

ited High School

er Dance Program

Academy of Arts offers a Residential High School program for students in grades 9 through 12 and a Summer Dance Program for junior high and senior high school students. The residential ballet curriculum includes: *pas de deux*, *repertoire*, *technique*, *men's classes*, *contemporary*, and *jazz*. During the academic year, the residential curriculum is taught. Supervised performances are available.

Numerous performances in the area, including dance showcases at the Krannert Performing Arts on the University of Illinois campus.

Required for admission to the Residential program. An audition is not required for the Summer Program; however, admission is by audition. Full and partial scholarships are available; scholarship information available upon request.



Photo by Don Clegg from *A Garland for Judy*

Permanent Guest Faculty	
Director	Juan Anduze
	Francesca Corkle
Chair	Christine Hennessy
	David Keener
Emeritus	Reva Pincusoff
Faculty	Mark Schneider
	Valerie Taylor
	Michael Thomas
	Andy Torres
	Jonathan Watts



(NEW YORK REVIEWS, from page 81)

regal carriage of the body speak of a tradition that predates anything American. And as the dancers accelerate to an incendiary frenzy, scarves tossed upward like flames, one senses a motivation that will, with time and exploration, push beyond an academic application of style toward a native Korean modern dance.

Karen Onoda

Mark Morris Dance Group SUNY/Purchase July 26-28, 1985

It was a compulsively watchable program of work almost entirely new to New York. (Only one dance, *Lovey*, was not a local premiere.) Like Paul Taylor, Mark Morris gives you the notion that he can make a piece to any music on any subject. You can see him building a repertoire, need by need. Here's a big, frosty vehicle for the company (*Marble Halls*). Here's a big, whirlpooling dark one to balance it (*Vestige*). Here's a perfectly well-behaved "classical" duet (*Love, You Have Won*). Here's a perfectly naughty, *épater-le-bourgeois* bit of weirdness (*Lovey*, an expressionist lyric about fantasies of child abuse). The painstaking variety could read as mere calculation, were Morris not as gifted as he is shrewd. He seems hard put to make a lifeless phrase. His least shapely passages pull one along on rhythm; the authority of the momentum he sets up is positively tidal. Even when you don't like what you watch, it's about as easy to tear your eyes from the stage as to forswear waterskiing once the launch has started. At the moment, he has the magic touch.

The Morris company looked especially good in *Marble Halls*, a five-part suite of formal surprises to J.S. Bach's Concerto for Two Harpsichords in C Minor. Costumed in pearly white string vests and shiny orange shorts, and endowed with a breathless metabolism, the work is haunted by the similarity of its general appearance to that of Taylor's *Esplanade*; but a close look suggests how different the two are. In *Esplanade*, a major statement by an artist in middle age, Taylor glances back—to another decade in dance, another era in his ongoing myth of the family. In *Marble Halls*, an achievement by a young artist who is still inventing himself, the dance imagery is scoured of pathos, of history.

The puzzles are technical, the surface is closed, without overt resonance. The subject is the present state of the company's technique, and its potential. Morris's dancers seem to have been chosen above all for their individuality, and as a corps of technicians they can look ragged. But not in *Marble Halls*, in which their chastened roughness becomes the focus. At the end, Tina Fehlandt, big-boned and comparatively fleshy, gets to do expansive allegro work in a featured duet with Erin Matthiessen that, instead of downplaying her size, encourages her to dance big. Morris uses her physical qualities as positive values, and ex-

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aggerates them to wonderful effect. It's a textbook example of how his flamboyance as a choreographer can succeed in the theater.

Morris himself performed twice at Purchase: with Guillermo Resto in *Love, You Have Won* (to a Vivaldi cantata of that name) and in the solo *The Vacant Chair* (a suite of mime-tinged miniatures set to three bathetic songs with English texts, one of them Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"). Although Resto was a game partner, Morris's way of moving would upstage a performing aardvark. In his extremities, he's as yielding and sensitive as a kabuki onnagata, but at the center of his body—waist, abdomen, thighs—he's a samurai. His loose hands connive figure eights on the air, one knee shies past the other to couch his feet in an overcrossed fifth position, his head submissively tilts as his mouth swells to an orgasmic "O." Yet he can vary the speed and scale of a step momentarily, and he can shape a gesture with the spontaneity of thought. In *The Vacant Chair*, he did all this, and with the help of two crumpled pieces of paper bag, turned himself into a deciduous tree. He could prove himself yet the Isadora Duncan of our time.

Mindy Aloff

Wendy Morris
Dance Theater Workshop
August 15-17

Wendy Morris's *Shadow to Frame*, presented as part of DTW's Out-of-Towners and Others series, is an exploration rather than a statement, a collection of mind-wanderings rather than a polemic. Based on thoughts garnered from a seminar on the process of dying, the four-part work is a collaboration among three artists now based in Minneapolis—choreographer Morris, videographer James Byrne, and photographer Dorit Cypis.

The subject of death is rarely dealt with directly; instead, the piece contrasts mortality and immortality through the juxtaposition of ephemeral dance and the more permanent mediums of film and photography. Video monitors show cartoons—in which characters never die, no matter how many falls from cliffs or dynamite explosions are encountered—which are followed by Morris mimicking the manic energy of the cartoons, herself mortal and vulnerable, while in the process of being captured on video by a hand-held camera.

Later, multiple slide projections overlap on a scrim, creating a layered image that is altered by a body moving amid the beams of light. Like a radio between stations, the image shifts and combines—the face of a man slowly forms lipsticked lips, then melts into a fully female countenance; a real woman's face shifts eerily into an idealized advertisement.

Here as throughout, paradoxical suggestions abound and collide: Past versus present, masculine versus feminine, nature (see **NEW YORK REVIEWS**, page 84)

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For more information write or call:

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