tackling Broadway head-on now, if ever he did. He stands as tall as George Abbott and is 40 years younger. And he's tossed off such prototype shows as *Gyps and Dolls* and *The Pajama Game* en route. As for nerve, he took *Cabaret* out onto the sacred Stratford thrust stage, with some acclaim. And he has set his sights on grander projects than even a new Broadway musical by now.

V ALIANT AS EVER, Brian has tackled the most complicated, most expensive, most temperamental and most revered of public art forms — the opera. He'd had a chance to study its complexities since the pressures of Stockholm, for in 1970 he did ballet for the Nuremberg State Opera's *Moses and Aaron*, with *Così fan tutte* at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa two years later.

It was Massenet's *Cendrillon* in 1979 which put him over the

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top into opera direction. His early strengths as a music critic stood him in good stead. His treatment of the rare Massenet opus began at home also, but was soon appreciated by the New York City Opera, the Washington Opera and the San Francisco Opera.

For New York, he next staged Gluck's *Alceste*. There was another *Così fan tutte* for Edmonton, and Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du soldat*, seen at the Edinburgh Festival. But most important to him was his staging of *The Rake's Progress*, first conceived for the Banff Centre in 1982, then done full-scale for the Washington Opera in 1985. The reason for his satisfaction, in addition to the chance to work with the superb Stravinsky score and the wonderful W.H. Auden libretto, was, frankly, that there was no dancing in it. He was freed from the temptation to embellish his work choreographically. And he had not been engaged to double two jobs for the price of one. That personal satisfaction was matched by the satisfaction of the Washington critics and audiences.

Then, in 1983, Brian tackled a major French work, Gounod's *Faust*, in a major French opera house in Toulouse.

A far cry from his first *Faust*, when he shivered as a demon in Venus' lair in Montreal's open-air DeLormier Stadium. Eric McLean, *Gazette* music critic emeritus, dug that memory up: "I didn't even know he was a dancer. When I knew him first, it was as music critic for *The Herald*. His musicality was already developed pretty well by then; not academic, but very responsive to music."

FOR ALL HIS UNPARALLELLED international market, Brian remains conscious of his responsibilities as a creative force in Canada. He has committed himself to do ballets to Canadian music exclusively. He has worked with such collaborators as Harry Freedman (apparently his favourite), Murray Schafer,

Roger Matton, Serge Garant and, for a change of pace, that Vancouver rock group known as Skinny Puppy. "This way," he has said, "our music can be heard abroad — in Japan and South America, as well as in Europe. And heard, not just for single performances, but night after night." This way also reflects his deep-down nationalism, expressed succinctly: "What it is that makes what we do here distinctly our own."

His mastery of opera is pronounced by future engagements, including *Die Fledermaus* for Washington in 1990 and *L'Elisir d'Amore* in Edmonton next February and that *Merry Widow* this November. How long will it be before he is offered an opera house of his own? Or, even better, an opera-ballet house?

IT HAS BEEN EXHILARATING to witness the rise of Brian Macdonald, for he carries the national creativity with him. Even before the Canada Council was here to give such boosts, we have been struggling towards cultural expression.

We have, in our simple, naive way, been waiting for the giants to arrive. And who are the giants? They are the gifted ones by whom a country is expressed and remembered, long after the prime ministers, the tycoons and even the sports heroes are forgotten. They rise above the lesser talents by the dedicated application of their rare gifts and their courage, and they like to work at home.

Keep coming home to celebrate, Brian Macdonald. We need all the tall men who can be fierce in achieving their goals and still retain their sense of humour. Many happy returns, Brian. ■

[Editor's Note: As this issue of *Dance in Canada* went into production, a spokesman for Ed and David Mirvish announced that the production of *The Merry Widow* referred to in this article has been postponed.]

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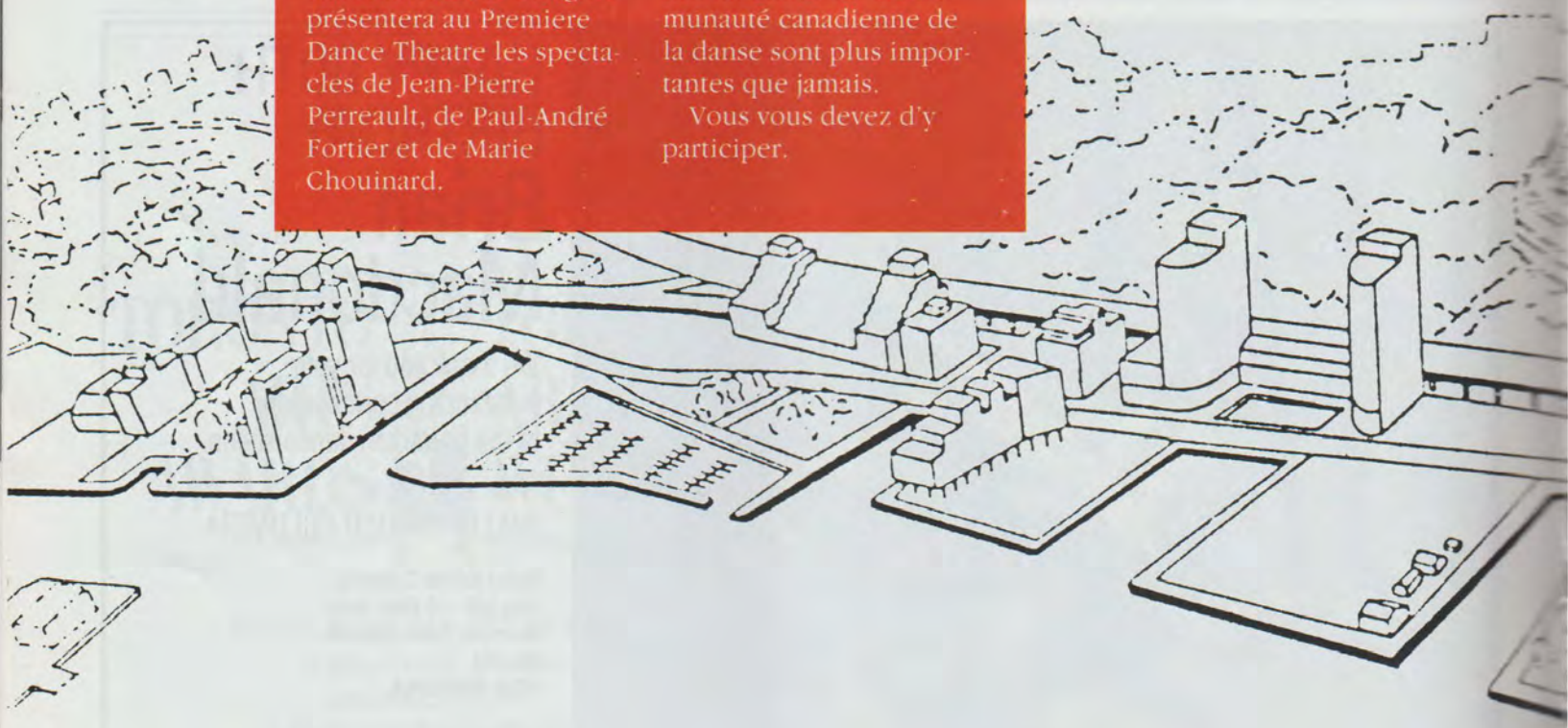
Le XVI^e congrès annuel de Danse au Canada étudiera les problèmes actuels auxquels la danse fait face. Au cours des six jours du congrès, des groupes se réuniront pour analyser les courants politiques, économiques et sociaux qui affectent la danse.

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We hope you can attend.



A CHANCE TO TAKE RISKS

Terrill Maguire and Inde '88

By MARY O'CONNELL



Sonia D'Orleans Juste and Marvin Green in Holly Small's Wounded.

EARLIER THIS YEAR in Toronto, Terrill Maguire organized *Inde '88*, a festival of collaborations between independent choreographers and composers. As with *Inde '85*, which she put together three years ago, this festival was a true expression of her self-imposed mandate to “initiate mutual support among . . . independent artists”.

This year's festival was bigger, slicker, more organized and gave longer preparation time to the artists involved, who were from across Canada, from Vancouver to St. John's. The resulting work was as fresh, risky and varied as that of the seat-of-the-pants *Inde '85*.

By presenting works by different choreographers together, the festival — like Toronto's Danceworks — offered some great pieces each night. It also involved lots more live music than a dance audience usually gets to hear.

The festival took place at Harbourfront's du Maurier Theatre from March 28 to April 2. The pieces commissioned were *Even-song* by Anna Blewchamp, choreographer, and Gordon Phillips, composer; *Embracing the Bride* by Lois Brown and Ron Hynes, with filmmaker Michael Jones; *Intertête* by Benoît Lachambre and Christopher Butterfield; *Only Time To/No Time Not To* by Terrill Maguire and Wende Bartley, with actress-singer Michele George; *Intemperanza* by Maureen McKellar and Owen Underhill; *Wounded* by Holly Small and John Oswald; *Fast Johnny* by Tom Stroud and Stuart Shepherd; *Mélanges* by Luc Tremblay and Alain Thibault; and *The Descent* by Lorraine Thomson and Kenneth Newby. Thomson also showed her work *The Making of Sand*, with music by Michael O'Neill. And choreographer Carol Anderson showed *Time and Fevers*, with music by Kirk Elliott, a piece she had already been commissioned to do; it was a “gift” to *Inde*.

MAGUIRE WANTED TO ENCOURAGE co-operation between the artists — as well as to push them, to challenge them. “I wanted to give them a chance to take risks,” she explains. But, foremost, she wanted to let the music and dance be created concurrently, rather than the usual set-up where the music is already composed by the time the choreography is begun.

A former teacher in the dance department at York University in Toronto (1973-79), Maguire herself has long been interested in collaboration with musicians. She has worked almost exclusively with live composers and musicians throughout her choreographic career, and she helped found the Musicdance Orchestra, an ensemble of collaborating musicians and dancers. Holly Small, a festival choreographer and former student of Maguire's, says, “*Inde* is a blossoming of a tendency Terrill has for creating unique performance opportunities for herself and other dancers in collaboration with musicians.”

The work at *Inde '88* offered collaborations with other media besides music — film, video and theatre — and, as a number of the choreographers mentioned in discussion, the all-important collaboration with the dancers. As well, the presence of actors added an exciting element to some of the pieces, notably Carol Anderson's otherwise traditional *Time and Fevers* and Tom Stroud's *Fast Johnny*.

Many of the choreographers positioned the live musicians so that the dancers interacted with them, or so that visually they were an important part of what we saw. In Holly Small and John Oswald's *Wounded*, the musicians had no instruments, and “played” the dancers as if they were keyboards and a stand-up bass. Only in one piece, Lorraine Thomson and Kenneth Newby's *The Descent*, did the live musicians' actions detract from the dance; we watched the ensemble playing more than we watched Thomson's solo dancing.

IN THE FIRST *INDE*, Maguire was adamant about using composers and choreographers who had never worked together before — what she calls putting strangers in bed together. She did that experiment in 1985, so she felt she didn't have to do it again, and the rules were looser this time. Some people submitted proposals together, and others were put together.

When the composer that Luc Tremblay was going to work with cancelled, Henry Kucharzyk, director of Arraymusic and co-artistic director, with Maguire, of *Inde '88*, suggested Tremblay work with Alain Thibault, another Quebec City composer he knew. The resulting *Mélanges* is indeed a mixture, with perky dancers in *commedia dell'arte* costumes and the relentlessly loud beat of the music fitting together surprisingly well.

Another way that Maguire drew on lessons learned from *Inde '85* was that she collaborated on the organizational end. Last time, the festival was thought up and organized by Maguire. This



Terrill Maguire and Michele George in Maguire's *Only Time To/No Time Not To*.

time, she was co-artistic director with Kucharzyk. Arraymusic produced *Inde '88*, and administrators and fundraisers were hired.

Last time, the festival was held at Toronto's Music Gallery. This time, Maguire knew she wanted a space with better sight-lines, but that still had an intimate feel to it, with the performers close to the audience. She also wanted it to be a more up-front venue, and so *Inde '88* took place at the du Maurier Theatre. In fact, the festival was part of Harbourfront's *Quay Works* festival of performance art, music and dance. The audience that *Inde* attracted was cross-referenced; the festival brought a dance audience to music and opened them up to that experience, and vice versa.

This time, *Inde* was bigger, more money had to be raised and a bigger audience attracted, so it was a much more complex job for Maguire. Even with an administrator, producer and Arraymusic, she still found that collaboration on the administrative work was more difficult than collaborating artistically.

Maguire did, indeed, have a piece of her own in *Inde '88*. She hadn't originally planned to include her own work, but she was organizing such a great situation for other choreographers that she couldn't resist making a dance of her own. “I don't want to be identified as a producer,” she says. “I don't mind crossing barriers, helping out when it's necessary, but I know that my creative work has to have a priority.”

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you have to have, or you could never make a dance, unless you just did your own solos."

CHRISTOPHER BUTTERFIELD CALLS *Wounded* a "real" collaboration, while *Intertête*, his work with Benoît Lachambre, was a "non-collaboration". In the good sense of the word, he's quick to add. "It was an attempt to articulate things about how people think about how they make things," he says. "We were saying, 'Let's see if we can find a common ground that way, and then invent something that will be complementary parts.' There are at least three or four things going on at all times. I have control over one of them at any given time. It's a question of trying to ignore the rest of them, because they'll just happen the way they happen.

"Maybe if we were trying to be real collaborators, we wouldn't have had such a good time," he continues. "This way, it was a great meeting of minds."

Intertête does have more things going on than you could ever take in, and uses the theatre space, with its balconies, to the fullest extent. The dancers, with their ghetto-blasters, wander in the lobby during the intermission before the piece. The dancing is risky and non-narrative.

TOM STROUND'S DANCE/THEATRE piece, *Fast Johnny*, is well-meshed with Stuart Shepherd's rough, loud, live electric guitar music played from the two balconies above the stage. Luc Tremblay and Alain Thibault's *Mélanges*, on the other hand, is a pretty, light soap opera that was pranced through by four precise dancers who were enjoyable to watch.

Carol Anderson and Kirk Elliott's *Time and Fevers* expresses the modern *angst* of the individual alone. A lyrical duet breaks the frenzied pace, like a war-time romance, and the piece ends on an optimistic group section that seems to say "life goes on, time passes".

MAUREEN MCKELLAR WORKED VERY CLOSELY with the composer, Owen Underhill, on *Intemperanza*. She was even offended when Underhill suggested that it would be nice if the music could be played on its own; she couldn't think of them separated like that. Then she realized that she had to let Underhill make it his own, too. Underhill says of the final piece, "I thought it was a very personal piece for Maureen, and that is a positive thing."

The problem is, the dancing seems to have been made in a vacuum. While McKellar's ideas when she talks about the dance make sense, the actual effect it has is different.

The very-researched theme of the dance is the unicorn. McKellar studied the dual nature of the pre-Christian and Christian views of the unicorn, how it was seen first as a wild beast and later as a symbol of the Virgin. The costumes were designed so that upright, the dancers are clothed, and upside-down, they are naked.

McKellar felt the piece touched on both the beast-like and innocent sides of the myth, but the risky costumes and revealing poses dominate the work. There are moments when the dancers execute lovely, equestrian, ordered moves with grace. But, as they tip their hips and rub their long sticks, the piece is reduced to an unclear hit on strip-tease.

THERE ARE ALREADY PLANS to organize future *Indes*. The collaborations are fruitful, growing experiences for the artists involved, and increase the accessibility of music for the dance audience and dance for the music audience. It would be good for all to have it happen again. ■



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OUT OF THE ARCHIVES, ON TO THE STAGE

Dance Reconstruction in Montreal

By LINDE HOWE-BECK

COMPARED TO THOSE OF OTHER COUNTRIES, Canada's dance roots are short indeed. While Europe was developing ballet, our forefathers were chopping down trees and fighting Indians. When Americans Loie Fuller and Isadora Duncan were pioneering new freedom in movement, we were building a railway to link the nation sea to sea.

In the early part of this century, European and American dance companies made regular forays into the new Canadian cities, sowing seeds for a dance appetite. They encountered some resistance among the French-speaking residents of Montreal. Under the repressive domination of a Roman Catholic Church that considered dance immoral, only a few French Quebecers

dared attend these seminal performances.

In the 1940s, a group of artists led by painter Paul-Emile Borduas spearheaded a cultural revolution that culminated in a 1948 manifesto known as the *Réfus Global* [Total Refusal]. In this rejection of bourgeois attitudes, the artists threw off the suffocating yoke of the Church and the arch-conservatism of the province headed by Premier Maurice Duplessis.

TWO MODERN DANCERS WERE PART of this movement. Françoise Sullivan, one of the signatories of the *Réfus Global*, who was destined to become a visual artist of note, and Jeanne Renaud, who would later found Le Groupe de la Place



The collaborators in the reconstruction of the 1948 *Récital de danse* (left to right): Louise Bédard, Jeanne Renaud, Françoise Sullivan and Ginette Boutin.

Michel Senechal, courtesy of UQAM

Françoise Sullivan's Black and Tan, performed by Ginette Boutin (left) in 1988 and by Sullivan herself (below) in 1948.



Denis Fairly

Maurice Perron



*Françoise Sullivan and Jeanne Renaud in their joint work *Moi je suis de cette race rouge et épaisse* (1948).*

Royale and devote herself to developing Quebec modern dance, worked with visual artists and musicians, reflecting in terpsichorean terms the objectives of the freedom fighters.

Sullivan and Renaud had studied ballet in Montreal before going to New York to immerse themselves in the burgeoning

modern dance movement. They chose to work with disciples of German expressionist Mary Wigman — Sullivan choosing Franziska Boas and Renaud studying with Hanya Holm and Mary Anthony.

On their return to Montreal, they gave a little recital, in April 1948, in a once-elegant midtown mansion that had been used as army barracks during the Second World War.

The Ross House performance was an intimate concert of solos and duets featuring the talents of others whose names would soon define Quebec art. Painter Jean-Paul Riopelle designed the lighting, fellow artist Jean-Paul Mousseau created beautiful hand-painted costumes and hung the stage area with pleated burlap curtains. Music was by Pierre Mercure.

The audience of fellow artists and intellectuals, including actors Jean Gascon and Jean-Louis Roux, were also pioneers in this developing society.

The performance lasted barely an hour. There was no thought of repeating it. Soon, Jeanne Renaud would leave to study in Paris, discarding her costumes during her moves. Françoise Sullivan's career kept her home, and she managed to keep two of the most elaborate costumes as souvenirs of her youth.

LAST APRIL, SULLIVAN TOOK her costumes out of mothballs when Montreal celebrated the 40th anniversary of the *Réfus Global*. As part of the retrospective of Quebec's only major artistic revolt, the two choreographers reconstructed their 1948 *Récital de danse*.

Sullivan donated the costumes she had preserved, and Mousseau offered to paint others and make new décors, adhering as much as possible to original designs. The Musée d'art contem-

porain put a conference room at their disposal and scheduled a run of three performances.

However, public response was so eager that a total of six shows were given, April 29-May 8.

A curious, tingling curiosity was in the air at the unusual opening. The audience, mainly from the dance community, approached the concert in a state of vibrant expectancy, for it was their first chance to glimpse the real roots of Montreal dance.

Françoise Sullivan, glowing and up-to-the-minute in her mini-skirted navy suit, confessed to being "terrified". She was afraid the recital would not meet spectators' pre-conceived notions, and warned privately that it would not break new barriers today.

Elegant as always in her drappings of blues and mauves, Jeanne Renaud echoed some of these concerns, but underlined the significance she felt the recital would have.

"It is interesting to be a part of the history of dance here. We always say that Mme Chiriaeff [founder of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, where Renaud recently ended a two-and-a-half year term as co-artistic director] started the dance world here. But this shows there were things before."

NEITHER CHOREOGRAPHER NEED HAVE WORRIED about their concert. It did not look hopelessly outdated, despite its age. Most of the eight short pieces have withstood time surprisingly well, especially considering that not only were they made by two very young dancemakers just beginning to flex their creative muscles, but they were made in what was essentially a choreographic vacuum, blazing a trail in a province where such dance had never been seen before.

Sullivan and Renaud drew on their New York experiences, but strenuously rejected recognizable dance vocabulary such as Martha Graham's in favour of exploring personal styles through experimentation, much of it improvisation.

Interpreted by Ginette Boutin and Louise Bédard, who undoubtedly lent the dances a contemporary air, since their technique is certainly different from that of Renaud and Sullivan in the 1940s, several dances would look comfortable on a program by today's young choreographers.

Françoise Sullivan, who showed five solos, was 22 in 1948, a visual arts student who had studied ballet with Montreal's Gérard Crevier. Her works showed an innocence and purity perhaps inspired by the closed Quebec society as well as her youth.

They also showed how she was influenced by the Automatiste painters. Her dances started simply, from an elemental point, growing in complexity and breadth through repetition of a limited number of gestures.

An interest in ritual, which would later reveal itself strongly in Sullivan's sculptures and paintings, had begun to emerge in *Gothique*, a dreamy, romantic piece with a mediaeval undertone, performed to live, onstage accompaniment. *Black and Tan*, in which the dancer wore a stunning, oriental-style costume with rope in her hair, looked more like a parody of *The Sheik of Araby* than it was likely meant to, with hints of the showgirl's bumps and grinds, and overly mannered gestures. But it still reflected Sullivan's abiding concern with simple movements allowed to swell and diminish.

Her concentration on cyclical movement was more evident in *La femme archaïque*, and culminated ecstatically in the pendulum movements of arm, torso and head in *Dédales*, a work remounted a few years ago on virtuoso Montreal dancer Ginette Laurin.

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front of a cubist-style painting, the dancer in *Femme* turned and flapped in large, slow movements, tipping in and out of centre with controlled turns that built in velocity to a kind of shimmy. Less involved with emotional isolation, the impact of *Dédales* came from breath rhythms which propelled and changed the dancer's heavy, swinging arms and head.

JEANNE RENAUD'S WORKS, *Déformité* and *L'emprise*, were quite different. Full of social comment, more architectural in design and dramatic in concept, their choppy, angular gestures contrasted with the roundedness of Sullivan's works.

At 18, Renaud had packed her bags and left her sheltered home to head for New York. With only a drive to learn dance and not a word of English to help in a pinch, she had a harsh introduction to the seamy side of life on New York streets, where she was confronted for the first time with raw poverty, drunks, drugs and even the corpse of a vagrant, frozen to death on the Brooklyn Bridge.

She was revolted by the experience, and out of it drew *Déformité*. All the anxiety she experienced in this city as a window designer by day and a dancer by night oozes out of this dance as the performer, clad in a tube of black, races in ever-widening circles, pulling at her face, hair and wrists in desperation. Finally, she escapes into a fetal position.

L'emprise, a later work, showed a woman on a tropical street. At first, she moved slowly, in a sort of heat-induced lethargy; she found a rope and wound it around herself. But it became her prison, and she struggled against it, racing, jumping, swinging and sweeping, until at the end of this hurricane-force dance she succumbed to it.

Thérèse Leduc, Renaud's sister, read her poem *Moi je suis de*

cette race rouge et épaisse for the dance of the same name on which the pioneers had collaborated. From my point of view, it was the weakest offering in the program, not only because it resisted any attempt to make the different talents of its makers converge, but because it bore no relationship to the wavery, dreamy, stream-of-consciousness imagery of the poem. The script spoke of blood, darkness and weight, as well as beauty, but the dance seemed especially frivolous, with ballet practice-skirts caught high in front, all the better to show the pony prances, *grand jetés* and little runs.

THE DANCES FOR *RECITAL DE DANSE* were reconstructed two years ago as part of the *Encore! Encore!* film project directed by Lawrence and Miriam Adams of Toronto.

Françoise Sullivan and Jeanne Renaud wished to show their early works to a public unlikely to see the archival document, and the *Réfus Global* celebrations offered an opportunity to do so.

Remembering the dances and rebuilding them faithfully wasn't as difficult as might have been expected, Renaud says. They used notes, diagrams and old photos to jog their memories.

"It was the beginning of my gesture, a time when I was living intensely," she says, adding that those days of her coming-of-age as a choreographer ring clearer than later periods. For example, she says she could never reconstruct the works she made after founding Le Groupe de la Place Royale in 1966.

The two choreographers seem satisfied with their rejuvenated dances. And they have stimulated unexpected interest in Montreal's dance community, and even elsewhere. At the end of September, Sullivan will show several dances at a conference she will give on the *Réfus Global* at the Niagara Artists' Centre in St. Catharines, Ontario. ■

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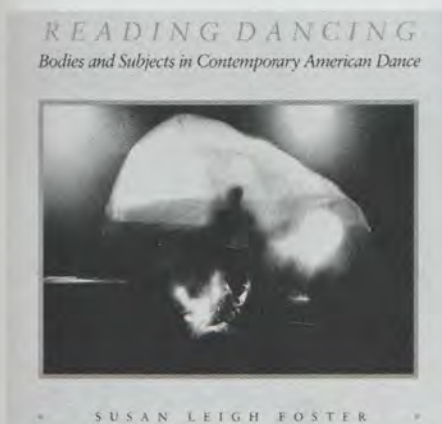
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IN REVIEW: *Books*



READING DANCING:
Bodies and Subjects in Contemporary American Dance
 by Susan Leigh Foster
 University of California Press (Berkeley), 1986

Reviewed by *SUSAN TRITES FREE*

CRITICAL WRITING ON THEATRICAL DANCE has not been much affected by the theoretical issues so important for other arts. Where would film criticism be, for instance, without Marxism, psychoanalysis or semiotics? Even questions asked by contemporary or "post-modern" dancers — such as, What is the relationship of dance movement to meaning? — have barely altered the way people write about dance.

This self-protective insularity is now challenged in Susan Leigh Foster's provocative book *Reading Dancing: Bodies and Subjects in Contemporary American Dance*. Less abstract than its title suggests, *Reading Dancing* shows how contemporary literary and sociological theories can provide practical strategies for talking about dance.

Foster maintains that dance should not be considered a closed movement vocabulary with a finite range of choreographic subjects. There is no pre-determined or "natural" relationship between choreographer, dancer and spectator, she says, despite claims to the contrary. Inherited dance forms, and their underlying assumptions about the "nature" of dance and performance, are neither immutable nor universal.

Her argument draws from the post-structuralism of Roland Barthes and Michel Foucault, but also refers to the rupture in modern dance history associated with Merce Cunningham. By using chance methods to construct dances, Cunningham demonstrated that the significance of a dance need not lie in its psychological expression, musical mimicry or narrative logic. In the same way that post-structuralists expose the arbitrary and ideological construction of social phenomena, Cunningham's aleatory methods "de-naturalize" dance, exposing the conventionality of traditional choreographic practice.

This break in thinking about choreography encourages us to discuss dance without getting mired in partisan arguments which favour one form of choreography over another on the grounds of what is supposedly more valid or natural. From this stance, one

can consider dance forms as complex social phenomena, no less mysterious or wonderful for not (necessarily) being natural.

Foster's analysis focuses on the work of four contemporary choreographers: Martha Graham, George Balanchine, Deborah Hay and Merce Cunningham. She examines their choreography, but also takes up the function of classwork and rehearsal, the dancer's role in realizing the choreography, and the "responsibilities and pleasures" of audience members. Using current sociological, aesthetic and literary models, Foster devises a method of "reading choreography", and tests this method on the work of the aforementioned choreographers.

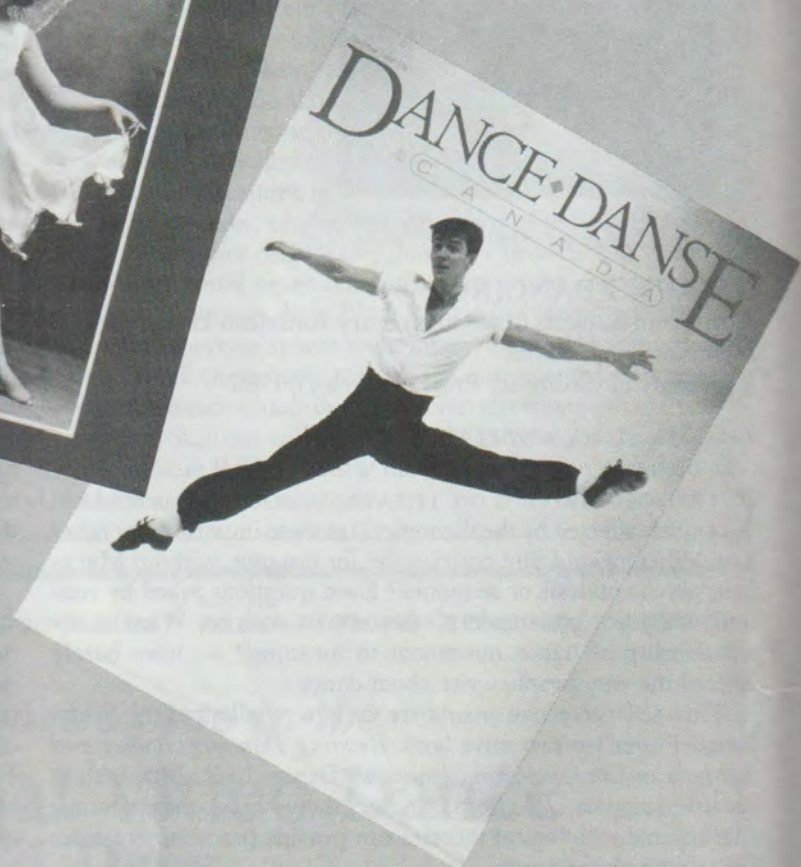
It is at this point that *Reading Dancing* loses some coherence as an argument. Instead of showing how the works of Graham, Balanchine, Hay and Cunningham are meaningful within their respective 20th-century contexts, Foster examines Balanchine and Hay in the context of remote historical periods. She argues that, based on her strategy for reading dancing, Hay's choreography can be compared with the courtly dance of the Renaissance and Balanchine's with the theatrical dance of the 18th century. While these comparisons are not arbitrary, the descriptions of historical dance forms swamp, rather than illuminate, the contemporary forms with which they are matched, and undermine the argument for the importance of historical context in understanding dance.

In a project this ambitious, such a problem only illustrates the difficulties encountered by a dance historian-analyst, and should not be seen as a failure of Foster's method. In providing a much-needed alternative to mainstream dance writing, *Reading Dancing* raises countless worthwhile questions for dance-making and dance-viewing, as well as for dance-writing. For Susan Leigh Foster's willingness to participate in the larger debates of art and culture, this book deserves to be a point of reference for subsequent critical and historical works on dance. ■



Martha Graham is one of the choreographers whose works are discussed in Reading Dancing. Shown here are members of the Martha Graham Dance Company in her 1958 work Embattled Garden.

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CANADA

IN REVIEW: *Performances*

VANCOUVER

Reviewed by SUSAN INMAN

HURRY. DON'T MISS THIS. Come see before it's too late. You'll never be the same.

If only dance writers had the skills of carnival barkers, used-car salesmen or evangelical TV preachers, we would know how to deliver audiences to those few works whose worth is truly stunning.

Karen Jamieson's *Vessel*, a solo no less, has the power to convert almost any disbeliever into a proselytizer for the glories of dance. Not that the full crowd for *Drive-Dancing on High Octane*, a May celebration of the fifth season of the Karen Jamieson Dance Company, needed convincing, but the small Arcadian Hall, although probably the wisest economic choice, never seems like an ample venue for the phenomenal talent and energy of this excellent company.

Vessel is a homage to the universal impulse to dance. Even before the dim lighting allowed us to decipher the actual contours of Karen Jamieson's body, we experienced an undulating ripple of energy emanating from the space she occupied. Her hair was pulled back into a tight, bouncing pony-tail, her face and arms were streaked with bold black markings that were echoed in the black and red gauzy fabric that lightly covered her.

She appeared as some synthesis of every tribal dancer, but one whose movement and message were filtered through the sophisticated shadings of modern sensibilities and movement techniques. The delicately curving arms of Shiva and Bharat Natyam became infused with the energy of flexing and extending back muscles as the torso leaned forward into the dynamic pulsing of West-African dance. Quickly vibrating legs were transformed into the precise steps and expanded wings of a tropical bird.

Jamieson has never had a better outlet for showing the range of her extraordinarily versatile body. From probing fingertip to elated jaw, from quivering knee to proudly arching lower back, she was in triumphant command of a vessel worthy of this exhilarating array of dance images.

Vessel emerged as a flawless moment, but there were some problems with the rest of the program. Although *Sisyphus*, which is often considered the company's signature work, was performed excellently — and even nicely updated with some acid-wash denim — it does not comfortably share a program with the more recently choreographed *Drive*. There are too many similarities in their choreographic structures.

Le Bateau, which included Larry Cohen's inhabitable sculptures, did have some bright moments, showing us who is the same boat with us and what they are up to, but it needs greater clarity than it contained in this premiere performance.

THE PROBLEM OF JUXTAPOSING works also plagued the March performances of Ballet British Columbia. The sombre sculptural dances of guest choreographer John Alleyne (*vision-flection*) and artistic director Reid Anderson (*Music for the Eyes*) were too similar in tone to allow the full strength of either to be adequately appreciated by audiences.



David Cooper



Chris Randle

(Above) David MacGillivray in the Ballet British Columbia production of George Balanchine's *Apollo*.

(Left) Karen Jamieson in her new solo work *Vessel*.

At least the two works were separated by the company's latest coup — George Balanchine's *Apollo*, which was being performed for the first time by a Canadian company. In claiming this 1928 work, which was pivotal in the development of neo-classical ballet, the company has selected another gem for its rapidly growing repertoire of important dance works.

VANCOUVER'S EXPERIMENTAL DANCE community continued in its lively investigations this spring. The Firehall's April series, *Mixed Media Grill*, presented an array of mostly local choreographers. Rebound Dance Collective's Chick Snipper demonstrated her increasing ease in character pieces, particularly in the imaginative *Dreamscheme*. In this humorous play on dream interpretation, which included zesty texts from Carl Jung and D.M. Thomas, Janet McNulty and C. Lee shone in their respective roles as a naive sexual explorer and a leering, jaded analyst.

Lola MacLaughlin also demonstrated her increasing range as a choreographer in an evening of her works at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. Unfortunately, she still has a penchant for producing the kind of campy works she has often created before. *Inca-Dinca-Parlez-Vous?* was a bathing-suit clad send-up of Denishawn pseudo-rituals that was a little cloying in its love of "in" jokes. With *Soror Mundi*, however, MacLaughlin's wonderful new abilities to create streams of genuinely dynamic movement phrases and rich group relationships were admirably evident, and were certainly enhanced by her choice of mature dancers Rosemary Arroyave, Susan McKenzie, Claudia Moore and Sarah Williams.

MacLaughlin did not show her own choreography off to best advantage in *Cantilena*. Her face and arms radiated an appealing expressiveness, but she lacks a solid strength in the middle of her body. This absence of control in her centre kept her movements from achieving a fullness which they needed, and produced rickety turns and balances. Fortunately, the visually striking solo *Labyrinth*, choreographed by Robert Desrosiers, allowed MacLaughlin to perform within her movement range, and to realize her special powers for conjuring up an endearing bizarreness.

THE PRODUCTIONS BY THE DANCE DEPARTMENT at Simon Fraser University also indicated fresh growth. The quality of the student dancers and the ability of the faculty choreographers to work within the limitations, yet still challenge them, was impressive in *8 x 6*. The choreography itself, which included works by newcomer Ruth Emerson, was very appealing in this spring offering.

Emerson also danced in her solo *Three Voice Fugue*. Watching her quietly walk with hands and arms sifting, sorting and shaping the space through which she travelled, I was struck by how rarely we witness anyone who is clearly middle-aged dance. The dignity and knowledge with which Emerson possessed the stage were undeniably the result of age and experience.

Although all the faculty works were strong, it was especially exciting to see Santa Aloi's new direction in *Oh, How The Ghosts Sing*, a provocative look at how we go about acquiring fragments of personality.

ONE OF THE SWEETEST PLEASURES in this spring's abundant dance offerings was the newly staged version of *Peter Pan* directed and choreographed by Jeff Hyslop. Making thorough use of star Cathy Rigby's gymnastic ability, Hyslop succeeded in blending considerable dance material into a quickly paced plot.

Judging by the audience delight, especially during the stupendous flying episodes which even had Peter soaring through the theatre, this was the most successful family show to come to Vancouver in a long time.

WINNIPEG

Reviewed by JACQUI GOOD

IT WAS A MODEL OF MODERN MARKETING! The words *What Will Tedd Do Next?* were emblazoned on posters and T-shirts all over Winnipeg this spring. The question referred to a full-length evening of dance being created behind closed doors at the Contemporary Dancers studio for April performances at the Gas Station Theatre and for May performances by the company at the *Festival of Canadian Modern Dance* at the Manitoba Theatre Centre. And the creator, known for his unpredictability, was none other than the company's flamboyant artistic director, Tedd Robinson.

Apparently the question campaign began because Tedd Robinson quite simply did NOT know what he would do next when his publicity director asked him for a title. And when he did come up with one — *He Called Me His Blind Angel* — it wasn't that much more helpful than *What Will Tedd Do Next?*

But, regardless of its name, the product went over very well with the expectant audience. Not only that, it marked significant steps in the development of Tedd Robinson as a choreographer. For one thing, there was a great deal more dance, good solid dance, in this work than in the last few full-length extravaganzas Robinson has created. It seemed he had become entranced by theatre and the word, and had lost touch with his roots in movement.

So, I was happy to see his strong, athletic dancers doing what they do best — leaping and falling, and just exulting in their physicality. And I was particularly pleased to see some carefully crafted duets as a contrast to all the group dance.

One past show had centred on the life of a radical dancer (*Nothing Past the Swans*), another on the great pianist Franz Liszt (*Camping Out*). Here, there was nothing so recognizable, or so confining. The dance was more abstract, and yet somehow more universal. It should stir different memories and emotions with different people. But stir them, nonetheless.

He Called Me His Blind Angel did put a sort of angel onstage throughout the work. Ruth Cansfield was swathed in yards and yards of crinolines that served as a womb-like retreat for the dancers. She was part earth-mother and part fairy-tale princess, straight from a child's picture-book. In one stunning bit of staging, she grew very, very tall. Then the magic mood was immediately undercut by a comic tumble and a swirl of skirts. Tedd Robinson continually makes fun of his own pretension, and that's why, even at their most excessive, his over-blown dances have a sweet, endearing quality.

Oh . . . and the Angel was blind. Or at least she couldn't see very well. No one could, actually. At one point, the entire cast was delivered from blindness by the arrival of a batch of eyeglasses. Their collective reaction reminded me of the day I got my first pair of glasses, at the age of 10. It was miraculous for everything to suddenly be crystal-clear, but I was rather sad to lose the romantic, soft-edged look the world had always had for me.

I'm willing to bet Tedd Robinson felt the same thing when he got glasses. My hunch is that there were quite a few autobiographical fragments in this piece. Fragments like scratchy old records he heard on a victrola. We got both Rudy Vallee and Puccini arias. And I'll just bet that wee Tedd Robinson put on a wee tartan kilt while he listened to the bagpipes. (A surprise appearance by an entire pipe band just about stole every show, by the way.)

There was much more. Robinson filled the stage and the eye. There was a group of spectacled "nerds" dancing rather like Jerry Lewis; there were baggy pants that slipped down to the

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knees, half-naked bodies, wailing concertinas and long velvet coats. There were lines from Tennessee Williams, textured wall hangings and whispered conversations with the audience.

There were layers of memory and moments of great originality smack up against corny clichés.

Tedd Robinson has said he would love to direct an opera. I wish someone would give him a chance. I love the way he uses operatic music, and his lush and loony visual style could really freshen up some of the old war-horses. The heightened emotionalism would seem to suit his talent, while the strictures of story-telling might tame it enough to broaden the appeal.

But until Tedd takes on *Madama Butterfly*, *He Called Me His Blind Angel* should suit his fans just fine.

OTTAWA

Reviewed by ANDREA ROWE

EACH YEAR, LE GROUPE de la Place Royale presents several independent choreographers, bringing in young, lesser-known Canadian creators to show their works over several consecutive weekends. This year, Conrad Alexandrowicz and the duo of Pierre-Paul Savoie and Jeff Hall were three of those invited to Le Groupe's studios to show what they've been up to.

A general criticism of many of the works presented was that the choreographers took too long trying to say too much. It's an easy mistake to make at the beginning of one's career: suddenly given the chance to create, one has all the experiences of a lifetime on which to draw. It must be hard to resist putting in everything one has ever learned — as a sort of grand, cathartic gesture. In a way, these choreographers are at a disadvantage in being their own bosses — there's no one to stop them from their own excesses, no director whose job it is to tell them when they've gone too far.

A case in point was one of Conrad Alexandrowicz's works, *Boys Will Be Men*, in which he and Sylvain Brochu were featured. Although Alexandrowicz had already performed a flowing work called *A Modest Rose Puts Forth a Thorn*, linking poetic text performed by Kim Renders with his own graceful movement (and later in the evening was to be presented with the Canada Council Jacqueline Lemieux Prize), *Boys* was a lengthy, unfocused work created on too personal a level to make much sense to the audience. The whole thing left one with the feeling of being an outsider witnessing "insider" jokes.

The following weekend, the same thing happened in Pierre-Paul Savoie and Jeff Hall's *Duodenum*, another endless, rambling recounting of personal experiences stitched together, diluting whatever message there was in a barrage of meaningless text and movement. If the role of an artist is to illuminate and make some sense for us of the world we live in, these choreographers, in being self-indulgent and only mildly entertaining, fell miserably short of their goal.

This was particularly disappointing after the first piece on Savoie's program, his *Tripes Attisées*, which was arguably the best piece to be seen on Le Groupe's stage this season. The autobiographical reference in the program notes suggests that Savoie spent a part of his youth in a great deal of pain, suffering from some kind of physical or emotional trauma. To put this across, he performed much of the piece on crutches, which meant he had to discover a whole new vocabulary of movement. He did this, creating extraordinary off-kilter turns and other movements that required tremendous upper-body strength and precision.

The crutches gave the piece a visual reference point, but they also represented what Savoie went through and how much it cost him. It went deeper still: they were also a symbol of the obstacles,

both real and imagined, that threaten to hold us all back, at some time or other in our lives, from what we want. In Savoie's case, he overcame his demons in an almost heroic struggle, so it ended very much with a positive feeling of hope for us all. But, at the same time, it was sad and tremendously moving to watch, not least because of Savoie's intensity and the obvious sense of his having "been there".

There is no comparison between this work and *Duodenum*, and that's why it is surprising that both were created in the same year. Savoie has shown that he has a rare gift — the ability to create a serious work of art. Maybe he needs to work alone at this point in his career, rather than in collaboration with Hall; whatever the problem, one hopes he will find what he needs to get back to creating meaningful work.

LE GROUPE PRESENTED ITS OWN choreographers a few weeks later, in a series it has dubbed *The Creative Process*. In this, the second year of the project, Davida Monk, Katherine Labelle and Jane Mappin were each given two weeks to map out choreographic ideas on company dancers. Performances over the first weekend, another week to work further, then final shows the second weekend completed the first cycle of what artistic director Peter Boneham sees as a three-cycle process. Only the best ideas from these choreographers will be chosen for development up through stages two and three, and should culminate in a final full-blown performance for those who merit it.

What made the series so interesting was the audience's participation. They were encouraged to respond to what they saw by giving feedback, suggesting the pieces be performed in different ways, slowed down, speeded up, even that entire sections be dropped.

Sometimes one could see the discomfort on the faces of the choreographers and dancers alike as things were pulled apart and rearranged. It must be difficult to have to stand in front of an audience and give logical, well-reasoned arguments justifying what you've done. (Didn't a great artist once explain he had done a painting a certain way "because it looked good"? He'd not have fared well here!)

Sometimes the answers were revelations that gave everyone a better understanding of what was being attempted. Such was the case with Davida Monk's idea of what she called "retrograde movement", where blocks of movement were danced, then reversed and danced again, re-orienting the bodies in a different direction. It wasn't something the untrained eye would pick up — in fact, it was largely an exercise for the dancers and choreographer — but knowing what they were doing increased the audience's awareness of what different kinds of movement were possible. Understanding that, non-dancers became more appreciative of the delicate art of choreography, and that can only deepen their pleasure when they see something out-of-the-ordinary done well.

At other times no explanations were necessary, as with Katherine Labelle's final performances. She had been experimenting with voice, rhythm and movement; in the final half-hour of the second weekend, she put the different segments together and surprised everyone with the finished quality of her piece. For once there was no hesitation in applauding her efforts — and maybe a shared feeling of satisfaction, since Labelle had clearly incorporated some of the suggestions of her audience into the piece.

Jane Mappin probably benefitted most from the feedback of her audience, and it was from her weekend that the audience really saw the point of the whole exercise most clearly. Mappin had decided to work a strong theatrical element into her work,

giving her dancers lines of text written by Claire Tothman about a family whose characters were terrified of the outside world and had built up strange ways of coping with their unhappy lives. The text was weak to begin with, and it was obvious Mappin had had trouble creating the dramatic effects she wanted around it.

After the first section was performed, the audience was generally critical — especially over the integration of the text with movement. Mappin's theatrical advisor, Norman Armour, became involved in the discussion, as did musician-composer Ian Mackie. Although this writer was unable to attend the final weekend, from all accounts Mappin absorbed the criticism and apparently vindicated herself with a much more successful creation in the final week.

The whole idea of letting an audience witness the creative process is a good one; the only problem is that almost no one goes to these events — maybe 25 people on a good night, usually far fewer. It's true that the production quality is practically nil, and the studios are uncomfortable and hot, but it still gives one a bit of a lift to see choreographers and dancers filled with enthusiasm, devoid of pretension and doing what they love to do, sometimes very well, indeed.

TORONTO

Reviewed by PAULA CITRON

MID-SEASON FOUND THE DANCE SCENE bursting with creative energy, as major companies offered a host of new works. There was also an astonishing choreographic debut by independent dancer Marie-Josée Chartier and a "from-the-heart" piece by René Highway.

New works by established choreographers included David Earle's full-length *Palace of Pleasure* for Toronto Dance Theatre, Danny Grossman's solo, *Memento Mori*, and for Dancemakers, New York-based Doug Varone's *Voix Bulgare* and James Kudelka's *In Camera*. The National Ballet of Canada added Jiří Kylián's *Forgotten Land* to its repertoire, while TIDE presented a staggering five premieres.

DAVID EARLE'S *PALACE OF PLEASURE* was opulent, ambitious and esoteric. Loosely based on William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, the convoluted plot-line also included references to Greek mythology, 17th-century philosophy and Freudian psychoanalysis thrown in to sweeten the confusion.

As a totality, the flimsy story about twins, runaways from Olympus, and their dealings with humans on earth was hard to swallow amidst the clutter of sub-themes and sub-plots. For example, the lovestruck Orsino is a sculptor, and Olivia becomes his ideal woman, hence the art/life symbolism. In fact, Earle's work had so much symbolic context, it was a quagmire of allusions.

Yet, when the vignettes were isolated and treated as works on their own, Earle's deft choreographic hand could be better appreciated. In fact, some of the sequences were so exquisite they were almost achingly beautiful — such as Olivia's funeral dance (performed by Merle Holloman) for her dead brother.

Earle's vision of Olympus, costumed with the right amount of grandeur by Denis Joffe and placed on a set of arches and pillars cunningly crafted by Patrick Matheson, was a joy to behold. The collage of music by Bach and Purcell added the proper mood and was brilliantly chosen.

No one can move large numbers of bodies around a stage like David Earle, but if they are moving amid too much clutter, their purpose is lost. While one can appreciate Earle's stunning images

of pain and pleasure, the two rafts to which man clings as he drifts aimlessly in an uncaring world, the work needed a good editor.

DANNY GROSSMAN'S FIRST NEW SOLO in 10 years, *Memento Mori*, was quintessential Grossman. The telltale leaps in the air with bended knees, the repetition of images, the angles and straight lines in the choreography were all in the piece.

Set to music by Bach, it is a work based on paradox. Although the theme concerned death and dying, the dancer, costumed by Mary Kerr in a revealing little leather outfit, seemed to suggest man coming to terms with his sexual orientation, with the result being sexual freedom flaunted in the face of the Grim Reaper. No wonder the piece ended on an expression of joyous rapture!

The work was very moving. Grossman danced from his very soul, and, once again, he wore his heart on his sleeve, as he does with so much of his choreography.

DOUG VARONE'S *VOIX BULGARE*, for Dancemakers, took highly ethnic and individualistic music and put modern-dance trappings on it. Marvellously inventive and filled with cheeky humour, the work required flat-out energetic footwork on the part of the dancers. With just hints of folk-dance movement, Varone's unique choreography seemed to be pointing backwards in time to show the 20th century that dance and the need to dance are buried in ancient traditions.

While Varone's work showed everything up-front, James Kudelka's *In Camera* was deliberately obscure. Kudelka tends to be a choreographer whose inspiration, for the most part, comes from his intelligence rather than his heart. The work showed private moments, hence the title. Many of the dancers were in lingerie or other casual dress, and in different combinations of genders and numbers. The work ended with an androgynous solo that could be danced by either a man or a woman. In short, when it comes down to brass tacks, "in camera" means being along with all your emotional baggage.

Had Kudelka stuck with just these vignettes, the work would have been more accessible. But Kudelka is, well, Kudelka, and he loves to muddy the waters. Thus, he had Carol Anderson and Sylvain Brochu dressed up as fairies, looking like escapees from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and fluttering between the harsh realities of the other two episodes. Many members of the audience found this twosome jarring, but for me the two cupids epitomized the ideals of romanticism, now cleverly put into true perspective by the *angst* of the other dancers.

FORGOTTEN LAND IS ANOTHER ONE of Jiří Kylián's works of anguish. The Czech-born artistic director of Netherlands Dance Theatre has made a career out of baring the human soul in movement. In this work, set to music by Benjamin Britten, six couples grappled with despair and loneliness in different ways.

The National Ballet tends to dance Kylián well, and this work is an important repertory choice for the company, because it shows the dancers off to advantage in both its movement and emotional demands. Stylistically, it is a chance for the company to enter the realm of modern dance and the heavier gravity it requires.

NEW WORKS AT TIDE included premieres by company members Denise Fujiwara (*The Great Wall*), Allen Norris (*Maple Syrup and History Lesson*), Kim Frank (*Lola and Herb Projecting*) and Tama Soble (*Good People*). All dealt with human communication and its problems. In fact, this was the trouble with the program — too much of the same thing and not enough variety. On the other hand, all the works had merit. The major problem is

(Right) Sarah Green and Stephen Legate in the National Ballet of Canada production of Jiří Kylián's *Forgotten Land*. (Below) Tom Brouillette and Michael Querin in Marie-Josée Chartier's *RED . . . The Mens Club*.



Andrew Owenham



Cylla von Tiedemann

that the company tends to perform all its current works without regard for programming.

The most important piece was *Anglais sans peine*, created with New York avant-garde choreographer Anne Bogart, about — what else! — communication. Using an old-fashioned textbook on how to learn English, Bogart fashioned the idiotic phrases into a damning commentary on man's inability to reveal himself to others. It's hard to get past "My uncle is in the garden" and other inanities to the truth. *Anglais* was a marvellously nervous and edgy piece, but it deserved a better showcase than just being another statement on relationships.

RENE HIGHWAY'S *NEW SONG . . . NEW DANCE* and Marie-Josée Chartier's *RED . . . The Mens Club* both dealt with native culture. Highway's theme was taking the Indian away from the land and the resulting loss of dignity and identity, coupled with a growing anger and resentment. Chartier used the metaphor of modern man hiding his more primitive nature under the guise of civilization, with the resulting lack of honesty. Civilized man has lost touch with his emotions.

Although Highway's work had flashes of brilliance, such as the three dancers (Highway, plus fellow native-Americans Alejandro Ronceria and Raoul Trujillo) trying on white man's clothes and doing it all wrong, *New Song* was an overly busy piece that lacked a central focus. At one moment, it was strictly rooted on earth; at another, in the stars.

René Highway and his collaborator-brother Tomson, who did the music, were another team that could use a good editor in shaping their material. The work's parts were better than the whole.

On the other hand, Marie-Josée Chartier could give lessons to

many more seasoned choreographers. Her whole concept for *RED . . . The Mens Club* was inspired by a book, *The Island of Menstruating Men*, which describes a tribe in Papua New Guinea, where the men get together once a month to emulate the menstruation of women.

Chartier's work was filled with symbolism, yet the images were strictly controlled, as was her strong central focus. She brilliantly had the piece, for five male dancers, move backwards from the cold and indifferent businessmen to the natives who could drum and dance their feelings without the barriers of polite society. The clever pivot of the work was the theme of ritual: one man was shaved, manicured and shampooed, while another had his face painted according to native customs.

RED was a collaborative effort, with an excellent score by well-known composer Michael J. Baker and haunting visuals by artist Rae Anderson. In fact, Anderson's five 'standing sculptures/shields/rock outcrops were brilliantly conceived and deserve a special mention. With two of the three collaborators being women, there was a strong undercurrent of feminist sensibility.

MONTREAL

Reviewed by LINDE HOWE-BECK

IN THE WORLD OF Jean-Pierre Perreault, dance is incomplete without its choreographer-created environment — vast landscapes of imposing grandeur that dwarf humanity.

Arresting and austere, these sets are revealed, stark and unpopulated, at the beginning of every Perreault piece, making those of us in our seats feel unexpectedly insignificant. It's an effect similar to that which confronts the wide-screen movie-goer

when the lights go down.

Perreault, who had determined to become an artist before he was smitten by dance 20 years ago, creates these spaces just as he does the loose-limbed, everyday movement his dancers perform to their accompanying foot-stomping, which he orchestrates with infinite subtlety.

There have been four evening-long Perreault pieces in these past five years. Each one has been entirely conceived (and often built, painted and sound-dictated, as well as choreographed) by the former co-artistic director of Le Groupe de la Place Royale. Since *Joe*, which won hearts with its shabby, Chaplinesque figures skittling up and down a severely raked stage, Perreault has produced *Stella*, *Nuit* and now *Les Lieux-Dits*. *Stella*, for a battalion of women marching up and down miked pyramids, left an impression of a trapped people, sounding a concern for feminism, perhaps; *Nuit*, with its aggressive thrust-stage and 20-foot sloping walls, was less anguished, but still deployed dancers in harsh, geometrical ways.

By comparison, *Les Lieux-Dits* (which in English means special, or specified, places) is certainly Perreault's gentlest work in this series. Running May 12-29 at the Université du Québec à Montréal's Salle Marie-Gérin Lajoie, it featured huge blocks of pastel-coloured paintings whose romantic cloudy sky motifs changed from tender to stormy with lighting also designed by the choreographer.

The army boots which have figured so importantly in other works were back, striking rhythms on the miked stage. Dancers again were dressed in St. Denis Street drab, but some difference was permitted in the way they put together their pieces of grey and black apparel. They were not quite so faceless as other members of the various Perreault societies.

While he continues exploring changing perceptions by contrasting visual and auditory patterns between set and dancers, lighting and set, varieties and qualities of sounds, Perreault uses *Lieux* to mark an important departure not only in the way he uses movement, but in the kind of rounded, gestural vocabulary he has chosen.

From the moment a lone dancer appeared at the beginning and walked barefoot around the stage, gazing appreciatively at the dappled cubes, we knew to expect a more lyrical piece. She was joined by others wearing the trademark boots. They hugged, played, whirled and stomped, their floppy, sometimes funny and always random-looking movements ebbing and flowing for a good 75 minutes. As friendly pink and mauve shadows fell across the cloudy sets, dancers projected real warmth in their relationships and seemed happy to suspend time in their Eden-like habitat with antics as hard to recall as details in a fuzzy photo.

One cannot forget the mesmerizing bombardment of earsplitting booted rhythms, so diligently drummed in endless patterns. They wearied to the point of exhaustion. But the eight excellent dancers, the best team Perreault has ever collected, performed with relentless energy that burned the brain and welded each ambitious element of this piece into an admirable whole.

That Jean-Pierre Perreault is one of Canada's most unique and innovative dance talents has been acknowledged for some time among his peers. Although his unwieldy sets rarely travel beyond Ottawa, *Nuit* will tour Europe this fall. Perreault has also followed up his successful *Highway '86* event for 50 dancers and 10 musicians at Vancouver's *Expo '86* with an outdoor happening at New York's *International Festival of the Arts* this summer. He was the only Canadian dancemaker invited to this major show. ■

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Summer Courses – July 1988

N.B. *What's New and What's Happening . . . People, Performances and Exhibits*

■ Toronto artist **Terrill Maguire** is the 1988 winner of the **Jean A. Chalmers Choreographic Award**. She received the Award from Ontario Arts Council board member **Lucie Amyot** at a ceremony following the final performance of the *Canada Dance Festival* in Ottawa at the beginning of July.

■ Montreal dancer **Manon Levac**, a member of *Montréal Danse*, is the winner of the 16th **Canada Council Jacqueline Lemieux Prize**. **Celia Franca**, a member of the Council, presented the Prize to her at a performance by *Montréal Danse* at the *Canada Dance Festival*.

■ *Nureyev, A Celebration* was a gala performance at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, June 27, marking the 50th birthday of **Rudolf Nureyev**. Principal dancer **Karen Kain** and co-artistic directors **Valerie Wilder** and **Lynn Wallis** of the **National Ballet of Canada** took part in the event.

Among those in attendance were **Linda Maybarduk**, president of the **Dance in Canada Association**, **Steve Dymond**, executive director of the Association, **Vanessa Harwood**, former principal dancer with the National Ballet of Canada, and **Charles Kirby**, principal character artist with the National Ballet.

■ British Columbia's **Arrow Lakes Dance Theatre** is scheduled to perform at the *Rainbow Festival* in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in early August and at the Canada Pavilion at *Expo '88* in Brisbane, Australia, Sept. 11-18.

■ *Discover Dance*, a new subscription series of performances at the Vancouver Playhouse, has been launched by the **Dance Centre** and producer **David Y.H. Lui**.

Scheduled to appear are **Margie Gillis** (Sept. 16-17), the **Judith Marcuse Dance Company** (Sept. 23-24), the **Danny Grossman Dance Company** (Nov. 8-9), the **Karen Jamieson Dance Company** (Feb. 7-8) and the **Anna Wyman Dance Theatre** (Feb. 10-11).

■ In September, the **Anna Wyman Dance Theatre** will perform at *Expo '88* in Brisbane, Australia. Repertoire is scheduled to include works by artistic director Wyman (*Dance is . . . This . . . And This, Takada* and her most recent piece, *Maskerade*) and Bengt Jörgen (*Universal Rhythm*).

Prior to its Australian engagement, the company will appear in Tacoma, Washington; upon its return, the company will embark on a cross-Canada tour.

■ **Ballet British Columbia** has announced plans for its 1988-89 season at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre in Vancouver. The fall performances, Nov. 4-5, will feature



David Camper

André Lewis and Leslie Fields in the Royal Winnipeg Ballet production of Jacques Lemay's The Big Top, which has been recorded as a Cameraction/Primedia presentation in association with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Telefilm Canada and Film Manitoba. Directed by Norman Campbell, with Leo Foucault as producer and Pat Ferns as executive producer, The Big Top will be broadcast on CBC this winter.

Entr'Act, a new work by artistic director Reid Anderson; a new, as yet untitled work by guest choreographer Pierre Wyss, artistic director of Germany's Wiesbaden State Theatre; and the Canadian premiere of John Cranko's *Brouillards*.

During its spring performances, Mar. 10-11, the company will present *Petite Symphonie Concertante* by David Allan; *In Passing and Autumn*, both by Reid Anderson; and a new, as yet untitled piece by guest choreographer John Alleyne of the National Ballet

of Canada.

Also featured on the company's subscription series are the **Martha Graham Dance Company**, Nov. 18-19; the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet**, with its new production of *Swan Lake*, Feb. 15-16; and the **Shanghai Ballet**, Mar. 31-Apr. 1.

As well, subscribers will be offered an opportunity for advance booking for the **Pacific Northwest Ballet**, performing its production of *The Nutcracker*, Dec. 28-Jan. 7, and the **Kirov Ballet**, which will present three programs (*Potemkin*, a gala mixed program and artistic director Oleg Vinogradov's production of *Le Corsaire*), June 5-10.

■ Principal dancer **Claude Caron** left the **Alberta Ballet Company** at the end of the 1987-88 season.

■ **Jon Bjorgum** is the new director of the communications and public relations department at the **Banff Centre**. He replaces **Joey Shulman**, who is returning to Ontario in September. Bjorgum was previously the manager of the Centre's extension, electronic and film media, and inter-arts programs.

■ **Brian Macdonald**, head of the Banff Centre dance program and resident choreographer of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, is the 1988 recipient of the **Banff Centre School of Fine Arts National Award**.

The Award recognizes his outstanding and continuing contribution to the development of the performing arts in Canada through his work, teaching and encouragement of other artists, and includes the opportunity for a short residency at the Banff Centre.

■ **The Alberta Ballet Company** will hire six additional dancers as apprentices this fall, increasing the number of company members to 22 dancers. Funding for this program is being sponsored jointly by the Alberta Ballet Company and Employment and Immigration Canada's Canadian Job Strategy program.

■ Calgary-based **Sun-Ergos** has announced plans for its home performances at the Scarborough Centre during the 1988-89 season. The world premiere of *Cloud Stones* will be presented this fall, Oct. 12-23. For Christmas, Sun-Ergos will once again perform *A Christmas Gift*, Dec. 7-18. A revival of *Fables*, Mar. 29-Apr. 9, will complete the Calgary season.

Sun-Ergos is also scheduled to appear at the *Edinburgh Festival* in Scotland in August-September 1989.

■ Independent choreographer-dancer **Maria Formolo** has been invited to perform in Japan this fall. During October and November she is scheduled to appear with the Ozawa Modern Dance Company of Sapporo and Tokyo's Fuchu Mime Theatre Company.

■ **Lambros Lambrou**, former resident choreographer with the Alberta Ballet Company, has been commissioned to create a new work for **Alicia Alonso** and the **National Ballet of Cuba**. *Aphrodite Adieu*, based on a Cypriot legend, will have its premiere in Havana in December.

■ **Sandra Skinner**, formerly on staff at the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony, has been named communications and marketing director of the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet**, replacing **Lendre Rodgers Kearns**, who has joined the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis as marketing director.

■ *Dance Spectrum*, the annual year-end performances by students of the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet School**, took place in June.

The students of the professional division presented *In Concert* in the performance studio of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's new building. The senior students danced Jack Carter's *Pas de deux Romantique*, guest teacher Galina Yordanova's staging of *La Bayadère* and the first performances of *Forms of Distinction*, a work by Royal Winnipeg Ballet dancer

Mark Godden, and the junior students were featured in *Jeux d'enfants*, a selection of ballet works choreographed by Joanne Gingras, Elaine Otis and Elaine Werner Hutchinson.

The students of the general division presented their year-end recital at the Pantages Playhouse Theatre. The program featured works choreographed by the faculty of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet School.

■ **Patti Caplette**, a member of the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet** artistic staff, choreographed a new work for *Spotlight '88*, part of the performance program of Winnipeg's *Women in the Arts Festival*, held this summer.

Triad, inspired by the book *The Three Faces of Eve*, was scheduled to be performed by Royal Winnipeg Ballet dancers Elizabeth Olds, Diane Buck and Laura Graham at the Gas Station Theatre at the end of July.

Original music for *Triad* was composed by Judith Lander. Costumes were designed by former Royal Winnipeg Ballet dancer Paul Daigle, with set design by Carol Klemm.

■ At the end of July, the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet** presented its annual *Ballet in the Park* season at Winnipeg's Assiniboine Park.

The program for the popular outdoor event was scheduled to include Leonide Massine's *Gaité Parisienne* and *Five Tangos*, by Hans van Manen. As well, 10 graduate students from the professional division of the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet School** were to be featured in *Forms of Distinction*, a new ballet by company member Mark Godden.

■ **The Murray Louis Dance Company**, with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, will appear as a guest company during the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's 1988-89 home season at Centennial Concert Hall in Winnipeg, Apr. 3-6.

■ **Nalini Stewart** of Toronto has been appointed the new chairperson of the **Ontario Arts Council**. A freelance journalist, she was first appointed to the Council as vice chairperson in 1985, and succeeds **Sonja N. Koerner**, who steps down after three years as chairperson and nine years as a member of the board of the Council.

■ The ninth annual **Dora Mavor Moore Awards** were presented in Toronto at the beginning of June. **Brian Macdonald**, **Kelly Robinson** and **William Orlowski** shared the Outstanding Choreography Award for their work on *Dames at Sea*, seen at Harbourfront last summer, while **Danny Grossman** received the juried Award for Outstanding New Choreography for his solo piece *Memento Mori*.

■ **The National Ballet of Canada** has received \$200,000 from the Major Institutions Special Project Fund of the Ontario Arts Council to launch increased activities by the company's **Concert Group**.

Two works will be added to the repertoire for the 1988-89 season: a new ballet commissioned from Bengt Jörgen, former National Ballet dancer and artistic director of Ballet Jörgen, and, in its company premiere, a work (TBA) by American choreographer David Parsons.

■ In June, the **Danny Grossman Dance**



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Company presented a choreographic workshop at the Winchester Street Theatre in Toronto. Scheduled for performance were works by company members Judith Miller (*The Women, Lifts and A Small Love Story*), Pamela Grundy (*Untitled and A Close Brush with Dance*), Trish Armstrong (*Chrysalis*), Stephen Osborne (*Boxed*) and Brigitte Bourbeau (*Corridor*).

■ **Chan Hon Goh**, silver-medallist at the 1988 Adeline Genée Award performance in England and winner of the 1986 Prix de Lausanne at the International Competition of Dance in Switzerland, has joined the **National Ballet of Canada**. She is a former member of Vancouver's **Goh Ballet Company**.

■ **Yvon DesRochers** of Montreal and Ottawa has been named director general of the **National Arts Centre** in Ottawa. He has worked as a senior administrator, advisor and board member for numerous Canadian arts organizations.

■ The program for *Danceworks 55*, presented at the Winchester Street Theatre in Toronto, June 22-25, was scheduled to include works by Paula Ravitz (*Dorothy*), Carol Anderson (*Polyhymnia Muses and D'Arc*) and Karen Jamieson (*Drive*).

■ **Christopher Wootten**, executive director of the **Ontario Arts Council**, has resigned.

■ Changes in the roster at the **National Ballet of Canada** for the 1988-89 season: new corps de ballet members include Mark Adam, Taryn Ash, Michael Downing, Alexandra Foley, Joseph McNamara, Elizabeth Otter, Alexander Ritter and Muriel Valtat.

David Roxander, Yolande Auger, Summer Lee Rhatigan, Jennifer Douglas, Donna Rubin, Brendan Collins, Per Sacklen, Donald Dawson, Patricia Hines and Daniel Nelson have left the company.

Todd Carter has moved from the corps de ballet to the company's artistic staff, where he will be scheduling co-ordinator.

■ **Lawrence Gradus** has announced that he will retire as artistic director of Ottawa's **Theatre Ballet of Canada**. He will choreograph a new work and lead the company for the 1988-89 season, and assist the board of directors in selecting his replacement.

■ **The Danny Grossman Dance Company** spent the summer in residency at Toronto's **York University**.

The company will tour Western Canada this fall, with performances scheduled at the *Hornby Island Festival* (Nov. 2), and in Cowichan (Nov. 5), Vancouver (Nov. 7-9), Victoria (Nov. 15) and Brandon (Nov. 18).

■ Toronto-based **Panda Dance Theatre Canada**, founded in 1985 by **Xing-Bang Fu**, will tour the People's Republic of China in August, appearing in Beijing, Nanjing, Wuxi, Suzhou, Shanghai and Guangzhou.

Hazaros Surmeyan, principal character artist with the National Ballet of Canada, will be guest ballet master and principal character dancer for the tour.

Company members include Stephane Arnold, Christine Auchincloss, Joy Bain, Rebecca Brousseau, Suzanne M. Brown, Lesley

Chen, Tammy Chow, Yuen-Ching Chow, Jaime Hadley, Yoo-Hyon Kim, Aimee Kwain, Yalain Kwain, Simon Sylvain Lalonde, Bodene LeGendre, Andres Johan Tulinus, Bob Watt and Debbie Wilson.

■ **The National Ballet of Canada** will perform at Ontario Place in Toronto, Aug. 11-14. This is the company's 11th consecutive summer season at the Forum.

Repertoire will include Natalia Makarova's staging of the second act of *La Bayadère* and Kenneth MacMillan's *Concerto*.

■ **TIDE** (Toronto Independent Dance Enterprise) begins its 10th-anniversary season with a tour of Mexico, Aug. 22-Sept. 4. The company will perform at an international dance festival in Mexico City, and will also participate in workshops and a symposium on dance/theatre during the festival.

After its festival engagement, TIDE will spend a week touring Mexico, giving concerts and workshops in Tabasco, Puebla and Veracruz.

■ **Theatre Ballet of Canada** will perform in Holland this fall, as part of Ottawa's cultural twinning program with The Hague.

■ **The National Ballet of Canada** will tour Eastern Canada this fall, with performances scheduled in Saint John (Sept. 11), Fredericton (Sept. 13-14), Charlottetown (Sept. 16-17), Sackville (Sept. 19), Halifax (Sept. 21-24), Corner Brook (Sept. 26) and St. John's (Sept. 28-Oct. 1).

Repertoire will include Natalia Makarova's staging of the second act of *La Bayadère*, George Balanchine's *The Four Temperaments*, *Serenade* and *Concerto Barocco*, Kenneth MacMillan's *Concerto*, the third act of Rudolf Nureyev's production of *The Sleeping Beauty*, David Allan's *Etc!* and *Death of a Lady's Man*, and John Alleyne's *Trapdance*.

The company will conclude the tour with performances in Montreal, Oct. 6-8, where it will present Glen Tetley's *La Ronde* and Robert Desrosiers' *Blue Snake*.

■ **Paul James Dwyer**, in his New York debut, will perform a solo program at the Turtle Bay School Theatre, Sept. 15.

■ In October, the R.A. Laidlaw Centre will open at the **National Ballet School** in Toronto. The Centre includes Ivey House, the new teacher-training facility, and the Betty Oliphant Theatre.

A gala week of performances and special events, Oct. 17-22, will feature world premieres of works by National Ballet School graduates **David Allan**, **John Alleyne**, **Robert Desrosiers** and **James Kudelka**. Performers scheduled to take part include **Victoria Bertram**, **Lorraine Blouin**, **Martine Lamy**, **Kim Lighthouse**, **Claudia Moore**, **Ronda Nychka**, **Veronica Tennant**, **Karyn Tessmer**, **Julia Vilen**, **Gizella Witkowsky**, **John Alleyne**, **Frank Augustyn**, **Robert Desrosiers**, **Rex Harrington**, **Serge Lavoie**, **Owen Montague**, **Peter Ottmann**, **Kevin Pugh**, **Pierre Quinn**, **Jeremy Ransom** and **Raymond Smith** — all graduates of the School — and



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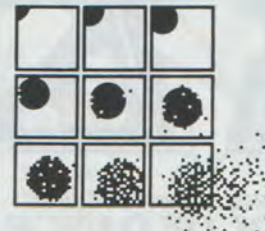
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A highlight of the week will be a special performance in memory of Erik Bruhn, during which the first **Erik Bruhn Award** will be presented.

As well, there will be a forum, moderated by **William Littler**, dance and music critic for the *Toronto Star*, addressing the transition of a dancer from studio to stage. Among the invited panelists are dancer **Natalia Makarova**, **Peter Martins**, ballet master in chief of New York City Ballet, and artistic directors **Frank Andersen** (the Royal Danish Ballet), **Reid Anderson** (Ballet British Columbia), **Mikhail Baryshnikov** (American Ballet Theatre), **Rudi van Dantzig** (the Dutch National Ballet), **Anthony Dowell** (the Royal Ballet), **Henny Jurriens** (the Royal Winnipeg Ballet) and **Jiří Kylián** (Netherlands Dance Theatre).

■ **Ermanno Florio** will step down from his position as music administrator of the **National Ballet of Canada** at the end of the 1988-89 season. He will, however, remain with the company as resident guest conductor for the 1989-90 season. A search committee will be formed to select his successor.

■ Dance at the **O'Keefe Centre** in Toronto during the 1988-89 season is scheduled to include performances by the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet** (Oct. 27-29), the **Martha Graham Dance Company** (Mar. 3-4) and the **Shanghai Ballet** (Mar. 14-19).

■ Dance at the **National Arts Centre** in Ottawa during the 1988-89 season is scheduled to include performances by **Fondation Jean-Pierre Perreault**, which will present *Nuit* (Oct. 28); the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet**, in a program featuring Leonide Massine's *Gaîté Parisienne* and *Cortèges*, a new work by Judith Marcuse commissioned by the National Arts Centre to have its premiere as part of this program (Nov. 5-7); the **Trisha Brown Company**, making its Ottawa debut (Nov. 29); and **Les Grands Ballets Canadiens**, with its new production of *The Nutcracker* (Dec. 14-18) and a mixed program featuring *Petrouchka* (Apr. 6-7).

The season continues with **Ballet British Columbia**, in a mixed program consisting of Jiří Kylián's *Return to the Strange Land* and works by David Allan and John Cranko (Jan. 27-28); the New-York based **Limón Dance Company**, making its Ottawa debut (Feb. 4); **LA LA LA Human Steps** (Feb. 18); **Theatre Ballet of Canada** (Feb. 21); the **Martha Graham Dance Company** (Feb. 27); **Desrosiers Dance Theatre**, performing a revised version of Robert Desrosiers' *Incognito* (Mar. 4); **Montréal Danse** (Mar. 20); the **Shanghai Ballet** (Mar. 22-24); and **Le Groupe de la Place Royale** (Mar. 23-24).

Rounding off the season are the **National Ballet of Canada**, scheduled to perform a mixed program including Glen Tetley's *La Ronde* (Apr. 19-21); the San Francisco-based **Margaret Jenkins Dance Company**, in its Canadian debut (Apr. 25); **Contemporary Dancers**, in a new work by artistic director Tedd Robinson, commissioned by the National Arts Centre (May 22); the **Kirov Bal-**

let, presenting the North American premiere of artistic director Oleg Vinogradov's new production of *The Sleeping Beauty* (June 15-17); and the **Frankfurt Ballet**, in its Canadian debut (June 28-29).

■ The dance series scheduled for the inaugural performing arts season presented by the **City of Waterloo** at the **University of Waterloo** will include performances by **Toronto Dance Theatre** (Oct. 28), the **Concert Group of the National Ballet of Canada** (Jan. 21) and the **National Tap Dance Company of Canada** (Feb. 16).

■ **Desrosiers Dance Theatre** will perform Robert Desrosiers' production *Incognito*, created for the 1988 *Olympic Arts Festival* in Calgary, at the St. Lawrence Centre's Bluma Appel Theatre in Toronto, Feb. 9-25.

■ The next **National Ballet of Canada** choreographic workshop will be presented at the new **National Ballet School** stage training facility in Toronto, May 16-20, 1989.

■ Montreal's **LA LA LA Human Steps** is on tour for most of the 1988-89 season. Summer performances are scheduled in Rouen, Amsterdam, London, Cologne, Dortmund, Neuss, Leverkusen, Wuppertal, Hamburg, Barcelona, Seville, Olite, Madrid, Salzburg, Zurich and Hannover. Fall and winter engagements will include appearances in Groningen, Kassel, Einschede, Eindhoven, Lille, Antwerp, London, Bordeaux, Paris, Angers and Marseilles.

The company will tour Australia early in 1989, appearing in Sydney, Perth and Adelaide, and then travel to Japan for performances in Tokyo.

■ In July, **Les Sortilèges** presented a series of performances at Théâtre de Verdure in Montreal's Parc Lafontaine.

■ **Les Grands Ballets Canadiens** presented two programs at Théâtre de Verdure in Parc Lafontaine in Montreal this summer. Repertoire included Fernand Nault's production of *Les Sylphides*, John Butler's *After Eden*, Edward Hillyer's *Reach of Children* and three works by James Kudelka — *Le Sacre du printemps*, *In Paradisum* and excerpts from *La Salle des pas perdus*.

■ **Frank Augustyn**, principal dancer with the National Ballet of Canada, will again act as artistic director for *Don des Etoiles* in Montreal, Sept. 1. This gala performance, now in its third year, is in aid of La Fondation Canadienne pour l'Enseignement et la Recherche en Osteopathie, for the benefit of handicapped children.

Scheduled to appear are dancers from the **Kirov and Bolshoi Ballets**, the **Royal Danish Ballet**, the **Paris Opera Ballet**, **American Ballet Theatre**, **New York City Ballet**, the **Boston Ballet**, the **Teatro Municipal de Rio de Janeiro**, the **Ballet de Monte Carlo**, **Les Grands Ballets Canadiens**, the **Royal Winnipeg Ballet** and the **National Ballet of Canada**.

■ Montreal-based Indian classical dancer **Jai Govinda** (Benoît Villeneuve) is scheduled to perform this fall in Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec City, Montreal, Rimouski, Boston and New York. ■



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