



*International
Presentations of
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Martha Graham Dance Company

MARTHA GRAHAM, *Artistic Director*

RON PROTAS, *General Director and Associate Artistic Director*

LINDA HODES, *Associate Artistic Director*

Settings: ISAMU NOGUCHI, MING CHO LEE, MARISOL

Lighting: JEAN ROSENTHAL, GILBERT V. HEMSLEY, JR., NICHOLAS CERNOVITCH

Costumes: MARTHA GRAHAM, HALSTON

The Dancers:

CHRISTINE DAKIN
YURIKO KIMURA
PEGGY LYMAN
SUSAN McLAIN

ELISA MONTE
BERT TERBORGH
TIM WENGERD
GEORGE WHITE, JR.

Thea Nerissa Barnes
Charles Brown
David Brown
Jacquelyn Buglisi
Terese Capucilli
Donlin Foreman
Judith Garay

Helen Jones
Kevin Keenan
Jean-Louis Morin
Jeanne Ruddy
Philip Salvatori
Sharon Tyers
Allen Von Hackendahl

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1979, AT 8:00

POWER CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

Tonight's performance is one of three by the Martha Graham Dance Company comprising a dance residency with support from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Michigan Council for the Arts.

EMBATTLED GARDEN

Music by CARLOS SURINACH*

Set by ISAMU NOGUCHI

Lighting by JEAN ROSENTHAL

Choreography and Costumes by

MARTHA GRAHAM

Première: April 3, 1958

Love, it has been said, does not obey the rules of love but yields to some more ancient and ruder law. The Garden of Love always seems to be threatened by the Stranger's knowledge of the world outside and by the old knowledge of those like Lilith, Adam's wife before Eve according to legend, who lived there first.

<i>Eve</i>	ELISA MONTE
<i>Adam</i>	DAVID BROWN
<i>Stranger</i>	CHARLES BROWN
<i>Lilith</i>	CHRISTINE DAKIN

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Choreography copyright 1976 by MARTHA GRAHAM

INTERMISSION

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

Music by CARLOS SURINACH*

Set by MING CHO LEE;

Assistant designer, KAREN SCHULZ

Lighting by GILBERT V. HEMSLEY, JR.

Choreography by MARTHA GRAHAM

Costumes by HALSTON

Première: June 26, 1978

The eternal questions of relationships and a voyage.

<i>Pussycat</i>	YURIKO KIMURA
<i>Owl</i>	TIM WENGERD
<i>Turkey</i>	GEORGE WHITE, JR.
<i>Pig</i>	BERT TERBORGH
<i>Dolphins</i>	THEA BARNES, DAVID BROWN, DONLIN FOREMAN, JUDITH GARAY, HELEN JONES, KEVIN KEENAN, JEAN-LOUIS MORIN, JEANNE RUDDY, PHILIP SALVATORI, ALLEN VON HACKENDAHL
<i>Mermaids</i>	JACQULYN BUGLISI, CHRISTINE DAKIN, SHARON TYERS
<i>Storyteller</i>	SUSAN McLAIN

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Choreography copyright 1978 by MARTHA GRAHAM

The Martha Graham Center of Contemporary Dance, Inc. wishes to express its deep appreciation to Halston for his contribution of the costumes for this production; *The Owl and The Pussycat* has been dedicated in perpetuity to him.

INTERMISSION

NIGHT JOURNEY

Music by WILLIAM SCHUMAN*

Choreography and costumes by

Set by ISAMU NOGUCHI

MARTHA GRAHAM

Original Lighting by JEAN ROSENTHAL

Première: May 3, 1947

“And loudly o’er the bed she walked where she
In twofold wedlock, hapless, had brought forth
Husband from a husband, children from a child.
We could not know the moment of her death
Which followed soon.”

Oedipus was the son of King Laius of Thebes and Queen Jocasta. At his birth an oracle prophesied that he would murder his father and so he was abandoned on a desolate mountainside. He was found there and protected by a Corinthian shepherd, and grew to manhood as the adopted son of the King of Corinth. Once again an oracle predicted that Oedipus would slay his father and marry his mother. Thinking the King of Corinth his true father, he fled the city, and in his wanderings met, quarreled with, and finally killed a stranger who was King Laius of Thebes. Oedipus traveled on to Thebes, solving the riddle of the Sphinx and finally became King and married the Queen, Jocasta. He reigned nobly until a plague ravaged Thebes and the oracle declared that only banishment of the murderer of Laius would save the city. Finally the terrible truth of Oedipus’ fate was brought to light by the seer Tiresias. Jocasta took her own life; Oedipus blinded himself and wandered the earth in misery.

In “Night Journey,” Martha Graham’s dramatization of this myth, it is not Oedipus but Jocasta who is the protagonist. The action turns upon that instant of Jocasta’s death when she relives her destiny, sees with double insight the triumphal entry of Oedipus, their meeting, courtship, marriage, their years of intimacy which were darkly crossed by the blind seer, Tiresias, until at last the truth burst from him. The chorus of women who know the truth before the seer speaks it, vainly try to divert the prophecy from its cruel conclusion.

<i>Jocasta</i>	PEGGY LYMAN
<i>Tiresias, the Seer</i>	KEVIN KEENAN
<i>Oedipus</i>	TIM WENGERD
<i>Leader of the Chorus</i>	SHARON TYERS
<i>Daughters of the Night</i>	THEA BARNES, JACQULYN BUGLISI, TERESE CAPUCILLI, JUDITH GARAY, HELEN JONES, JEANNE RUDDY

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On March 5, 1979, Martha Graham traveled to Washington, D.C. to speak to the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee on the National Endowment for the Arts appropriations. Following are excerpts from her statement to the Subcommittee:

I am a dancer. I believe that we learn by practice. Whether it means to learn to dance by practicing dancing or to learn to live by practicing living, the principles are the same. In each it is the performance of a dedicated precise set of acts, physical or intellectual, from which comes shape of achievement, a sense of one's being, a satisfaction of spirit. One becomes in some area an athlete of God.

I think the reason dance has held such an ageless magic for the world is that it has been the symbol of the performance of living. Many times I hear the phrase . . . the dance of life. It is close to me for a very simple and understandable reason. The instrument through which the dance speaks is also the instrument through which life is lived . . . the human body. It is the instrument by which all the primaries of experience are made manifest. It holds in its memory all matters of life and death and love. Dancing appears glamorous, easy and delightful. But the path to the paradise of that achievement is not easier than any other. There is fatigue so great that the body cries, even in its sleep. There are times of complete frustration, there are daily small deaths. Then I need all the comfort that practice has stored in my memory, and a tenacity of faith that Abraham had wherein he "Staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief."

It takes about ten years to make a mature dancer. The training is two-fold. There is the study and practice of the craft in order to strengthen the muscular structure of the body. The body is shaped, disciplined, honored and, in time, trusted. Movement never lies. It is the barometer telling the state of the soul's weather to all who can read it. This might be called the law of the dancer's life . . . the law which governs its outer aspects.

Then there is the cultivation of the being. It is through this that the legends of the soul's journey are re-told, with all their gaiety and all their tragedy, the bitterness and sweetness of living. It is at this point that the sweep of life catches up the mere personality of the performer and while the individual (the undivided one), becomes greater, the personal becomes less personal.

And there is grace. I mean the grace resulting from faith . . . faith in life, in love, in people, in the act of dancing. All this is necessary to any performance in life which is magnetic, powerful, rich in meaning.

It has not been an easy path for me to work to present my ballets before the public while maintaining a standard of honor to my craft. I know very well what it is to scrub my own studio floors and to teach eight hours of class a day so that at the end of the year I might give one Broadway performance a year; a performance which was of necessity given on a Sunday, the then dark night of the theatre. From that period I certainly did not emerge with a belief that there was a virtue in poverty. And yet at that early period of my career, something gave me the wisdom or common sense to understand that if subsidy came too soon, it would weaken me, prevent me from practicing dangerously my craft.

Today there is more dance practiced in the world, more highly trained dancers than ever before. It gives me great joy to see this happen and to know that an audience might night after night, rather than once each year, experience a dance performance.

There is a fragment of poetry which has always had deep meaning for me. It referred to a long lost civilization:

"They had no poet and so they died. For the record of history lives in the Arts."

Even as I write this statement time has begun to make today yesterday . . . the past. Even the most brilliant scientific discoveries will in time change and perhaps grow obsolete, as new scientific manifestations emerge.

But Art is eternal; for it reveals the inner landscape which is the soul of man.

MARTHA GRAHAM

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