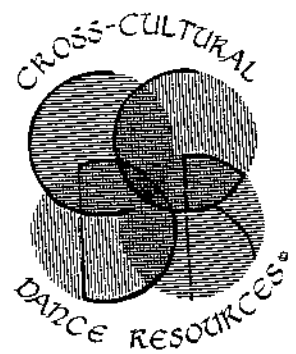


A non-profit organization
dedicated to research,
consultation, and performance



CCDR Newsletter

Numbers 24/25

Spring/Summer 2004

Letter from the CCDR President-Elect Pegge Vissicaro

It is with great enthusiasm and positive energy that I welcome this time of transition for Cross-Cultural Dance Resources, Inc. At the annual meeting in September, I will officially take office as the incoming President of CCDR Board of Directors. I am honored to serve this prestigious organization and look forward to helping CCDR realize its potential as a cutting edge education and research agency dedicated to dance cultural study. My deepest appreciation extends to the previous president, Dr. Joann Keali'inohomoku for her vision, direction, and dedication. She is truly the force underlying CCDR's long lasting success and will continue on the board as an ex officio member. Also I wish to thank current board members, Elsie Dunin, Robert Schacht, Blase Scarnati, Gina Marie Wright, and Barbara Benally, for their commitment and support to helping our organization fulfill a productive role in the larger community.

My involvement with CCDR spans nearly two decades beginning in the early 1980s when I moved to Arizona. Some of my contributions as a CCDR member include conducting a Terradance workshop (my own movement technique that relates to the Earth environment), demonstrating dances of Brazil at a Soup Seminar, performing traditional West African dance and music with the group, Adzido, and playing Brazilian "batucada" for CCDR fund-raising activities. As a dance faculty member at Arizona State University, I have collaborated with CCDR on various projects. These consist of submitting joint grant applications, hosting professional conferences, providing master classes for ASU students with CCDR board members, Elsie Dunin and Joann Keali'inohomoku, and using CCDR materials, most specifically the online newsletters, as instructional tools for ASU courses.

When I joined the Board of Directors in 1997, I focused principally on Web site development and initiated the CCDRNET listserv. Since then I have participated in long-range planning meetings, provided technology consultation, and presented research about processes of cross-cultural dance study in online learning environments at the CCDR 2003 symposium, "Applying Dance Ethnology in the 21st Century."

Over the past seven years, I have gained much experience as a board member and learned about the operations, constituents, and other personnel who are vital to our organization. This has given me a depth of perspective to really "know" CCDR and more importantly, to fully understand how valuable it is to the dance community worldwide. The election as President of the Board of Directors comes at a wonderful time in my own career. After completing a doctoral program from the Arizona State University's College of Education in December 2003 and writing the textbook, *Studying Dance Cultures around the World* published by Kendall/Hunt published this August, I am poised to take on new challenges and initiate innovative projects. It is exciting that both CCDR and I embrace this "energy shift" together.

CCDR Library Development

One of my top priorities will be continuing to develop our internationally recognized library under the direction of Dr. Joann Keali'inomoku. The library, located in Flagstaff and open to all CCDR members as well as to the public, includes the archives of Gertrude Kurath, Joann Keali'inohomoku, and Eleanor King. We are in the process of developing "finders" for these archives, which means that by accessing the CCDR website you can identify the type of information and source of contents. Additionally, you will be able to search bibliographic records of over 9000 entries in our library. These entries will be similar to other library listings online but will have key words also. Our immediate goals address the 1000 sq. ft. expansion

of this library through a capital funds campaign. We are bursting at the seams and can not adequately display materials, much less accommodate new collections. We have actually turned down donations of rare archives because of space constraints. The library expansion is a critical need, which we must focus on fulfilling within the next few years.

Bases of Operation: Flagstaff and Tempe

Another priority is to strengthen our organization and impact worldwide. This will begin by increasing our outreach with two bases of operations: the library and collections in Flagstaff, and the activities and events to be centered in Tempe, and conducted by the Board of Directors. One reason for choosing Tempe, a part of metropolitan Phoenix, is to recruit a larger, more diverse Board of Directors from around the state, and position ourselves in a more central position to network with local arts and cultural agencies. It also is home to Arizona State University, a hub of international research and education. Membership activities as well as newsletter publication will continue to occur in Flagstaff until personnel are established in Tempe to assume those responsibilities.

Annual Meeting September 19th

To welcome this change, the annual meeting planned for Sunday, September 19th from 1:00-5:00 p.m. will take place in Tempe. This important meeting will provide the opportunity to interact with arts and cultural event organizers, company directors, educators, and advocates from around the state who are interested in promoting cross-cultural dance study. I invite all CCDR members and potential members to attend. At that meeting we will include live dance and music performances, videos, as well as refreshments. As the new President of the Board of Directors, I am hosting this festive meeting in my home in Tempe, located at 336 East Concorda Drive, near College Avenue and-Broadway Road. For more information, call me directly at 480.929.0363 or 602.790.0363.

CCDR Satellites

One of the topics we will present and discuss at the annual meeting is the concept of CCDR Satellites. A satellite by definition is an object that revolves around a main object. In the context of CCDR, the main object is the CCDR headquarters in Tempe shared with the library in Flagstaff. We hope many CCDR satellites will be launched by members in many locations, near or far, and even worldwide, for the purpose of sharing the CCDR philosophy and disseminating information. Essentially, satellites will bring CCDR closer to members, where ever they are. For instance, people in universities, colleges, and other educationally oriented institutions may wish to set up a Satellite to further CCDR's objectives, which support education and research activities for dance cultural studies.

Because of my affiliation at Arizona State University, I will propose the first CCDR Satellite begin there fall 2004. I envision this to be student centered organization, with a faculty or staff sponsor, abiding by CCDR Articles of Incorporation and By-Laws. Membership, which follows the regular annual fee structure, will include students, faculty, and staff associated with ASU. Activity reports will appear in the CCDR newsletter published three times a year. After a 12 month probationary period and pending successful review, we may officially recognize this Satellite and accept requests for the initiation of additional CCDR Satellites. If you have any feedback about this idea, please forward your comments to me via email at pegge@asu.edu.

Proposed Symposia

Another project is being planned for implementation in the next several years. Following the highly successful research symposium, coordinated by Elsie Dunin and Joann Keali'inohomoku, June 2003, we are discussing the idea of having an annual symposium in the Tempe area. This 3-4 day meeting will include presenting research and having workshops on ethnographic fieldwork methods. Again, I welcome your input so do not hesitate to contact me if you have thoughts about what we should address and/or how the symposium could be structured.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Savor these fabulous dance recollections by three members: Mary Lee Sanders, Carrie Cooper, and Nancy Zendora.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, DANCE RESIDENCY

By Mary Lee Sanders

The most magical opportunity presented itself just before Thanksgiving of 2003. I received a call from the Artistic Director of a Performing Arts Colony on Martha's Vineyard, congratulating me for being chosen as the Spring Choreographer in Residence. This position, as Artist in the Schools, provided time for me to further explore Martha's Vineyard history and environment, as well as the rare and unprecedented opportunity to teach where my recently discovered ancestors had taught centuries before me, and to dance with island children, many of whom would have been my unknown relations. It was in many ways a dance with my ancestral past, as I could use this gift to visit gravesites, libraries, and beaches in further dialog with my newly discovered island forebears.

My proposal offered new choreography, which I would base on one of my past works. It consisted of the sign language text for an ASL poem I first created over 15 years ago. In its prior 2 performances CETACEA was intergenerational and consisted of families and community members supporting through movement the children and professional dance mentors of my intergenerational dance troupe. The details of the piece were co-created around the signed poetry and structure I had created. Our first performance had been at a studio/dance theater in Santa Monica, California. The 2nd performance, not quite 10 years later, was performed on the beach in Santa Barbara, as part of an environmental dance festival held on the shore. The piece was close to an hour in length and included up to 45 participants ranging in age from the in-utero babes of pregnant dancers, infants in arms, through elders of the community in their 70's and 80's.

CETACEA III was being commissioned to be reworked and performed about 17 years after its debut. The main body of dancers would be the 3rd and 7th grade students of Tisbury School. This location was significant since Tisbury and Chilmark were the areas of the island that were essentially the epicenter of Martha's Vineyard Sign Language, due to the intense concentration of deaf islanders of its communities. Although I had hoped to re-interpret the poetry from ASL to MVSL, I was only able to acquire a few marine vocabulary signs to incorporate into the work. MVSL is considered extinct as a living language (like it's forebear, Old Kent Sign Language), but it was an evolutionary precursor to ASL. (My investigations into the current state of reconstruction efforts for MVSL have been inconclusive.)

Another incomparable blessing of this residency was the provision for bringing 3 teaching assistants along with me. I chose 2 college age dancers who were former members of my inter-generational dance troupe. Mae Kaufman was a two year old when I first met her, then a tiny dancer in my creative movement class. Yvette Garcia was also a pre-schooler. Both dancers continued on in my classes and as essential and enthusiastic core members of my dance troupe for over 10 years. They were experienced in signed dance, creative movement, and environmental performance. Mae and Yvette had also both been performers in the

continued

previous environmental version of CETACEA. The opportunity to see my former students transforming into creative dance teachers, and revisiting our history in this unique co-creative relationship was, as well, an incomparable treasure. My 3rd assistant was a fellow UCLA Graduate Dance alumnus, Robert Whidbee whom I first met close to 20 years ago.

As I write this in August 2004, I am still in awe that this unparalleled experience was provided for us. We lived together at the dance colony, used the studio to create (even at midnight if we desired), and prepared the re-born production with the central involvement of our island students. Besides Tisbury School we were able to conduct "full-school assembly" lecture demonstrations at West Tisbury School, Chilmark School, and the ASL class offered by Kay Munro at the Tisbury Senior Center, also. Kay became an unplanned blessing for us. We first became aware of her as an audience member for a theater "reading" presented by a Deaf youth theater project from the mainland. We were fortunate to "accidentally" run into these young actors in the parking lot of the Chilmark Library, there for research as we were. Their research topic was the same as ours, and we were then invited to see this magnetic history through the eyes of a Deaf playwright, these young performers, and hearing interpreters.

After another series of uncanny synchronicities I was able to track Kay down. My assistants and I attended the ASL classes that Kay taught at the Tisbury Senior Center. Now 84, she was a native signer, the hearing daughter of Deaf parents. Her father was a graduate of Gallaudet University (the only liberal arts Deaf University in the world). So was Kay. She became a member of our CETACEA III performance as well, and opened our piece using ASL in conversation, surrounded and interacting with a circle of young Tisbury students. We intended for our audience to see the language in its functional role by a native signer, before we as dancers engaged the language as performance and community ritual.

Our closing production was presented by close to 80 performers. At the end of our piece we were moved to see many members of our audience in tears as we were, and felt fortunate to have engaged one another in this movement ritual. As for the residency, we met the proposed goals of exposing our students to sign language through our dance classes, and instigating excitement about this island's unique role in American Sign Language history. I had hoped to inspire a renaissance in the virtues of this inclusive kinesthetic language form (particular in the education of children), and celebrate the vitality and importance of creative dance in education, and as community ritual. The other component hand-in-hand with our sign language theme was an honoring of, and sensitization to the marine life surrounding the islands. CETACEA revolved around whales and dolphins and their movements and music. Recordings of cetacean voices were used in our classes and performances on a daily basis. Our research at nearby WHOA impacted our project. Our work once again became prayer. A local radio station reported that area humpback whales were reported as singing, strangely out of season.

In all performance/community ritual settings (Martha's Vineyard and California) we have only used sign language/dance and whale songs without any verbal interpretation. I welcome correspondence from readers who may wish to read the background of this study and unabridged version of this paper. Contact Mary Lou Sanders at kermodi@cox.net

Mary Lee Sanders, independent Choreographer, Dance teacher, Creative Artist, lives in Santa Barbara, CA. Education: Double B.A. Music (Composition) / Human Development (Exceptionality, Deaf Education). Graduate studies UCLA Dance Ethnology. Director/Founder of Child at Heart (dance outreach) and Milagro Dance Projects.

* * * * *
GORGE DU TODRA: A Moroccan Adventure

By Carrie Ann Cooper

The Gorge du Todra is a mirage.

We're driving forty miles per hour in a beat up VW van through the North African country of Morocco. The date is January 2002, only three months after 9/11. My climbing partner, Paolo, and I have ventured into this predominately Muslim country in search for Todra, a gorge with towering cliffs. Cliffs that are ripe and ready for climbers in search of the unique sandstone are offered only in this arid gorge located at the edge of the Saharan desert.

Upon entering this foreign place, we were immediately met with adversity as we pushed our way through the crowded African border. Moving past mobs of people, it seemed like everyone in the country was trying to get out of the very place we were trying to get into. Eventually we moved our way slowly through the crowds and vendors and traffic and dust and noise and headed out in search of the exotic.

What we found was more than just a beautiful place; it was like entering a different world, like stepping into the movie *Star Wars*. I half expected to see Luke Skywalker zoom past on a "Y-jet" or see camels the size of Texas running down the canyon towards us. But the truth is that the Gorge du Todra is a place with small villages where folks keep hidden, especially the women. It's a place with desert nomads roaming here and there in long, heavy, hooded, brown robes. It's a place full of open spaces and dark corners.

We stay out of the village and park the van near the base of the climbs. Our place here is with the climbing. Aside from our momentary run-in with beggars in the valley, our day is fairly silent. "Bonjour, how much you give me for this?" they ask. And eventually, "You are a friend, I give you good price." Dozens of 'No thank-you's and many days later, we are greeted by a simple, "Ca va?" to which we reply, "Ca va bien." And go on our merry way.

The mornings are cold, but after the hour uphill trek to the climbs we are anything but cold. The songs of the nomads whose voices give rhythm to our step accompany our hike. They live just beyond the cliff's plateau, near the desert itself, and descend the rocky ridge every morning for water and other green resources that grow in the natural springs of the desert valley below. The air around us seems so still, the flapping of a bird's wings is like a jet-plane passing overhead (or Luke Skywalker for that matter) but the sky is clear, and blue, and vast.

We made friends with a local guide, Hassan, who shows us the area and down the gorge. It seems that everyone is named Hassan, or Muhammad, that are family names; rarely would you tell your first name to a stranger. He leads us down the gorge all the while pointing out and naming every climb, even telling us which direction to take, and how hard it is. All the while he is telling us this information in three, sometimes four, languages. The people of Morocco involved in commerce are well versed in French, because Morocco

continued

is a former French colony. Many speak English because of all the tourism and of course their native tongue, and also Spanish. Hassan spoke Spanish, French and Berber. Between Paolo and I, thankfully we were able to piece together this montage of languages and understand almost everything that Hassan was attempting to convey. After all if you are a human being, you can communicate with other human beings.

Hassan brings his teapot with him and a few glasses, which are about the size of a urinalysis cup. As he prepares the Berber tea for us, he sings to himself in his native tongue. Berber tea has a complicated brewing process, one consisting of boiling the tea and putting tons of raw sugar in it. The sugar is in a porcelain white block about the size of my forearm. He pours the tea from a hot pot to a cold glass and back again, repeating the whole process several times. A liquor type effect is reached by adding fresh absinthe to the mixture. Hassan presented the liquid to us, giggling as he introduced it as "Berber Whiskey". Tea is taken almost five times daily, around prayer time.

In the village, which is a mere twenty-minute walk through the gorge, Muslim prayers echo through the streets uniting everyone in prayer. Other than houses and vendors, there are hotels that look a bit like clay forts: dark inside but cozy nevertheless. One evening after a long day of climbing, Paolo and I decided to venture into the village to have a proper Berber feast and to spend time with the locals we had met in the gorge. After sampling the delicacies laid out for me, I decided to call it a day and left Paolo to enjoy the festivities solo.

I felt completely safe walking myself through the empty gorge in the late evening. It was so quiet and serene with a perfect full moon in the clear sky just above. I felt nestled between the towering walls of the gorge as though I was the only person alive in the world. But as I turned a curve in the valley I was met with the amazing sight and sound of a group of 15 nomads sitting on a fallen palm tree, playing drums, and clapping, and singing, and dancing. As I approached I was prepared to pass them, undisturbed, but felt honored and privileged as they immediately invited me to join them.

First I sat next to the drummers just taking in the uniqueness of the situation. I watched as the large men in their hooded robes danced to the rhythms and echoes around me. The moonlight and every star in the galaxy seemed to be looking down on us. Even the gorge itself seemed to sing right back in canon. I was handed a drum at one point and later asked to join in the dancing.

One man, to my surprise spoke English. He explained to me that he was an anthropologist from the University in Tangier sent to study and record the customs of this dying culture. He led me through various dances that mimed provincial activities. Hand washing clothes was one of these, with motions that seemed to mimic the activity, accompanied by small stomping steps. Moving the hands parallel to one another at your side, then shifting them back and forth as though using a washboard of sorts. Partner dancing is rare but the anthropologist allowed me to experience one of the male dances after I told him I was myself a dancer in the United States. They promenaded single file in stooped posture safely leading with shoulders joined together, singing and all the while keeping with the rhythm of the African drums. My senses were so acute that everything at that moment seemed to elevate my entire being. By the time I was ready to continue on my way, it seemed that the whole experience was ready to carry me the rest of the way down the gorge. And so I continue on, still singing the songs as I went.

Continued

By now, we knew we had been in the gorge for a couple weeks but we had no idea exactly how long. Our time was marked by our intervals of climbing and rest days. In the days that followed, I became more weary and ready to head back to a familiar civilization after landing myself in a couple of very compromising situations. I made wishes every night to be back in Spain for my birthday. I knew it had to be close considering we had left in the beginning of January and my birthday was at the beginning of February. My breaking point was when I headed out one day, alone, down the gorge to find something short to climb. I looked back to see a group of men trailing me. I was unable to hide as it became obvious to me that I was being followed. Luckily a pair of tourists were headed out of the gorge so I ducked in behind them and passed safely back to our van. It was such a scary and unnerving experience that I told Paolo that for my own good we needed to leave the following day, and we did.

We completed the two-day drive through the vast desert safely, stopping briefly in towns along the way to talk with people and shake their hands. We arrived early at the border before the crowd gathered and made our way past families and vehicle checks. After I'd received my passport and a farewell from the customs official, I looked down at the stamp on my passport. There staring back at me like a reflection of my thoughts was the date of my birth. At that moment we were passing over the border into the Spanish province of Ceuta. It was my wish, and I was overwhelmingly happy. It had been a complete experience with a complete ending. I don't think I could have asked for more from Africa.

Carrie Ann Cooper, 25, has her high school diploma in Modern Dance from the North Carolina School of the Arts and her B.A in Dance and Psychology from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. She is currently teaching Pilates at the Coconino Community College, and performing with the Canyon Movement Company.

* * * * *

FROM THE FIRE TO THE EAGLE: A BIRD'S ALGEBRA IN DESERT TIME:

The Zendora Dance Company at the Roaring Hoofs Festival Outer Mongolia

By Nancy Zendora

Outer Mongolia Summer 2004 earth and airstars sparkle in the night sky. We were a caravan of 100 performers: musicians, dancers, performance artists and 100 guests : Journalists, doctors, music lovers, artists... Mongolians, Europeans, Asians, Americans aged 20 to 80 traveling together through the desert to encounter the life of traditional people in dialogue with the contemporary west. A police escort plus four jeeps and six buses made their way through the mini Gobi for performances in Desert Environments, Mountain Temples, late night Ger concerts,... concerts of contemporary music, dance, performance art and traditional throat singing as well as instrumentalists from the obscure corners of Mongolia.

Invited by the New Music association of Mongolia and the Director of the Arabesque Center, the Zendora Dance Company, Marie Baker Lee and I arrive via China. On our plane is Chaolum Bataar an installation artist from Inner Mongolia (a part of China) who lives in New York and works with fire and nature. At first we were taken to our Ger Camp, a group of structures: octagonal, hexagonal wood crosshatched similar to a Yurta lined with sheep fur with a hole in the center for air. This constituted our home for the next 7 days.

continued

Each brisk morning and evening a fire was made for us to warm both our sleeping and waking moments. We were with and like the nomadic peoples living close to their lifestyle surrounded by animals whose cries were our first morning greetings.

Our four performances in diverse environments presented unusual challenges for us as performers and as choreographer a flexibility that brought a new relationship to the work. With so many participants we were asked to present shorter works. I choose three sections from "A Bird's Algebra in Desert Time," two solos and a duet, pieces inspired by my travels to the desert parts of Syria, Egypt and Mexico. Marie and I could each operate the sound for the other's solo which had cues that were a little complicated, and help each other make decisions about the use of space in unfamiliar settings. I performed my solo first. In a monastery that had been converted into a museum in the capital Ulan Bataar, our dressing room was the monastery itself, the "stage" was an entrance porch-like area small and contained. The audience of both tourists and local people sat on chairs on the grassy entrance area and moved around the grounds attentive and relaxed, several hundred focusing at different moments in different ways. We, the performers were left to contemplate in the ancient 11th century temple structure with its tankas, painted ceiling and sculpture as we warmed up our bodies and our instruments. I entered the performance space wearing a white billowy plaited dress carrying a pyramid light. I could feel the presence of other waiting performers behind me in a shadowy darkness, a circle of intensity with the audience in front and on two sides demanded that I have eyes in all directions as I began my dance with a bird's voice crying to the evening air.

The next day at an early hour our caravan moved to our desert Ger camp. That evening we attended a Shaman ceremony with fire as the sky loomed above us in a clarity that seemed surreal, but hardly less than the next days performances in the desert where electronic equipment, cellos, trap drums, woodwinds and piano graced the incongruous landscape. Marie's solo began from the edge of the sight lines as the audience sat facing a large embankment. The image of Marie in her turquoise robed figure coming into focus from the distance prepared the audience slowly for her entrance. She had to project to the audience of performers and nomads on horseback that stood transfixed adjusting the movement to include kicking up the sand to gain traction. Some of the performances were sight specific and the vision of a singer rushing down the sand banks or a dancer moving on the crest of a hilly area in front of a cloud were pure magic Mongolian traditional musicians also performed in their colorful ancient clothing igniting the desert monochrome with excitement in sound and sight.

Many stayed for the four-hour afternoon concert and there were many questions about the value of these events, if they could be understood or appreciated by the denizens of the desert. There appeared to be a certain fascination that exists when one is confronted by strangeness and also a thought about bringing John Cage, Steve Reich for example and post modern performance to people who had not heard Mozart or seen Martha Graham and does any of that matter! I began to love the discussions as they permeated our eating and leisure moments as never before with such a range of cultures, art makers and intellectuals present.

That morning and the next day we had a chance to see some of their festival activities in a mini Nasdam

continued

Festival near our Ger Camp: horseracing: small ponies raced by young children, young men in shorts and small fitted tops wrestling, the loser opened his belt as the winner imitated the gestures of a flying eagle. The gathering of people of all ages for what seemed to us so little excitement made me think that we had lost the simple camaraderie which was also an excuse to connect with one's neighbor across this vast landscape.

We visited the old capital of Mongolia karkorum at a monastery almost destroyed by the Russians. (Most signs in Mongolia are still in Cyrillic. When the Russians were there the Mongolians were not allowed to speak or learn their own language in school.) The monastery was a walled compound which contained several temples and courtyards. At the entrance to one of the compounds sat Mongolian Monk Musicians dressed in crimson and deep red purples with accents of gold, playing long horns. The stone entrance that was about 500 square feet was our performance space. We changed and warmed up in the inner courtyard. The courtyard had access to smaller sanctuaries whose entrances encircled the area.

Our waiting moments had us dipping into the sacred mysteries of tankas and Mongolian /Tibetan scriptures. We were both Mongolian and western performers: contortionists/acrobats, masked folkdancers, traditional musicians of horsehair fiddle and throat singers as well as western musicians: percussionists playing Steve Reich, singers of contemporary music of Ligeti and Kurtag, and an assortment of improvisers, dancers and performance artists. Marie and I performed the Descent, a duet based on the Sumerian Fertility Myth of the Goddess Innana's descent into the underworld to console her dark sister Erishkegal. Marie and I were coincidentally dressed in the same colors as the monks and carried branches of red and fuchsia somehow blending into the atmosphere. Yet to perform on round stone raised fragments presented difficulties as we adjusted our movements, slowing them and sometimes speeding them to cover the most difficult adjustments. Performing outdoors with no container for both audience and performers was an intense experience in concentration. And too, we warmed up on stone, performed on stone and left our belongings on stone. Afterwards when our feet touched the grass as we meandered through the grounds I felt like a thirsty person who has suddenly been able to drink.

Three hours by bus into the mountains to a place that was reminiscent of the southwest with strange rock formations and sacred areas built and nestled into rock, was the site for performances of singers, sham and improvisers. Marie and I were then part of a group of walkers and listeners. Ruins and contemplative pathways led us into the mountain retreats as we received gifts and bought hats fashioned on Mongolian traditional clothing. More Ger concerts of quieter music that evening: solo singing by Kurt Widmer, Swiss baritone performing a piece by Kunio Imai from Japan, an interesting collaboration formed before this festival. There were also a group of guest visual artists, one German painter Karim Fleischer was exploring painting to music. Her work looked like calligraphy for a music staff. Karim, Kunio and I admitted that we had shared sensibilities: quiet reflective work where stillness, emptiness and silence create meaning. Our shared mealtimes were times for discussion, time to explore new possibilities for collaborations.

Standing and looking out at the landscape in the evenings hearing animals, horses, birds, yaks, one could also hear new sounds coming from some of the gers: Mongolian singers with German percussionists,

continued

dumba players with woodwinds, folk musicians with traditional khoomi singers, new friendships and new synthesis of cultural relationships now in the making. There were always questions about how artists can speak in their own language and be understood by one another or at least find differences more fascinating and stimulating than disturbing. In my master classes the students, who were a combination of movers, actors, journalists and ordinary Mongolians. They asked "Are your works ancient or contemporary?" "Do you have a set vocabulary like jazz classes or ballroom dancing or ballet?" "How do you work on a piece?" Since their traditions are so strong they told me that it was both strange and interesting to question a choreographer who works from her inner imagination with improvisation and interest in finding an original vocabulary for each new work. Yet our mutual interest in myth and ritual was a unifying point from which we could begin to speak.

More questions than answers: Is cultural understanding possible? Can we begin to see within another's reality without prejudice? Can we allow our unconscious to absorb the newness without too much disturbance to our psyche? Are we more alike as humans than different? How does culture and our environment define us?

When we sing and dance together, play music and make art are we finding a new communication that energizes and excites the positive possibilities of humanity? can we balance this good news with the potential for endless wars that scourge this planet of ours?

Mongolia was a gift for us and we wish to return to that place of openness and clear experience like the immense night sky of the Gobi

Nancy Zendora has developed a strong personal vision shaped by the art, aesthetics, ceremonies and atmospheres of older cultures. She directs the New York based Zendora Dance Company that performs both nationally and internationally, Zendora was CCDR Choreographer-in-Residence in 1992.

"A choreographer with a special sense of ritual magic" Jennifer Dunning New York Times.

Iraqi intellectuals outline a new cultural policy for Iraq *Art Daily*, 6/2/2004

"Respect for cultural diversity, promotion of creativity and participation of all in cultural life, and the safeguarding cultural heritage form the three pillars of an Appeal adopted yesterday by participants at the First Cultural Forum for Iraq."

http://www.artdaily.com/section/news/index.asp?int_sec=2&int_new=10533

This was transmitted via the listserv titled "Cultural Policy. Center for Arts and Culture Update." This is a highly recommended resource, and subscription over the internet is free.
<http://www.culturalpolicy.org/issuepages/listserv.cfm> and subscribe today.

Here is another taken from the same source:

Keep culture in mind during election: arts groups

CBC News (Canada), 5/27/2004

"While organizations like the Heritage Canada Foundation and Friends of Canadian Broadcasting say they know the issue of culture won't make or break an election campaign, their tactics are designed to ensure it becomes part of the general political debate."

<http://www.cbc.ca/story/arts/national/news/2004/05/27/Arts/artsfedelec040527.html>

CCDR Web Site

Our goal is to broaden the impact of CCDR worldwide, which is why our web site is such a key venue for communication and dissemination of information. We will continue updating the site and will post a discussion board early in 2005. I will moderate this electronic forum, designed to exchange ideas about dance cultural study, and which will provide an archive of interactions for future research projects. My desire is to involve guest moderators as well as have discussions in various languages. Additionally, the forum will have links to work written by professional and student scholars pertaining to dance cultural study. Shortly we will solicit working or fully developed papers, not previously published, to post online.

Other features on the CCDR Web site will continue, such as Notes from the Field, the Newsletter Archives, the Silhougraphs link, the article "Why this Organization Uses the Word Dance in Its Name", and the links for information about Eleanor King, Gertrude P. Kurath, and Joann W. Keali'inohomoku. We also want to remind you that membership and donations can be made online, so we encourage you to do so yearly.

Membership

Our membership is the driving force behind our existence. We want to serve you 100% but we also know that each of you has much to share that may benefit CCDR and can contribute to our organization beyond simply submitting annual dues. For instance, Rose Eichenbaum, photographer extraordinaire and 2003 CCDR symposium presenter offered a 20% discount to all CCDR members for the purchase of her book, *Masters of Movement*, a collection of dance photographs published by the Smithsonian. Taking her lead, I have arranged for CCDR members to receive a 20% discount off the price of my recent publication, *Studying Dance Cultures around the World*, with the forward by Joann Keali'inohomoku. Additionally, a percentage of the author's royalties for this text are designated for the CCDR capital campaign. Regardless of whether or not you are publishing materials for commercial distribution, we want to know about your contributions to the field. We will announce these accomplishments in our newsletters and hope you, too, will help toot our horn as you represent CCDR around the world.

We are pleased to share this information and our visions! We hope that you will continue supporting such a worthwhile organization. The time has come to move forward and make CCDR a household name by bringing our combined resources into your communities and schools around the globe. The CCDR star is rising because of our strong foundation and because world awareness through cultural understanding is needed more now than ever before.

I am really interested to meet and dialogue with each of you as well as new members in the near future. Please keep your eyes open for us at national and international dance conferences. We are planning to have representatives attending these events and to coordinate on-site meetings. Also let us know what you are doing and how we can better network with our constituency. On behalf of CCDR, thank you!

Pegge Vissicaro, Ph.D.

Assistant Professor of Dance at Arizona State University teaching courses in Cross-Cultural Dance Studies, Dance in World Cultures, and Dance Research Methods. Her own research interests include dance and music of Brazil, where she lives each summer with her family. Vissicaro is a Fulbright Scholar, and a pioneer of online dance education. Her Ph.D. dissertation is "Emic-Etic Interaction: Processes of Cross-Cultural Dance Study in an Online Learning Environment" (2003, Arizona State University, College of Education). Her new book, Studying Dance Around the World: A Guide to Multicultural Dance Education, published this summer, 2004 will be formally introduced in issue 26 of the CCDR Newsletter

PEGGE VISSICARO



CONFERENCE NEWS

There are at least two CCDR members presenting at the National Dance Education Conference, which will take place at Michigan State University in East Lansing from October 20-24th, 2004. Linda Yudin is conducting a workshop entitled, "Afro-Brazilian Dance Workshop and Implementation of Curriculum Materials that Accompany the Dance Class Experience" on October 22nd.

"Teaching Approaches for Multicultural Study in Higher Education" is the title of Pegge Vissicaro's workshop on the 23rd of October.

Also there are at least three CCDR members from Arizona participating in the pre-conference sessions devoted to research on dance, for the Society for Ethnomusicology Annual Meetings, which will take place at the University of Arizona in Tucson on November 3rd, 2004. Elsie Dunin is presenting "Frantisek Pospisil, Czech Anthropologist: Significance of His Dance Research in Croatia and in the U.S. Southwest, 1920s-1930s." Joann Kealiinohomoku will demonstrate "A New Research Approach to Dance and Music Scholarship: The Analysis of Singular Signatures," and Pegge Vissicaro's presentation title is "Cross-Cultural Dance Resources: Vision and Identity in the 21st Century."

PROCEEDINGS

REMINDER - THE PROCEEDINGS FOR THE CCDR SYMPOSIUM: "APPLYING DANCE ETHNOLOGY AND DANCE RESEARCH IN THE 21ST CENTURY: 6-8 JUNE, 2003," ARE READY AND WAITING FOR YOU TO BUY YOUR COPY. THE PRICE IS \$20 PLUS \$5 POSTAGE.

THE BOOK IS EDITED BY ELSIE DUNIN, AND YOU KNOW THAT MEANS IT IS EXCELLENT! INCLUDED IS THE TALK "FOUNDATIONS, EVOLUTIONS AND CHANGES IN THE FIELD OF DANCE ETHNOLOGY" BY ALLEGRA FULLER SNYDER, KEYNOTE SPEAKER. IT INCLUDES, ALSO, THE PRESENTATION BY ELSIE DUNIN, "UNCOVERING NEW UNDERSTANDINGS ABOUT YAQUI EASTER," A REVELATION BECAUSE OF SUPERB SCHOLARSHIP.

OTHER AUTHORS INCLUDE TRUJILLO, BROCK, EICHENBAUM, KEALIINOHOMOKU, RISNER, HEIFETZ-YAHAY, LESTER, MCCLAIN, PHILLIPS, MANJARREZ, ALDRICH, SKLAR, VISSICARO, AND GREENBLATT.

THIS VOLUME OF PROCEEDINGS IS A TREASURE, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS OUT!

CCDR Newsletter

Cross-Cultural Dance Resources, Inc

ISSN: #1069-7241

a 501(c)(3) organization

Editor: Joann W. Kealiinohomoku

CCDR is partially funded by:
Arizona Commission on the Arts
National Endowment for the Arts
Flagstaff Cultural Partners

Address Service Requested

U.S.A.
Flagstaff, Arizona 86001-5711
518 South Agassiz Street

U.S.A.
Tempe, Arizona 85282-2919
336 East Concorda Drive



NON-PROFIT
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
FLAGSTAFF
ARIZONA
PERMIT NO. 193