

# Entertainment

Lights, Camera, Dance

## McLaughlin Hall hosts student dance works

By MARILYN M. BOUMA

I entered the space, mysterious by its darkness. Just inside the door on my left I saw a display of photographs, some capturing very beautiful moments of life. Ahead of me and to the right I saw a pyramid of chairs facing a lighted space. McLaughlin Hall was transformed to welcome an audience to share the evenings of March 28 and 29 with a number of dancers from the Uork University Dance Department. I was drawn to a chair in the pyramid as my gaze was focussed on stretching, quivering limbs. Eyes sometimes strayed to the audience as if to say, "I'm glad you're here". The lights faded and darkness enveloped us in its cocoon. And then...Lights - Camera - Dance appeared. The performance began in the intimate and fully seated theatre. "Improvisation" was the name of the first piece, whose images sent us hurtling back to memories stored away since childhood when we played a game called Red Light, Green Light. The

dance left a vague impression that the movements were highly stylized forms of child's play minus the essential ingredient - spontaneity. It was a sad reminder, not version, of the happy carefree time of childhood. Then darkness again lowered its cover. This time the lights revealed two female bodies placed side by side. One figure raised her arms to reveal elastic bands attached from her wrists to her ankles. The costume and movements were echoed by the second figure. They performed a movement sentence which was constantly repeated but which gradually moved them closer to the audience each time. The movement maintained a simmering energy level that never reached a boiling point. The air was spiced by the twang of the elastic bands, which simmered to stillness. What were they expressing? Were they just designs in space? Was that all that the powerful medium of dance was being used for? A chair creates a design in space too. Or were they



The Eagles delivered a command performance last Wednesday night at Maple Leaf Gardens. The music was tight, well-rehearsed, and the group's trademark — a blend of country and rock accompanied by mellow harmony — flowed smoothly.

saying that life is like trying to stretch elastic bands around each one of us and if we stop trying to stretch our potential the bands will twang back into the same place.

"Pavement" was the title of the following dance which threw more energy into the atmosphere. The

dancers wore blood red clothing in the forms of leotards, shorts, knickers, and T-shirts. There was a great rushing around the space and even an attempt to communicate with each other as human beings but always this great feeling of alienation permeated my being which left me feeling cold. Rug Dust, the piece that ensued, intensified this feeling of a vague emptiness, a nothingness. Two figures in red moved lethargically across the floor to the sound of a Japanese Temple Bell. They crawled, rolled, and twisted on the floor but never rose above a crouched position. They seemed to be gripped by an inertia which

blanketed the atmosphere with a great heaviness. The last dance called "Running Time" chased away some of the clouds of gloom and momentarily allowed some rays of sunshine to lighten and warm the theatre. Four girls in tank tops, striped shorts, and running shoes created a rhythm from their running and stamping feet which again sent me down memory lane back to childhood when I used to skip and laugh in the sun with my friends. The dance was fun to watch as it must have been fun to do. There were smiles on everyone's faces.

And thus, the childhood reminders from a few elements of the evening's performance enlightened the otherwise sombre atmosphere. This again brings me to the concept of art which I have dealt with in previous reviews. Art is a reflection of life but it is also more than that too. Art is also a prophet of the future. The alienation theme of the twentieth century has been indulged in as well. The time has come for people as creative beings to discover greater beauty and to share those discoveries exuberantly. The photography exhibit by Mary Anderson caught glimpses of joy and beauty. Maybe the performance was telling us that we must become like children again to enable spontaneity and life to be channelled into our dance of the present and of the future.

## Dance concerts come next week

Students and faculty members of the Dance Department at York University will present their Spring concert on Thursday, April 14; Friday, April 15; and Saturday, April 16 at 8:00 p.m. in Burton Auditorium.

The following pieces will be presented each evening:

### FACULTY CHOREOGRAPHY

"Moon - Three Ladies" by Dianne Buxton (Ballet) Cast: 3 women, Music: Claude De Bussy  
"Lazybones" by Norrey Drummond (modern) Music: arrangements by Leon Redbone, Cast: 10 dancers, Running Time: 3½ minutes.

"Waltz" by Earl Kraul (Ballet) Music: Richard Strauss, Cast: 18 dancers, Running Time: 11 minutes.

A piece by Richard Silver (modern) Music: J.S. Bach, Cast: 9 dancers, Running Time: 8 minutes - An exploration of falling to music by Bach

"Footpaths" by Grant Strate (modern) Music: Composed for this dance by Lubos Cerny (department musician) Running Time: 15 min.

### STUDENT CHOREOGRAPHY

"Interlocutions" by Wendy

Laakso (modern) Music: Alan Stivell, Cast: 6 women, Running Time: 3½ min. Experiment with supports, lifts and wight.

"Bachianas Brasileiras" by Diana Theodores Taplin (modern) Music: Heitor Villa-Lobos, Cast: 3 women, running Time: 6 min. A dance expressing a very basic conflict within catholicism between sexuality and chaste loyalty to God.

"Ionantha" by Susan Cash (modern) Music: Arranged by Susan Cash, sung by Anne Madigan, Cast: 1 man, Running Time: 5 min.

"Thermodynamics" by Gayle Fekete (jazz dance) Music: Duke Ellington, Cast: 4 women, Running Time: 4 min.

"Running Time" by Jean Moncrieff (modern) Cast: 4 women, Running Time: 5 min., explores rhythms and sounds which can be made with the body.

"Pavement" by Paul Ravitz (modern) Music: Composed for this dance by Stuart Shepherd, Cast: 4 dancers, Running Time: 5 min.

"Trilogy" by Robyn Simpson (modern) Music: Excerpts from "The History of the Bonzos" Cast: 8 dancers, Running Time: 9 min. In 3 parts: Scene I - "On Top of the

World"; Scene II - "Down in the Swamp"; Scene III - "From Out of the Public Latrine".

A donation of one dollar towards the Scholarship Fund will be asked at the door. No tickets are necessary.

## New book fails to probe facts, Power Town solves no problems

By BUD BURNINBUNZ

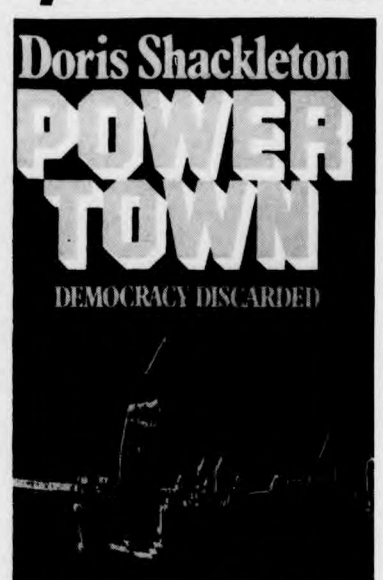
Ottawa, Canada's capital, is situated picturesquely on the Ottawa River, where the Rideau River joins it, about 100 miles upstream from the St. Lawrence. Power Town by Doris Shackleton is the story of this city. The time is 1968 until now. The cast includes the evil Pierre Trudeau and hordes of civil servants known as Liberals.

Included in the cast in supporting roles are Walter Rudnicki, a victim, Michael Pitfield, another evil Liberal - Stats Can as well as the Senate. Among others. Another member of the cast is the roving reporter, Doris Shackleton, ever-probing and delving in the Liberal dirt. The plot is Doris's attempts to

unveil the secrecy, privilege and dissimulation with which the Trudeau Liberals cloak themselves. It reads like a last-class whodunit.

The book is a shoddy effort at capitalizing on the Woodward and Bernstein mode of investigative reporting. Agatha Christie could give Shackleton a few pointers. Shackleton admits that no one in Ottawa would tell her anything. She assumes, therefore that someone is hiding something from her. It could be reasonably argued that perhaps the reason for silence is that there is nothing to tell. Why wouldn't these people talk to the new all-Canadian Woodstein? She speculates that it is fear of the wrath of "Lucky Pierre" that shies folks away from giving her the low-down, (that dirty, dirty) lowdown on the Liberals. Shackleton does nothing more than rehash Globe and Mail accounts of problems in the Trudeau government as well as her rather biting personal commentary on why so and so was appointed to such and such a position. The book is actually funny in some places especially when the author makes grandiose conclusions without presenting any solid evidence or data. An example: Shackleton comments that Trudeau is odd and inscrutable. Why? Well...er, the pleasantest news shot I ever saw of him was as he visited a sheltered workshop for mentally retarded people - I think it was Saskatoon - and walked among them with such gentleness and friendly encouragement in his manner. Must we probe why he reacts so differently to the legitimate questions of the mentally alert? This is close to the bottom in the history of journalism. This political detective story is about as meaningful as the movie "Breaker-Breaker."

My intent in criticizing the book



so harshly is to guide the reader. Avoid spending \$8.95 on a drugstore paperback. The free press is an agent of change...sometimes. In this case, an imposter has tried to bake bread without flour (or an oven).

Under English Common Law, a suit for either libel or slander of a deceased person will have no chance of success, except in the rare case that the offended survivors can prove the libel to be so defamatory that it brings serious "injury" or contempt upon them. Even in that instance, the malice expressed must be such as to provoke a likely breach of the peace. In my opinion, Shackleton is flogging a proud but dead horse. Pierre is gone as far as most observers are concerned, at least the published observers think so. Margaret has gone further than the infamous Maureen McTeer ever could. Anyway, the point is that Shackleton shouldn't speak ill of the dead. Her ludicrous arguments save her from a libel suit. She was wise to protect herself in such a manner.

## Dylan's fiddler weak in concert



Ted Mumford photo

Rivera a.k.a. Donna Shea with her band Mammoth. Fronting an act which depended on the drawing power of the soaring violin which graced "Hurricane" and other recent Dylan tracks was a daring jump from her cinderella - story apprenticeship in the maestro's Rolling Thunder Review. Not surprisingly, it was a shaky show.

Last week Rivera and Mammoth made their second visit to College and Spadina, showing some remarkable improvements for a band that has been together for a mere three months. However, Rivera's music (she calls it "rich rock") won't progress much farther unless she makes some drastic changes.

First of all, the material: Rivera's repertoire is a hodge-podge of exotica: a little gypsy music, a fiddle hoedown, something with a latin flavour ("El Mocambo Mambo") some vocalless Dylan ("Oh Sister", "Mozambique") and

a lot of Zappa-ish instrumentals. The only unifying thread was Rivera's screaming bowing, which became very tiresome. Even Jeff Beck knows that one star soloist does not a band make.

Mammoth, namely Domenic Cardinon on keyboards, Gary Burke on drums and Ed McKinnis on bass were unexciting but competent. A fifth member, Roli Hui, was not even competent. He tooted aimlessly on harmonica, recorder and flute and occasionally sang in a style reminiscent of Yoko Ono.

Scarlet is a fine player with a certain amount of gypsy charisma, but she can't hold up an act by herself. She needs some musicians who can give her act some alternate foci besides her playing, and a new repertoire - not one which is necessarily more mainstream, but one which is eclectic for purposes other than to conceal a lack of direction.

By TED MUMFORD

In January, Toronto's El Mocambo saw the debut of Scarlet