



Pauline Julien at Glendon

## Culture being buried

# Julien sings of joy

By DAVID MAGUIRE

Pauline Julien, the most popular female singer in Québec, appeared at Glendon College last Friday night.

Her songs are drawn from many Québec writers and tell of the joys of Québec culture and of the increasing domination of this society by the English Canadian and American cultures.

Julien feels this deeply and creates the mood of the song while she tells the story.

Julien's separatist politics and belief that Québec culture is being buried are emphasized in several songs. In one of these, a girl asks her mother (in English) why the culture has changed, why the traditions have been lost.

Julien points out that the song could have been sung by a French girl in Louisiana or Vancouver 20 or more years ago, and fears that it might be sung by a Québécois in another 20.

In a lighter vein, Les Deux Cent Vingt-deux deals with the magic of 22's, helpful pills to clear away the blues. The mood of the song is nicely supported by the honky-tonk piano and a bowler-hatted male trio.

American Woman continues the humour with a satiric picture of the

supposed grace and beauty of the Hollywood queen.

La Petite Regime provided consistently well-balanced accompaniment, giving emphasis to Julien's vibrancy.

## Poker passion in California Split gives healthy helping of laughs

By DANIEL MOSES

Did you know how great an asset being a pleasant-faced poker player can be? And were you aware that thousands of Americans enjoy this healthy pastime?

Well, if not, the educational value of California Split is inestimable, for it gives you insights into the world of gambling and into the people who live there. In addition it hands out a healthy helping of very human laughs. (Do watch for the one-armed piccolo player.)

William (George Segal) is a magazine writer investigating the poker passion. He runs into Charlie (Elliot Gould), a compleat gambler, and they soon become fast friends, rubbing hot shaving cream on each others' bellies, sharing a couple of girls who go out on dates for money, gambling together on horses, betting

## Striking choreography missing, but graduate Dancemakers show youth, skill, ambition

By AGNES KRUCHIO

The Dancemakers company is young, ambitious and very welcome; it does, however, have a fair way to go before it can be counted as a company of stature along with the National Ballet and the Toronto Dance Theatre.

Its most sizable asset is its collective talent and skill; technically the dancers promise to build a very good company.

They will also mature, hopefully, as time passes, and will retain some creative choreographers. Their other assets are their youth, flexibility and unbounded optimism, the lack of any of which would be lethal to a budding company.

Their introductory performance last week at Bathurst Street United Church was kicked off amid tremendous support from members of the York community who turned up in large numbers to 'root for the home team', as it were.

The members of the new company are all York graduates and their eventual victories and failures have sprung from roots in York soil. It is therefore a little difficult to be entirely objective in reviewing them; but such is the duty of the critic.

### ADVANCED REHEARSAL

While some of the dances offered memorable and haunting moments, at other times the impression of watching an advanced dance class rehearse was difficult to avoid: while they were good as exercises, for an audience that does not live with dance every day, some of the

choreography was simply not striking enough. This was especially true of Tremor, of the Bach piece, and on occasion, even of Echoes.

Echoes is a piece set in, one might say, never-never-land, with four dancers wandering around in pearl-grey tights to the eerie music of Hovhaness. Some interesting effects were presented in the choreography (by Kelly Hogan of New York), consisting of the dancers' embracing in a chain and describing sinewy, waving arcs on the stage.

However, the effects of this 'walk in an enchanted garden' were somewhat two-dimensional, I felt: the lighting (by Mitchell Kirsch), suggesting moonlight, the music and the metal-like costumes provided a marvellous opportunity for projection and fantasy; and the shivering we may have felt in response to the piece was due mainly to Hovhaness' truly suggestive music.

But I felt that the company had not quite crystallized the concept of the dance, and as a result were somewhat uncertain in establishing a mood, and even in some of their movements.

### UNCERTAINTY

In Tremor, a dance choreographed by members of the company (Andrea Smith, Carol Anderson, and W. Hollahan), this lack of certainty recurred and in this instance it was directly undermining the actual choreographic concept, since the music, by Edgar Varese, was terse and certainly more powerful than

the choreography allowed for.

It lacked coherence, a firm beginning and a resolution, so that the overall effect was one of being thrown into the midst of the trembling dance, then being left with little emotional support from the dancers until the cessation of the music.

A lyrical piece set to a cello solo by Bach was danced by three women: Carol Anderson, Andrea Smith and Noelyn George. Entitled "And hers shall be the breathing balm, and hers the silence and the calm of mute insensate things", it was a pretty and pleasant dance to watch.

Because of a lack of congruence between the music and the movements, it failed to render that overall peacefulness. All of the company would probably have to learn to be more assertive and to direct the audience more than they presently do.

Following Station Identification was the gem that made the whole evening sparkle. Choreographed by Mitchell Rose, a student of Murray Louis and Alwin Nikolais in New York, the piece offered a chance for the satirical and the impish in the company to surface.

A feeling of total absurdity pervaded the dance as it gave us glimpses of television's consumerama, with its own version of the All American Family. Complete with corn flakes et al, they were shown in the (long) process of getting it together for the day ahead, in tune to an intermittent distorted female voice-over.

The movements used by Rose were snippets of life compressed and distorted to bring out the most satirical elements. While familiar to our TV-weary eyes, these were nevertheless fresh, and offered a good-natured laugh at the (universal?) American Dream.

### HEAVY MORAL

I found Watching Once More, choreographed by Grant Strate, a little disappointing, since moralizing tends to be tiresome no matter how much we may agree with the 'moral' offered. The dancers all in white leotards, sat on a row of white styrofoam blocks in Rodin's Thinker poses. Building a huge white 2001-ish monolith out of the blocks the dancers watch as mankind's most illustrious artistic achievements are flashed on this make-shift screen.

From caveman art to modern, the procession culminates in a pop art rendition of a gun pointing at the audience. Disgusted, the dancers tear down the screen and return to their Thinker poses anew. While this piece was the most clearly thought-out from beginning to end, it was too literal and dialectic to make it really exciting.

On the whole, the company shows tremendous potential; many of the rough spots will be ironed out with more experience. Andrea Smith, who is the artistic director of the company, shows a maturity and a depth of feeling beyond her 20 years.

Peggy Baker already displays a well-formed character and a good comic sense, and Grant McDaniels has plasticity as a character dancer. Carol Anderson, Noelyn George and David Langer, while all have a beautifully developed instrument in their bodies, need to develop and solidify their individual styles; but once this has been achieved, they will become really fine dancers.

## Mason freshness lacking

By KEVIN RICHER

Dave Mason, the master of mellow rock guitar and an accomplished songster, formerly with Traffic and Delaney & Bonnie, has never been the pompous stereotype British pop star; and yet, through his talented subtleness, he has managed to carve himself a comfortable niche in the rock world.

The Best of Dave Mason, his first collection of solo bests, is an example of the way a record company uses a new package and a re-

arranged goulash of material to capitalize upon what was once a good thing.

It takes four tracks from Alone Together (the real best of Dave Mason), and four tracks from Headkeeper, the controversial release Mason was very critical of, and presents them in a composite of material recorded at two points in Mason's career.

The material is good, but out of context, this anthological formula lacks a certain freshness.

on fights and playing poker in every spare moment.

Needless to say, William's magazine suffers financially, as does he, until he decides he is going to Reno to win. He hocks his worldly possessions and, with a contribution from Charlie, heads for Reno and an incredible winning streak. The division of the winnings is one California Split.

Segal's pained William, Gould's goofy and frenetic Charlie, and other characters like poor frightened Helen, the transvestite, are all funny yet attractive characters, embodying the energy of vital and searching humanity. William's search for meaning is the emotional backbone of the film.

However director Robert Altman does not allow the viewer to get too close to the characters, to become so involved in their tribulations that the

tragic element in the film overrides the comedic one. For instance, it's sort of sad that William is interrupted in his bid to make love to Susan by Barbara's entrance, but the sight of the two girls' upturned backsides is certainly delightful, so we have a mixture of the two elements.

Altman utilizes the devices of overlapping and halfheard dialogue, ironic music played by a gambling hall songstress and very busy camera movements and scenes to prevent too stable an identification with the characters. This allows the viewer to be able to laugh objectively, while seeing the characters and their milieu as a sort of hopeful though trapped humanity.

This enjoyable and slightly offbeat film is at the Odeon Hyland until the end of the month. (And do watch for the one-armed piccolo player.)

Staff meeting  
tomorrow at 2 p.m.