

Disco, Harmonium contribute to success

by Frank Schryver

On Tuesday evening Dance Motif '77 began its three day run at the SUB Theatre. Anyone who considers himself a patron of the arts or who enjoys being entertained professionally for the amateur price of two dollars owes it to himself to see this presentation by Orchesis.

Of course, when a person goes to see something that calls itself "Orchesis" and describes itself as "an extra-curricular modern dance club," a person doesn't really expect to be impressed. One may think: "It should be all right. It'll pass the evening."

No one expects to be grabbed by all the senses and tugged to the edge of his seat where he is immersed in the grip of *Harmonium*, engulfed by *Reflections* and certainly doesn't expect to be shocked back into his seat by a live explosion, introducing *Disco*.

Harmonium, *Reflections* and *Disco* are dances. They are neither of the quality nor the force of an "amateur" event. Perhaps it is this unexpectedness which allows the power of the dancers to creep up on the audience and grab such a firm hold. The first-nighters were forced to concentrate on the performers and by the intermission, they were exhausted. The first half of the presentation was gripping. It demanded the attention of the audience through the strength and impetus of the dance and the highly appropriate musical selections.

The second half began on the same note but the mood was lost in *Fly Like An Eagle*. During that piece the viewers were left stranded in mid-air. However, they were soon brought back down to refreshing humour in the living room of a Sunday Afternoon. There was a crazy, hilarious, original finish to the evening as the



Dancers of Orchesis performing in Dance Motif '77.

photo Grant Wurm

dancers systematically smote down, stomped, stood and sat on copies of our one-and-only Journal, stuffed them in their pants and then crawled underneath a mountain of newsprint.

There were, of course, some flaws. But only two were highly noticeable: occasionally the music was too

loud and the high tones were unbearable. In several of the dances the movements became rather sloppy and unclear - but this only occurred three times. Perhaps opening night nervousness?

The performance is worth seeing. Dance Motif '77 is, I think, a success.

Working: central to the Canadian scene

by Dave Samuel

Johnson, Walter ed. *Working in Canada* (Black Rose Books, Montreal 1976) 62 pp. \$3.95 paper/\$12.95 hardcover.

Working in Canada is a book with rough edges which nevertheless touches upon issues central to the Canadian political and economic scene.

It contains a range of material, by workers on working conditions, which varies from tight, concise articles to rambling, repetitious, poorly constructed exercises in self-pity. Some of the contributions are in the form of interviews conducted by editor Johnson, who also authors two of the articles.

Johnson's main bogey is the "middle-class radical" — an untrustworthy, university-educated, patronizing type who uses the working class to further his own career. Johnson, and several of the other writers, tend to use "middle class" as a mere expletive. It is irritating that no one in *Working* goes to the trouble of defining, in terms of economic function, which groups of Canadians are middle

class. It does seem clear that most of the workers see "working class" and "intellectual" as mutually exclusive nouns.

Sadly, Johnson's own prose smacks of a certain pretentiousness perhaps more appropriate to the elitist intellectual than a working man. He is on writing terms with *dis-establishmentarianism* and *et hoc genus omne ad hauseum*, heavy words indeed to drop on the shop lunch-room floor. This book also suffers from errors in proofreading, and it appears as if considerable portions of it could simply be excised.

Aside from these shortcomings, *Working in Canada* does present relevant, documentary evidence on working conditions, and the attitude of workers to their work. It seems workers have come to see their own unions as entities separate from themselves. In the process of enlarging to the size necessary to negotiate with multi-national corporations, the unions have become so large that it is difficult for them to deal with local worker grievances.

Government legislation im-

plementing complicated strike procedures, along with the prevalence of binding arbitration, has tended to prevent the average worker from participating directly and creatively in the decision-making process. The net result is that the worker feels alienated from the company for which he works and from the higher echelons of his own union.

Most of the contributors to *Working* felt that their basic need was not more money but more

control over their working environment. It was felt that workers could collectively change the productive process, so that individual jobs could become less specialized, less mechanistic. The social environment could be improved; interpersonal relations on the job could be encouraged rather than stifled.

Essentially *Working in Canada* represents an attempt to create an awareness of the need

for a more socially responsible organized labour policy. The policy would involve larger sections of the community — the poor, the non-union labour and the white-collar worker

in a common front. The ultimate aim of this front would be an organization of society, with more important decisions being made by local councils and worker's committees, rather than by corporations and national assemblies.

Explosive rock

Michaleen Marte

Last week one could have had the chance to see a great example of Quebec rock and roll. His name is Pagliaro and he performed nightly with a six-man group at the Grant Central Station. In Joe Sornberger's review of last Wednesday he described him as a Neanderthal Paul McCartney dressed in a black leather monkey suit. Surely this is a crudely drawn image of a Montreal musician with the maturity of over ten years in the musical world.

It is an unfortunate thing that we in Western Canada must turn back our memories to the a.m. dial or prick our ears to the momentary excerpt from a very low-grade, discount-bin 'K-Tel' anthology in order to have a vague recognition of who Pagliaro is. We may have seen him as a guest on one of Tommy Bank's old programs or perhaps spied an article or two of him while glancing through "The Canadian" one Saturday afternoon: most of us gave little notice to his prominence.

If this is not time to

acknowledge our nationalistic pride it perhaps never will be. Pagliaro is truly a symbol of the French Canadian culture. He is bilingual. He comes from a province which almost exclusively bought all of his records along with an informed following in the U.S. Quebec can nearly take all of the credit for his success. We in the west have remained relatively ignorant of a significant Canadian figure.

It is a sad thing that Westerners should be deprived of this knowledge, remaining cold and separate from the excitement. Perhaps the Edmonton audience may have first realized what it has been missing in the genre of pure, explosive rock and roll by finally seeing Pagliaro live. The music generated on Saturday night was raw and furious, but professionally controlled. This has evidently come from years of playing familiar material.

The a.m. singles were delivered early and with force, including *Gonna Lose Control*, *What I Got* and *Talking to You*. A first set of songs was levelled in rapid succession, jamming the small dance floor. Moving with the band to their music was quite irresistible. Pagliaro the singer

brought his group and the audience to the height of a fever.

The show's material was undoubtedly in the spirit of the 1960s, with such obvious standards as *Riot in Cellblock No. 9* and his own *Louise*. A reggae arrangement of Otis Redding's *Dock of the Bay* was extremely well done.

The group however was not restricted to gruelling rock selections and was able to alter the mood by extending a jazz-rock piece with an almost interminable travelling beat. A byronic movie theme showed up twice throughout the night and was the second last selection before the group neared exhaustion at the end of the last set. Pagliaro and his band managed to propel themselves into an assaulting closing number, enforcing the energy already there before leaving the stage.

Hopefully more of Edmontonians will be able to catch Pagliaro the next time he appears here. If a person is an ardent, hard-rocking, fan who approves rising decibels and music, he will catapult him from his seat on the dance floor he will not want to go without the Quebecois to



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