

## entertainment

## Rinmon: crossroad of possibilities

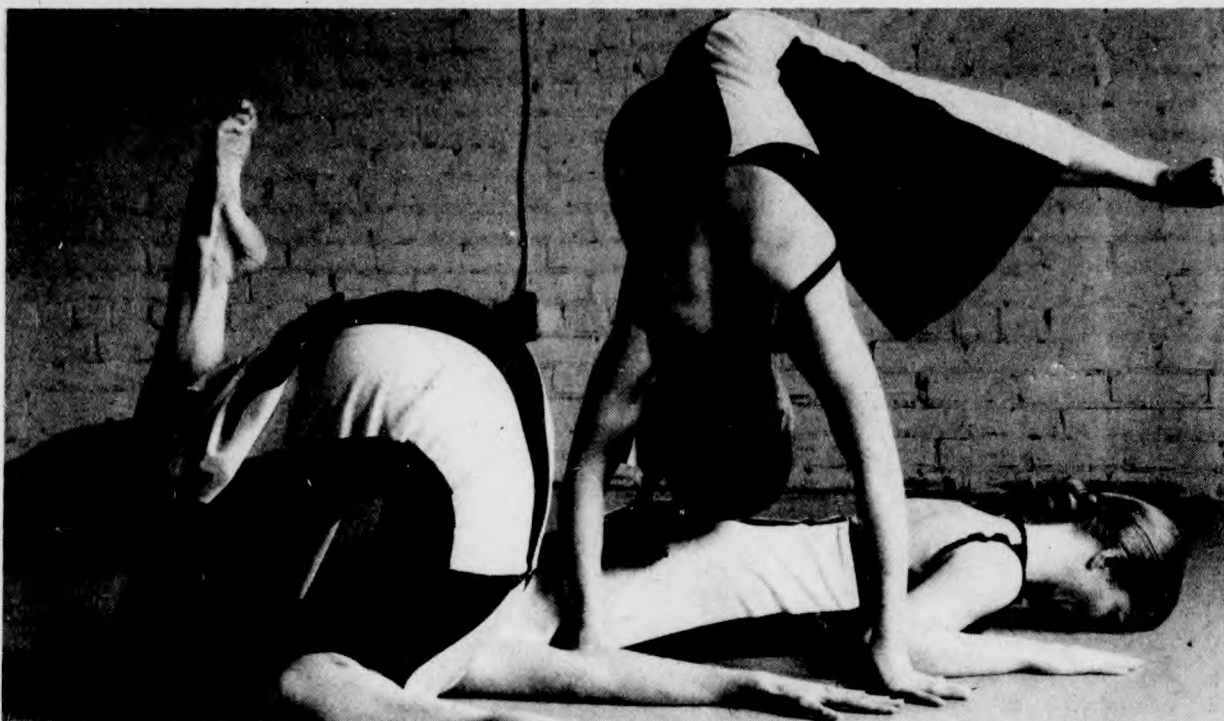
By Mary Fraker

In Japan Rinmon means a crossroads where people meet and play to express their skills and feelings. In Toronto, Rinmon is a group of three dancers and one musician who express their own skills and feelings through sound and movement and encourage others to do the same. On November 28 and 29, the group presented a program of possibilities in York's McLaughlin Hall.

The evening opened with "Dialogue," a collage of past choreography illustrating the company's interest in space as an essential factor in dance - and in life. Wearing drawstring trousers and leotards, the trio of dancers - Margaret Atkinson, Melodie Bengler and Sallie Lyons - acknowledged the space and played with it, encompassing and moving through it, rolling, stretching, suspending themselves in it. Murray Geddes, in a three-piece suit, read from a formal "corporate directive", concerned with the most efficient method of packaging and exploiting space. A recorded voice explored the more cosmic connotations of the word, including an enchanting fantasy - intended to illustrate the concept of infinity - about a pillow that grew and grew and grew!

"Real Suite" followed. The first of three segments, "Waiting" began with four casually-dressed people sitting around on straight chairs, waiting. As boredom tightened its hold, they began shifting around in their seats, at first subtly - an arm resting on the back of a chair, a skirt pulled down over a knee, a scratch, a sideways glance. The waiters' restlessness increased until the stage was littered with illustrations from the "don't" chapter of a posture manual - one slouched and sliding to the floor, others lying across or hanging upside down from their chairs. Fidgeting led inevitably to chair-scraping, which accelerated into dragging, overturning, piling up.

When one of the four abruptly stood on a chair and began reciting her name, address, phone number and hobbies, "Pardon" had begun. Sallie Lyons and Murray Geddes (co-creators of "Real Suite"), who had been sitting patiently at opposite corners of the stage, called to each other across the space in a vain attempt to establish meaningful communication, while the four in the center ran from chair to chair, repeating - mechanically but in earnest - their own names, addresses, etc. Finally, left alone onstage with her chair, Lyons



Scene from Rinmon

confided to the audience that movement is her business. When she's not doing movement, she's working to earn money, or "Killing Time." In the solo that followed, Lyons manoeuvred in her overturned air as if it - and she - were upright, and propelled herself through space by following her cigarette. She was accompanied by Geddes on his sound sculpture, a collection of hardware including stainless steel sinks, wrenches, and the tops of compressed-gas tanks.

The second half of the program consisted of "Architectonics" and "Evening Dance." Composed and conducted by Geddes, and performed by the brass quintet

Quintessence, "Architectonics" is a soundscape depicting the way modern technology and architecture are filling up and closing in man's living space.

Margaret Atkinson choreographed "Evening Dance" to a segment of Keith Jarrett's *Cologne Concert*. It is colourful (costumes are two-toned jumpsuits in evening shades of red and blue); it's full of the joys of sound and of movement - swinging arms, sleepy swaying, a peppering of disco dancing - and it's easy to understand why Atkinson wanted it to go on and on (many in the audience agreed). But the piece seemed over-repetitive and just too long, and

toward the end I was tempted to close my eyes and simply listen. I'm glad I didn't, however, as I would have missed one of the most beautiful moments of the piece - as three women executed rigid semaphore-like arm movements, a man and woman on the other side of the stage involved themselves in a fluid "contact improvisation", entwining their bodies, sometimes almost separating, but never totally losing contact with each other.

Rinmon provided a satisfying evening, full of expression, skill and feeling, and will be performing again this weekend, downtown at Fifteen Dance Lab.

## Cano en spectacle



Ted Mumford photo

André Paiement (left) and York grad. John Doerr. A native of Stratford, he graduated with a BA in psychology in 1971, and with a BFA in music in 1974. His music studies concentrated on jazz (with profs Bob Witmer and John Gittins) and electronic music (with David Rosenboom).

By Ted Mumford

There was something different about the pre-show chatter Sunday night at Convocation Hall: half of it was *en français*.

The band on hand was Cano, a franco-Ontarian conglomeration operating out of Sudbury.

Cano played a devastating 2½ hour set, including virtually all the pieces on their two A&M albums, *Tous dans la même bateau*, and *Au nord de notre vie*.

Cano's sound is dense: there are eight musicians, four of them who sing. The occasional lapses in band tightness were quite forgivable.

Each song was carefully introduced in both french and english. Some personal favourites were violinist Wasyl Kohut's *Spirit of the North*, *Pluie Estivale*, *Le Vieux Mederic* and *Mon Pays* - which featured searing solos from Kohut, pianist Michel Kendel, bassist John Doerr and guitarist David Burt.

The joy that Cano put into their music was contagious, as the audience responded in kind with two tumultuous standing ovations (and not of the arbitrary rock concert variety).

Cano has been receiving a lot of

attention from the press lately, for a couple of reasons.

For one thing, Cano can be seen as an example of french and english Canadians working together to produce something truly marvellous (and quite Canadian).

Here's why: four Cano members are francophones from the Sudbury area: guitarist-vocalists André and Rachel Paiement, drummer Michel Dasti, and keyboardist Michel Kendel.

Guitarist-vocalist Marcel Aymar is a francophone too - but he's an Acadian.

Violinist Wasyl Kohut is from Sudbury, of Ukranian descent. Guitarist David Burt and bassist-trombonist John Doerr are Ontarians, who, like Kohut, rely on english to talk to the rest of the band.

So it's no surprise Cano was invited to play at the Destiny Canada unity conference at York last summer.

The band itself does not do any federalist flag-waving. But nor do they want to see the country split up. As André Paiement told the audience Sunday, "Mon pays ce n'est pas un pays, c'est le Canada." The

## This is where we came in

By Colin Smith

Despite some lapses, Martin Knelman's new book, *This Is Where We Came In*, is an entertaining and well-researched volume on the origins and developments of Canadian cinema.

Knelman, who has been a movie critic for the *Toronto Star* and the *Globe & Mail*, is currently working

group is aiming at building up both english and french audiences. Earlier this year they compeoted a successful two-month tour of Quebec, and are now planning a primarily english-language album.

The other aspect of Cano is the press has been eager to seize upon its their co-operative structure. (Cano is an acronym for Co-opérative des Artistes de Nouvel-Ontario.)

Festival booklets and newspaper features have trumpeted the musical Cano as part of a larger Cano including a spectrum of fine arts people and projects, and a farm with one of North America's largest herds of bison.

But according to multi-instrumentalist (bass, trombone, synthesizer, piano) John Doerr, there are really two Canos, and the two are "connected historically".

Many of the artists of all sorts who founded the original Cano six years ago (including several members of the band) are still working towards a northern Ontario/franco-Ontarian cultural identity. But the actual "co-op" exists only for the members of the musical Cano, founded in 1975 by André Paiement and Marcel Aymar.

All the band's income - including publishing royalties and profits from individual members' gigs - is split up 11 ways. Besides the musicians, manager Gary McGroarty, lighting man Mark Delorme and engineer Michael Gallagher get a slice of the pie.

as theatre critic for *Saturday Night*, film critic for *Toronto Life* and *Vancouver*, and a contributing editor of *The Canadian*. This thorough grounding helps him enrich his material with many anecdotal references (some pretty crude, some quite funny). Knelman's writing style, largely anecdotal to begin with, is clean and swings (depending on his film assessments) from the lyric to the acidic.

The book is slim (170 pages); admittedly the Canadian film industry has blossomed only in the last decade or so. Knelman's chronological treatment goes back quite a bit. He establishes the earlier faulty attempts at a film industry (the first was in 1915) and then pays due homage to the man responsible for inspiring most of what is happening now: John Grierson, the firebrand who spearheaded the National Film Board from its founding in 1939 to 1945, and continued to be a palpable presence until his death in 1972.

Despite the immense number of films discussed, Knelman tends to write about those movies, directors, institutions, etc. that he considers most important. There are full chapters on three films - *Mon Oncle Antoine*, *The Apprenticeship Of Duddy Kravitz*, and *Shadow Of The Hawk* - as vivid examples of what has been properly done (the first two) and what has been classically botched (the latter one). Many directors he considers important: Brault, King, Jutra, Shebib, Kotcheff, Arcand, Carle, to name a few. There are key figures - Sydney Newman and Michael Spencer - and institutions - the NFB, CBC, and especially the CFDC (Canadian Film Development Corporation).

Knelman's grilling of the CFDC-produced trash is correctly indignant. As he sees it, the

organization that was painstakingly set up to create a "Hollywood North" has done more to damage it.

Its investment set-up was ambivalent. As Knelman puts it, "...its rules for investment tended to favour precisely those people who least needed backing. In order to qualify for CFDC money, you had to have other investors and a distributor. In other words, you had to be obviously commercial. In practical terms this often meant that producers would line up investors and distribution through the Hollywood studios. Almost inevitably, it would turn out that while these films might be technically Canadian, they would guarantee box-office appeal), would be geared to the American commercial market, and would be controlled by American businessmen."

Knelman ends his book on a hopeful note. The final chapter, "Note Toward A Screen Mythology" is an unfortunate compendium of film reviews spanning from Sept. 1970 to Oct. 1977 that is so slipshod that it seems almost purposeless. This chapter goes against the grain of the preceding eleven chapters, but does come to a valid conclusion.

Knelman notes the sudden appearance of a string of genuinely good hits - *J.A. Martin Photographer*, *Outrageous!*, *Why Shoot The Teacher*, *One Man, Who Has Seen The Wind* - and declares that "what these movies have in common are popular flair and a new self-confidence. For the first time, Canadians have produced a whole cluster of pictures that audiences really enjoy. We go to see these films, not as a patriotic duty, but because we want to see them. After decades of deprivation, is it possible that the dream of a movie mythology of our own has finally come to pass?"