

CCDR Newsletter

Number 15

1993

“The Arts & Humanities: There’s Something in it for You”

Since the mid 1980s, there has been an aura of uncertainty hovering over creative performance artists and humanities scholars. It has caused introspection that pries into the essence of creative and scholarly disciplines, tests motivations and execution of works, and erodes the confidence of practitioners. This reflexivity challenges whether one is an unwitting pawn in politico/sociological agendas, and one’s ability to deal with differing world views. It raises dark questions about motivations and whether comfortable ethics can be trusted lest there lurk racist, sexist, ageist, canonist, aesthetic or other egocentric or ethnocentric views.

Artists and humanities scholars are particularly vulnerable to uncertainties because they focus on extraordinary aspects of human life. Creative artists and humanities scholars produce insightful, surprising, innovative, sometimes syncretistic works that often have no precedents. Their works are subject to criticism by those who rely on inappropriate frames-of-references. Creative artists and humanities scholars are more likely to feel worried, defensive and self-reflexive than those who deal with the “tried and true.”

Gone are the days in this not-so-brave new world when one could master a discipline and then swing into an

expected fulfillment. Artists and scholars today question whether their disciplines are too limited or too constricting; certainly their fulfillment is rife with confusions.

Performance artists face challenges that lead to introspection raised by a new sensitivity to the diversity of peoples and the plurality of cultural expressions. The challenges seduce while they reject; they pique the imagination but chain the inspiration. Scholars face similar challenges that call for interpretations that are destined to limbo. Fresh, effective resolutions can develop when artist and humanities scholars collaborate.

Because of the attentions, demands and hopes that are shared and that differ, it is necessary, perhaps more than ever before, for the arts and humanities to collaborate to address the challenges of the world today.

It is thrilling that the month of October was declared the “Arts and Humanities Month” on the national level. In Arizona, too, Governor Fife Symington proclaimed October to be “Arizona Arts and Humanities Month.”

These declarations are timely but the message is timeless. Cross-Cultural Dance Resources was built on the bridge of the arts and humanities. Joyfully we endorse the official acknowledgment by both the United States of America and Arizona.

For Cross-Cultural Dance Resources the slogan “National Arts and Humanities . . . There’s Something In It For You” is a rallying cry. Creative performance artists and humanities scholars, together, can make immense contributions to the well-being of people everywhere.

- Joann W. Kealiinohomoku

NATIONAL
ARTS AND
HUMANITIES
MONTH
OCT 93

Editor's Note: Questions and insecurities are not unique to performing artists in the United States. From Canada and England come two papers that probe contemporary concerns. The first is by Dena Davida, well-known practitioner of Contact Improvisation, author, and the founder and programmer of Tangente, Quebec, Canada. This is a letter she wrote to the journal Dance Connection after attending a conference, as she explains. She was "pretty emotional" she confides in her letter of permission to publish this piece.

The second article is by Jonathan Lunn, recipient of the Halla K. Kealiinohomoku Memorial Research Choreographer Residency for 1993 at CCDR, Flagstaff, Arizona. Jonathan is also co-director of Lunn and Lauren in London. This paper was written after he attended the concluding five days of the Yaqui Easter Passion Play at Tucson in 1993. His observations become a metaphor for the questions he asks about his own career.

Letter to Dance Connection on Halloween 1992

Appropriate Identity: Postcard from Columbus, National Performance Network Meeting in Ohio: October 24-29, 1992

After five days of sitting around the table at Great Southern hotel with fifty arts presenters discussing the empowerment of "people of color", Grand Ballets Canadiens' Coppélia seemed shocking. How dare those Parisians set a German story in a Polish village, here restaged by a Cuban choreographer and without a single Polish dancer in the ensemble! The second act even included several unauthentic "ethnic" dances by Scottish, Spanish, Arabian, and Chinese "dolls" all (except for two matinée performances by Gracia-Sanchez as the Spaniard) interpreted by white dancers laying false claim to their pretended nationality. Come to think of it, who cares about the amorous adventures of a heterosexual Caucasian couple anyway?

Returning for my second year to the annual meeting of the National Performance Network (NPN), I felt caught in a curious time warp. The discourse was a cathartic, the racial tension as palpable as when I left the states in 1977. It was during the coffee breaks, quick dinners and showcase intermissions that the informal networking - my own reason for being there - took place. It is hard to exaggerate the dominance of the political agenda. As the meeting began with a traditional *tour de table* in which each NPN member states an issue of vital importance, I quickly realized that the subjects at hand were "diversity" and "cultural communities". As with last year's format, round table presentations were reserved for representatives of the latter group, hyphenated Americans (U.S. residents) from the Asia, native and African communities. They urged the (white) rest of us to own up to our deeply-seated racism and to give up some of our power. There were numerous and sometimes contradictory strategies suggested as to how we Caucasians might join this struggle. We were advised to look to our own cultural heritage for "authenticity"; actively seek out "people of color" to join our audiences; perform in our spaces and preponderate on our boards and in our offices; to look to members of these disenfranchised communities to advise us on how we might include them in our programming; and to withdraw our support from artists who make work that refers to ("appropriates") cultures other than their own.

This politicized agenda permeated the network at every level. It was accepted as the agreed upon world view of all members, the priorities of public and private funding bodies. Even the network's housekeeping sessions focused on subjects like the political policies of potential funders. As we viewed the ten hours of videotaped performances brought by the presenters, the preferred art form seemed to be a confessional

genre of autobiographical danced monologue that deals with challenging perspectives on racial, gender and sexual identity. At one climatic point, after one person had shown two tapes another shouted out "Where are the people of color in your choices?" to which the first answered "Please be patient, my next tape is in fact from an African-American!"

Besides the Lesbian and Gay Caucus and the People of Color Caucus, we Canadians confirmed our need to consolidate the national concerns which distinguish us from the USA. We discussed the particulars of our history with the First Nations and Inuit peoples inside our borders, and the Canadian mosaic vs. the American melting pot. I included the dynamics of the French/English conflict, that concept of an "invisible minority" which proposes that Caucasians include an infinite variety of distinct cultures. We clarified other CANDANCE network differences: our relatively small number and scale, and the preponderance of public funding and lack of private sources.

A few smaller voices sprang through the cracks. Dancer Eiko pleaded eloquently for sensitivity to the mature artist who continues to experiment but desires larger fees. Some panelists, especially those identified as Asian-Americans, reminded us that labels like "Asian" tend to encourage homogenous stereotypes for groups which actually encompass a wide range of different nationalities. One presenter cautioned us about the use of buzzwords like "authenticity", and the importance of paying attention to deeper meanings. Several performers (of color) asked for consideration of aspects of their identity other than skin hue. And a few long-time members pleaded for us to remember the gravity of the AIDS crisis.

The highlight from my point of view was the chance to meet contemporary art organizers from La Red network newly formed in South and Central America, from An Creative in Japan, from Slovenia, Taipei, Hong Kong and Singapore.

Considering the single issue focus, I hoped to leave with a clearer sense of my social responsibility as the Tangente programmer. But discomfort and confusion prevailed for me, and especially a newfound malaise with my own sense of identity. Yes I am Caucasian and I am racist. But are there any redeeming features in that I am also a female, third generation Lithuanian, Jewish, ex-patriot American resident in Quebec? And what about the "identity" that brought us all together in Columbus, Ohio: the fact that we are all progressive-minded artists and art presenters?

Cultural Crossroads

I'm standing in the middle of a crossroad, though I guess I'm the only one who sees it that way. To my left is the church group, singing, chanting, praising God, shaded from the potentially lethal Arizona sun by a square cloth stretched between poles held up by four long-suffering boys. Straight in front of me, at the far end of the plaza, glimpsed over the top of other people's heads, stands a virtual army dressed from head to toe in black, waiting after days, weeks of preparation and faithfully conducted ceremonies for the chance to charge at the church, and maybe this year vanquish the forces of good. The church stands behind me. In fact, I'm squashed against its end wall by the sheer volume of people. It's open-fronted - though right now the interior is masked by a huge blue cloth covering the unusually wide entrance - but I manage to see what lies behind through a side doorway. There's the altar decked with flowers and effigies of Christ and Mary, shielded by a crowd of women and children dressed as angels waiting for the moment the curtain is torn down, and for the opportunity to rush out into the plaza and defend their faith. And on my right are a handful of stalls selling tostadas, enchiladas, coffee, Seven-Up and Coca Cola, with various people taking advantage of a shady tree after apparently giving up the struggle for a view of the action.

It's Easter Saturday and this is the Gloria, a crucial and dramatic part of the involved and involving ceremony that the Yaqui Indian inhabitants of three villages in Tucson, Arizona, devoutly re-enact each year. Their exposure to Catholicism in the 17th century, through the arrival of Spanish Jesuit priests in their community, combined with the continued practice for some of their pre-Christian rites and rituals, has created an elaborate hybrid faith, that, as the forty days and nights of Easter reveal, pushes its participants to the limits of their endurance and devotion. In the process, a remarkable culture clash emerges, as images, that to my mind belong to different worlds and different times, are repeatedly integrated and juxtaposed.

The Spanish-style church, the army in black, the holy singers and the enchiladas are the focus for my divided attention, and yet to split this or any other experiences from here four ways - even in an area dubbed the Four Corner States - is to short-change the remarkable range of peoples,

places, climates, ways of life that this rich and dramatic part of the world in truth contains. But something about this particular experience with the Yaqui Indians seems to go to the heart of all my meandering and sometimes disconnected thoughts, and to bring home once again how much I, too, like these people I observe, belong to a multi-layered, ever-changing culture, however far away that may feel right now.

As I immerse myself in this event, and begin to see its complexity, I realize how my insights and observations can only skim the surface, how I can't hope to paint the full picture, only my particular view of it. Others have devoted their lives to portraying the Yaqui ceremonies accurately and sympathetically. I'm just a beginner.

My five days and nights in Tucson are shared between its three Yaqui villages: Old Pascua, Pascua Pueblo, and Barrio Libre. Each has its church, its plaza, and its re-enactment of the Easter ritual performed by a cast of characters drawn from ceremonial societies within the village. The forces of evil are represented by the Fariseos - the army in black - those who persecuted Jesus, and they are accompanied by the masked Chapayekas, "common soldiers" and disciples of Judas. They wear a blanket wrapped close round the body with a tight-fitting belt hung with deer or pig-hoof rattles. Their masks (which, when evil is ritually conquered, will be burnt along with an effigy of Judas) are both beautiful and grotesque and display an extraordinary variety of creatures, from animals and birds to human beings and ninja turtles. To protect themselves from exposure to the evil influence of their roles, they hold the cross of the Yaqui rosary between their teeth and repeat prayers silently to themselves. However, they are unable to speak aloud, so every communication has to be somehow expressed physically, and it's wonderful to see how their gestures of confusion, disapproval, curiosity, whatever, are so spontaneously and legibly conveyed.

The plaza at Pascua Pueblo is a huge sandy space, and after a long wait one hot afternoon, with few places to find shade and nowhere to sit, I notice a figure in an old coat and the mask of a white-haired old man, crossing the plaza

to find a spot to rest behind the swings and roundabouts of a nearby playground. This is Jesus, he must be discovered, pursued and captured. In fact, this is a Chapayeka, as his mask indicates, but just on this particular occasion, he comes to represent an aged Christ, the viejito, the little old man. The other Chapayekas soon appear hunting their prey, and then escorting this shambling, stumbling figure all the wrong way round the fourteen stations of the cross, with a rope tied around his neck and a cottonwood crown on his hat. He seems a mix between prisoner and chosen one as he's marched about, with his captors tenderly, or is it mockingly, patting his face or dusting him down, before finally taking turns to carry him on their backs when he gets too tired to walk unaided. (These men can be intimidating with or without their masks, and I wonder if it's the freedom of disguise that allows them to exhibit such tenderness and protectiveness towards one another. They'll immediately gather round to protect another Chapayeka having trouble with his masks or his costume, no one's ever left to fend for himself). All this happens silently, no music, not much of an audience, no dramatic moments, just a slow and private procession as someone is taken where he must inevitably go.

In the Yaqui interpretation of the Christian story, it seems that Jesus is captured as an old man and is reborn as an infant. His death is represented in the crucifixion, which I'm too late for when I get to Barrio Libre on Friday morning, but I am in time to see the Chapayekas standing guard at each station of the cross, overseen by an attentive Farieseo who make sure that, while almost blinded by their masks, the Chapayekas don't stumble at the curb or fail to acknowledge a cross as they pass. This must be done with a shake of the deer-hoof rattles on the waistband, like a shimmy, and it seems to indicate a greeting, an acknowledgment, a thank you. If the heat of the day, the stuffiness under the masks, and the rosary in the mouth aren't enough, these people have in addition to negotiate rocky ground, curbsides, and street furniture. At one point, I see a guy unwittingly charge head-on to a stop sign. He stops alright. So the personal protector is vital. One of them is a six year old boy with a grown man to take care of. He diligently taps his wooden sword to indicate a curb or a cross, and runs protectively alongside his charge as they move from station to station, like a trainee adult, which I guess is what he is.

I manage to catch up with a crucifixion at another village, and watch the church group pray, chant, and mourn at the foot of the symbolic cross while Chapayekas step in at either side to distract and interfere with their devotions. It acts as a wonderful device that manages to make piety a struggle, and is entertaining and moving at the same times. Eventually an older woman in the group lashes out at her detractor and loses patience with those who are giggling at the goings on... we're all succumbing to the temptation, and there's ambiguity in the conflict since underneath the masks are their friends, lovers, fathers, children. Another woman flashes her prayer book at an interfering Chapayeka - he recoils comically, like Dracula exposed to garlic (or a crucifix). She smirks and gets back to her prayers. But somehow, despite the fun, people are in tears, including me. The balance between the fooling around and the real emotional significance of the event is fine and precarious. Meanwhile, close by, one of the Chapayekas has broken his sandal - a laced thong affair. He indicates he's in trouble through pointing and stamping up and down, and while the ritual continues and Christ is symbolically crucified, I'm sidetracked and mesmerized by the will-he-won't-he make-it-in-time-sandal-crisis, as it's threaded and eventually fixed. And that's the way it seems to go. A big event is obscured by a minor detail. Something major happens while you are looking the other way.

Fortunately, I wasn't looking the other way when the Deer Dancer first appeared. He is always seen with another set of dancers - the Pascolas - and their accompanying musicians, and they date back to the hunting rituals held before a deer hunt. After their first appearance in the plaza, they gradually make their way to the ramada, a kind of shelter, which becomes their base, and is where they'll dance throughout the night. That evening, I make my way through a tasty enchilada and watch as each Pascola gets up in turn to dance, rhythmically stamping his bare feet on the dusty sand floor, leaning forwards towards his musicians (fiddle and harp), focused only it seems on the percussive accuracy of his cocoon ankle rattles, not projecting or performing as such, but riveting to watch all the same. While this goes on, the Deer Dancer adjusts the white scarf that covers his head and comes down low enough to almost completely conceal his eyes, and then straps a real deer head to his, its antlers wrapped in pink

scarves representing flowers. In addition he wears a kind of skirt and scarf tied around the waist, cocoon rattles tied at the ankles, and in each hand, he holds a gourd rattle. He leans forward, legs bent, flat back, his arms stretched down towards the floor, and looks around - through the deer's eyes, it seems, rather than his own. He stops, cocks his head as if to listen and begins his weighty dance, never lifting his arms, rhythmically shaking the gourd rattles, subtly articulating his head and back, occasionally pawing with one foot, or pausing, poised effortlessly on one leg. Right next to him the Pascola counterdances, by which I mean there's no apparent connection between them, as though we're watching two things happening in different places simultaneously. This is reinforced by the musicians who play with their respective dancer over one another. The three musicians seated close to the Deer, play a combination of instruments: a half gourd floating in water beaten with a stick - the deer's beating heart; two corrugated sticks scraped like a washboard - the deer's intake of breath. This is no representation of Bambi gamboling through glade; it's a distilled and subtle interpretation of a waiting, listening creature. Throughout the night, the deer and the Pascolas dance and rest, then dance and rest again. I last till 4 a.m.. They're still going, kept company by a handful of waking and sleeping supporters. Over by the church the other participants lie in their sleeping bags and blankets, smoking, chatting, sleeping, as they have done each night of this event, maybe as far from their regular lives as I am.

There's a moment when all the different groups involved in the Yaqui Easter finally seem to come together, as the Matachinis, a group of men and boys devoted to the Blessed Virgin, lead all the others, the Fariseos, the Caballeros, the Chapayekas, the Deer dancer, the church group - in a procession into the church, then reemerge between the lines of followers like some military band turning back on itself. It's a kind of organized chaos as everyone becomes inextricably mingled; the good, the bad, the pagan, the Christian, the young and the old. But even after the forces of evil have been symbolically "killed" with flowers thrown over them in the form of confetti, certain characteristics of the different groups are not abandoned. In a final farewell ritual nearby, all the participants form a huge circle to shake hands with one another, but the Deer Dancer and his team, now dressed in

regular clothes, stand outside this event, looking on. As though there are some things - the human and the animal world - that can never be fully reconciled.

Sometimes it appears as though techniques of modern theater have been in some way incorporated into these ancient ceremonies, until I point out to myself that it is surely the other way round. Repetition occurs, well, repeatedly during the course of events. The sight of a procession marching again and again throughout the plaza, or of pair after pair of Chapayekas crawling on their hands and knees into the church in their futile search for the Nazarene, is a reminder of the power of ritual, of the need to persevere in order to succeed.

Like the part of stunning, elaborate Bean Dance ceremony that I witnessed at the Hopi reservation, I find myself overwhelmed by the coherence of this event, of the sense of continuity and connection to a complex and ancient tradition, despite the everpresent malls, banks, supermarkets, boomboxes, and other trappings of Western culture; despite the fact that this is the United States of predominantly White America where its indigenous aboriginal culture seem frequently played down, marginalised, forgotten.

And then I wonder what lies behind the fascination with these differing cultures? I know I have no desire to appropriate or imitate the dances or events that I see. They belong to their own world, and I belong to mine; but it's hard work not to notice how the rituals and ceremonies, the sense of community and of belonging, remain strong in traditional cultures, but seem to dissipate and disappear with "progress". Maybe beneath the fascination and the curiosity experienced by those of us outside those worlds lies a desire to belong like that, rather than to be on the outside, looking in.

Back to the crossroad, that only I can see. I find myself in a place where different roads stretch out before me, none really giving any indication as to where it leads. The question is, as usual, for me and everyone else, which one do I take?

- Jonathan Lunn

February 18, 1993

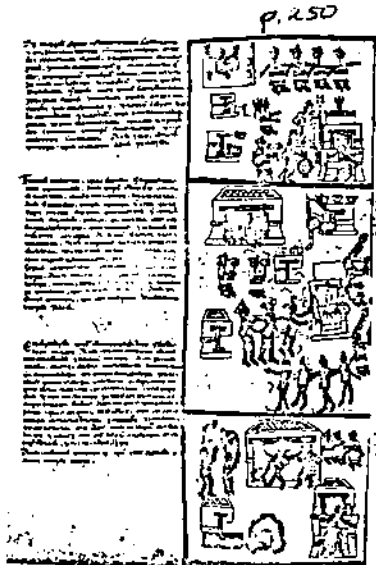


Figure 25. Baird, Ellen Taylor, 1979.

Primeros Memoriales, PAL 250v: Uey Tozoztli (top), Toteo Eco (center), Teteo Eco (bottom) (from Sahagún 1905, VI:2)

MONTH THREE: All gods and animal mimics appeared in mask procession during Toteo Eco

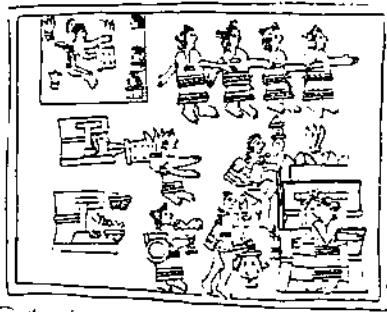


Figure 32. Kurath and Marti, 1964. Dances of Anahuac



119. Teteo Eco correct caption

Martí, Samuel, 1961. "Canto, danza y música precortesianos." México: Fondo de Cultura Económica



Figure 37. Primeros Memoriales, PAL 250v: Teteo Eco (top), Tepelihuili (center), Cuetzobilli (bottom) (from Sahagún 1905, VI:5)

photo copy of original manuscript. Baird, Ellen Taylor, 1979. Sahagún "Primeros Memoriales": A Structural and Stylistic Analysis of the Drawings.

Cross-Cultural Dance Resources
518 South Agassiz Street
Flagstaff, AZ 86001-5711

F.Y.I.

The captions on page 70 (Figure 33) and on page 74 (Figure 36) in Dances of Anahuac (Kurath and Marti, 1964) are incorrect.

The caption for figure 33 should read:

Month 2. Teteo Eco or Teotleco

The depiction of this Aztec monthly ceremony (veintena) is correctly captioned in Canto, danza y musica precortesianos (Martí, 1961).

The caption for Figure 36 should read:

Month 4. (H)Uey Tozoztli

Samuel Martí did not include a depiction of this ceremony in his book.

The Primeros Memoriales is the first and a distinct part of a larger manuscript by Bernardino de Sahagún known as the Codex Matritensis.

I suspect that Kurath and Marti realized the captioning on these two illustrations was incorrect at the time of the simultaneous publication of the hard and soft cover editions of Dances of Anahuac but since there were no further editions it was impossible to correct the errors.

You may wish to append this information to your copies of Dances of Anahuac.

Sincerely,

Kathleen Hayward

Kathleen Hayward

CNC

P.O. Box 104
Point Richmond
CA 94807

MONTH FOUR: Uey Tozoztli. The dress wearing of "tateo" was introduced by two maize deities, the male Cinteoh and one female, Cinteohuani, and the interaction of 120 different youths and maidens. There are two maize and one female in performing dances.

MONTH FIVE: Toteo Eco. Toteo Eco was introduced by the gods of the sun and earth gods and the first one of young men and women in phallic dance. The dancers, especially that of the water, treated the point of victory with heads and a separate footwork. See Figure 33.



Figure 36. Kurath and Marti, 1964. Dances of Anahuac

Kurath and Marti, 1964. Dances of Anahuac

CORRECTION FOR NEWSLETTER 14
The month mentioned in the article about the 6th Festival of Pacific Arts should have been October instead of November.

The Membership Page

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Mariá Susana Azzí, M.L. Nicolesi Brown, Yvonne Dauphin, Mary Ann Eason, Holly Hamilton, Nancy Herrington, Muriel Jacobsen, Vanesa Jordan, Renee La Perriere, Jonathan Lunn, Nancy Paxton, Tori Piceno, Gail Reed, Blase Scarnati, Jr., Katherine Layne Sherman, Linda Szymd (Monich), Kerry Thompson.

THOSE WHO CAME BEARING GIFTS

*Thanks for Additions to the
CCDR Library:*

Shawn Bensey, Yvonne Cootz and the UCLA Dance Department, Dena Davida, Mary Jo Freshley, Lea Gohier, Beth Goren, Rhoda Grauer, Joann Kealiinohomoku, Cynthia Knox, the estate of Gertrude Prokosch Kurath, Sandy Lynch, Donna Mendel, Kalani Meinecke, Kazuye Saito, the estate of Phil Schafer, Emil Wolfgang, Jessica Yu.

* * *

*CCDR Appreciates Contributions
to the Collections:*

Laura Apostolou, Najwa Adra, Mária Susana Azzí, Sophia Bilides, Peter Bungart, Sanatan Das Baul, Gina Darlington, Ericka Eklund and Felicitas von Ostau, Marjoire Franken, Mary Jo Freshley, Joan Frosch-Schröder, Peter Gold, Janet Goodridge, Rhoda Grauer, Beverly Hugg, Doris Knox, Barbara Mettler, Nadia Chilkovsky Nahumck, Quetzalcoatl, Marcia and Ed Segal, Lewis Segal, Mary Lynn Smith, Roz Spicer and the estate of Nik Krevetski, Linda Szymd, Ani Williams and la Tulip, Windward Community College of University of Hawaii.

* * *

*Equipment and Supplies Were
Provided By:*

Canyon Office Products, Yvonne Dauphin, Beverly Hugg, Ruth Kurle, Northwoods Building, Northern Arizona University Bookstore, Lynda Yu.

NEWS FROM MEMBERS

Helen Pelton, the 1989 HKK Memorial Resident at CCDR will perform and guest teach in Germany for several days in November.

* * *

Beverly Brown, the 1991 HKK Memorial Resident at CCDR has been using Afro-Caribbean music with cross-cultural dance movements, and recently used this approach as guest artist and teacher in Boulder, Colorado.

* * *

Nancy Zendora, the 1992 HKK Memorial Resident at CCDR has returned from a six week teaching and performing tour in Brazil, in time to perform at the Dia Center for the Arts, in November.

* * *

Suzan Wagenfehr Craig was awarded an \$8,000 grant from Gila County to coordinate a program in Cooperative Extension Environmental Education. A dancer, biologist, and anthropologist, Suzan's holistic approach to the project incorporates dance.

FUNDING RENEWED

Once again CCDR has received operational grants from the City of Flagstaff Arts and Science Commission, and the Arizona Commission on the Arts. In May the symposium given in connection with the Carter Family Marionettes was partially funded by the Arizona Humanities Council.

FOR SPECIAL SERVICES, CCDR THANKS THE FOLLOWING:

Azimata Ala, "Blackfire," Mario Cabrera, Dana Carson, Gina Darlington, Scott Darlington and Family, Yvonne Dauphin, Rachel England and Katy, Beverly Hugg, Carolyn Hunter, John Irwin, John the Blues Singer, Cynthia Knox, Camela Lauer, Sandra Lynch, Camila Mesa, Sam Minkler, Lisha Owens, Quetzalcoatl, Dave Riek, Nora Sanderlin, Holly Skeen, Katherine Sherman, Gilda Stark, Kathleen Stemmler, Georgia Taylor, Kerry Thompson, Patrick Ulibarri, "Uncle Bob and the Hillwallys"

ADOPT-A-JOURNAL

Enclosed are forms to continue this successful program. Of the journals listed *DRJ* and *Cultural Survival Quarterly* have been adopted for this upcoming year.

Last year several people responded to this program whom we thank for helping CCDR keep its library up-to-date. They re: Anonymous, Yvonne Daniel, Michelle Former, Gertrude Lippincott, Sandra Lynch and Nick NiCastro, Bemice Rosen, Mary Lynn Smith, and Allegra Fuller Snyder.

* * *

RECENT EVENTS

In addition to the events announced in the last Newsletter, other special events have been hosted by CCDR -

* * *

SOUP SEMINARS - *Vernon Masayesva*, Hopi Tribal Chairman, discussing Hopi cultural history. *Mariá Susanna Azzí* from Argentina, slide presentation on Tango.

* * *

CONCERTITA - *Ani Williams* and *la Tulip* in "Circle the Earth With Song - A Celebration of Song from Around the World."

* * *

MASTER CLASS - *Barbara Mettler*, dancer and teacher extraordinaire; class - "Introduction to Dance as a Creative Art Activity."

* * *

WORKSHOP AND PERFORMANCE - *Prema Dasara* and "The Twenty-One Praises of Tara", the second year.

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Editor: Joann W. Kealiinohomoku

A DOZEN YEARS OF CCDR

Cross-Cultural Dance Resources was incorporated on July 15, 1981. In order to prepare for its annual meeting and birthday celebration in August, the facility was spruced up, rearranged, and archiving space enlarged. The kitchen was repainted, the office was moved from the library to the kitchen, and a large double faced bookshelf was built as a library "stack" where the office had been.

Library shelving was already inadequate when we received several hundreds of books and journals from the Gertrude Prokosch Kurath estate. This catalysed us to put in new shelves. Reshelving the two room library, one room is dedicated entirely to dance; the other is arranged by topic, such as ethnomusicology and folklore.

Audio-visual materials were moved from the kitchen area to a new A/V room in a space previously unavailable to CCDR. The catalyst for this was the gift of field films from Nadia Chilkovsky Nahumck and the rapidly increasing collection of video tapes from several sources. This room also houses hundreds of sound recordings and thousands of slides.

Please come use the library, collections, and space. This facility is your facility, Dear Member.

COMING NOVEMBER 8

CHAKSAM-PA, THE TIBETAN DANCE AND OPERA COMPANY will return to CCDR and Flagstaff for a performance to be held at the Coconino Center For The Arts. Info? Phone 774-8108

THE 1994 RESIDENT

CCDR is proud to announce the selection of Adair Landborn as the 1994 HKK Memorial Research Choreographer Resident; the next newsletter will include a feature article about Ms. Landborn.

BOOK REVIEW

Polka Happiness. 1992. Charles and Angeliki Keil, and Dick Blau. Philadelphia: Temple University Press.

As a polak is a Polish male, polka is a Polish female; and the polka, though it first became a popular dance in Paris in 1844, is primarily a Polish-American event with several strands. (One of the strands is the Mexican-American and Papago-Pima or Tohono O'Odham, in southern Arizona).

Polka Happiness (referring to the euphoria which accompanies polka parties - a mix of food and drink, music and movement) is the name of a delightful new book, written by Charles and Angeliki Keil and with marvelous photos by Dick Blau. The book is well-researched and presented, with a great deal of scholarship on the music and the sociology of polka events, but never loses the fun, the lively and merry, and at times somewhat raunchy, spirit of polka.

Unfortunately for dancers the presentation of the movement (styles, history and development) is the weakest part of the book. However, it is so full of wonderful interviews, and fascinating information, that *Polka Happiness*, as a research model is a valuable addition to any dance ethnographer's library. And besides, the book is fun to read.

Aanya Adler Fries
Albuquerque, NM

Cross Cultural Dance Resources
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USA



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