

by Ellen Reynolds

sports background himself, Beav-

ers began dancing in 1975, when

he was 24. he describes improv as

"working from an awareness and,

on the spot, turning it into dance.

It's performing about performing.

mance setting is important to

Beavers since this setting is

where "1) the performer becomes

a medium to express the environ-

ment, primarily through move-

ment, 2) the unconscious is the

subject, directly manifested by

the performer and allowed to

order itself natually, and 3) the

His performance and work-

shop brought that philosophy to

invisible becomes visible."

It becomes its own aesthetic. Creating the proper perfor-

by Nancy Minard

painter friend of mine likens Wendell Beavers' Solo Improvisation to "the artist's process". Like a painter humbly approaching an empty canvas, the dancer Beavers walks unassumingly onto the floor and waits. He moves hesitantly at first, like a doubtful artist pulling a brush across a plane, to gather momentum. Then, coaxed by the music from Tango Argentino, he lapses into a folk dance montage, seizes the impulse, and holds it for the program's twenty-three minutes.



The Church on North Street provided the model setting for Friday night's performance. Almost religious in its intensity, Beavers' demonstration of selfcontrol and self-expression through movement held the small Halifax audience engrossed. Beavers incorporated the spectators' intimate presence into his performance. The sound of a silent crowd became the music for an entire dance; and the mimic of a child's yawn was gestured in the improvisation. The audience observed intently, as if witnessing the dance of a modern shaman.

For a few seconds, Beavers would jolt along the floor's perimeters, then arch and sway in stage left, and finally be still, absorbed by his own quivering shoulder.

Beavers' dance is about "being in the moment". Every movement is rooted in a profound awareness of his environment and its influences. His movement is an attempt to reconcile himself, and his audience, within the moment. Like a painter approaching the uncertainty of a new canvas, Beavers approaches the moment, steps onto the floor, and slowly begins.

hile in Halifax last weekend, Wendell Beavers performed improvisational dance and he and Erika Berland gave workshops at the North End Church.

Beavers, who teaches in the Experimental Theatre Wing of New York University, gave a workshop organized by the Naropa Institute on improvisation "for actors, movers, and dancers". Coming from a competitive

Her workshop focuses on coform," she says.

Although her work at Plus-One caters to professional athletes, performers, and Wall Street executives, Berland says she is "trying to develop a program for mass consumption" by working with trainers and anyone who's

Both Beavers and Berland prowho participated.

also the subject Erika Berland's The Fundamentals of Movement. Berland, who has taught and performed throughout the US for 13 years, now works in New York, teaching privately and at Plus-One Fitness Clinic.

"I'm teaching the principles which are common to anyone who moves, to help them become more efficient in movement, whatever they're doing," says Berland.

ordination, inefficient movement patterns, breathing, and basic body awareness. Berland says she became interested in the anatomy and physiology behind movement to find out what made a dancer a dancer. "I'm looking at movement in its most basic

interested

vided an informal and cultural weekend for those Haligonians The Alarm and The Doughboys

Vaking up bread

by Andrew M. Duke

he Alarm are back. though they have left the big hairdos behind, and their new album is Eye of the Hurricane (I.R.S./MCA)

"Rain in the Summertime", the first single, has The Alarm attempting to mainstream their sound, filling it out with synths and programming so a Tom Cochrane/Bryan Adams sound emerges. Tracks such as "Rescue Me" and "Presence of Love" continue in this vein, leaving nothing to originality.

Fortunately, The Alarm have not completely traded style for major acceptance, as the title track along with "Shelter" and "One Step Closer to Home" prove. Though they cannot match the power of past anthems such as "Sixty-Eight Guns", they are fine songs in their own right.

Eye of the Hurricane has The Alarm tempted by the dreadful popularity monster, and though they come close to total compromise, they emerge battered yet proud in the end

Take one ex-Asexual vocalist, a fascination with The Nils, a sound reminiscent of October Crisis, and a bunch of guys who feel the WWI soldiers who fought at the front ought to have a band named after them, and you have the Doughboys.

Chord-slasher John Kastner and skin-pounder Brock Pytel provide vocal annoyances, while Jonh (not a misspelling) Bond Head lays down the foundation with his big, bad bass.

Scott McCullough helps Mr. Kastner with his six-string

Kastner, who left the Asexuals because of "musical differences", and Pytel say they sing about "what's going on around us, what we see," though they must be seeing something out there that most people don't. (The Asexuals were to have released their Dish LP months ago, but have not even begun recording it.)

The Doughboys have tried to make Whatever (Pipeline) a horrible record and failed, because hiding beneath the growling and post-hardcore thumping are some pleasing guitar riffs ("I Remember") and good songs (too numerous to mention). Better luck next time, guys.



