

## CHAPTER 12

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[ ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL-PART A ]

# DIVING IN

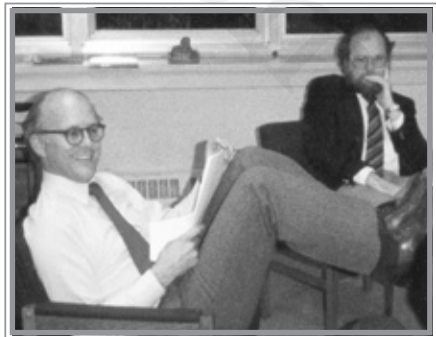


[ MAY 1984—VANCOUVER, BC ]

I AM RELIEVED BEING IN VANCOUVER and working at Expo 86. Washington's *sturm und drang* is behind me. Exploration and creation dominate my life and yes, these two characteristics are very possible in a corporate structure named Expo 86.



The primary cast of characters are Jeff McNair, Director of Operations, and Christopher Wootten, Director of Entertainment. Both are younger than my forty-eight years. You know, it feels strange to have youthful bosses. Few grey hairs around here. In fact, only two of us on the Exposition staff have previous



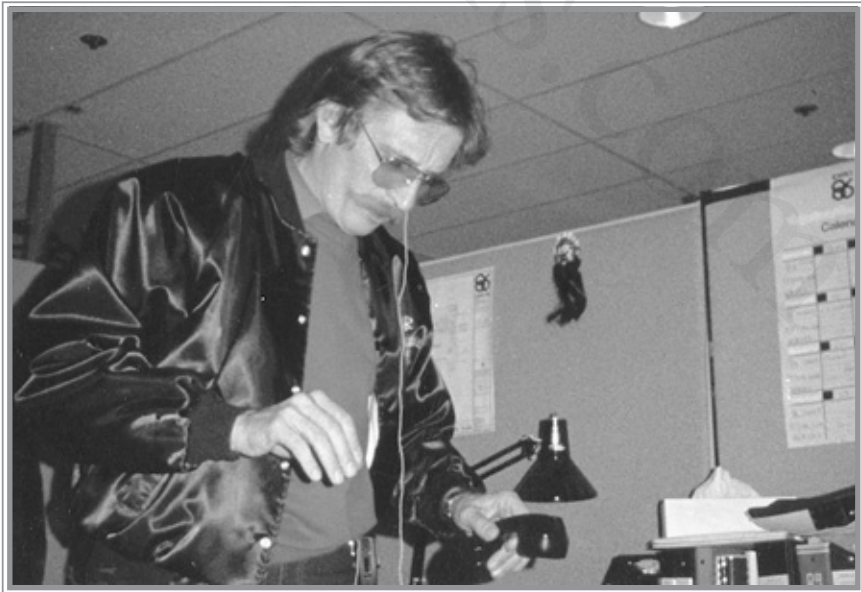
CHRISTOPHER WOOTTEN, JAMES CONRAD  
THE WORLD FESTIVAL—1984



exposition experience: me and Commissioner General, Patrick Reid. He's a tall, handsome red-headed Irishman with energy that never seems to stop. Fortunately, he sees the World Festival as an important component of the Exposition. That's helpful.

We are jammed into a temporary building, a two-storied, low-ceiling "shack," an old bus terminal on the now-developing Expo Site. Tiny cubicles and three-foot high walls separate us. A few photos pinned up have now made mine home. Everyone talks in subdued tones. I have to watch my loud voice.

What's going on? Why are there bubbles coming from my left, those multi-colored soap bubbles, like children make by blowing on a stream of pink gunk out of a bottle to create bubble magic? Hmmm. Peering over the divide, an impish man with a welcoming grin is giggling. Who are you?  
Misha Tarasov, Technical Director. Welcome to the Entertainment Division.



MISHA TARAZOV



For the next three years I am bunking in with a Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority friend, Beverly Anderson Wallace. We became good buddies during our University days. She loves to sing. In fact, she sang at Theater Under the Stars where I apprenticed thirty-five plus years ago.

There's lots of activity in her home with her teen-age daughter, Tina, and her nephew Harry, who's studying to become a graphic artist, and a housekeeper as housemates. It will be fun to chew the fat with Bev late at night.



ANN FARRIS DARLING, BEVERLY WALLACE



I am summoned to the executive offices housed in Scotia Tower, befitting their stature. The Corporation's Chief Financial Officer has requested my presence in his elegant office. He's very stern, kind of like that teacher in school who takes on the mean look. His questions are to the point. Can you manage a \$8.2 million-dollar budget?

I believe so. I have been responsible to date, don't see why there should be any difference now.

You are to follow the corporation rules for financial reporting. I will.

As I left his office, I mused on how odd it seemed to me that his questions weren't asked before hiring.

I dropped by the Sponsorship office. Good news. The Royal Bank will be the official sponsor of the World Festival. No, it doesn't mean that I have more money to play with – that funding goes into the Exposition coffers. What's good is the prestige the Royal Bank name gives the World Festival. The festival's title has morphed into Royal Bank/Expo 86 World Festival.



Programming is top on my agenda. We are less than two years away from opening night. Planning time is tight. My predecessor, David Y.H. Lui, set a dance theme in motion, envisioning an invitation to The Royal Ballet from Great Britain and the Kirov Ballet from the Soviet Union.

Two Canadian dance projects are in the works. The three major Canadian ballet companies will each offer a ballet that best describes their company's artistic expression. And he has set in motion a Canadian dance festival. I have asked him to continue overseeing these Canadian projects.

David also initiated two classical music contracts: the Philadelphia Orchestra with Ricardo Muti conducting, and Jessye Norman as the artist for the Closing Concert of the World Festival. My focus is getting these contracts signed.

My research on the Kirov indicates that the Company has been city-bound in Leningrad at the Marinsky Theatre for the last twenty years. Never before have they performed in Canada or the United States. Perhaps the Soviet decision makers will loosen their ruling and allow the Kirov to perform at the World Festival?



Staff for the World Festival has been on the top of my list. I have hired an assistant producer, Sue Harvey – who has a broad classical music background as a professional cellist, an artist's agent, and manager of a chamber orchestra in Toronto. She's very smart, nicely opinionated, a go-getter, with a good knowledge of the artistic community in Eastern Canada. I know we will work well together.



My work with OPERA America and NEA has taught me many things, but perhaps the most important is being willing to listen. During my recent trip to Toronto I met with Franz de Ruiter, the much-respected Director of the Holland Festival. He recommends we talk to Henry Brant saying

He created a unique environmental piece in Amsterdam a few years earlier involving a floating symphony of flutists, jazz drummers and brass bands on the city's network of canals. This idea is added to my list of possibilities.

The Vancouver press seems intent that the Comédie-Française be invited. I remember only too well how tiny their audiences were during the Vancouver International Festival thirty years ago. That situation has not changed. There still does not exist a theatre in Vancouver suited to their needs. The Queen Elizabeth Theatre is too large, and The Playhouse is too small. Besides, I want to find an attraction from France which will celebrate a more contemporary look at that beautiful culture.

John Drummond from England, past General Director of the Edinburgh Festival and a long history with the Music Division of the BBC, is in town as a consultant. He's a treasure trove and ever so likeable.

Ann, I have two Asian attractions to recommend. *The Teahouse* from the Beijing People's Art Theatre in China and the Royal Thai Ballet from Bangkok, Thailand.

Great, that's a good start. And I want you to come with me to meet Maestro Rudolph Barshai and the manager, Michael Allerton, at the Vancouver Symphony. They have just submitted their recommendation for an opening concert of the World Festival and it's boring. Let's go and see what we can do about this.

Well, we didn't get anywhere. The Maestro sees it as just another of his regular series. I have notified the Symphony management that the orchestra will not be a part of the Opening Gala. That was a tough message to give.



I was in the elevator at Scotia Tower today. Two women got on.  
I kept looking at them, and then looking more at them. I finally said  
I think I know you?  
I am Nicki Simpkins.  
I am Tani Campbell.

How amazing, we were at University together. In fact, Tani was at Crofton House.

What brings you to Scotia Tower?

We have just signed up as a volunteer with Expo 86.

My brain started to whirl. They may be a solution.

I am looking for volunteers to head up the hospitality committee supporting the artists for the World Festival. Would that interest you? Maybe.

Here's my card. Please get in touch.

They did and are in my office.

Sue and I did a sales job.

We expect artists from twenty or more countries. I want them to have a pleasurable experience and good memories of being in Vancouver, not only performing in the World Festival but also the feeling of hospitality that Vancouver is known for.

They were concerned

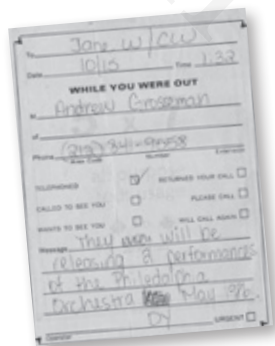
How do we begin to get this organized?

Here's the idea I have. Sue and I would provide you with contact information of all the Festivals worldwide. You can contact other festival volunteers by letter and include Expo promotional material. Sue will give you a hand in drafting the query letter inquiring about how they have handled artist hospitality and other issues. You will garner lots of ideas. Then, you can devise your own plan.

They seem moderately excited with this idea. I am sure that once they start receiving responses they will be up and running.



It never fails when developing a big project that annoying beasts rear their ugly heads. I am surprised, however, for this annoyance is coming from Columbia Artists Management in New York. They are handling the Philadelphia Orchestra tour. Andrew Grossman, the booking manager, is living



up to his uncooperative reputation. We are receiving his telexes, streams of them, none of them making a commitment, in fact, threatening to cancel.

### NEW YORK [ *Trip One* ]

Finally, I decide a trip to New York is essential. Ron Stern, a Vancouver lawyer, and I took Andrew to lunch. He was sweetness and light and forthright about why his behavior was so annoying. It seems that Columbia Artists Management (CAMI) is still smarting from a previous World Exposition disaster. At the New Orleans World Exposition two years earlier, there were insufficient funds to compensate another major US orchestra that CAMI booked there.

My thoughts immediately went to Gordon Hilker's comment four years ago The 1984 New Orleans Exposition is under-funded. There will be problems!



ANN FARRIS DARLING, GORDON HILKER

I was quick to explain that Expo 86 is funded by the Provincial Government of British Columbia with additional support from the private sector.

And then I added

If necessary, we can arrange for a deposit in a bank accessible to the Philadelphia Orchestra/Columbia Artists after completion of the concerts. I think we will receive a signed contract now.

Ron joined me at a performance of *Garden of Earthly Delights*, Martha Clarke's theatrical realization of the Hieronymus Bosch painting with music by Richard Peaslee.

It's a show produced by Lyn Austin, founder and producer of Music Theatre Group, and has received rave reviews. We both were fascinated by the blend of the performers and the visual artists. This is top on my list as an entry to the World Festival from the US.

This brings me to a concern. Unlike other countries, the US does not offer funding for the travel of US attractions to global festivals.

I am hoping the State Department will have suggestions for corporate sponsor contacts. I don't think I have mentioned the contract arrangement the hosting nation makes with attractions chosen from countries participating in an Exposition. The host pays all expenses once the attraction arrives in Vancouver. The attraction's country is responsible

for travel of production equipment and artists to and from Vancouver.



MY BUS TERMINAL CUBICLE



Good news. My office is now a cubicle with a window in the old bus depot. Yes, it's tiny, but the window, with the occasional sun streaming in, does make a difference. Life feels lighter, especially as issues are constantly arising.



Jessye Norman's agent at Shaw Concerts and I are facing a challenge – identifying a conductor for Ms. Norman's concert. We can't find one who is available and has Ms. Norman's approval. Yes, I know we are more than two years in advance, but the top conductors are booked years ahead. October is a very busy month in the symphony world. Our search continues.



### QUEBEC CITY

These past few days I have been in Quebec City attending a theatre festival, La Quinzaine Internationale du Théâtre. My reason? To check out the Comédie-Française which is featured. I felt this trip was necessary so I could respond with current information to the Vancouver press if questioned on my reason for saying no to this highly respected company. By the way, I am glad to report that the French Consul and the Cultural Attaché in Vancouver are in agreement with me.

This morning I attended a press conference highlighting the artistic leadership and artists from both American Repertory Theater and the Comédie-Française. The most startling thing has happened. Looking for a seat, my eyes fell upon my “old flame,” the producer I was so attracted to, twenty years earlier. There he was, sitting there! He hasn't been in my thoughts for years. Well, it's clear my heart hasn't forgotten him. It's going crazy with pounding beats. Thank goodness, he didn't see me.

I just realized, oh my God, he's overseeing the tour of the Comédie-Française and is the person I will be meeting in Vancouver next week!

The press conference is over. I am keeping my distance focusing my attention on Robert Brustein, Director of the American Repertory Theater. Do you plan any programming that might be appropriate for the World Festival?

We are considering a collaboration with Robert Wilson. A component of his epic work *Civil Wars*, which was scheduled to premiere at and then

cancelled by the Los Angeles Arts Olympics Festival due to lack of funds  
This could interest us.

Oh, let's keep in touch.

Of course, I have to go to the Comédie-Française performance, that's  
the reason I am here. Tonight's the night. And wouldn't you know it, my  
"old flame" is standing front and center in the lobby, talking with others.  
Might as well bite the bullet and approach him. My heart is going crazy.  
Hello, my name is Ann Farris Darling.

He looked at me and looked at me and then said

Oh my God!

Yes, oh my God! I responded.

The bell announcing the first Act started ringing.

Do you have a card?

Yes.

I pulled it out and parted.

The Comédie-Française is booked in Quebec City into a performance  
hall seating roughly nineteen hundred, one thousand less than the Queen  
Elizabeth Theatre in Vancouver but a thousand larger than their theatre  
in Paris. Again, their production is lost in the space. The saving grace  
is a French-speaking audience. They understand what is being said.  
I am convinced the Company would not enjoy the success  
it deserves in Vancouver.



Back in Vancouver. Jacqueline, my secretary just passed me a note  
during a meeting saying the producer of the Comédie Française is on  
the phone. He is coming later this week to Vancouver to meet me,  
with representatives of the French Consulate. Would I meet him  
for dinner the evening prior?

My heart sank. A meeting is unavoidable.

Please accept the invitation.

Last night, at dinner, all I could feel was anger.  
It just kept welling up, and pow!  
I would say  
How dare you, not having the good manners to tell me you  
had no intentions of seeing me in Paris!  
Can you believe, he was taken aback? However, he soon got it:  
Give this woman space to vent.  
Our dinner was not cordial.

Today, my “old flame,” the French Consul and the Cultural Attaché  
and I are at lunch. I am sharing my experience with the Comédie-  
Française in Vancouver twenty years earlier and in Quebec. Then, I said  
I am looking for an attraction that is more contemporary.  
My “old flame” looked at me in horror and started yelling. The rest of us  
looked at him amazed. And then I got it. He is giving back to me  
what I had done the night before.

Thank heaven he has left, but not before he sent me a huge bouquet  
of flowers. They went right into the wastepaper basket.



Following up on John Drummond's lead, I have an appointment  
with Mr. Wong, cultural attaché at the Chinese Consulate in Vancouver,  
to explore the possibility of the Beijing People's Art Theatre production  
of Lao She's *Teahouse*. The Consulate, a compound of two mansions with  
early 20th Century British Columbian architecture and sitting below  
my parent's home, is my destination. One of them houses the Chinese  
diplomatic corps, the other has been transformed into offices.

Oh my God, what a disaster. The gracious spaces of this home are  
all chopped up with barricades, plastic walls and utilitarian furniture.  
Elegance is nowhere in sight.

Mr. Wong, I want to invite a theatrical attraction from China for the  
World Festival at Expo 86, and I am interested in the *Teahouse* production.

His eyes lit up, a good sign I felt, and then he said  
There is a video of the play at the Chinese Embassy in Ottawa.  
Great, I will be there in two weeks. Can you arrange for me to pick it up?  
Yes.



### OTTAWA [ *Trip One* ]

My visit to Ottawa has several purposes. I am meeting with Jim O'Hara, a government official in External Affairs, the ministry of foreign affairs in Canada. He's my liaison with Canadian Embassies and Consulate staffs as I travel abroad. And he has good news, a lead to a potential US funding source for me. It seems a large American corporation may set down roots in Canada and Jim feels they might welcome the World Festival visibility. Jim will follow up.

Next up is a meeting with the Canada Council, the Agency funding the arts at the Federal level. This Agency is pro-active, making sure that Canadian talent is well represented at Expo 86, providing funds for the travel costs of all Canadian attractions invited to Vancouver.

And I was delighted to discover there is another federal agency, the Department of Communications, which is active in funding Expo 86. They are offering enhancement funds to Canada's producing organizations, so they have the financial resources for projects beyond their basic operating budgets. Sue is keeping on top of all the Canadian funding negotiations. She knows most of the government representatives and will get the results we need.



*Teahouse* is perfect for the World Festival. Sue and I just viewed the video I picked up in Ottawa. It fits, not only because the play is well done, but also the topic communicates history of three important eras of Chinese history: the end of The Great Qing Empire in 1898, the second decade

of the 1900s when The Republic of China was established, ending over two thousand years of Imperial Rule in China, and finally the last act describes the revolution and takeover of the Communists. Set in a teahouse, the mechanism the playwright uses involves the same characters in each act – growing older, of course.

Mr. Wong, I watched the video. It's a very powerful production which we would be pleased to offer at the World Festival. We will arrange for simultaneous translation and perhaps signing for the hearing impaired. Please set a meeting in Beijing for me with the representatives of the Beijing People's Art Theatre.

I regret to inform you that we are no longer interested in *Teahouse* coming to the World Festival.

Is there are reason?

This has been the decision.

Hmmmmmm. I will let this simmer for a while.



Henry Brant is here. We have spent the day on my father's boat going up and down False Creek. Henry thinks a spatial musical piece for this location would work. I am not so sure. False Creek is a wide body of water, wider than I remembered. It's very different from canals in Amsterdam. But I will wait for the proposal and see what I think.



Speaking of waiting I have been waiting for Brian McMaster, the Artistic Director of the Vancouver Opera, to return to Vancouver from Great Britain. He has dual artistic leadership roles: the Welsh National Opera and the Vancouver Opera. The word is he is artistically sound, exploratory, pushing the envelope. That feedback feels good to me.

We met today. It took many calls before he agreed. I found that odd. At the outset, he was polite but very stilted. Then, something changed,

and he began to warm up. I don't know whether it was the confirmation that there was additional funding coming from the Canadian Government to enable him to offer repertoire and production styles that would be new to the Vancouver audience, or he just decided he would work with me.

Whatever, he commented

For the May production in the first month of the Festival I am considering *Otello* or *La Bohème*, presented in a different style of production.

In October, the last month of the Festival I propose the 20th century opera, Leoš Janáček's *From the House of the Dead*, based on a novel by Dostoyevsky. I would like to bring David Poutney's production designed by Maria Bjornson and conducted by Martin Andre.

Will you use surtitles?

No, I am not fond of them.

Brian and I will meet again in the late fall.



I am musing on which opera company to invite from Europe.

There needs to be attractions that draw attention to the Festival. Their excellence sets a standard for the Festival. They not only give clout, but they are also good for marketing. My choices are limited, as an invitation can only go to a company whose nation is participating in the Exposition. This eliminates The Vienna State Opera; Austria has said no. And Bolshoi Opera is out because I am focusing on the Kirov Ballet. That means Germany, and either the Berlin or Hamburg opera companies or Italy, and La Scala. I will explore Berlin and La Scala.

Patrick Reed has given me an introduction to the Italian Commissioner General, The Honorable Luigi Turchi. We will meet in Rome in late September. I want him on board with the La Scala idea. Hopefully, he will help identify funding sources to cover the travel costs, which will be substantial considering there will be more than three hundred or so artists, orchestra, chorus, and ballet along with stagehands, wardrobe, wig and makeup staff. And then there's the shipping costs of containers

filled with scenery, props, costumes and musical instruments that will have to travel through the Panama Canal to Vancouver.



John Cripton, a successful artist's agent and presenter in Canada, and I had an invigorating meeting. He is the producer of the arts programming for the Canadian Pavilion at Expo 86. I shared my interest in finding an artistic endeavor with a global look, one that celebrates the arts and their communicative nature.

Ann, what about a drum festival? At the Toronto Festival last year, we offered a show with drummers from around the world. It was a big success. That's just the best idea. I have been mad for drums ever since experiencing Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich in a drum battle here in Vancouver when I was at the University of British Columbia. Your idea sparks this memory. We could present a two-week drum festival all over the Expo Site with drumming groups from different nations participating. The Site would pound with their unique beats. At the conclusion, we would offer a final show to punctuate the Drum Festival, highlighting all of these artists. Any idea who might be the artistic director of this endeavor?

Yes, John Wyre. He's a percussionist and founder/member of Nexus in Toronto. He was the artistic director of the drum festival in Toronto.



### TORONTO [ *Trip One* ]

In Toronto, today, I met John Wyre. He's a tall, lanky man sporting a white goatee and walks like I imagine willows on a willow tree might walk: wavy and rhythmical. I like him a lot. He is thrilled, in his quiet way, with the idea

Ann, I know of drummers and drum groups from many of the nations you are hosting in Vancouver. I can create a wonderful show.

John, I am not only interested in a show. I want drummers for two weeks performing all over the Site. I can see visitors intrigued with different drum beats, not to mention personalities and their costumes.

A whole communicative energy can emerge here.  
Oh, I am not so sure this can work. I have to think about this.  
Do me a favor John, consider it.

I made a quick stop at the Shaw Festival and the Stratford Festival to chat with their leaderships. I am hopeful each will participate in the World Festival. Their seasons for 1986 are not yet planned so further discussions are on hold.



My constant in and out of Toronto these last few months is giving me a wonderful opportunity to spend time with Katherine.  
Sometimes I stay with her. This morning, over a leisurely Sunday morning breakfast of pancakes and bacon, Katherine had quite a tale to share  
Yesterday I had a reading from a channel.  
I don't know what you are talking about.  
You remember the Menotti opera, *The Medium*, which Robert designed many years ago?  
Yes.

This is similar. Only the information comes from a non-physical consciousness that is spoken through a person acting as a channel.  
Oh, Katherine, this reminds me of Jane Robert's books. I was intrigued with the information she channeled from Seth. How did your reading go?  
It was illuminating and has helped me think through my challenges.  
Hmmm. I wonder if your channel might give me insight into my dyslexia. Would you be willing to set an appointment for me?  
I will be back in Toronto in a few weeks.

Katherine's phone just rang.  
Ann, it's for you.  
That's odd. Who knows I am here?  
It's my "old flame."  
I know you are about to fly to Ottawa. I am in Quebec City and am also flying to Ottawa for meetings. Your plane arrives before mine.



Wait for me and we will take a taxi together into Ottawa.  
No thank you, I have other arrangements.

How on earth does he know I am going to Ottawa?

OTTAWA [ *Trip Two* ]

Thank goodness, my flight arrived ahead of time. I was long gone from the airport when he arrived. However, when leaving my hotel for dinner with a colleague, who should we run into but my “old flame.”  
Ann, I must see you tomorrow. I am leaving for South America and need to talk with you.  
Fine, I will meet you for tea, here, in the lobby.



I had little luck with the Cultural Attaché at the Chinese Embassy when pursuing my interest in *Teahouse*.  
Mrs. Darling, we are surprised with your interest. I am afraid it is not possible.  
It's clear I will have to find other routes to ensure this goal.



It's very hot and humid in Ottawa today, even though it's early September. I am grateful for the air conditioning in this hotel lobby. My old flame and I are having tea, making polite conversation. I think my politeness is annoying him. Tough!  
Yes, it is, guess what he blurted out.  
You know, I could destroy you.  
I was quick to respond  
I know, but you won't.  
That broke the ice. We both laughed.  
He departed, gone to South America and I am flying to Washington DC.

WASHINGTON DC [ *Trip One* ]

While visiting with Robert, we went to a performance of Leonard Bernstein's opera, *A Quiet Place*. At a party afterwards, the most amazing thing happened. Maestro Bernstein approached me, asking

Where are you from?

Originally, British Columbia.

Now I understand why you have such an open face.

Maestro, thank you. Have you been in British Columbia?

Yes, one of my early engagements was with the Vancouver Symphony.

I took a five-day train trip to get there. People in Vancouver are so friendly and open.

Would you have any interest in returning to Vancouver to conduct the Vancouver Symphony with Jessye Norman at the Closing Concert of the World Festival?

Yes, talk with Harry Kraut, my agent.

Sue just talked with Mr. Kraut. No go, the date, October 13th is Yom Kippur. Oh, dear. This challenge is becoming more and more difficult!

NEW YORK [ *Trip Two* ]

In New York I dropped by to talk with Bernard Gersten, who always has a pulse on what is coming in the theatre and musical theatre arenas.

He has no fear in expressing his point of view. At the moment, he's working with Alexander Cohen, a much-respected Broadway producer.

Ann, let me introduce you to Alex. I think he will be interested to hear what you are up to.

Alex and I hit it off. He reminded me he had been involved in Expo 67. Being the imaginative producer he is, he's looking to see how he can be involved in Vancouver.

Would the Corporation consider a television show, *Night of a Hundred*

*Stars*, highlighting artists from the World Festival?

Let me run that idea by Christopher Wootten, Jeff McNair and Don McConachie, Director of Marketing.

They loved the idea and are talking with Alex.



You know, I am so glad I like to listen. Programming suggestions can come from unexpected sources. Today, an Expo employee working in the Exhibit Department, dropped by my “bus stop” office.

I know of an attraction I think might intrigue you. The manager of the French troupe is staying with me. Can you make time to meet him? Sure.

A tall, lanky, intense Frenchman, Pierre Guy Merlin, who chain smokes Galois, the smelly French cigarette, is in my office.

I am representing Urban Sax. It's a Parisian-based troupe composed of seventy-seven saxophonists costumed in space suits offering performances in large outdoor spaces. The conductor/composer communicates with the musicians through headsets.

Pierre, it sounds very novel. And it would help me achieve my desire of moving the World Festival outside a traditional theatre environment. I will be in Paris in mid-October. Please set a meeting with the artistic director, Gilbert Artman.

I just had a visit from Marcel J. Galopin, the French Commissioner General, who's in Vancouver for meetings. He's good-natured and willing to crowd in with me and Sue in my tiny office.

Ann, we just had a great disappointment at the World Exposition in Japan. France did not come off well at the World Festival.

I am sorry. I can tell you the following, I am not interested in inviting the Comédie Française...

That's fine. However, I want to see each attraction you are considering before a decision is made.

That's okay by me. You will need to be available when the attraction's performance occurs.

Let me know as soon as you know a date and I will be there.



Don McConachie, Director of Marketing for Expo 86, and his staff have done the leg work, identifying candidates for the World Festival marketing position. Susan Mathieson is our choice. Currently, she's marketing director for the Vancouver Symphony and has done an excellent job of building their audience. Danny Newman, the theatre subscription guru of the non-profit in the US just told me

Susan is my prize student. I know that marketing the World Festival is quite different from selling an opera or symphony season, but she has the discipline and smarts it takes to figure it out.



Now, I am ready to travel to Europe to see attractions and make contacts. Patrick Reid just called me into his office

Ann, when you are traveling, I want you to summarize your visit to each country and send me a telex before continuing on. Give me your program thoughts and anything else you observe that is germane to the Exposition. I have taken his idea one step further. I will send the telex and then will dictate a detailed trip report to mail back to Vancouver for transcription. This process will help me get my ideas organized and provide feedback for my staff. They can be working on solving questions that come up.

I awoke this morning with a sense that Robert may be correct.

I may not return to our marriage.

I have just brushed that thought aside.

## CHAPTER 12

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[ ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL-PART B ]

# EUROPE AND THE SOVIET UNION



[ SEPTEMBER 1984 ]

THE WORLD FESTIVAL programming, travel and personal growth are driving my life these days.

LONDON [ *Trip One* ]

Arriving in London from Vancouver, I took the bus to my hotel. As I was huffing and puffing with my luggage, dragging it a block, came the lesson: Use your time wisely, Ann. Expo 86 can afford a taxi. It's not the NEA.



My first stop is the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. There are three new faces. Paul Findlay, Assistant Director, Royal Opera House, is a very affable man who has all his ducks in a row. Ted Allen, the British Commissioner General for Expo 86, wants to get the Ballet contract signed. He also gave me hints of other attractions he would support. Robert Sykes from the British Council, the government agency handling the arts, has so many constituents to attend to, making him a very organized gentleman. Paul is well along in his planning for Vancouver and had repertoire to suggest. I am concerned about their fee. It seems high.

Paul comments

Ann, I will relook at the budget.  
Robert confirmed  
The British Council will pay for a large portion of the travel costs.  
For an instant I am concerned.  
However, Paul stepped in saying  
I am perusing the corporate sector to find  
the remaining transportation funding.  
I am relieved. I sense the Royal Ballet will become a reality.  
These three are very enthusiastic.



My time in London is very productive. I met with stage director David Freeman, currently working at the English National Opera. I was intrigued with his ideas and his passion for his work.  
Ann, I have recently written and directed a musical theatre piece based on Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* for the Opera Factory in Zurich, Switzerland.  
I asked him to please forward information along with the schedule of the next performance. It could be a possibility. Switzerland is a participant in the Exposition.

Representatives of the Royal Shakespeare Company and the National Theatre of Great Britain seem interested, only their repertoire for their '86 Season is not set yet.  
I did have to laugh. When I told Ted Allen, this very proper English gentleman exhibited annoyance  
How can they not know what they are presenting?

Joy Brier, Administrator of the European Community Orchestra, a much respected youth orchestra with Claudio Abbado as their conductor, may be touring in the US in '86. This could be a wonderful concert for Expo Theatre on the Exposition Site. We could price it reasonably and draw the young classical music audience.

Jean Jenkins, an arts entrepreneur, is evolving a festival, Man and Music, showcasing artists from emerging nations. That's worth keeping an eye on.

John Drummond squeezed in an afternoon for me. He's very occupied now, taking on a leadership position at the BBC.

John, you are correct. *Teahouse* is fascinating and good theatre.

However, I am getting a "no" from the Chinese authorities. Any ideas? See if can chase down Ying Ruo-cheng. He's a principal actor with the Beijing People's Art Theatre. The Chinese authorities allow him to work abroad. A chat with him could be very fruitful.

We moved on to my decision to explore La Scala's participation.

Good idea. Here's a caution. They are VERY slow in making decisions

Oh, yes, I know all about that behavior. They exhibited it as we were planning Expo 67.

Remember, don't commit until they provide the casting.

Often their tardiness means the desired artists are not available.

By the way, I am also talking with the Berlin Opera.

That's a good move.



I had an amusing moment. I was walking through London's West End, the theatre district, and noticed the huge marquee announcing *Starlight Express*, a rock musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber (music) and Richard Stilgoe (lyrics). I had read that this show is performed by singers and actors on roller skates. Now, roller skates are certainly a form of transportation, the Exposition's theme is transportation, maybe this might be a unique addition to the World Festival. I was able to persuade the doorman to let me take a peek at the show from the back of the house. The curtain had just gone up. Nope, I knew instantly the physical setup of the show would not work to the show's advantage in the Queen Elizabeth Theatre (QET). It would seem diminished. The theatre where it was being produced in London had a proscenium opening of about thirty-five feet. The QET has a sixty-foot opening. I left, thanking the doorman.

BONN [ *Trip One* ]

Good results with representatives from the Goethe Institute, the Federal Republic of Germany's cultural institution. One of its mandates is to encourage international cultural exchange. I have been assured they will cover the costs of transporting a German attraction to the World Festival.

And they gave me a tip

Mrs. Darling, please go to Berlin and see the Schaubuhne, a theatre company. Their productions are of the highest excellence.

Thank you, I will follow up.

I decided not to mention that I am off to Berlin to talk with the Berlin Opera.

## VENICE

Just before leaving Vancouver, Sue discovered that La Scala is performing a new opera, *Il Prometeo* by Luigi Nono in a church in Venice.

Ann, it's scheduled just before you are due in Rome.

Great, see if you can get me a ticket.

Our contacts produced no ticket. I am gambling

I'll get one when I am there.



The Expo travel office has booked me into an elegant Venetian hotel. My small pink rose room with a view through tall French doors of the Grand Canal is the kind of room a young princess might have had.

Well, I have left that specialness behind and am scurrying along several canals to the San Lorenzo Church. The concierge drew me a map; it's a good one. Thank heavens I spent a few days in Venice when youth hosteling through Europe twenty-five years ago. Its physical complexity is not new to me. This city is magical.



Success. There in front of me is a small 17th century plaza, where existed, once upon a time, the church of San Lorenzo. Its history is murky. At this moment the center of the plaza is filled with a line of anxious opera devotees waiting in front of the box office, housed in an ugly white temporary structure, much like a World War II Quonset hut. I have an ace card, I hope. A press pass! I've had it for thirty years, always in my wallet. My father gave it to me when I was a student at the University of British Columbia, saying to me someday this will be useful. Finally, I reached the wicket  
Hello, waving my pass, I am a Festival producer from Canada and must see this production.  
I am sorry Madam, there are no tickets.  
It is very important. I must get in.  
I get nowhere.  
My strategy changes. Behaving like an Italian, talking incessantly, waving my arms, tossing my head I will not disappear from their sight. Guess what, I am in. Two hours awaiting, but it paid off. Here's what it's like. The church is filled with an elevated floor, probably twelve feet off the main floor. I am sitting in a huge wooden boat-like structure with red sails and scaffolding about. Musicians, orchestra and singers are strategically placed, hanging in the air on these high scaffolds. I am making the assumption that the story comes from Greek mythology where Prometeo steals fire from Zeus for mortal use. Those red curtains must denote fire of some sort.

It's over. The sounds – some human, some machine-based – came from all directions. Even though I was hard put to know where to focus my attention, the projection of the sounds in space was engrossing. Did I love it? No. Do I sense that it's an important contemporary statement? Yes. Could this work in Vancouver? Hmmmm. The boat is enormous and heavy. Not sure we have a church in Vancouver that could house it, but maybe La Scala would be willing to move it to a different location, perhaps even a warehouse. I sense presenting this unique statement of

contemporary European opera would make an important artistic statement for the Festival and would gain attention.

Morning has come very early, in fact it's still pitch-black. I am up before the birds to take a gondola across the Grand Canal. A taxi will await and take me to the airport for a flight to Rome.

On the side of the hotel is a dock, well not really, there are steps down to the water with only one dim light. The gondolier, in his *de rigueur* white hat and striped shirt, is ready with a strong arm to hold onto. There's one other passenger, a very sleepy man crouched in the back of the gondola. We speak not a word. Inching our way away from the steps with its lapping water, we enter the Grand Canal. Can you believe? We have it to ourselves. How special is that! The rising deep orange sun, intense, Italian intense, is peeking over the horizon. This dramatic moment seems to have a dual purpose: a warning and courage.

## ROME

Rome is at its chaotic best. During my youth hosteling days, Rome was the only city I visited where I succumbed to signing up for a daily tour. Now an Embassy car met me at the airport, thanks to P. D. Granger, the Canadian cultural attaché. The driver is fearless. You need to be. We are weaving down one of those dark, narrow, curved Roman streets to the Embassy.

Mr. Granger's small office is jammed with papers. I like him. He's energetic and ready for me with an outline of our schedule for the day. As we are about to leave for our meeting with the Commissioner General, The Honorable Luigi Turchi, a call comes in.

Ann, it's for you.

What? Hmm.

Ann...

It's my "old flame" calling, *again*.

I know you are taking a plane this evening to Paris for a week of meetings.

I will be at the airport to meet you.

I am not going to argue with the cultural attaché sitting across from me.

This man never gives up!

Mr. Turchi's office is housed in one of those *huge* buildings built by Mussolini in the 1930s. We are like midgets walking down the halls.

Mr. Turchi's office ceiling must be twenty feet high. The furniture is gargantuan. Mr. Turchi, a tiny man, is swallowed up.

Mr. Turchi, what would you think if I invite La Scala to be a part of the World Festival?

This man may be tiny, but he's a dynamo of energy. His eyes are alight!

Yes. Tell me more.

To accomplish this, it's a partnership, Expo 86 and Italy. Italy must cover the cost of the transportation of all artists and staff as well as shipment of the scenery to and from Vancouver. We pick up all costs in Vancouver.

He's up out of his seat, saying

I have an idea. I have a visitor waiting to see me. He might help.

Ann, meet Mr. Conti. He is Chairman of the Board of the Milan Fair, a prestigious organization that showcases Italian businesses once a year. Attendees come from many global locations. Let's go to lunch and discuss your idea.

Sitting on the shores of the Tiber River, lunching with the late September sun warming our hearts, souls and bodies, we begin. It's as though we all have known each other before. The discussion is flowing very easily.

Mr. Conti is filling me in on an exciting piece of news.

The Milan Fair has recently taken on the responsibility of providing opportunities for La Scala to be performed in other locations besides their Opera House. We are discovering the La Scala management is challenging to work with.

Mr. Conti, I am not surprised. We had this same situation at Expo 67 in Montreal. Indecision seems to be the name of the game at La Scala.

Ann, we need to strategize. First you must come to Milan to meet the Milan Fair staff. Are you in Europe for a while?

Yes, a meeting in mid-October would work well for me.

Well, that was a worthwhile stopover. La Scala might become a reality.



### PARIS [ *Trip One* ]

Yes, my “old flame” is awaiting. I am doing my best to be polite.

My hotel, off the chic Avenue Montaigne, however, is not chic. It's almost like going to jail. Amazingly, I have to sign in and out and enter through a locked gate. Odd. The Expo Travel Office was stymied trying to book me into Paris. It's Couturier Week, show time of the latest styles and, of course, Paris hotels are filled. The Embassy came to my rescue. Oh well, it's a hop/skip from the Canadian Embassy and the Champs-Élysées. My “old flame” is horrified.

I accepted his invitation to a late dinner. He seems to have released his anger that the Comédie-Française will not be invited. Instead, the focus of his discussion was his behavior twenty years earlier, in this beautiful city. In Montreal our liaison was possible. Not in Paris. I had young children and a lovely wife. I apologize for not being clear before you came to Paris. Eventually I found myself saying

Well, we both made some mistakes. I was too caught up in my emotions to be objective.

As he dropped me off at “jail” he commented

After your meetings tomorrow, come by the office, if you wish.

My staff would like to see you.



I spent the morning with representatives of L'Association Française d'Action Artistique, the bureau of the French Government dedicated

to handling cultural activities abroad. My contact is Catherine Clement, a woman my age, who has many agendas.

We do not want to repeat the poor showing of France at the recent World's Fair in Japan. I want you to meet many different theatre managers and have set meetings for you this week with several of the major artistic institutions.

And it was music to my ears when she said

Yes, we will assume the transportation costs.

I am grateful for this news and for all her arrangements for the coming week.



Dropping by my "old flame's" office for a glass of sherry at the end of the day I am feeling more comfortable around him. In fact, I invited him to accompany me this evening to *Cyrano*, a new musical that just opened.

As I saunter back to my "jail" hotel, wandering through the park that borders on the Champs-Élysées where so many French Impressionists painted those bucolic afternoon scenes, comes an intense heart feeling for my "old flame." I can't fight it. In fact, I don't want to. I sense we will be resuming our flirtation. Who would have thought?

And that is what happened. Reconnecting is an enormous joy, fulfilling incomplete and unfinished passion. We don't need to know what this all about. It's a momentary thing.



My five days in Paris are complete, flew by: meetings all day, performances at night. I even squeezed in a visit to Marseilles for a performance.

There are four potentials for France's participation in the World Festival including

**Peter Brook and *Mahabarata*** – Mme Rozan, an aloof manager from Peter Brook's organization, speaks only what is necessary. He is preparing a production based on the Indian legend, *Mahabarata*, which will debut at the Avignon Festival in a deserted quarry next summer. Madame, that timing makes it possible for me to consider the production for the World Festival. I will research what quarry possibilities exist in Vancouver. Please arrange a meeting with Peter for me on my next visit to Paris.

**Théâtre de l'Europe** – The L'Odéon Theatre has engaged Giorgio Strehler, an Italian stage director, for half the year. He is introducing a new concept, Théâtre de l'Europe, fostering joint works and projects by stage directors, actors and writers from different European backgrounds. The first undertaking is a project with his theatre, Piccolo Teatro di Milano and L'Odéon. Sounds fascinating and could be a potential. But if La Scala comes through, this production may not be French enough to satisfy Clement and Galopin.

**IRCAM and Pierre Boulez** – I met with Nicholas Snowman, Assistant to Pierre Boulez, to explore ideas on how IRCAM might become involved in the World Festival. Years ago, when I was living in Paris after Expo 67, I was drawn to *Musique Concrète*. I am not sure I would call it music, as the primary compositional resource comes from microphones and magnetic tape recorders which are blended together to create the "music." However, I was intrigued, returning to concert after concert. Fast forward twenty-five years. Now IRCAM, with Pierre Boulez as the driving force, is the center for the science of music and sound and avant garde electro-acoustical art music. I hope we can find a way to bring this approach to the World Festival.

**Urban Sax** – We – Gilbert Artman, the artistic director, Pierre Guy Merlin, his producer and I – met in their office, a café, chattering over the noise, confusion and French cigarettes in the air. The photos are stunning, seventy-

seven saxophone players dressed in space suits wandering through crowds of 10,000. I sense there is something important about what they are doing. Do you have a performance scheduled? Our next show is in Paris, next spring. I will be there. Send me the date as soon as you have one so I can arrange my travel.

You know, I don't think Catherine Clement will be very excited about this idea. Oh well, it's just a possibility.



It's Saturday, my morning is free. I am taking advantage of this time to visit Centre Pompidou, the gargantuan art museum which has opened since I lived in Paris in 1968. I feel sad. This modern piece of glass architecture is plunked down in the middle of 17th and 18th century buildings. They demolished the old and venerable market, Les Halles, where fresh produce was delivered each night. In the sixties, I loved going with friends after a performance to the Market for onion soup with its toasted French bread, topped with fresh grated parmesan cheese. Delicious! The dark, dingy, mysterious atmosphere with a few incandescent lights hanging helter-skelter about led the way through stand after stand of fresh vegetables beings stacked for the morning rush. Now in the eighties, I can't believe it, that "world" is all gone. That's progress? I guess the French think so!

There is one advantage. The new center has expansive windows offering a spectacular view of old Paris. As I boarded its very long escalator up leading to the galleries, a strange feeling wandered through my body. It seemed like a warning. Ann, you cannot be a tourist and work on the World Festival. You will drain your energy. Nonsense. I have a lot of energy. Yes, but you need quiet time. You are in the theatre every night, in meetings every day.

Can you believe it? When the escalator rolled me off at the top, I took it down again. I left, yes, I left and went for a massage.

I leave Paris today. My week of meetings went very well. My evenings in the theatre have been sparked with the company of my “old flame.” We are just so happy with one another, intimately and intellectually. He has a great sense of humor as he cuts to the core of any issue. There is a part of us that aches to understand why our relationship is so important to us.

### BERLIN [ *Trip One* ]

I am in Berlin to meet Prof Götz Friedrich, Intendent at the Berlin Opera. He reminds me of Mr. Torel: very welcoming, organized and enthusiastic. Intrigued by the idea of the Berlin Opera coming to Vancouver, he commented

Ann, the repertoire will have to be German to receive funding from the German Government. These are the possibilities: *Fidelio*, *Figaro*, *Lulu*, a staging of the *Messiah*, *Die Tote Stadt* and *Salome*.

I can come back and see one or two. Do you have videos of the others?

Yes, some. Do you have a theatre for chamber opera, no more than twelve musicians?

Yes, we have a seven-hundred-seat Playhouse.

His eyes sparkled as I walked him through the Expo Site map.

I suggest we offer a concert with our orchestra and chorus in Expo Theatre. By the way, do you have a cabaret on the Site?

You know, I don't know. As the Site closes at 10 p.m., I doubt it. Why?

We have a cabaret show, *Midnight Medleys*, which performs in Berlin cabarets.

I'll explore.

And you know what else we could do? We could bring videos of operas from other German opera companies, not just the Berlin Opera, and run them in the German Pavilion or in a theatre.

Great, you get what it takes to participate in an exposition.



I have a question. Why have you never come to San Francisco when other European Opera Managers have gathered for an annual meeting?

Mr. Adler and I wondered.

I don't like all that talk. I like to do.

I just smiled.

Ann, I think you are wise to approach different opera companies.

It's healthy. I will put together a proposal.

It was fun being with Prof Friedrich. He's a hustler.

## VIENNA

I know I said I wasn't going to approach the Vienna State Opera. Well, Patrick Reid changed that. He had Sue call me when I was in Berlin saying Patrick is still hoping that Austria will come in as an exhibitor at the Exposition and wants you to visit the Vienna State Opera to whet their appetite in coming. Their interest might encourage the Austrian government officials to come along.

So, here I am in Vienna. How well I remember my youth hosteling days, standing for performances in this glorious, elegant opera house. Well, my reception this time is quite different. I had a wonderful welcome. As I came through the stage door and into the elegant halls of the theatre, I heard a booming voice.

Farris!

It was my old friend, Georg Fritsch, with whom I had spent many an hour working out production and rehearsal details before and during Expo 67.

Why are you here?

There's another World Festival happening in Canada.

So soon? Let me take you upstairs to the General Director's office.

We joined Peter Ulrich Bender Limberger, assistant to Dr. Egon Seefehlner, Director. After I explained the reason my visit, Mr. Limberger seemed intrigued and said

Ann, in 1986 the Vienna Opera and Philharmonic are performing

at a Japan Festival. The repertoire is *Rosenkavalier* conducted by Kleiber, *Manon Lescaut* conducted by Sinnopoli, *Tristan and Isolde* conducted by Hollreiser and *Così fan tutte* conducted by Leinsdorf. It might be possible that the scenery, costumes and other production elements of *Così* and *Tristan* could be shipped to Vancouver after Japan. Those performances would have to take place in May/June of 1986.

Would concerts by the Vienna Philharmonic be possible?

Yes.

Herr Fritsch just made me laugh as he asked

What about the orchestra pit? Is it big enough?

What popped into my mind was the drama we had with this issue at Salle Wilfrid Pelletier. It had to be enlarged. And the two of us reminisced about this drama.

Herr Fritsch commented

Maestro Boehm held up our participation until we had tried out the enlarged orchestra pit.

I countered

We have the same situation in Vancouver. The orchestra pit will be enlarged next summer to hold ninety-five musicians.

Mr. Limberg had good news

I hope you are free to return to the theatre this evening, an hour before curtain. Then you will meet Dr. Seefehlner and Marcel Pravee.

Yes, I am. I know Dr. Pravee through my work with OPERA America.

He was in Florida lecturing on opera.

At 6 p.m., I return to the Opera. Both Dr. Pravee and Dr. Seefehlner have read the Expo marketing materials I left earlier. Their first question was What is the status of Austria's participation in the Exposition?

We are awaiting confirmation.

Which Austrian governmental agency is involved?

The Economic Ministry.

The three men began discussing who the contacts might be.

After a discussion on the World Festival and repertoire, Dr. Seefehlner said

Yes, we are interested. We will explore the potential.

Now, they turned their attention to Vancouver.

It seems that Dr. Pravee has had a variety of positions in his career.

At one time he was a tour manager.

I brought a Viennese attraction to the Queen Elizabeth Theatre as a pre-tryout before the theatre officially opened in 1958.

How fascinating. Was the theatre ready?

Almost.

Dr. Seefehlner switched the conversation to food. He is a man of substantial physical mass. It would appear that food is a primary interest. Tell me what kind of shellfish does British Columbia offer?

Your promotional materials do not have those details.

Oh, we have tiny exquisitely delicious shrimp, along with clams, crabs and mussels.

Ann, you have left out stone crabs.

Dr. Pravee, I believe they are an east coast shellfish, primarily in Florida.

No, I am sure we had them in British Columbia.

That evening, I sat with Dr. Pravee in the Company box for a performance of *The Flying Dutchman*. Two advantages to this opportunity!

I saw a powerful Dutchman performance and the intermissions gave me time to gossip with Dr. Pravee. He set the tone asking

Tell me, what other opera companies are you approaching?

Berlin and La Scala to date.

Go for Berlin. They will get the money to come to Expo.

In Austria it will take an Act of Congress to make the Vienna State Opera performances possible in Vancouver.

You know, Dr. Pravee, I remember that was the case for Expo 67 in Montreal. It worked then, maybe it could work again

I doubt it. But...

He has a twinkle in his eye

That does not mean you should give up on Vienna!

I won't.



### MILAN [ *Trip One* ]

Mr. Conti followed through. I just came from a meeting with Magliari Galante and Elena Lloyd at the Milan Fair. They were very aloof at the outset. I was grateful I had the Expo packet to sell the concept of the Exposition and British Columbia. That got their attention. But what they really wanted was more information about me. Tell us about your work in opera. For the next half-hour I filled them in. It was fun.

They have agreed to approach La Scala and schedule a meeting for me. I think if the Milan Fair is taking this step, then the transportation money will be available.



While here I met with the administration of Piccolo Teatro di Milano. Yes, Georgio Strehler is developing a joint project with the L'Odeon in Paris.

Does it have a name?

Not yet. However, it will tour to the Chicago Theater Festival in the summer of 1986.

Hmmmm. I don't know about that Festival. I will do some research.



### MOSCOW [ *Trip One* ]

On to Moscow. I am excited. How well I remember Gordon Hilker and David Haber's ramblings and enthusiasm about working with Gosconcert, the cultural office which handles negotiations for attractions being exported from the Soviet Union.

Denise Goulet, Third Secretary at the Canadian Embassy, has my schedule worked out. A charming, efficient young woman who speaks Russian, French and English, met me at the airport and took me to the Metropol



Moscow

Hotel, an old grand hotel located just off Red Square.

This towering stone structure has seen better days. Its creaky elevators and immense wide halls lead to spacious bedrooms with very high ceilings. That augurs well. The rooms are clean but the furniture, oh dear, the furniture. It's like staying at a Howard Johnson Hotel/Motel – very utilitarian.

I am now reliant on interpreters and am fortunate to have Denise.

My first task is selling Expo 86 and the World Festival. Having now met government officials from England, Germany, Italy, France and Austria, I know I am effective at building excitement about the project. No doubt because I am excited! I always start with a little Canadian history.

The more I embellish it, the more intrigued they became. It is fun.

My listeners find it hard to believe that the City of Vancouver is only 100 years old. They live in countries with centuries of history. And when I tell the story that the Exposition is celebrating the hundredth birthday of the railroad that joins the eastern and western coasts of Canada, a distance of over three thousand miles, I really get their attention.

Now, to the reason I am here.

I would like to invite the Kirov Ballet to participate in the World Festival.

That invitation has just emptied the room. They seemed surprised, or they did a good job at feigning. Time to caucus, I guess.

We made headway. A half-hour later Mr. Eliseev, the lead negotiator, returned, advising

We will arrange for you to go to Leningrad and see a ballet performance on Sunday.

That was faster than I ever dreamed.



Tonight, the Canadian Embassy had a reception for me. This former beautiful Russian mansion with worn wood floors and gracious rooms easily hosted sixty people. My goal was to excite government officials who oversee Gosconcert with the idea of the Kirov Ballet coming to the World Festival. Many introductions were made with the cultural attaché by my side interpreting.

The Canadian Ambassador, Peter Roberts, and his outgoing wife and staff worked the rooms as energetically as I. We all had our agendas.

A rather thrilling feeling came over me during these two hours. I felt like I had been here before, back in the late 19th century in Russia. The sense of mystery and intrigue was fascinating and yes, much fun.



Today, Gosconcert officials informed me I am a guest of the Soviet Union. They are paying my hotel bill, my travel to Leningrad and my tickets to the theatre. Only food is my financial responsibility. Hmmm.

I must take a moment to talk about eating in the Soviet Union.

It is downright hard. The dining room at the Metropol Hotel, with its ambiance of past elegance, has an extensive menu for breakfast, lunch and dinner. But...

At my first meal, I ordered an item.

Sorry, Madam, that is not available today.

And so it went. Yes, with almost every item on the menu. Sometimes all

there was to eat was caviar and ice cream. Now, I love caviar but...  
I will, however, rave about the ice cream, creamy, creamy, cream.  
My diet yesterday was boiled eggs, caviar and ice cream.  
Does it bother me? No. I am very happy being in Moscow.



Today I met at lunch a different set of government officials, those who oversee transportation. My purpose: to sell them on the excitement of the Soviet Union participating in the World Festival at Expo 86. We had a spirited conversation about Canada and my involvement with the Bolshoi at Expo 67. I even told them the story of how damaged the scenery was when it arrived.  
Please note, Soviet officials eat well! We were served steak and vegetables. And the delicious ice cream. I waxed on about the ice cream, and then learned why:  
The reason it's so delicious is the cream has not been pasteurized. Really.  
I wondered, for a second, about the health issues and dismissed it. The ice cream was too delicious not to eat.



Denise and I have just returned from the Gosconcert office, our final visit before leaving tomorrow night for Leningrad. Here are your visas.  
We need a visa?  
Yes, in the Soviet Union, when you move from city to city, this is necessary.



This train is a relic with heavy, faded Victorian velvet maroon curtains hung in swags in the tiny stateroom. In the morning, we awoke to the chirping of birds over an antique sound system. Can you believe I did my Jane Fonda exercises listening to chirps? Strong black tea was available from huge samovars at the end of the hall of each train car.

## LENINGRAD [ *Trip One* ]

It's sunny and chilly in Leningrad this October morning. I am glad I have warm clothes with me. The streets are quiet. It's Sunday, so not much traffic. Our first challenge is breakfast. Eggs don't seem to be a problem.



MY STATEROOM ON THE TRAIN TO LENINGRAD

We are full.

Arriving at the Mariinsky Theatre, we enter through the Stage Door on the side of the building. The doorman is not prepared for our arrival and has scurried off to find the Manager.

Soon, a round-faced hospitable gentleman, Maxim Edouardovitch Krastin, who speaks some English, joined us. We followed him down a large wide hall with wooden planked flooring much like the Metropol Hotel in Moscow. I wonder why all these old buildings had such wide halls. Hardly energy efficient! Hmmm.

Denise and I could not tell whether or not he was expecting us. I did my dog and pony show about the Exposition with Denise translating. I completed my introduction by commenting I am exploring the possibility of extending an invitation to the Kirov Ballet. He was thoughtful, his face had no expression. You must realize that I do not make artistic decisions. That is the responsibility of Oleg Vinogradov, the artistic director. Please return in the early evening for the performance of *Swan Lake*. Right now, we are performing an opera for children. Will Mr. Vinogradov be in attendance? I don't know.



Denise and I were tourists  
for the afternoon.

Krastin was waiting when we  
returned to the Mariinsky and  
escorted us to the theatre lobby.  
In contrast to the wide halls  
backstage, I was surprised to  
discover the narrowness of  
the lobby. Perhaps it was the  
architect's intention to make  
the sense of magic happen  
when the audience enters the  
horseshoe-shaped auditorium.  
If so, he achieved his goal. It's a  
welcoming, festive experience.

The coloring is unusual: off-white  
with grey blue drapes on the boxes. The seats mirror the color of the drapes. There's much adornment of white sculptures and gilt upon the face of the boxes and around the proscenium arch. I love it – and the wood floors.

The audience has close proximity to the stage no matter where one sits. Our seats are center, five rows back from the orchestra pit, which extends quite a distance into the auditorium. Musicians aren't down in a hot hole. And the magic continues. The Kirov dancers performing *Swan Lake* took our breath away. I couldn't resist whispering to Denise  
Can you believe the beauty of this experience?

After the performance, Krastin met us at the pass door to backstage for a meeting in his office. In the corner, sitting all hunched up, was a male version of a depressed Cinderella after being left by the ugly sisters.  
Ann, please meet Oleg Vinogradov.

He nods. My head is ticking. How do I reach this shy man and convince him of my interest? Well, deserved flattery is a good way to start.



ANN FARRIS DARLING, LENINGRAD

And I waxed on about the evening's performance.

There's no response.

I continue with the concept of the World Festival along with the Exposition in Canada. No interest.

Hmmmm.

I would like to extend an invitation.

No response

I would hope you would bring *Swan Lake* and I would return to Leningrad to see other ballets.

I have his interest.

We have *Giselle* in the repertoire in January.

I will come.

He left the room. He had his say.

Krastin advised us

I will talk to Gosconcert to explore more.

We were ushered down the long wide hall out the side door and into the street.

We didn't have time to say much to each other. We needed to find a taxi to take us to the train station. When we arrived, the train station seemed quiet. For a good reason! We were told

There is no train tonight.

But we have tickets which are dated for tonight

Sorry, there is no train.

Denise is in a panic.

I comment

Denise let's go to a hotel and stay the night.

No, our visas run out tonight. We must go to the airport. We'll have to sleep at the airport and get the first plane out in the morning.

It's midnight. The streets are dark and deserted. The dark night air is full of intrigue. We are living a Russian experience. The airport has no hotels. We claim two benches in the vast airport lobby. Before settling in

for “a long winter’s nap,” Denise used a pay phone and called  
 the Security office at the Canadian Embassy to report our whereabouts.  
 They are concerned and dictated  
 You must leave on the first possible plane in the morning.  
 We are booked on a 5 a.m. flight.



LENINGRAD AIRPORT, MIDNIGHT, ANN, DENISE GOULET

I have created a pillow, my scarf around my purse and am off  
 to dreamland. At 4 a.m., the airport terminal begins to waken and  
 so did we, stiff but somewhat rested.

The plane ride to Moscow mirrors my gondola trip in Venice. The rising  
 morning sun, orange, orange, orange. They do tell mysterious stories.



The officials at Gosconcert seemed surprised with our return travel story.  
 I did not make much of it. I wanted the attention on booking the Kirov  
 and commented

I would like to return in January for *Giselle*. Would you make arrangements  
 for me for a visa?

Yes. In order for the engagement to happen, we need you to organize  
 a tour to follow.

I will do this homework and bring ideas when I return in January.

Then, they offered a couple of surprises

We would like you to consider two other attractions, the State Orchestra

of USSR, conducted by Y. F. Svetlanov, along with Rustavelli, a theatre company in Tbilisi, Georgia whose director is Robert Sturha.

Yes, I would be glad to consider your suggestions.

I have just lived a Russian experience: intrigue, mystery and art. I love the Russian people. I loved them in Montreal at Expo 67. I love them now. And I guess their interest means my visa in January will be approved.



### BRUSSELS [ *Trip One* ]

It's odd how arriving in the West, its openness and freedom, with its complexities of language, feels relaxing. It just is easier – not better, easier. I am booked into a hotel with wood-paneled lobbies like the old Madison Hotel in New York. It's small, elegant with soft lighting, inviting to the visitor. Russian architecture is large in scope, no matter what. Not in Brussels.

What's this? I am being paged and I haven't checked in! Oh dear.

I wonder what is up!

Ann, are you all right?

It's my "old flame."

Yes, I am just fine. It was quite an experience.

I was so worried about you.

Thanks, but I am fine. I have many a story to tell. Can you call back in half an hour? I need to check in.

It's morning in Brussels.

I talked with the Milan Fair. My meeting with La Scala is set.

And I just had a call from Sue

Patrick Reid wants you to visit three Scandinavian countries that are considering participation in the Exposition.

Oh my God, Sue. Am I ever going to return to Vancouver? It's been five weeks! All right. Please get my airplane tickets revised. I will go to Spain, as scheduled, then Milan, then Scandinavia.



I have a challenge with my World Festival choice in Belgium that I didn't expect. Jacques Montpetit, Cultural Attaché at the Canadian Embassy, who has arranged my meetings with government agencies, shared Ann, there are two dominant cultures, Flemish and French. You need to consider attractions from both sectors.

I had not thought of this. Thank you for the advice.

I am so fortunate to have the support of these different cultural attachés. They keep me on the straight and narrow.

I met with Guy Simon at the European Economic Community. Mr. Simon, I am interested in bringing the European Community Orchestra with Claudio Abbado conducting. I hope you will support this idea.

He has agreed to consider it.

I saw one attraction that intrigued me, *The Power of Theatrical Madness* produced by Jan Fabre. He's a Belgian multidisciplinary artist – playwright, stage director, choreographer and designer.

I wondered what he will do next?

## MADRID

Good news. The Minister in charge of *transporte, turismo y comunicaciones* has been most hospitable. There will be transportation cooperation for an attraction from Spain. That piece of information is not unexpected. In 1992, Spain is hosting the next World Exposition. They are politically smart, knowing they will need similar cooperation from exhibiting nations. I found a lead for On-Site entertainment from Agnes Blot, agent for Comediants, a group of Catalan actors, a collective of musicians and artists performing in Barcelona. But no lead on an attraction for the World Festival.

I am getting the sense that the artistic community in Spain is just now beginning to feel its freedom from the dominance of Franco, the Spanish dictator who “ruled” Spain from 1936 to 1975. There seems to be a running theme in their theatre productions: anger and frustration. This feels like a challenge for me. Would this point of view seem relevant in Vancouver? I guess I just answered my question. Yes, if it’s good theatre and has universal appeal.



### MILAN [ *Trip Two* ]

Mr. Galante and Mrs. Lloyd are accompanying me to La Scala. They seem as curious as I. What will the reception be?

It’s a thrill to enter the hallowed halls of Teatro alla Scala, a historic structure constructed in the late 1700s. Did you know the name comes from a church, Santa Maria alla Scala, which existed on land adjacent to the theatre when the opera house was built? The stage door is surprising. In my experience stage doors shut out the outside world. Not so at La Scala. Rather there is a box for a “guard” at the bottom of wide stairs in a very large hallway that goes off in many directions. I wonder how the hot Italian fan crowd are kept in line with this arrangement? No time to muse. A young woman has appeared, taking us up the wide stairway to a large room with a lovely long rectangular elegant antique desk surrounded by comfortable chairs. Behind this handsome desk stands Cesare Mazzonis, a slightly built gentleman, probably in his mid-forties. He speaks wonderful English.

The Milan Fair representatives must have briefed him. He is not only apprised of our interest, but also he knows the transportation is the financial responsibility of Italy. What interests him are my plans for the World Festival, the theatre where La Scala would perform, its technical capabilities and its physical appearance. I am armed with the materials required. He seems satisfied that the theatre could accommodate their needs. He is moving to repertoire.

We have two new productions, Verdi operas, *Aida* and *I Lombardi*. We both agreed the Queen Elizabeth Theatre is not large enough to handle *Aida*. *I Lombardi* is the possibility. It's important to interject here that La Scala produces opera in *stagione*, meaning they produce one opera at a time, not in repertoire, unlike Vienna, Berlin and the Metropolitan Opera. So, they do not have many operas up and running to consider. And we would like to present the Verdi *Requiem*. That would be wonderful. What time of year would work well for La Scala? August. That's ideal for the Festival. I was thinking it will not impinge on the Vancouver Opera participation in the opening and closing months of the Festival. I would also like to explore the possibility of Luigi Nono's *Il Prometeo*. Would you consider bringing this production? I saw it in Venice. He seems intrigued. We need to consider the practical. The boat is huge, it's weight and size substantial. We will see about the costs of shipping. I will look for a space. I doubt we have a church to handle this but... It may be that Renzo Piano, the designer of the boat, might be able to make some accommodations. We will research. Do you know about surtitles, the instantaneous translation of an opera at the top of the proscenium arch? Yes, I do, and I am intrigued by the idea. Surtitles have yet to be introduced into Vancouver. It would be an innovative step. We would consider surtitles. Two hours have come and gone. Mazzonis has agreed to talk with Carlo Maria Badini, the General Director, about our proposals. You will hear in about a month.

You know, I feel confident with Mazzonis. He seems reasonable, clear and enthusiastic. I can work with him. He invited me to a performance this evening of *Il viaggio a Reims*

(*The Journey to Rheims*) by Rossini. I don't know the opera and am excited to go.



I have to share just a bit about how marvelous my evening was. My seat was in a box at stage level. It had three views, to my left, the stage, straight ahead, the internal workings of the musicians and Maestro Abbado in the pit, and to my right, the audience. Much to my surprise, sitting in the opposite box on the other side of the orchestra pit was Matthew Epstein from Columbia Artists Management in New York. We waved as the curtain went up.

First you need to know just a bit about the plot of *Il Viaggio a Reims*: an assortment of international guests gather at an inn en route to a coronation. Two activities are happening at once: the coronation preparations and the inn. The stage director solved this challenge by having the scenes at the inn take place at the current time in the market across the street from La Scala, which is being simulcast into our theatre. The coronation preparations are taking place in the La Scala theatre. Near the end of the performance the international guests made a splendid entrance down the central aisle of the opera house joining all on stage. Yes, the evening was gloriously sung. I had a wonderful time.

#### BERGEN, NORWAY

Winter has set in, snow's on the ground. I barely have warm enough clothes. But my schedule is so tight, there is no time to worry about being cold.

The Norwegian government representative responsible for bringing Norway into the Exposition is sure their participation will happen. He has a meeting for me with representatives of the Bergen International Festival in the morning. I have had no time to do any research. Our Festival dates back thirty years to 1953.



Sounds like a Festival similar to what Niki Goldschmidt started in Vancouver about the same time.

We do hope you will bring some Norwegian classical artists.

#### STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

Lunchtime and a flight to Stockholm. It's pouring cats and dogs, much like it can in Vancouver. I have a late afternoon meeting with the Director of the Department for Cultural Contacts at the Swedish Institute. That was over very quickly. It was obvious he had been instructed to give me no encouragement to the idea of Sweden becoming an exhibitor at Expo 86.

#### HELSINKI, FINLAND

A late dinner and I sank into my bed and slept, yes, I slept! Tomorrow will be a full day.

The Canadian cultural attaché is on the ball. I had three meetings: one with Sanoma Corporation (covering transportation costs is always on my mind), then the Director of Cultural Relations, Ministry of Education and finally with Vlijo Varpio, Festival Director of the Helsinki Festival. Mr. Varpio and I had a lively discussion. He loves the concept of the World Festival and gave me a list of attractions that would be a good representation of Finnish artists. It feels like there's a slim chance the Finnish government might sign on for Expo 86.

I am discovering on these trips to each city that there are three bases to cover: artistic, Ministries of... and funding sources for travel. Helsinki is no exception.

## VANCOUVER BOUND

As my plane heads to Canada, I am musing. It appears that every major city in Europe has an international cultural festival. And there is a thread that I am hearing from each director.

The cross-fertilization of artists and productions from different countries gives rise to new artistic impetus in each of our cities.

The enthusiasm is exciting to observe! What a shame that Niki Goldschmidt and the Vancouver International Festival Board did not figure out the key elements (mostly financial) to continue their burgeoning International Festival in the early 1960s. I am sure the artistic community and audiences in Vancouver would have enjoyed this continued stimulation. They certainly do in Europe.

And speaking of stimulation, these last five months have been intense and rich, giving me a feeling of being on the upswing with the many challenges. There's a great deal yet to accomplish but programming the Festival seems doable. I am quite comfortable handling the unknown, allowing the pieces to fall or not into place. When not, and I sense it is essential to the essence of what is being created, it's fun to search for another solution. Yes, this programming puzzle is quite fascinating. I am both fortunate and grateful for this opportunity and the support system to make it happen.

[ ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL-PART C ]

# A SIDE TRIP OFFERS HINTS ABOUT DYSLEXIA



[ NOVEMBER 1984 ]

NO SOONER AM I BACK IN VANCOUVER than I hit the road again – a three-hour drive to Seattle for Robert's *Tannhäuser* opening at the Seattle Opera. My parents, Haig and Mary joined us. I did my best to be a supportive wife. The production went without a hitch, and Robert was pleased with his work. After a lovely family late breakfast following the opening night, Robert and I drove back to Vancouver for a few days together. Both of us are emotionally unsettled. He is challenged with piecing his professional career together with the long-distance marriage we are now experiencing again. I am wondering where the latter will all land between us.



Sue has been busy with the three levels of the Canadian government, evolving the Canadian participation in the World Festival. Her scouting has produced a dramatic open-spaced quarry in West Vancouver, high up on the side of Seymour Mountain. It offers a spectacular view of Vancouver. Sue, I am a bit concerned. Its close proximity to the mountains could bring rain. I will take these photos to Paris but keep looking for other ideas.



JOHN FARRIS AND ANN FARRIS DARLING—SEATTLE

Sue and Christopher informed me

The management of the Vancouver Civic Theatres wants us to confirm the dates we will need during the Expo time period, so they can book the free periods. Fortunately, my predecessors had obtained a blanket hold on the two theatres for the six months that Expo runs. While I can understand their concern, there is no way I can comply. I don't know. I am just beginning my travels. If I don't have theatres in which to book attractions, creating the World Festival becomes academic. Please explain. We need this exclusivity for the time being.



Brain McMaster has a new suggestion for the Vancouver Opera presentation in late May during the Festival. He recently produced Bizet's *Carmen* at

the Welsh National Opera. It's controversial, and he feels it achieves a high artistic standard.

What makes it different?

The production is set in a guerilla camp.

When can I see it?

Springtime in England.

Jeff McNair has been my emissary within the Expo Corporation Ann, it's time you meet Mike Bartlett. He wants a report on the progress of the World Festival.

Mike is much respected as President of the Corporation.

Under his leadership, the Site construction is on target and corporate sponsorship is happening.

You can tell these two colleagues, Mike and Jeff, are promoters.

Their background is theme parks. They are keen to have

*Night of a Hundred Stars* as the opening attraction of the World Festival.

That's not in my mind, but I stay mum. Time will take its course.

Mike is a man of few words, those spoken are cogent and probing.

He seemed satisfied with my report and sent me on my way saying

Continue your explorations and get contracts signed.

### TORONTO [ *Trip Two* ]

I am in search of staff: a technical director and a production director.

No luck yet.

Had a stimulating meeting with Bernard and Jane Sahlins from Chicago.

Bernard is a successful theatrical businessman who conceived the concept of Second City, a comedy theatre. They substantiated the information

I received in Europe saying

We are developing the Chicago Theater Festival. It will feature world class theatre companies, including the new Giorgio Strehler's production being co-produced by the L'Odeon in Paris and Piccolo Teatro di Milan.

And we are in discussion with the National Theatre of Great Britain.

Our inaugural season is scheduled for summer of 1986.  
I liked those two. They seem grounded with their project.  
We will keep in touch.

John Wyre has evolved a substantial list of drum and percussion artists who come from countries that are participating in Expo 86.  
Ann, I still don't feel comfortable about expanding the Drum Festival beyond the show.  
John, give it more time.  
John's a very creative gentle soul with an inner sense of what can work.  
I sense we will come to an agreement that satisfies both our needs.

John Cripton has expressed interest in organizing a tour for the Kirov Ballet. I am concerned. He will be in Vancouver at the same time, overseeing the arts component of the Canadian Pavilion.  
How can he do both?  
We will talk more after he has done more research on bookings.



My dear, dear sister Katherine has come through. I have an appointment with the channel. I am so curious. Will I learn more about dyslexia, my dyslexia?  
Driving outside of Toronto on rainy dark November night, we end up in the middle of nowhere. A dirt road leads us to a brown wood farmhouse in the middle of a large field that is one big mud puddle. The interior of this house mirrors the exterior. Everything is brown. The woman who channels must be in her late 30s. Her husband is assisting, taping the session. The channel, lying on a couch, goes into a deep meditative state and after a few moments begins to talk with a voice unlike hers. It has an accent. I forget the surroundings. I am intrigued not only with the process by which the information is delivered, but also with what I am learning.  
This voice knows my name  
Ann, we invite you to ask a question.

How is my health?

Excellent.

You know I sensed that. A few years ago, I was diagnosed with dyslexia and told there was nothing that could be done about it. What can you tell me about dyslexia?

For you, it is physically and psychologically-based.

That makes sense. When the dyslexia sensation emerges, I feel physical pain and my eyes have a hard time focusing. It makes me unhappy and frustrated. Is there anything I can do to solve this condition?

This may be the lifetime in which you have chosen to do this.

What can she be talking about? As far as I know I have one time on this planet.

I make a quick inner decision. I will just accept what she has said and...

How many lifetimes have I had dyslexia?

Many.

I am going to let that one go...

What steps do I need to take to start the process of change?

Go off refined sugar!

That will be simple to do.

It will not be as easy as you think. You have been using refined sugar to make yourself feel better.

Yes, that's true. I inhale ice cream when the dyslexic condition manifests itself.

That's why you need to get your body back to its natural state.

However, remember, your body needs sugar, natural sources like fruit and pure maple syrup. You will also need to let go of wine.

I am not sure about that. I love red wine.

As you go off refined sugar, your body will not be able to handle wine.

And we caution you, sugar withdrawal is similar to giving up cigarettes or alcohol. I suggest you read a book, *Sugar Blues*.

I thought

How can this ethereal being know about a book? Hmmmm.

And asked

Why is it important to go off refined sugar?

This step will help stop the inner rushing within your body.

I know exactly what you mean. Often, I feel a burning, moving sensation up and down my torso which I can't stop. I hate experiencing that.

What's my next step once the refined sugar is out of my body?

That process will take some time. You will know when.

At that point, it will be time to focus on emotional issues.

The channel doesn't seem to have any more to say on dyslexia.

Thank heavens Katherine warned me to have a list of questions.

What can you tell me about my "old flame?" I want to understand what is going on between the two of us. Why is it difficult to complete our relationship? Why are we so drawn together? From the outset, twenty years earlier, the two of us were very easy with one another. We love being in each other's company, we respect each other. We seem to have known each other forever. We have no problem disagreeing with one another and letting that be okay. At times I have felt like his daughter; he's twenty years older than me. At times we are happy being colleagues. And then we are blissful as lovers. Both of us are mystified about our relationship.

What can you tell me?

In the 18th century, he was your father and you were his son. The two of you were unable to get along, constantly arguing and not respecting one another. The intensity became so great you left home, went to England and never returned. You broke his heart.

Suddenly I got it. Our present relationship is a karmic one.

My "old flame" has given back to me in this lifetime what I did to him.

After claiming my heart in Montreal during Expo 67, he cut me off, cold,



without explanation, when I came to Paris. He broke my heart.  
Thank you for this reading. Most helpful!

As we leave the channel's space and climb into the car, I comment Katherine, I now understand karma! In short, what comes around, goes around. I must say I feel relieved and sense the channel is right on. Let's go to the best ice cream parlor in Toronto. I want to have a divine experience with my last *huge* chocolate ice cream sundae with tons of whipped cream. Tomorrow I will eliminate refined sugar from my diet.

The next day, dear, dear Katherine bought all the vitamins the channel recommended. I love my sister so much; too bad we don't live in the same town.

#### MONTREAL [ *Trip One* ]

I am in this wonderful city with many Expo 67 memories to see Carbonne 14's performance, *Le Rail*, a play based on Freud's *The White Hotel*. Sue is high on this company, which started as a mime troupe. Now they present attractions in both French and English.

And I am meeting my "old flame." I can hardly wait to share what I have learned.

Sensing my excitement, he suggests

Ann let's order our lunch.

He's always sensible.

Now, what is up?

I have some extraordinary information. First off, I need to know if you have ever heard of a channel.

As English is his second language, sometimes he needs explanations.

Yes, he's confused. Oh no, he's not. My link to *The Medium* as an example gave him instant clarity. In fact, he's better informed about channels than I.

So, what have you found out?

I watched his face as I explained. It went from intense concentration on my spoken words to a slow, relaxed, state. His body let the tension go as he sighed with relief.

Oh, I am so glad we know this.

It has been quite a weekend, beautiful, passionate, as we close a chapter in this and many lives. We know we will always be there for each other and we are letting go.

We discovered that a great way to begin releasing our hold on another is to divert our attention to the business we love so much. He is questioning What is your decision-making process when building content for this festival? Are you creating this Festival based on personal taste?

Yes and no. An Exposition is a showcase. Most of the Commissioner Generals I have met feel their country's participation in the World Festival is as important to their country's credibility as the content of their pavilion. I see my responsibility as identifying an attraction that honors artistic excellence. And programming balance is important: classical, popular and experimental – the unusual and unexpected. You know, I feel comfortable trusting my instinct. Thanks for the question.

By the way, he offered me an idea. I have brought you a video of *Macbeth*. It's been sent to me by Tadeo Nakane in Japan.

How do you know him?

For several years, I produced a western cultural festival in Tokyo.

Nakane was my assistant. Now, he has his own theatre production company.

I sense Nakane produces high quality art. I haven't seen this video.

See what you think.

### LONDON [ *Trip Two* ]

Paul Findlay at the Royal Opera House seems ready to sign a letter of intent. The National Theatre continues to have an interest. *Animal Farm* or the *Rivals* might be in the 1986 season. Robert Sykes at the British Council

is keen for me to see a production at the Citizen's Theatre in Glasgow.  
I will go in January.

John Drummond managed to squeeze in time for me.

He's now busy at the BBC.

John, any young conductor we suggest to Miss Norman through  
her agent is not approved. She has not sung with them.

Understandable but frustrating!!

John picks up the phone and for the next hour talks with agents  
in Europe trying to solve the problem. No luck yet.

This is my last meeting with John. BBC needs his full attention. I have  
so appreciated and enjoyed the opportunity of having his sage advice.

Had a meeting with Margaret Stafford, Placido Domingo's agent.

She will see if she can entice him to be a part of Spain's participation.

And yes, good news, the European Community Youth Orchestra  
is interested. A US tour is now on the agenda.

I sense some of the World Festival attractions are coming together.

### BERLIN [ *Trip Two* ]

I am on my way to meet Jurgen Schitthelm, chief administrator of  
the Schaubühne am Lehniner Platz. It looks like the theatre must be a  
renovated cinema. The exterior has a juke box look, only it's U-shaped.

Mr. Schitthelm is most accommodating as he explains

I co-founded this company with Klaus Wiffenbach in 1962.

Later we took over this facility, gutting the auditorium.

As we wandered into this vast space, I discovered a *huge* black box.

What are the dimensions?

196 feet long and 69 feet wide with a 30-foot ceiling. Everything is flexible,  
the floors, the seating, the lighting and sound setups. It can be set as  
an arena, thrust or proscenium with an orchestra pit.

Flexibility is the name of the game.

Mr. Schitthelm has been well-briefed about Expo 86 and the World Festival. I have two productions we would like you to consider: the Greek play, *Oresteia* by Aeschylus, a nine-hour event broken into three, three-hour segments, or a new production of Chekov's *The Three Sisters* directed by Peter Stein, which is opening in January.

I know Brian McMaster is very high on Peter Stein's talent, which excites me about the potential of this play. But there's a challenge for us in Vancouver. The play could not be produced in the Vancouver Civic Theatres. We would need an open space, like a black box. Perhaps a sound stage used to produce a movie or television show would work. And that's not farfetched! Vancouver is an active movie producing center. Can you come this evening to a production of Mr. Stein's *Der Park*, a five-hour contemporary play about the lives of several characters? Yes, I would love to.

It was a powerful evening even though I did not understand but a few words. At the intermission I chatted with two English-speaking Germans sitting next to me. As we talked about the play, I was amazed at how much I am comprehending. Mr. Stein tells a story allowing his actors and the technical support to delineate clearly the intention of the author. I look forward to my return to Berlin to see *The Three Sisters*.

Now I have two days at the Berlin Opera with Professor Friedrich, General Director. He has completed his proposal and submitted it to Bonn. There is no response yet.

I made a mental note. I need to follow up with the different levels of government in Bonn.

Friedrich's proposal is very detailed and excellent. Two operas (Jean Pierre Ponnelle's *Fidelio* and a Friedrich Reinhart, *Die Tote Stadt*), three performances of each, plus a chamber opera (*Miss Julie*), two concerts along with cabaret performances which would highlight two opera stars, a dancer, pianist and maybe another musician. The company would number three hundred and twenty-five.

The World Festival cost of this package was estimated at roughly \$800,000.

I saw a performance of *The Magic Flute* in the evening. In the last year or so, I have seen several *Magic Flutes*. For my taste, none of them have been particularly interesting, this one included.

It's Sunday, Prof Friedrich and I are back at work. We decided that *Fidelio* with its huge chorus is not the right answer.

Rather, Ann, I suggest we offer *Fidelio* in concert using fifty Berlin Opera choristers enhancing them with forty from Vancouver.

It's an intriguing idea which has a challenge for me. The Orpheum Theatre, the home of the Vancouver Symphony, could not handle this size chorus with the orchestra. Perhaps we could bring an acoustic shell into the Queen Elizabeth Theatre or into Expo Theatre on the Site.

He moves our discussion again to repertoire, now suggesting *Marriage of Figaro* and either *Die Tote Stadt*, *Die Soldaten* or *Lulu*. Why don't you spend some time watching video tapes of these productions?

Prof Friedrich, I am drawn to *Die Soldaten*. Would you consider us introducing surtitles?

Yes, I like that a lot.

He will revise his proposal.

### BONN [ *Trip Two* ]

Astrid Holzamer at the Commissioner General's office commented that the Goethe Institute based in Munich would only fund transportation of German-authored plays.

That puts Chekov's *The Three Sisters* into jeopardy. Yet it was the Goethe Institute who strongly supported the idea of the Schaubhune at the World Festival. It's a conundrum! I think I will let this concern be on the back burner. First, I needed to see *The Three Sisters* production.

Astrid also told me I had caused a small diplomatic *faux pas* Ann, you did not call the Canadian Consul in Berlin. His nose is out of joint.

Thanks, Astrid. Usually I am pretty good at my Canadian governmental etiquette. I have to be honest; it did not occur to me that there was a consul to be concerned about!

### MILAN [ *Trip Three* ]

Mr. Galante and Mrs. Lloyd at the Milan Fair are very amusing. Getting responses to their telephone calls to La Scala has not been easy. Now, we are heading together to La Scala to meet Dr. Moneta, a man in his thirties, who heads La Scala's marketing and publicity. His remarks seemed encouraging. When Mazzonis joins us, he confirms the interest and has other operas for me to consider. There will be a new production of *Madama Butterfly* in the spring of 1986 and we will have *Macbeth* in the repertoire. However, I am not sure that the *Butterfly* will best represent La Scala. So, let's put *I Lombardi* and *Macbeth* into the running. *I Lombardi* is a new production with the talented artist Ruggero Raimondi in the title role. The conductor is Gianandrea Gavazeni. We are talking with agents to confirm the rest of the artists for the late August World Festival dates.

I brought up *Il Prometeo*. I hadn't realized that the designer of the boat and red sails, Renzo Piano, is the same architect who had collaborated with the English architect Richard Rogers and created the Centre Pompidou in Paris. Piano is also designing the content for the Italian Pavilion at Expo 86. This gives me hope we might find a way for *Il Prometeo*.

You know, at Expo 67, we found La Scala to be old in their mindset. Doesn't seem to be the case now. The staff is young, energetic and progressive. I hope their ability to make final decisions keeps up with this new-found progressiveness. Strange though, I have yet to meet General

Director, Carlo Maria Badini. He seems to be kept under wraps. Hmmm. Perhaps Badini, who's a political appointee, is more titular than active.

PARIS [ *Trip Two* ]

It's ten days now since I stopped eating foods with refined sugar. In Paris, that is becoming a challenge. The traditional breakfast in France is warm croissants with strawberry jam. Now I have to order porridge!

Catherine Clement has set a plot in motion. She has booked me to see Moliere's *Misanthrope* at the Comédie-Française. Well, I will play her game and go see it.

Serge Sobski, the manager of the Comédie-Française, took me for dinner after the performance. He's young and was trained in arts administration in the US.

Serge, the production is beautifully produced, but it's a museum piece. Let me tell you what happened in Vancouver more than twenty years ago with the Comédie-Française... I want France to have a good reception in Vancouver.

I understand Ann. That makes sense. Would you come to the Avignon and see *Macbeth* in a new production by Jean Pierre Vincennes?

He's our artistic director and has a new approach to this classic.

Yes, I will. I am coming to the Avignon Festival for Peter Brook's *Mahabharata*.

And he continued

You know, Catherine Clement is planning to send the Comédie-Française in the Fall of 1986 to Eastern Canada and then on to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

My light went on. Catherine is trying to end run me. The plot really thickens. 'Twill be interesting, these next few months.

A good meeting with Michael Snowman at IRCAM

We could come to Vancouver in early October after the Strasbourg Festival.

And both Maestro Boulez and I saw Luigi Nono's *Il Prometeo* production in Venice. We would love the opportunity of performing some of our work in the boat Piano designed.

Fantastic! That gives more reason for the expense of getting the boat to Vancouver.

Ann, our challenge is getting Catherine Clement to cover the cost of transporting the electronic and other equipment.

My afternoon was devoted to Madame Rozan and Peter Brook.

I showed him the photos of the quarry.

Ann, it is not quite suitable. I want an enclosed space that is both rough in feel and has a textured back wall. When you come to my theatre tomorrow you will get a better understanding of what I need.

Fine. Maybe the environment we find for *The Three Sisters* would also work for *Mahabharata*.

After Peter left, Madame Rozan said

Ann, I want you to sign an agreement before the Avignon opening.

Unfortunately, that is not possible. I have to have Catherine Clement's approval so that the transportation funding is available.

Our tug of war continues.

I was surprised to read in the French press this morning that Catherine Clement's appointment to L'Action Artistique may be in question.

I wondered what that is all about.

John Wyre's in Paris performing with his percussion ensemble NEXUS. He and I met at a bar in my hotel and spent several hours working on details for the World Drum Festival.

John, we need to come to an agreement on the format. Can you verbalize why you are nervous about drummers playing on the Site for the two weeks prior to the show?

Yes, it's the logistics that will worry me. We will have one hundred and fifty drummers. Who is going to control the planning and execution of those two weeks?

Sue will be overseeing the planning and we have two staffs – the World



Festival and the On-Site production personnel – to handle the day to day. Those details will be well taken care of.

Okay, if you can assure me that the drummers will be a welcomed asset to the Site, I can go with it.

Yes, I can.

And the ideas started to flow.



## PRAGUE

Early winter is setting in. It's late November, rainy and cold and I am flying into Prague thinking of Iby Koerner. She and her extended family had immigrated in the 1930s from Czechoslovakia to Vancouver. When I was growing up, Mrs. Walker's exercise classes were in her home. Each time I walked in the door I was surrounded with antiques, furniture, paintings, and *objet d'art* from her beloved country. She loved sharing her stories. I am excited to be in Czechoslovakia.

And yes, I am behind the Iron Curtain again. Everything is structured. The Czech official who met me at the airport took me to one hotel and then changed his mind and I was moved to another. Odd. But a good move from my point of view. It's right next to the Old Town Square dominated by the beautiful gothic Týn Cathedral and the baroque-designed St. Nicholas Church.

Arts Centrum, the Agency responsible for exportation of artistic productions and music has my itinerary arranged. Officials at Pragoconcert, a music agency, said the Czech Philharmonic might be a possibility. I am not convinced they will make the effort to arrange a North American tour, which is necessary to make their engagement in Vancouver economically feasible. Need to keep an eye on it. And I will see if I can generate any interest for the tour.

I am in the theatre each night. It's mostly off-Broadway material, experimental in small dark environments. Hmmm.

Had a good meeting with Dr. Jan Honzal, Secretary General for the Committee for Exhibitions. He introduced me to two energetic and creative individuals who are developing the content for the Czech Pavilion in Vancouver. I asked for leads. They understood my interest in finding something that would celebrate Czech culture and promised to focus on this challenge.

I think I might hear from them.



Tonight, as I was putting on my makeup before leaving for the theatre, something weird happened and out of my mouth came

I feel downright strange. What can be the matter?

And just as fast, the answer came.

I am experiencing sugar withdrawal.

Gosh I am glad I am so busy with my work. I don't have time to dwell on this achy feeling.



It's a snowy evening. I am attending a dinner at the Canadian Embassy, one that I originally declined because I had a theatre production to see. They wouldn't take no, so I saw an Act, after which I was picked up by an embassy car. Somehow, I left one of my shoes in the car and had to waltz into the formal environment in my snow boots. What would Mum have thought? Oh well. I soon forgot. You know it would have been amusing to wear one shoe and one boot. I didn't, though.

The purpose of this elegant evening is to honor Canadian television personalities who are in Prague. The conversation, around a very long, white tablecloth covering perhaps two enormous tables and accommodating twenty or so guests, is animated with different discussions occurring simultaneously. There are many candles burning in the silver candelabras, which makes the room feel magical. I am sitting next to the Czech Commissioner General, Dr. Josef Kuba

Ann, I am very concerned about our participation. There's a detail that I need resolved.

Remembering Patrick's admonition to keep an ear beyond the World Festival and let him know if trouble was brewing, I decided to take matters in hand

Dr. Kuba, would you like to talk to Patrick Reid?

Yes.

How about if we call him right now?

His face registered such astonishment

Really?

Yes, come. Being a bit brazen, I took him into a pantry where the table servers were bustling about, found a phone and called Vancouver.

Can you believe I knew how to do that? And Patrick was in his office Patrick, I am at the Canadian Embassy residence and have Dr. Kuba with me. He has an urgent question for you.

I returned to the table, and not long after so did Dr. Kuba with a smile on his face. If our exit and re-entry was noticed, no one said anything. And maybe we avoided an incident.



I went by the Embassy office today for two reasons: to see the *Macbeth* video that my "old flame" had given me in Montreal and to pick up a telex from Catherine Clement. It read

I understand you have read I may no longer be in my position.

Please come by Paris en route to London to talk with me.

Not wanting to aggravate her, I replied, agreeing. I must say, the plot thickens.

I just watched the Japanese version of *Macbeth* directed by Yukio Ninagawa. It's performed by all male Japanese actors and beautifully done. Color, language, and respect for the piece, along with extraordinary creativity, are the words that come to mind. The Embassy staff is as intrigued as I. Yes, I will meet Mr. Nakane when I am in Tokyo.

Our Canadian Ambassador is very excited about Expo 86.

We chatted for a while in his office after I viewed the video.  
He knows a great deal about steam engines!  
Ann, both Indonesia and the Yukon are good sources.  
I will tell Hamilton McClymont. He is putting together quite an assemblage of transportation examples used by different nations in different eras.  
I love my job! It has so many facets to it.

PARIS [ *Trip Three* ]

Met with Catherine Clement.  
Yes, she wants me to have the facts, her facts, about herself in her position  
Some critics feel I don't have the special academic credentials they perceive are important in this position and are trying to have me removed.  
However, I intend to remain.

I was tempted to tell her about Sam Lipman and how he had tried to run me out of my job at the National Endowment for the Arts, but, of course, I said nothing!

She told me she is supporting my choices of IRCAM with Boulez and Urban Sax. She is not supporting Peter Brook and *Mahabharata* – neither he nor the play are of French origin. The question of the Comédie Française did not come up. At the moment, Marcel Galopin, the French Commissioner General, doesn't seem to have a problem with Peter Brook. The plot continues to thicken.

LONDON [ *Trip Three* ]

Yea, I signed a Letter of Intent with the Royal Ballet to participate in the World Festival. Paul Findlay from the Ballet, Robert Sykes from the British Council and I met Belle Shenkman, a mover and shaker in London, who is helping raise the additional funds to cover the cost of the travel of the Royal Ballet to Vancouver.  
Met with Placido Domingo's agent, Margherita Stafford, who doesn't

come from the cloth of an aggressive artist agent type. She confirmed Placido is interested in being involved. He is collaborating with Paul McCartney, who is writing his first symphony for voice. This may be a possibility. And Placido suggests a joint concert with Montserrat Caballé, Teresa Berganza and himself.

I am very interested in the latter.

She promised to get back to me.



## VANCOUVER

Jeff McNair advised me today

Prince Charles and Princess Diana have been confirmed as guests on Opening Day. They will attend the World Festival Gala in the evening.

Thank heavens the Gala is not planned yet. Alexander Cohen has advised that the potential of *The Night of a Hundred Stars* is pushed to June. The US television stations have other programming scheduled during our opening day. Sometimes, just waiting solves a potential disagreement.



I had a surprise today. I was wandering through Scotia Tower, going from meeting to meeting, and was stopped in the hall by someone I don't know. Are you Ann Farris Darling?

Yes.

I want to tell you how much I enjoy the transcripts of your trips that come after each country. They are fascinating, like a soap opera.

I can hardly wait for the next installment!

That took me aback some. You know, when I am sitting in an airport waiting for a plane, I have fun rambling on about what has happened in a country. I don't edit myself. And you know, I am not likely to change. As Patrick's office is the one that vets it after Sue, I guess if it were inappropriate, he would stop distribution.

NEW YORK [ *Trip Three* ]

I set a lunch with Matthew Epstein. He is not only a very perceptive artist's agent, he's also an artistic consultant to the Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Santa Fe Opera. This man bubbles with ideas.

Matthew, I am mulling over my Opening Gala programming challenge.

By the end of a couple of hours we have an approach. Ralph Vaughan Williams *Ode to Music*, a piece written for sixteen singers.

Ann, listen to the piece. If it seems to fit, you could invite sixteen opera singers from sixteen of the nations participating in the Exposition and build the rest of the concert around them.

It's a great idea and a wonderful contrast to the loud pomp and circumstance events on the Expo Site during the day. What about Mario Bernardi as conductor?

Yes, good.

He's a much-respected Canadian conductor with an international career, and his talents move easily between the symphonic and operatic art forms. I know Mario from my Canadian Opera days. I sense he will be a wonderful collaborator in achieving our desired goals. After I listen to the piece, I will float the idea at the Corporation and be back to you.



## VANCOUVER

I love *Ode to Music* and the corporation has bought the idea. Matthew will be artistic advisor identifying emerging operatic artists. I am glad that I can feel comfortable in re-engaging the Vancouver Symphony, now with Mario conducting. And John Grande, Librarian at the Metropolitan Opera, will prepare the music. To make the event special, we have commissioned an Opening Gala fanfare from Canadian composer, Alexina Louie.

Sue, I would like Alexina to know that we will take a musical phrase from the fanfare and use it as house bells signaling the audience to return to their seats during the World Festival.



During my weekly massage when in Vancouver, I mentioned to the therapist I need someone to balance my body.

I have no idea where these words came from.

I am feeling tension and pain as a result of the withdrawal from refined sugar. I need some support. I don't want to go to a doctor.

I don't want any judgment on my actions.

To my amazement, she had a quick response

Dr. Larry Chan, a naturopathic chiropractor, also trained in acupuncture and other traditions could be the person you are looking for.

I just had an appointment with Larry.

Would you believe, after I described why I was giving up refined sugar, he commented

That's a courageous step. It might slow down the internal rushing in your body.

In astonishment, I said to him

Those were the words of the channel.

I noticed him introducing a new technique. He was asking me to keep my arm firm while he asked questions.

What technique are you using?

Applied Kinesiology. The vernacular is muscle testing. I am asking questions of your body to give me a response. Muscles, like the pectoris, when "questioned" can evaluate the structural, chemical and mental aspects of your health. If the muscle is "weak" there is a short circuit in the energy signal from the brain to the muscle. So, if your arm holds firm it is responding with a yes, when it becomes limp, a no.

A no might tell me this could be an area where I need to work.

As our session continued, I loved discovering my body is a part of the diagnosis. It isn't all hypotheses! He continued

I have just engaged Betty Sider, a specialist in Brain Gym, a movement-based program. It is being developed by a dyslexic, Dr. Paul Dennison, who was unable to read until he was twelve. His process also uses

integrated muscle testing.

I am in the right place. I have appointments with Larry and Betty in the first days of January.



I am grateful for my friendship with Bev Wallace, my housemate in Vancouver. Late in the evenings, we chat. My focus has been my marriage. Bev, I need time on my own to better understand the part of me that causes confusion in our married life. I want to understand more about my dyslexia. I sense my life after Expo must be a solo journey.

Bev is a great listener.

Not long after, I made a decision. I will not return to Washington DC and my married life after Expo, two years hence. It won't be easy, but I must tell Robert during the week we are together in California at Christmas.

### CALIFORNIA

Christmas week has come and gone. Robert and I have left his family and friends behind and have driven to Esalen in Big Sur for one of their famous massages. It's the first time we have been alone for an extended time.

Overlooking the Pacific Ocean, I found the courage to be truthful

Robert, I know our marriage is coming to a close.

He was very silent. He did not question this fact

Please don't make a final decision yet.

I agreed, even though I know I am leaving.

I think it might be easier on him if I hold off.



[ ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL-PART D ]

# AROUND THE WORLD IN SIXTY DAYS



[ 1985 ]

1985 AND THE PACE INTENSIFIES. Planning and bookings must be completed in ten months. There's a telex from Arts Centrum in Prague. Can arrangements be made for a Czech plane to arrive in Vancouver? Sue is researching.

Misha Tarasov and Paul Shaw, recently hired as Production Director on the Technical Services staff, have sighted a location that might serve for both the Schaubühne's *The Three Sisters* and Peter Brook's *Mahabharata*: an abandoned structure built thirty years ago to house the construction of large sections of the Second Narrows Bridge.

This wet January morning Sue and I, under umbrellas, are investigating. I am intrigued.

Sue, it meets the requirement of a rough-looking environment. In fact, it's quite spectacular with birds flying in and out of broken windows. Pictures are being taken for Paris, Berlin and maybe Milan.

Renée Paris has joined the World Festival team as financial manager. Her breadth of experience in both the commercial and arts sectors is a plus,

but she has not yet overseen a ten-million-dollar budget. David Haber to the rescue; he will be her consultant. He has the World's Fair (Expo 67) experience (as my boss), and his smarts with numbers along with his ability to teach is getting Renée up and running.



Sue and Jim O'Hara have organized my next trip based on research that has targeted arts organizations in the Far East, which we hope would complement the World Festival. I am very glad I took time when last in San Francisco to talk with Eva Soltes. She not only is much respected as a producer in the contemporary American musical field, but she has also spent time as both a dancer and producer in Asia. She gave me some sound advice on what to consider. The cultural attachés in each Canadian embassy have my agenda organized. The Expo Protocol Office staff has provided me with some cultural custom tips, specifically for China. You will be invited to a thirty-course banquet. We caution you to take small helpings and to hold back from asking what you are eating. Rat is often on the menu. You don't want to offend by not eating everything. Thanks.

I am also mindful that staying healthy is essential. Jane Fonda morning exercises, combined with a Brain Gym routine to keep my brain switched on, continues to be how I start my day. I have also tucked some carob-covered raisins sweetened with Succanut (dried cane juice) in my bag. Yes, my sweet tooth needs its nourishment. Larry Chan has just given me a final balance. Sue will ship to Hong Kong a suitcase packed with my summer clothes.



### OTTAWA [ *Trip Three* ]

Today is my birthday, January 15th – forty-eight years young. I am testing a green winter calf-length coat bought in New York just before Christmas. It's lined with a new insulation product, Thinsulate, which has minimal weight. I hate coats that drag heavily on my shoulders.

This coat is a perfect solution. Delightfully, there was a broad selection for color. I chose a bright green. I am toasty warm in below zero weather, almost feels as though I don't have a coat on! Amazing!

Ottawa is about following up, checking that details at the Canada Council for the Canadian companies participating in the World Festival are being taking care of. A visit to the cultural attaché at the American Embassy included a request

Please notify the appropriate offices in Washington DC of my current programming plans: Philadelphia Orchestra, *Garden of Earthly Delights*, Jessye Norman, the potential of a segment of Robert Wilson's *Civil Wars* from American Repertory Theater and with a yet-to-be-named musical.

#### MILAN [ *Trip Four* ]

Italy is blanketed with a major snowstorm. My plane landed in Genoa and concluded with a five-hour bus trip to Milan. It was beautiful but very tiring.

This morning, Mrs. Lloyd from the Milan Fair and I sloshed through snow to meet with Cesare Mazzonis at La Scala. He shared We are having a challenge tying down the artists for *I Lombardi*. Covent Garden is performing in Japan at the same time, which means we are vying for some of the same artists. And we have not settled on the conductor for the Verdi *Requiem*.

Who are you considering?

Claudio Abbado, the outgoing artistic director of La Scala or Riccardo Muti, the incoming artistic director.

Maestro Muti is already scheduled for the World Festival. Perhaps you might consider first Maestro Abbado.

As to *Il Prometeo*, the Venice church has decided they want to buy the Piano boat. We are now in a feasibility period with Piano on the design for a touring boat.

Good. We have a space that we are considering for Peter Brook's *Mahabharata*. I think it could double for *Il Prometeo*. The photos and information are being sent to you.

Mrs. Lloyd joined our conversations

The Milan Fair Board of Directors is awaiting a travel budget from La Scala.

Mazzonis promised

It will be completed by mid-February, three weeks hence. We are estimating the scenery, costumes, etc. for *I Lombardi* will take six containers.

Ann, we will need eighty supernumeraries for *I Lombardi*.

Fine. It's a once in a lifetime opportunity for opera aficionados in Vancouver to share the La Scala experience.

At the end of our meeting, Mazzonis asked

Can you come back at the end of the day to meet Carlo Maria Badini, General Director of La Scala?

Yes, I would be delighted.

It's dark outside, 5 p.m. in the depths of winter. The backstage and the wide halls of La Scala are dimly lit. No one is about, not even in that strange "stage door" booth at the bottom of the wide stairs.

Well, I guess it's about mounting the stairs to Mazzonis' office.

We met at his door.

Come, let's go to Mr. Badini's office.

As we go around a corner in the dark hall, we heard the most awful, out of control, yelling. It sounded like someone had gone mad.

As we looked at each other he said

I think this is not a good time for you to meet the General Director.

He deftly turned me around and walked me down the stone staircase to the "stage door" saying

I will be in touch.

Could this loud, continuous outburst come from Badini?

What a shame people put themselves through such drama.

LONDON [ *Trip Four* ]

Paul Findlay at Covent Garden and I had a laugh.

Are you talking to La Scala?

Yes.

Okay, now I know why we are having problems signing artists for our tour in Japan.

My meetings at the National Theatre took a turn to the positive all because of a political change. Margaret Thatcher's conservative government is reducing the funding for the arts. Large and small arts institutions are scrambling for financial resources.

A tour to North America in 1986 now seems attractive.

## GLASGOW

I am fulfilling my promise to Robert Sykes to see a production at Citizen's Theatre when I really should be taking a day off.

Jet lag is catching up with me. I feel a winter cold coming on.

The performance of *Mary Stuart* is not distinctive enough to invite.

## MUNICH

Met with Suzanne Abbegg, Program Director for Theatre and Dance at the Goethe Institute, who had a strange comment

The Berlin Opera is not interested in touring to the World Festival.

And she went on

I am not supportive of the Schaubuhne's production of *The Three Sisters*.

The author is not German. I want you to consider Pina Bausch.

Oh, I saw her company at the Olympic Los Angeles Festival.

Then, she continued with another surprising comment

Pina Bausch's contract in Germany ends in the spring of 1986, which means we may not be able to fund her company either.

So, I would also like you to see a production directed by Klaus Peyman. You know John Drummond, our consultant in England, mentioned him. He has no new productions scheduled. I will keep you advised.

And as I was leaving, she said  
I am not closing the door on the Schaubuhne!

Government arts officials do play many games to reach their desired end result. Now, the German plot thickens! I will just continue moving ahead as seems appropriate.

### BERLIN [ *Trip Three* ]

I contacted the Canadian Consul's office prior to my arrival. Their office set my appointments with the Berlin Opera and the Schaubuhne.

I think I corrected my previous *faux pas*.

Tonight, I attend a performance of *The Marriage of Figaro*. It's on our list as a potential for the World Festival. It was delightful, stylish and well-cast. Prof Friedrich is in London directing a production of *Tristan and Isolde*. I shared with his associate the comment from Suzanne Abbegg that she had been informed the Berlin Opera is not interested in touring to the World Festival.

His associate assured me that Prof Friedrich continues to have great interest in participating in the World Festival.

Something is amiss between the Goethe Institute and the Berlin Opera.

I am sure Prof Friedrich will follow up.

By the way, Patrick Reid just confirmed. Austria will not participate in the Exposition, eliminating my possibility of extending an invitation to the Vienna State Opera.

Today at the Schaubuhne I met the other founder, Klaus Wiffenbach, along with Mr. Schittleman. Both are keen to participate in the World Festival. *The Three Sisters* production is engrossing. As the story becomes more

dire, the characters become more contained. The feeling is personal devastation and becomes the dominant theme. The physical production follows suit. Chilling to experience! The designer has made use of the entire black box, including twenty-foot high birch trees made of wire mesh and paper maché.

This morning, I told Mr. Schittleman of my interest in bringing *The Three Sisters* to the World Festival. He will have a budget in early March when I return to Vancouver. I commented  
By the way, we have real birch trees in Vancouver. This might cut some of the transportation costs.



### LENINGRAD [ *Trip Two* ]

I am traveling as a guest of the Soviet Union, taking an Aeroflot flight out of Amsterdam. The cavernous plane, reeking of pungent Russian cigarettes, has two passengers: a Swedish man on his way to sell paint to the Soviets and me.

It's dark outside as we taxi into the Leningrad terminal. I can see mounds of snow heaped to clear the landing strip.

Whoops! My passport number on my visa does not coincide with the number on my passport. That's because my passport was renewed while I was in Vancouver. I guess the pertinent information didn't reach the Soviets. They have put me into solitary confinement, a large room with a glaring fluorescent light.

What to do? Knit. That will make them think I am not concerned.

Cooler heads have prevailed. I am released to Customs.

The Swedish man is thrilled to see me; He all but hugged me.

Our luggage has still not arrived.

We are going through another check. This time the inspectors are rummaging through my luggage. This idea popped into my head. Would you like an Expo pen?

Their eyes lit up. And I began doling them out. At that moment, two women came bursting through the Customs room doors, giving a royal scolding to the Customs officials. It seems they are my interpreters, one is from Gosconcert in Leningrad and the other from Gosconcert in Moscow.

I am out of there in a flash, leaving the Customs officers with my gift and their mouths open. The three of us jump into an awaiting car and race through the snowstorm to the Mariinsky Theatre for a performance of *Giselle*. As we took our seats, the curtain rose.

It's a tired production, in poor shape. And the dancers seemed bored. We will have to find another ballet to bring. Hmmm.

At this Mariinsky visit, I am taking in its audience. It's a weeknight and the auditorium is packed. Everyone is dressed in a sea of patchwork-colored wool sweaters – red, blue, green, yellow and orange – giving vibrancy to the large tiered four-floor auditorium. The gentle tapping sound of the audience's feet on the wooden plank flooring is grounding. The conversation is quiet. Small lights make the large space dance. I am guessing those lights a century ago were candles. How beautiful that must have been!

Vinogradov is waiting for me at the end of the performance.

I was somewhat taken aback when he said

The reason you were not excited this evening is the stars of the Kirov are in Budapest. Your reaction to the production doesn't surprise me. It's forty years old.

What ran through my mind, is why did you want me here now? But quickly I got it. He needed my reaction to get a new *Giselle* production. But that can't happen before the World Festival. Vinogradov continued I am developing a contemporary piece and suggest you return



at the end of March to see this ballet.  
I will arrange that.

This day is not over. Returning to the hotel is another adventure.

My interpreter explained

This is fur auction week. All cars are committed to transporting potential buyers who have gathered from around the world. We are taking the bus. Your luggage has been delivered to your hotel.

Emerging from the stage door into the below zero weather, we cross a deserted plaza in front of the Mariinsky Theatre to join a crowd huddled at the bus stop. The street lights are blurred by the gently falling snow, making the Mariinsky Theatre look like an elegant piece of scenery in the distance. I am toasty warm in my green coat and black fur hat pulled down over my ears.

Ann, when the bus arrives you must push to get on.

She isn't kidding. The moment the bus doors opened and before anyone had exited the push began. I started to laugh. This wasn't a laughing matter for my interpreter. She picked me up, my five-foot-ten body, one hundred and fifty pounds heavy, and lifted me onto the bus. She meant business. Somehow everyone got on.

The Astoria Hotel is our destination. Built in 1912, this hotel has seen better days. Just like the Metropol in Moscow, everything is worn; the curtains and rugs are threadbare, the walls need painting. But it is pristine clean. I have a large room with tall windows. At the moment, I am intent on finding my jar of peanut butter and crackers tucked into my suitcase. It's dinner time!



There's a raging snowstorm outside this morning. No matter, I am staying put getting caught up on paperwork. I need the break. My interpreter just convinced me saying  
You must go with me to the Hermitage.  
How can I miss this? So, of course, I take a ten-minute walk through the

raging snowstorm to the Hermitage. Can you believe we have the Hermitage almost to ourselves! Walking up the magnificent State Gala Staircase decorated with sculptures, huge mirrors, ceiling paintings and more, I am transported back in history. In fact, I feel like one of the guests.

History is my interpreter's specialty. Her detailed description of the lives of the czars, wives and children who lived in this magnificent structure dance before me.

At one point, I stop and glance out of the tall windows to the cold wintry snowy day and the frozen Neva River. It's a memorable view, a sight I have seen on many a painting by a Russian artist.

Tonight, we are back at the Mariinsky for an evening of divertissements, including a contemporary piece. It abounds with creativity, energy and delight. This augurs well.



The snow continues, but tonight we have a car to return us to the hotel. Tucking myself into my bed, a carved space into the wall, I pull the heavy dark blue velvet curtains on the fourth side of the bed. I want to be alone, really alone. I need to write. Future thoughts, beyond Expo, are running in my head. Time to sort them!

Since Yale I have been a fortunate woman. I have had challenging and fulfilling work, a steady stream at my door. I have collaborated with many creative and passionate individuals. My point of view has been respected most of the time, as have my organizational talents. Opera, classical music and musical theatre have fed me in every way. Yes, I have made some wrong job choices but when I look at the whole, I feel complete.

On the personal front Robert and I have enjoyed special times doing the best we could with the unpredictable work schedules.

Now, our marriage is over.

It's time for many changes. The channel reading in Toronto has given me insights. I know there are ways to better my dyslexic

condition despite what professionals are saying. A focus on my emotional issues seems to be an important component of improving the downside of my dyslexia. This is where I will put my attention after Expo.

### MOSCOW [ *Trip Two* ]

Tonight, a concert of the USSR State Orchestra conducted by Evgeny Svetlanov. It has become an evening of contrasts. The first half began with a Japanese pianist playing a Rachmaninoff concerto. The soloist got lost, couldn't keep up with Svetlanov and the orchestra. The maestro kept turning around from his podium, dictating the beat, in fact, all but playing the notes as he beat the rhythm. It was a terrible stress for us in the audience. I can't imagine what it felt like to be a musician on the stage. The second half of the concert, Rachmaninoff's "Symphony No 2" was thrilling. This symphony, made famous in the western world by Hollywood, can often seem ordinary. Not this night. When Svetlanov reached the third movement, he put down his baton and massaged the music with his hands as he led the orchestra moment by moment through the score. I was enraptured and ready to hoot and holler at its conclusion. I didn't, though. Russian audiences are restrained in their applause. Their faces of pure joy tell their story.

### TBILISI, GEORGIA

Leaving cold Moscow behind, we are in Tbilisi with temperatures in the 60s.

A quick bite for dinner and we are off to see the Rustavelli Theatre Company perform Shakespeare's *Richard III*. The leading actor, Ramos, a man in his late fifties, gave a frightening performance of the title role. In this theatre, music is a major element. Its diverse themes represent the different characters. The result is powerful and added an intriguing dimension to the work. Comprehension is made much easier for me. Now, I understood why John Drummond was ecstatic about this Company. Robert Sturra, the stage director hosts me and several others at

a late-night extravagant meal. Those Georgians, they eat well:  
a stark difference from Moscow and Leningrad. At 3 a.m.  
I had to bid them farewell.  
I need to sleep!

An early morning meeting to discuss potential repertoire, a two-hour rehearsal of a new production based on the trials at Nuremburg, a play that has been twelve years in the making, and then we are back in the theatre for a performance of Bertolt Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle*. Another tour de force production. Each actor makes an indelible stamp, heightened by the music. I can't help comparing Peter Stein's work at the Schaubuhne with this company. Both have found different ways to heighten the experience, Stein with his scenic approach, and in Tbilisi, music. Each is effective.



### MOSCOW [ *Trip Three* ]

Mr. Fillipov, the USSR Commissioner General to Expo 86,  
and I had an illuminating chat this morning.  
Ann, I want your advice. When shall we schedule the national day  
of the USSR at Expo?  
Do you want it to coincide with a Soviet event in the World Festival?  
Possibly.  
We are considering the Kirov Ballet in the opening month  
and in October the USSR State Orchestra.  
No, those periods of time don't work.  
Well, I am inviting Rustavelli for the end of the summer.  
He dismissed that idea. I don't have the feeling he is keen on Rustavelli.  
Time will tell.



Today is a Gosconcert day with meetings involving Eliseev,  
the Financial Manager, and Ella Tiermahov. She oversees negotiations

involving attractions going to Canada, England and the United States.

I began by confirming

We continue to have interest in the Kirov. Repertoire is an issue. I will be back in late March to see more works. John Crompton would be interested in organizing a United States tour after the World Festival premiere week. Good, we know Mr. Crompton. He will do a good job.

And I am interested in inviting the USSR State Orchestra.

We need a tour afterwards.

George Zukerman, who I think you know, has expressed a desire to tour the orchestra.

Wonderful! The orchestra is scheduled to tour Australia in the spring of 1986. Maybe they could come to Vancouver after.

I am not too keen on that time period. I would like to spread the Soviet participation later in the World Festival. Fall is better.

And George will need the fall period to book a tour.

I will see if I can get Australia to shift the dates.

And after my recent trip to Georgia, I am interested in Rustaveli.

We will consider that.

Fees are next on the agenda. They seem okay with what I offered but time will tell. I reminded them that the World Festival is not a commercial endeavor.

I have a draft Letter of Intent and a draft contract from the Expo Legal office with me. When I leave Moscow, I would like to have a signed Letter of Intent.

We will have it translated into Russian by tomorrow morning.

At a break, the Assistant Finance Manager, who is Georgian, whispered to me

Ann, the Georgians are not taken seriously in Moscow.

I am getting it; don't count on Rustaveli.



Good news. Gosconcert officials and I have signed a Letter of Intent for both the Kirov and the USSR State Orchestra at the World Festival. The new head of Gosconcert, recently transferred from the Ministry of Culture, came in to do the honors for the Soviets. As the ink dried on the page, I felt a sense of relief and said

Thank you so much for all of your arrangements, efforts and cooperation. Please be sure to let me know if you have any questions on the language in the contract after it has been translated into Russian. I would like to solve them before I return in the spring. And I do continue to have an interest in Rustavelli.



At the airport, waiting for an Aeroflot flight to Tokyo, chatting into my tape recorder reporting on my Soviet visit for Patrick Reid, I added an unusual comment. Sue says the corporation finance department is putting up road blocks, holding both the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Jessye Norman contracts. Timely approval is not a part of their *modus operandi*. My experience at Expo 67 taught me; it takes constant nudging until they get it.

Well, that can't happen when I return to Moscow. I have just said into the tape recorder. I must have permission to sign the Kirov and Orchestra contracts when I come back. If you have any doubts, then I suggest an Expo lawyer is sent to the Soviet Union to participate with me in the final negotiations.



### TOKYO [ *Trip One* ]

I thought this long flight was going to be hideous. No, I meditated, slept and knitted, grumping a little that I was stuffed in economy class where the Russians smoke their highly scented cigarettes when Business Class was almost empty! Actually, I shouldn't complain. The cost of this flight is courtesy of the Russians.

Arrival in Tokyo is magical. The early morning sun is shining.  
It's warm, fifty degrees. This is the land of light!  
I am overwhelmed with the number of tall modern buildings en route to the Okura Hotel. I suddenly remembered, of course, Tokyo was bombed, *really* bombed by the allies during World War II.

The check-in clerk just informed me  
Your American Express credit card is about to max out.  
That took me aback some. I am consistent, keeping a record of my receipts and handing them over to Sue upon return to Vancouver for repayment. Sue has done her part, for I have signed my expense reports. I know my every action is scrutinized by the Finance Department but...  
The check-in clerk has disappeared to ask her boss what to do.  
I can stay.  
I call Sue.  
Guess what has just happened...  
Ann, I have known you have been living on borrowed time with your credit card. The Finance Department doesn't seem to care. Get some rest. I will start badgering.



My hotel phone is ringing.  
Oh, my gosh, it's morning. I have slept twenty hours, through my alarm.  
Tadao Nakane, the producer of *MacBeth* is downstairs to meet me and I am not dressed.  
I will be right down.  
He is very gracious.  
Let's order breakfast.  
While sipping tea, giving me time to wake up, Tadao tells me a bit about himself. A man about my age, mid-forties, lived as a child, through World War II, experiencing the bombings, the chaos. At eight, he felt hatred for the enemy, the US army, when the occupation began. During the rebuilding of Tokyo something switched for him. He saw there are different points of view in the world and became fascinated to learn more.

Ann, in 1960 a major newspaper in Tokyo began sponsoring an annual global arts festival. I applied for work.

Oh, I realized, that's when he became the assistant to my "old flame."

Tadao continued

I saw not only a first-hand view into different cultures, but also that these varying theatre styles embraced ideas from one another. I decided to unearth Japanese artists who would be interested in integrating western approaches with Japanese theatre forms.

Well, I am impressed with your results. I want to explore how we can get the *MacBeth* production to the World Festival in Vancouver. You should have seen the excitement I and the staff at the Canadian Embassy in Prague had as we viewed the video.

Well, I have another play, *Medea*, which I want you to see. It opened a year ago and I think it might be even more appropriate.

I am curious, do you have your own theatre company?

Yes, and no. I work for Toho, a major Japanese Entertainment company, with a broad focus on film, cinemas, video and legitimate theatre including Kabuki, as well as producing plays, musicals, symphonic music and music hall, etc.

Nakane, this concept is new for me. In the US and Canada, with the exception of New York, theatre, classical music/opera are generally supported through the non-profit sector. In Europe, governments of each country accept that responsibility. Now, you are telling me about another approach.

Yes, that's true. The art forms that are profitable provide the financial support for the others. You may be surprised to learn that it is not always the film division that is the solvent one.

Toho develops young producers. It's very competitive and few survive the rigors. Fortunately, I am one. My artistic team has evolved a unique and successful approach to the Western classical repertoire producing Greek plays, Shakespeare, as well as our own literature. My theatre company, in most cases, continues the Japanese tradition of men performing the male



and female roles. This approach seems to be dramatically effective with the Western theatrical literature.

Nakane, I feel like we have been colleagues forever. In the 1960s, a window to the world's cultures was opened for both of us: me during the Vancouver International Festival and Expo 67 in Montreal and you through global festivals in Tokyo. We were given opportunities to evolve our thinking beyond the cultures we grew up in. I am happy to meet you.

We have set a time for further discussions, two days hence.



The Embassy Cultural Attaché, Louis Hamel, a dynamic individual who has been five years on the job, knows the Japanese culture well. He and Akiko Nawada have my schedule set with the managements of most of the attractions Sue and I asked for. He commented We are surprised with the cross-section you have requested.

Japan is another one of those countries where I have to balance my time between artistic exploration and government officials. Today it's the Ministry of International Trade and Industry. My contact is well-versed on the process of World Expositions. He gave me a list of agencies where I must go, cautioning

I underscore the importance of your understanding that each agency will have to approve the attraction. Only then will the financing be considered. I have made appointments for you with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Transport.

The Ministry of Transport officials are keen to know What attractions are you considering from Europe? And are their governments covering the cost of the transportation? And how are other nations handling the Expo 86 transportation theme on the site?



Christopher Wootten is on the phone from Vancouver with an unusual request

Ann, we want you to do some scouting while you are in China for a motorcycle thrill team.

Christopher, for heaven's sake, what do I know about motorcycle thrill teams?

If you can choose opera, you can pick a motorcycle thrill team!

We are talking with Mr. Wong at the Chinese Consulate here in Vancouver about which team to choose. When you arrive in Beijing you will be given the details.

This job never ceases to amaze me.



Mr. Akira Suzuki, Producer of the Japan Folklore Arts Association, came to the Embassy armed with information and videos on the Nabuta Festival. Their annual float competition could be of interest for our On-Site Entertainment.

Later Akiko Nawada from the Embassy and I took a subway to a suburb outside of Tokyo for a meeting with Mr. Takeda, a well-known puppeteer. His studio is attached to his home in a tiny compound. When we walked down the narrow street where he lived, I felt like a giant. Everyone I met was so tiny, physically. He was very excited to meet me and showed a video of a puppet show that ran throughout Expo 70 in Osaka.

It was a big hit. Then he shared

I am putting together a new science fiction puppet production focusing on space. It would be unique in Vancouver.

Please put together a proposal.



Nakane, his staff, and I spent the afternoon viewing *Medea*. Yukio Ninagawa, an artist born just as World War II ended, is the director. He brings forth from his all male cast beautiful, powerful and

heart-rending performances. The design elements are sparse yet descriptive, supported by haunting music. The show-stopping scene is the moment after Medea murders her children. Howling with pain, clothed in a red body-clinging costume that sweeps over the floor, she bursts through the palace doors brandishing her sword. I am struck how imaginative this production is and comment

Nakane, I agree. Medea is perfect for the World Festival. It's not only a brilliant production, but it also embodies the essence of our World Festival: communicating vividly the interaction of different global cultures, Greek mythology, western literature and Japanese presentation styles. You and Ninagawa are breaking through into new theatrical territory.

Good.

Would you agree to simultaneous translation and signing for the deaf?

By all means! We want our concept understood by western audiences.

Now, we need a budget.

You will have it in early March when you return to Vancouver. And I need your help with the many Japanese government agencies to ensure this production is their choice.

Yes, I know. I have already started.

Great. You are going to have to be firm. The officials are very traditional in their considerations when exporting Japanese culture.

That is not surprising. I am finding the same is true with the French and Germans.



Predictably the Japanese Commissioner General's office registered surprise with my request for *Medea*.

Mrs. Darling, either the Kabuki or the Bunraku are our choices.

I countered

Expo 86's theme is communication. To me, the strong artistic statement of the *Medea* production addresses this theme.

I also am exploring the possibility of inviting the Takarazuka, an all-woman troupe from Osaka and the Sado Drummers for the World Drum Festival. We are not so comfortable with these suggestions.

The Japan Foundation, the arm of the foreign ministry overseeing the exportation of matters cultural, is in alignment with funding participation in the World Festival.

We are not interested in sending the Bunraku. It attended the Los Angeles Olympics Arts Festival. Kabuki is our choice.

And will you add Medea as a possibility?

Yes. We are not enthusiastic about the Sado Island Drummers.

They are already abroad a great deal.

## OSAKA

Train travel in Japan bespeaks the Japanese culture. Talk about being organized! Unlike Grand Central Station in New York where everyone wanders casually or in a mad dash to the track and train, in Tokyo passengers are required to follow a specific protocol. Lines are painted on the platform upon which you *must* stand awaiting the arrival of the train. The moment the door opens those exiting the train exit to the left in a straight line, and simultaneously the entering passengers gain access on the right, in a straight line. Of course, I am a giant in my wonderful green coat. The trains not only function on time but also they are driven at a hair-raising speed through the countryside. Tiny buildings with tiny people go whisking by. There were no rolling fields to view.

My first meeting was with Bunraku.

We are in the final planning stages of a tour to North America in 1985. Whew, that removes the potential pressure to include them in the World Festival.

On to Takarazuka. Guess what? The performers are all unmarried women skilled in three production styles, fairy tales, Japanese cultural traditions and Broadway musicals – Japanese version. It seems that Shelly Gold from ICM in New York, a man David Haber talks a lot about, has been to Osaka and may be arranging a tour that could coincide with the World Festival.



My time in Japan is over. The Expo Finance Department paid my American Express bill. At the airport, sipping tea, pulling my thoughts together as I dictate my report, I can't help but muse on the dramatic cultural differences between the Soviet Union and Japan. Nothing is easy in the Soviet Union: to eat, to sleep, to bathe, to get anywhere, to meet, to talk. And despite these challenges the people are passionate about what they do. When I arrived in Japan everything is super organized. The only problem is you never know if anyone understands what you are saying, even though we are both speaking English or I have an interpreter with me. The Japanese always nod yes. I keep reminding myself to double check they are both comprehending what I am sharing and agreeing. This job is a marvelous experience of paradoxes and contrasts, not to mention learning how to get what you want while going with the flow.



### SEOUL, KOREA

The airport is tiny and the drive into Seoul is depressing. The vestiges of the Korean War, thirty-five years ago, are still omnipresent. American forces are everywhere. The Expo travel office has booked me into the Hilton Hotel, a humongous structure with windows that don't open. I was annoyed at first, but now I am grateful. The air quality in Seoul is very poor, so poor that the air is colored yellow. I am appreciating my filtered-air room at the hotel.



The cultural community seems to be flourishing and has substantial government funding. The Canadian cultural attaché has many meetings set up, in both the contemporary and classical Korean culture.

Mr. Kang, a young ambitious producer involved with an experimental theatre, The Space, wears many hats  
I am part of a team that is submitting a proposal to design the content

of the Expo 86 Korean Pavilion and I am the manager of Samul Nori. Oh, you are! We are producing a World Drum Festival and John Wyre, the artistic director wants to include Nori. Wonderful, they will want to be there. I will check with the required government officials to ensure we have travel funding for them.

My schedule has been jammed. I saw two new works, one based on Korean tales staged in contemporary settings. I spent a day at the National Theater. It's huge, with five working theatres. There, I attended a rehearsal of a folk group who will be highlighted throughout the summer at the Korean Pavilion at Expo.

You know, it just occurred to me. I never take my coat off inside a theatre or a rehearsal hall. Neither do my hosts. Heavens, there is no heat.

Well, it doesn't seem to bother us nor the artists even though the indoor temperature must be in the 50s.

The Korean Government process differs dramatically from Japan.

In Seoul, representatives of the many layers of government officials who have a say about Korea's participation in the World Festival meet as a collective group. They are very excited that their pavilion will be equipped with a theatre and focus on Korean folk music. This committee confirmed they are willing to participate in the World Festival.

Thank you. I put Samul Nori at the top of my list.

These officials have moved our discussion to the transportation and communication theme of Expo.

In South Korea, we have developed a new automobile, the Hyundai, and intend to introduce it to the World at Expo 86!



### HONG KONG [ *Trip One* ]

I have a romantic idea of Hong Kong garnered from the movie *Love is a Many Splendored Thing*. I am expecting a city on the isthmus of a river with small sampan boats floating about many tiny islands and backed by a hill on the mainland with a breathtaking view.

In part, my image is correct. Add to that the landing in Hong Kong. It's spectacular. The airport is situated in the middle of the city, in the middle of many islands. Our plane flew through tall, tall apartment buildings on either side of it. It felt like I could put my hand out the window and touch these structures, they were so close. In contrast, this major world center has a tiny quaint terminal.

Hong Kong is home for five days. Wasn't planned that way, but the Beijing Chinese asked me to come later than we had intended. I am glad for a rest. My cold is coming to the fore.



There is one important reason to be here. Sue discovered that Ying Ruo-cheng, principal actor with the Beijing People's Art Theatre, is in town. My meeting has been arranged by Keith Stratham, Director of the Hong Kong Festival, at a restaurant in the theatre. Lunch with Ying Ruo-cheng is anything but disappointing. He's a wonderful listener, fascinated with the details of the Exposition, its theme and the World Festival.

Ann, I am convinced that your choice of *Teahouse* is the appropriate Chinese attraction for the World Festival.

I need advice. How can I make this happen? Neither the Chinese Embassy in Ottawa nor the Consulate in Vancouver supports this idea.

Would they be taking orders from Beijing? What can we do?

I will arrange a performance of *Teahouse* when you come to Beijing. I will get the decision makers involved and maybe we can change their minds.

What date can you be in Beijing?

In three weeks. I will be traveling from Australia into Hong Kong and then to Beijing.

Fine, we will schedule the performance then.



I have been in bed for a couple of days but am feeling better. I went to the doctor and got some antibiotics. Today I went shopping for a dress

for opening night of the Festival. The wife of the Royal Bank Manager in Hong Kong told me where to go. A trip on a ferry to one of the tiny islands brought me to a small unfancy shop with beautiful clothes hung on racks or folded on shelves. After trying on different styles – some brocade, some beaded, some silk, some chiffon, some long, some mid-length, some in bright colors, some in elegant somber colors – my decision is a rich midnight blue, beaded outfit. The skirt is three-quarter length and heavy from the subtle beaded design. The top is simple, a solid beaded camisole with tiny straps and an elegant dark sheer midnight blue stole edged with the beads, which goes over my head and allows the beaded camisole to shine through. It is elegant, understated and allows me to be free to move easily. Yes, it's expensive, the most I have ever spent on clothing. I am told it's three times this amount in London, so I guess I ought to consider it a bargain. Well, it's a perfect answer to an important clothing challenge.

My summer clothes have awaited me at my hotel's huge locked cage containing rows and rows of luggage, some chic, some battered, all in many different colors and shapes. My hotel room became a disaster as I unpacked and repacked. Now, I am ready for the next lap of my journey. My winter clothes with my new opening night dress are now in the cage.

### BANGKOK, THAILAND

It's hot in Bangkok. I love it. My hotel has flower-filled lobbies opening to a beautiful garden.

Please arrange a taxi for the morning. I need to be at the Canadian Embassy by 9 a.m.

Madam. You will need to depart at 7 a.m.

I took his advice. Can you believe it took two hours to drive not more than three miles? It was bumper to bumper!





The Cultural Attaché is waiting.

Come, we must go. We can talk in the car. It will take an hour to reach our destination.

Our first stop is Suvit Yodami, Head of the Cultural Committee, overseeing all artistic decisions relating to Expo 86. Dr. Suvit is a member of the Prime Minister's office, close to the Royal Family and very "with it." He doesn't have to posture, just being who he is serves all needs, his and others. He supports my interest in approaching the Royal Thai Ballet adding It is housed in the Fine Arts Department and run by political appointees of the Thai Government.

Dr. Suvit moves to his agenda finances

Ann, be aware, the financial commitments for the Exposition are the responsibility of other committees.

I got the message. There are several bases to cover in Bangkok.



Commissioner General, Mr. Jeonjan Kamvhus, is next.

He's an enthusiast and says

I will get the necessary funding for the Pavilion content and the travel of the Royal Thai Ballet if they are approved by the artistic committees.

Be aware, however, that neither the World Festival attraction nor content for the pavilion are in the current budget. Earliest approval is October.

Hmmm, well, so be it.



Today, once again I am in bumper to bumper traffic as I head to Khun Prapat, the political appointee and head of the Fine Arts Department where the Royal Thai Ballet is housed. Its location is adjacent to a complex of ornate buildings, the King's Palace. Quite stunning.

Mr. Khun is well-informed about the Exposition and agrees the Royal Thai Ballet is an appropriate attraction for the World Festival.

This has been quite a morning. I learned much about classical dance in Thailand. It was evolved centuries ago by the Thai royalty and nobility. The patrons were members of the royal court. (This was the case also with many classical art forms in other world locations). When Thailand became a constitutional monarchy in the early 1930s, the government established the Fine Arts Department in Bangkok in part to continue the training of classical musicians and dancers. Two forms, Khon (masked) and Lakhon (non-masked) dance dramas primarily define classical Thai dance. Khon stories originally developed out of the *Ramayana*, a Sanskrit epic of ancient India, while the Lakhon stories came from many different sources, both local and foreign. Both are very stylized and involve gestures. The artists are dressed in ornate costumes and headdresses. Usually, there are ten musicians on stage with them.

When Mr. Khun took me to the costume shop, I was almost overwhelmed. These are truly elaborate costumes with intricate detail and so much gold. In my heart, I knew that bringing these dances to the World Festival would be a unique and important artistic addition to our programming. I feel very grateful that John Drummond gave me the lead to this organization.

My next stop is Mr. Sawanit Kongsiri, Director General for the Department of Information at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His office is across the huge plaza, opposite the Fine Arts Department building and hidden behind trees.

I have an hour, it's only three long blocks. I will walk for I want time to peek at the Palace complex which seems to be a collection of architectural confusion. The buildings are not unlike 19th century European buildings but are adorned with ornate toppings and spires in gold.

Amazing to observe.

Whoops, I made an error. The temperature has to be 100 degrees. I am melting.

Good thing I have time to mop up before my meeting.



Mr. Sawanit is tall, unusual for a Thai person, and very handsome. He also seems astute, politically wise and forthcoming.

I am not keen on the World Festival. A year ago, there was a two-week Indian Ocean Festival in Perth, Australia. Too many attractions were booked into too short a space of time. There were not enough audiences to view the attractions. The event was a bit of a mess. We invested in this Festival and felt our money was wasted.

I am doing some fast talking here and explaining

The World Festival is scheduled for the duration of the Exposition, five and one-half months, giving time for attention to each attraction and...and...

He is amenable now. And again, I am told they will not know if the transportation money is in the government budget until October.

That date is pushing our deadline for we have a brochure to get out in November. However, I have mustered up a fair amount of information, along with pictures of the dances and dancers for our marketing brochures and publicity preparation. We will prepare as though your participation will be a reality.

That's fine. But there is no commitment. You will hear from me on October 1.

I trust this man. I know I will hear on that date.

#### JAKARTA, INDONESIA

Gone are the wonderful hot sunny days, gold gilt, gorgeous flowers and unbelievable traffic of Bangkok. In Jakarta, the skies are grey and warm rain is falling. The Cultural Attaché is awaiting me at the airport with a breakneck schedule.



The home of Guruh Sukarno, a relative of the famous political family, is our first destination. The house is a mini palace, not as elegant as those in

Thailand, but nevertheless imposing. To the left of the entrance is a large rectangular space, under cover, and contains a full set of gamelan instruments – maybe one hundred gongs, xylophones, drums, cymbals and flutes – all lying very orderly on the floor.

In the entry hall, we meet our contact who leads us to the right, through a normal-sized door into a space as big as a basketball court with a beautiful wooden floor.

It's an empty rehearsal hall! In the far corner is a television set and three chairs. For us! The TV switch is flipped. I am being asked to watch a show that apes Radio City Music Hall. A major extravaganza, to be sure, with all the trappings including the line of girls who can kick their legs above their heads, but why I am seeing this?

Who is the choreographer?

Mr. Sukarno. I am sorry, he is out of town.

Now I get it. This is a political call!



We move on to an early dinner at a small, quiet, comfortable restaurant to meet Sardono Kusumo, a choreographer, along with the architect of the Indonesian Pavilion for Expo 86. They have lots to share. The Pavilion will contain a theatre. We will bring sixty dancers and gamelan musicians, along with instruments to perform throughout the day and early evening from May through mid-October.

Sardono gave me a gamelan history lesson

Gamelan music made a lasting impression at the 1889 World Exposition in Paris. That's when Debussy was introduced to the gamelan sound.

After World War II, interest in the gamelan began to wane here in Indonesia. Fifteen years ago, Indonesian government officials became concerned that this ancient art form might become obsolete if not supported in a major way. Each town and village in the country was given a set of gamelan instruments as a major step towards conserving this heritage.

It was important to both political and artistic groups. They wanted to continue expanding attention to this art form. Sardono continued

With your concurrence I would like to organize a Gamelan Festival to run several days during the summer at Expo. I intend to invite the Americans to bring their set of gamelans.

What a great idea. How can I be helpful?

Can this Festival perform all night?

You mean, after the Exposition Site has closed?

Yes,

Why not? I will ask the Corporation to figure out how to make this possible.

We moved on to the World Festival. Sardono commented

I have arranged, in collaboration with your cultural attaché, a five-day tour for you throughout Indonesia to view performances. I will meet you in Bali, the last leg of your trip.



Dinner is over. The cultural attaché and I are off to an outdoor performance of a West Sumatra dance company. The first piece is a contemporary statement, strong, dynamic, ritualistic and accompanied only by drums. The second dance is Muslim-influenced dance, incorporating body clapping and drumming. It's spectacular.



Today is the usual round of political calls, the Head of the Directorate of Social Cultural Relations at the Department of Foreign Affairs and the Director General of Ministry of Culture and Education.

Both were informed about Expo. Yes, they will support funding of an Indonesian cultural attraction at the World Festival with one caution. The decision-making is complex. Be very clear when you leave Indonesia what attraction you want to invite to the World Festival.

## SOLO

In this city in the center of Java, the cultural attaché and I are booked into an old-fashioned hotel. The lobby is outdoors. Tucked away on

the side of this space is a set of gamelans which are being played.

I love this glorious, ethereal sound.

Like Korea and Thailand, the academic environment in Indonesia houses many professional arts activities. This university theatre stage is situated on the top of a hill. There are no walls. The stage is approximately two hundred feet square, has corner pillars rising about twenty feet on the perimeter to support the roof which also covers the audience.

The gamelan is placed on the outer twenty feet of the stage in different configurations as required and the dance takes center stage. Thunderstorms hit during the evening, heightening the beauty of the experience.

At the outset, we are treated to a gamelan concert of a hauntingly beautiful Muslim piece, *Mauudanabi*, followed by another set of gamelans and forty-five musicians playing drums, cymbals and xylophones. Next, *Bedhaya*, a sacred ritualized dance involving nine women telling the story of a fight dance between the King of one territory and the Queen of another. The second dance involves shadow puppets. I like this Company – they are definitely on my list as a possibility.

## YOGYAKARTA

We are on the road to Yogyakarta. Driving is a game of thrill in Indonesia. You play “chicken” the whole way. Darting bicycles, motorcycles, trucks, cars plus cute little jitney cabs all on a primitive highway resulted in my chewing my fingernails for the first half-hour. Then I began wondering why our driver wasn’t a bit more aggressive! I was having loads of fun with this voyage.

I lunch with Mr. Butmuchtar, Head of the Organizing Committee for Expo, upon arrival in Yogyakarta. He has another function: the President of the Institute of the Arts in Yogyakarta. He explained the complexity of the decision-making process for Expo 86.

There are three committees, one Governmental, one Programming and one Operational. Every decision is taken by consensus!

How do you feel about the Gamelan Festival in the Pavilion during the Exposition?

I support it. And I am coming with you tomorrow to Bali.

Tonight, the performance is in a traditional theatre where the programming offered another version of the Bedua along with Lawung, a male dance imitating a tournament. I guess I have been spoiled with my first two nights of outdoor performances. This evening, there was no vitality.

### BALI

I am craving toast in this lush, beautiful and hot environment.

Someone said

You need salt. This hot weather is dehydrating you.

They are correct.



Imade Badem, Director of the Arts Center in Bali, has joined us as we drive deep into the lush countryside. His Center is training the artists coming to the Expo Indonesian Pavilion.

The Cultural Attaché, Badem and I are a chatty threesome as I keep peeking out the window. The roads are becoming narrower and narrower. Oh, my goodness. Guess what I just saw? A big M! A MacDonald's at a crossroads where nothing else exists!

It's dark now. The car has pulled over to the side of the road. High walls preclude me seeing anything. It's like I am on a nighttime treasure hunt ambling down a dark road. Soon we come upon an ornate gate and enter Teges, a tiny village of seven hundred.

The main dirt "street" has flares of fire lighting our way. It's clear that no cars come into this village. We just passed an open-covered space where gamelan instruments are arranged in order and being played so beautifully. Their gentle sound wafts us on.

Sardono appears as we walk. Still we don't talk. This walk is a ritual and silence is a part of it. Sardono points. I look left and see an outdoor theatre,

Greek style, only very tiny. Wooden benches, semi-circular in form, bank up about three rows. Maybe there's room for forty, seated. The stage is dirt, the lighting, torches, in a very dark surround. The Banyan trees are hanging over, offering us protection. Everyone is quiet.

*Chuck, chuck chuck*, a deep resonance clicking is heard in the distance. Sounds like wood being hit together. Out of the darkness have come young men, middle-aged men and old men moving in a ritual dance, some with sticks, some just dancing.

They have formed a tight circle and are making *tjak* cries (*chuck chuck*), mirroring the sound of their sticks.

I am caught in this magic. I can't breathe and yet I am. I am being transformed into another dimension. My whole body is resonating. The rhythm, the sound of the sticks and the sounds being made by the dancers have taken over the space. I am lost in it. I am entranced.

And then it's over. I am the last to get up from my bleacher seat. Its hardness had made no impression on me. My heart and soul are filled with beauty. I thank the dancers and leave the space they created for me, in silence.

On the way back, we are all silent. What a night! There is no question, this trance dance, the *Ketjak*, must come to the World Festival.



More performances today, from the sublime to ridiculous. We are back in the countryside to visit a wealthy village with ornate and colorful buildings. The workers are up at 5 a.m. to till the fields and now, at 11 a.m., are on the stage performing in their community outdoor theatre: ritual dances, each with great delicacy, some with elaborate costumes. This village troupe has already toured to Japan, Paris and Carnegie Hall. They are professional.

This evening we are visiting President Sukarno's Summer Palace. It was like going to Disneyland, all pinks and beiges. On the outdoor stage yet another beautiful evening of dance and Gamelan music.





My tour is over. Next morning – late morning – it is now my turn to say what attraction I want to be a part of the World Festival in Vancouver. Sardono and Butmuchtar ask the question

What interests you to invite to the World Festival in Vancouver?

The Ketjak. This is a riveting artistic expression unique to your country, perfect for the Exposition. Tell me a bit of its history.

It is a descendent of a dance of exorcism coming from the *Ramayana*, an ancient Sanskrit epic attributed to a Hindu sage. The unique chorus sound, the “*chuck chuck*,” is an imitation of the sounds of monkeys’ chanting. It’s often referred to as the Monkey Dance. Do you have a space where this could be performed?

I think it would be best if the audience just came upon the performance space, like I did. The only possible theatre on the Expo Site is an outdoor theatre which seats about 300 people. The stage has a roof with a back wall that opens to False Creek, a body of water that leads to the ocean. My concern is the time of the performance. In Vancouver, during the summer, the sun does not begin to set until 9 p.m. and the Site closes at 10 p.m. Could this possibly work?

Sardono is nodding yes.

Will the men I saw a couple of evenings ago be performing?

Yes, many of them. The older men are seers, the specialists in this art. The numbers will be increased by some of the young men coming to Vancouver for the summer to perform at the pavilion. I can provide enough artists to provide the extraordinary experience you had.

Please advise the many committees who will make the final decision that my choice is the Ketjak. I am thrilled to include this unique artistic expression in the World Festival.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA [ *Trip One* ]

I closed my eyes last night on the overnight flight to Australia and awoke as the plane was flying by the Sydney Opera House and its sail-like roof. Sydney, like Hong Kong, is composed of islands, large and small. What is more surprising, the architecture is not unlike that in Vancouver. It feels like home. And there's a beautiful bouquet of flowers in my hotel room.

Patrick Veitch, General Director of the Australian Opera, certainly did mark his calendar with my arrival. The two of us go back to OPERA America days. He was Director of Marketing at the Metropolitan Opera and willing to give a hand to me and others on my staff with marketing ideas, projects and people. Now he's a General Director.



A curious phone call came from Los Angeles this morning. A booming voice, that of James Doolittle, an impresario, is on the line. I understand you are going to Beijing to see *Teahouse*. Am I correct? Yes.

I am also interested in sponsoring a run of the play in Los Angeles. I will join you.

That's great news. Maybe he would pick up the transportation costs!

Patrick and I are settled into our chairs in an outdoor restaurant enjoying a normal North American style evening. He asked So, how has it been?

All I could say was

I have been the most fortunate woman. I have seen and experienced so much, I have to catch my breath to put it all together.

He got it. I needed space and launched into the details about his job and life in Australia.

Suddenly I stopped him

Patrick, the most amazing thing just happened. I just realized this is the first time in six weeks I am understanding what people are saying. I guess this is what you call reverse cultural shock.



It's back to business. Rob Adams, Head of Policy and Planning at the Australian Council, the Federal Agency funding the arts in Australia, has my day organized.

We know each other. In Washington DC, a few years ago, he sat in on an Opera-Musical Theater panel meetings to observe the panel's assessment process.

We are moving me through the office, saying hello to the various program directors: theatre, dance, music, aboriginal arts and crafts. I am ferreting out their suggestions for attractions and artists. There is a common theme. We want a cultural attraction, not a commercial pop show for the World Festival. Seems at the World's Fair in Japan, their input was bypassed.

For the last two evenings I have attended two different theatre events and neither seem appropriate. I am concerned about where I will find an attraction that honors the arts of Australia. I just talked with the Sydney Dance Company, which is about to leave for New York.

So, I can view them there.



Today, the officials at the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, a commercially viable organization which has birthed other organizations including the Australian Opera, the Australian Ballet, and several theatre companies, suggested two productions: a music theatre piece, *Slow Love* and an aboriginal theatre piece, *No Sugar*.

#### ADELAIDE

Hopped a plane for Adelaide and lunched with Anthony Steel, who is producing the next Adelaide Festival.

Ann, I suggest you see *No Sugar* or *Mike Mullens*.

What should I see in Adelaide tonight?

Nothing.

Great. I will sleep.

Just had a meeting with the Australian Dance Theatre. They are popular at the Edinburgh Festival and have commissioned Phillip Glass and David Gordon to write pieces for them. Could be a possibility!

I slept from 6:30 p.m. to 7 a.m.

### MELBOURNE

I am keen to know more about Handspan, a puppet company which enjoyed much success at the Spoleto Festival in Italy a couple of years ago. They are a collective of artists expanding the definition of puppetry with multi-media and productions tailored for specific sites. The videos are intriguing. This company would represent Australia with style and innovation. I unearthed some names of drummers in Melbourne.

### SYDNEY [ *Trip Two* ]

Back in Sydney, I attended a series of one-act plays tonight, produced in a recently renovated building on a dock. The building is spectacular, the plays were not.

It is Wendy Blacklot, a staff member with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, with whom I have lunch today. She gets my attention. A sprightly woman, former actress who came twenty years ago to Australia, touring in a British play and she never left, making Sydney her home. As we sip tea, she reiterates that *No Sugar* is the play I must see.

It's performing in Perth, a five-hour flight from here.

Wendy has me intrigued, I am going.

Canadian Pacific Airlines has updated my ticket to include Perth.

And, thankfully, I learned my visa to China is approved.

Saw a matinee performance of *Slow Love*. With taped music and mimed

performances, I am not convinced this is unique enough to celebrate Australia in the World Festival.

Patrick left me a message

Join me and my wife for dinner. Let's have pizza and go to a movie.

What a great idea.

A relaxed evening!

## PERTH

Perth is a small town on the sea. It has the feel of Vancouver in the early '50s. I arrived just in time to grab a bite before the theatre.

The taxi driver looked at me rather oddly when I gave him the address.

Madam, you are going to the warehouse district. I will wait to be sure you have the correct information.

A wave at the door says it all. Thanks, I am okay.

It's a large warehouse with many columns dotted throughout the vast interior space, which is dimly lighted. Bleachers are placed about in no regular pattern. There are no reserved seats.

I squeeze onto a board between two very large men.

*No Sugar* is the story of an indigenous Australian tribe during the time when foreigners were beginning to populate the country. The aboriginal presence isn't desired. The solution involves moving the tribes.

There's a rhythm to the story, a frightening rhythm. No sooner have these aboriginals managed to create meager homes on a vast arid space when government officials in their silly dark blue uniforms with gold braid arrive to announce the aboriginals will have to move on. This poor straggly group gathers up whatever belongings they can carry or pull and move. To my amazement as they move off, so do we. We had to, if we wanted to watch the next scene. I chose leaning against a column rather than sitting. They moved, we moved. A powerful stage trick! All the while we are hearing the sounds of the didgeridoo, a long wooden wind instrument with low, pulsing, haunting sounds, giving more meaning to the action.

I moved five times tonight. That's a lot. It is discombobulating. Tears are streaming down my face. Yes, this play will be a very important addition to the World Festival.

Sometimes it just takes time and the willingness to keep asking and the ability to keep changing schedules. It paid off.



### HONG KONG [ *Trip Two* ]

My flight is much longer than I had expected. I am riding in one of those double-decker planes, the ones with the ugly bubble on top. The space is large, like sitting in a rather sparsely-furnished living room. There's one advantage: There's loads of leg room.

I have finished my thank you notes, done my Australia visit tape to send back to Vancouver, had a snooze and knit a bit. It must be time to land.

When will we be landing?

Seven hours!

Goodness, I didn't realize how far south I have traveled in these last three weeks.



It is wonderful to be flying back into Hong Kong. The sun is setting, all the buildings on the many islands are orangey/pink in hue. Making our way through the crowded pathway of buildings, lights can be seen in windows. It's so mysterious.

My suitcases are switched, my winter clothes repacked, ready for China. I am nervous about my plane ticket. First time on this trip! Sue warned me Ann, I am not convinced this reservation exists.

It's 8 a.m. and I am at the airport for a 2 p.m. flight.

No madam, you are not listed on this flight.

I have to be on that plane.

He shrugged his shoulders.  
Please sit down.

It's noon, I am right in front of him in my winter green coat.  
I am not moving.  
The ticket attendant has put a smile on his face.  
Here's your ticket. Run.

BEIJING [ *Trip One* ]

The airport is small, unassuming and crowded. I thought I was to be met by an interpreter. Oh well, I have the name of the hotel, The Great Wall Hotel.  
You have no idea how wide the paved road is, and all I can see are open fields, brown, too early for planting yet.  
What's that skyscraper? It's out of context, that's for sure.

Oh, my God, that skyscraper is the Great Wall Hotel, my hotel.  
It's elegant and very western. Too bad! I was hoping for something Chinese. Oh, well.  
Can you tell me how far away is the Beijing People's Art Theatre?  
I am getting blank stares. Hmm.  
I am going to see a performance with Ying Ruo-cheng.  
Their eyes lit up. I am getting good attention.

I dropped my bags in my room and called Ying Ruo-cheng.  
Fortunately, he gave me his telephone number.  
I am so glad you have arrived. The performance begins in an hour.  
You need to leave immediately.

Food will have to wait.  
Leaving the fields and my hotel behind, the taxi passes small houses that are beginning to appear on the side of the road. Suddenly, my environment becomes very dense with buildings. My driver makes

a turn and there before me is the façade of the theatre. It looks just like a Broadway theatre, only missing the marquee and twinkling lights.

I am glad they are not there.

Ann Farris.

A booming voice is calling my name.

He's a very tall man, must be James Doolittle.

It is.

Ann, meet your interpreter, Zu Wei.

Somehow, I missed you at the airport.

The three of us are seated in the theatre. There are wide spaces between each row, kind of like continental seating. Hmmm.

Sitting next to Mr. Doolittle, I feel his burst of energy. A Hollywood old-timer, he was part of making the Hollywood Bowl a success.

He's fun and comfortable to be with and makes outrageous statements – reminds me of Hugh Pickett. In fact, all of a sudden, the two of us just laugh, for no reason except, because...

Zu Wei is behind us, leaning way over to reach our ears, providing us with a translation of the action. It's an intimate play, just as I expected from viewing the video. The characterizations are detailed and each one unique. The story of three decades of Chinese history is unfolding.

What's going on? Oh, my goodness, people are spitting on the ground during the performance. Zu Wei whispers. That's a custom in China!

Intermission comes.

I just had a chat with the American Ambassador, who commented This play is a favorite of mine. It is seldom shown.

And something weird is going on. I can sense the Chinese officials are doing their best to keep Mr. Doolittle and me separate.

That's odd, since we are seated together. Hmmm.



After the performance we went back stage. Mr. Doolittle sneaked a message to me

Well, honey, you'd better be serious about this invitation because I think they are serious. You can't back out now. He slipped me his telephone number. Call me.

One of the managers from the Chinese Performing Arts Agency just whisked me away.

I left a message for Mr. Doolittle and am in an all-night restaurant in the hotel. American students are next to me, wolfing down pizza and gave me a hint

We have lost twenty pounds since being here. Eat while you can. I have ordered a steak.

Mr. Doolittle, I am flying to Chungking to see a motorcycle thrill team tomorrow morning and will be back in thirty-six hours.

Well, tomorrow I am meeting with the Performing Arts Agency while you are gone. Call on your return.



## CHUNGKING

Zu Wei and I are flying to Chungking. She is giving me some details. It's in the southeast part of China, two and half hours flying time from Beijing.

What is the population?

Thirteen million.

What? That's the population of Canada!

It is on the Yangtze River.

Oh, years ago, in school I learned about this river. We read stories of how Chinese people obtained their food staple, rice, from rice paddies steeped in water and mud on steps adjacent to the Yangtze River.

I have an image of those steps and Chinese laborers with their

broad-brimmed hats working in the fields.  
You will see. Your image hasn't changed.



It's late afternoon. We just touched down on a very short runway. Two cars are awaiting this plane load of people. One is for us. As we inch our way through a sea of people and horses dragging carts stuffed with goods, driving on a narrow road cut into the mountain with many of the large mud rice steps below us, everything is brown, very brown. There's no sun creeping through on this road. Tiny homes made of mud are carved into the hills. Children are running in and out. Oh, it must be so cold inside.

Zu Wei continues her history lesson. Chungking was the home of Chiang Kai-Shek, the military leader of China during World War II. He vacated Beijing to be safe from a possible Japanese invasion. Just as she finished this comment, we reach a paved road. Before us is an imposing palace-like structure made of wood and painted in white with red and gold trim. What is that?  
It's the former residence of Chiang Kai-Shek and now your hotel.

This hotel has seen better days. There's no heat and tepid warm water comes out of the faucet. I don't think my room has had a coat of paint in thirty or more years. But the shabby rooms are adequate in size and very clean. The tiled floors have beautiful intricate blue, green and white designs. I am glad I brought many layers of wool clothes.

Now, I am grateful for the advice of the protocol officers in Vancouver. We are at a banquet in a large restaurant jammed with round tables. My hosts, the motorcycle thrill team, are offering me some background on the evolution of motorcycle thrill teams in China. In the 1930s, a motorcycle enthusiast, Shenung, who lived in the north of China, developed the idea of building a large hollow drum. On the inside

of this drum motorcycles could drive around and around. He taught his eight children the skill of driving the motorcycle so fast that they would be able to ride sideways on the walls of the drum. People were intrigued to come. The family expanded their skills with acrobatics. We are descendants of that family.

And you travel. Yes, we are ten performers and our life is on the road. Are your motorcycles from China?

They come from Japan and we have a Toyota car. We are very excited about the potential of coming to Expo 86.

Three hours passed quickly and when I was asked  
Are you enjoying your dinner?  
I could say with ease because it was true  
Yes, very much.

Would you like to take a short tour of Chungking?  
I would love it.

Five of us squeeze into their tiny Toyota car. It's very dark out, only a few street lights but a full moon. We motor up a steep hill to the top, emerge from the car and take in Chungking and the Yangtze River. As we look into the sky, there was a dark shadow under the full moon. Very strange. It's a special moment. And it was heightened for me because there is hardly any man-made lighting in Chungking.



The cold temperature and no heat in my bedroom means tonight is the night to bring out my pack of playing cards. I am not sleepy and need something to pass the time. Lying on my tummy, up on my elbows under a stack of the hotel's thin blankets, my wool sweaters and green coat, I am toasty warm, (except my nose) playing solitaire and winning! Soon I am sleepy.

Jane Fonda and Brain Gym exercises got me warm this morning. I left the hotel for a walk, coming across an outdoor market strangely spread out on the ground. At one edge of the street is a very steep decline

down to the Yangtze River.

I stood for a long time looking at the river. It felt good. It's very big, powerful and mesmerizing. Strangely, it feels very familiar.



Zu Wei and I have just arrived at an open field. A worn-looking wooden circular structure about forty feet high, with a stairway on the outside to the top, stands before us. Up we go. Now we are peering down into a large black circular hole.

The roar of motorcycles announces the beginning of the show.

They climb these walls doing intricate movements, crossing one another at death-defying speeds to the music of the Toreador Song from Bizet's *Carmen*. Eastern meets western culture! Sometimes there are three people on one motorcycle doing handstands while the machine is weaving around others. I tell you this. It's scary to watch. Sadly, however, the show is not appropriate for Expo. Chris and the On-Site Entertainment staff need a motorcycle thrill team that works on a flat surface in an outdoor stadium, providing free entertainment while the Expo visitors rest and eat something.

I feel so sad. These artists work so hard. They deserve this kind of break but...

Your show is amazing and quite thrilling. Thank you.

Their energies are running high and they have five more shows today.

I am not going to add a discouraging note at this point.

I did take notice of their costumes. While on the motorcycles they had flair, color and pizzazz. Up close I can see they are meager, threadbare. There is something to be said about the comment one often hears in the theatre It will never show from stage.

I have bid *adieu* to this courageous troupe.



BEIJING [ *Trip Two* ]

Am back in Beijing. I missed lunch today. I wish there was a Chinese restaurant near my hotel. I guess it will be another steak tonight!

Ann...

It's Mr. Doolittle on the phone

I am making arrangements to bring both *Teahouse* and *Death of a Salesman* to Los Angeles.

We talked briefly about the transportation issue without any resolve.



This morning I ate a huge breakfast for fear it was my last meal of the day.

I am off for a meeting with representatives of the Ministry of Culture.

How did you find the Motorcycle Thrill team?

They are wonderful and very professional. Sadly they don't serve our purpose... Do you have others who work on a flat surface?

We will research.

Now we are talking about *Teahouse* coming to Vancouver.

It seems they are willing.

I have a Letter of Intent with me which I would like to have signed before departure.

That's fine. If we give you a typewriter, would you retype the letter with the details of the engagement incorporated?

Yes.



I have just come back from a delicious Chinese lunch in my honor with Mr. Song, the head of the Chinese Performing Arts Agency, Mr. Who, Deputy Manager for External Affairs, Mr. Dang, Deputy Manager for Internal Affairs and Mr. Ye, Division Chief for Commercial Performances.

I guess they are serious about *Teahouse* coming to Expo 86.

Mr. Who has just returned from Europe and reported

I had success in arranging tours for some Chinese cultural groups.

Mr. Ye asked

What are other Festivals in the United States and Canada where we might find opportunities for Chinese cultural groups?

I will give a list to Mr. Wong, your cultural attaché in Vancouver.

It took me a while to turn the conversation to *Teahouse* in Vancouver.

And when we did they asked

Have you discussed with Mr. Doolittle the possibility of him paying the transportation?

Not yet. We haven't had time to sit down and talk.

We will provide a car for you and Mr. Doolittle this afternoon so you can meet.



As Mr. Doolittle got in the back seat of the car, he handed me a note

Do not talk about negotiations while we are in the car.

The driver took us to Fragrance Hill where we saw the Sleeping Buddha and then to the new I.M Pei-designed hotel.

Funny how synchronistic events are! Three years ago, I listened to I.M. Pei vividly describe the final days before the opening of this hotel. He was a member of the National Council at the National Endowment for the Arts and gave us a very amusing and terrifying story. Even his family pitched in to ready the hotel.

Mr. Doolittle, look at the design of these lobbies. They are beautiful in their oddness. Large spaces in squares are everywhere. I sense this design element comes from traditional Chinese architecture. Sadly, the Great Wall Hotel where I am based is like any modern hotel that you might see in any American city, a large rectangular structure thrust into the air. I prefer the I.M. Pei design.

Ann let's sit at this table. It's in the middle of the main entrance.

No one can hear our discussions. But isn't it odd there is no one around?  
Yes.

Mr. Doolittle had music that sounds great to my ears.  
I am willing to pay the transportation of the Beijing People's Art Theatre  
to North America. You will have to find the funds to get them from  
Los Angeles to Vancouver and back.



JAMES DOOLITTLE, ANN FARRIS DARLING



Over dinner, Mr. Doolittle and I are reconvening and continue  
our discussions.

Ann, my Letter of Intent from the Cultural Ministry was awaiting me

after our return this afternoon. I think their terms are unreasonable, given I am assuming the transportation costs. The two of us got out our pencils and started pushing numbers around, preparing for tomorrow.



Oh, how I love meeting with technical and production staff. Most often they have their ducks in a row and this is no exception. The Beijing Peoples Art Theater technical staff have pored over the technical data I left them a couple of days ago. Our scenery will fit nicely on the Vancouver Playhouse stage and here are the ground plans for you to take back to Vancouver. The manager has just joined us. I ask  
Are you agreeable to your performances being translated and offered through simultaneous translation?  
Yes, we even have a translation into British English. We will translate it into American English. This will include the dialogue and introductions to the characters.  
That's wonderful. And I think we need two dress rehearsals, so the translators have an opportunity to become comfortable with their roles.  
Fine.  
Would you agree that the performances are signed for the deaf?  
Yes.  
Finally, I have an odd question. Misha, our technical director in Vancouver, tells me that Chinese wardrobe departments have a unique way of handling perspiration on costumes that causes mildew. Do you know what the formula is?  
Yes, it's not a chemical but a liquor, *Daqu*, a variety of whiskey, which is sprayed on immediately after the artist removes the costume. We use it on silk, brocades, any fabric in fact, and there are no watermarks when the fabric dries.  
Isn't it wonderful how theatre folk find unique solutions to unusual challenges?





Today the government officials and I are down to the nitty gritty, the Letter of Intent. They have four issues.

The *Teahouse* artists will only perform six times a week.

Hmm. You know, it is our custom in North America to offer two matinees a week.

No, we will not do that.

What are your other questions?

We want a guarantee that Expo will pay the transportation.

I need to remind you of the stipulation that transportation is borne by the visiting nation or some other entity.

We think Mr. Doolittle will cover these costs, but we want a guarantee that World Festival will assume these costs if he backs out.

I cannot do that.

We talked about other options.

What if there was a China Airlines charter bringing them? We could see if the Canadian Federal Government would allow this.

No, that is not possible.

Let's move on to your next question.

We feel the fee is too low.

Well, you know, you are asking that I reduce the number of performances.

And your final question?

We ask for fruit, chocolate and cold drinks at the theatre for the artists.

I have agreed to the latter, I have raised the fee a tiny bit and have agreed to six performances a week. We also have agreed that transportation costs will be covered by a yet to be established source outside the Chinese Agency and Expo.

We will revise your Letter of Intent and send it to the Chinese Consulate in Vancouver. Please keep in touch with Mr. Doolittle. We don't know if he is committed to bringing the Company to Los Angeles.

By the way, we have found a motorcycle thrill team in northern China which we think meets the needs of the Exposition.

Here is some information.

Thank you. I will inform my colleagues.



The Beijing People's Art Theatre Administrative and Technical Theatre staff have taken me for lunch at an old Chinese restaurant.

The negotiations are agreed upon. We theatre people are now just chatting about our business. We have a universal language.

Through Zu Wei, we are sharing our theatre stories.

The manager shifted the topic

Where do you live?

I have a home in Washington DC. At the moment, I live in Vancouver as I prepare the World Festival.

How many people live in your home?

My husband and me and sometimes others for short lengths of time.

Where do you live?

I have a small apartment, so small that our family of four has to sleep in shifts.

Yes, we are the same and we are different.

When we said goodbye, I had a confident feeling.

We will see one another again.

Zu Wei had arrived, and my suitcase is quickly put into the trunk.

Ann, you have an hour before you have to be at the airport.

You have to see something of The Forbidden City, the Imperial Palace of the Ming and Qing Dynasties dating back to the 14th century.

I would love to, if you think we have time.

Yes.

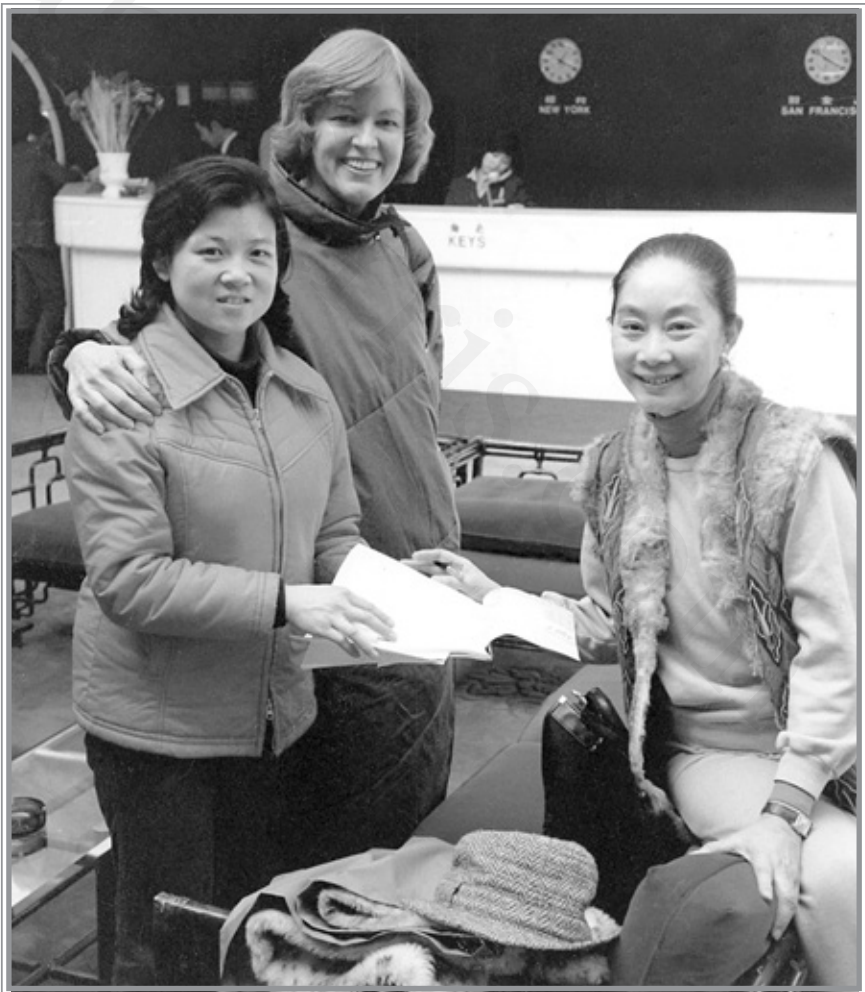
We are weaving through hundreds of bicycles. Now, we are in front of a *huge* open space and thousands of bicycles both parked and in motion.

They almost hide the entrance to The Forbidden City.

Come, I have passes.

Zu Wei leads me into an extraordinary red wooden complex composed of many buildings. We are tearing through this monumental historic structure. Ann, there are one hundred and seventy-eight acres housing eight hundred buildings with nine thousand nine hundred rooms in this complex. I am glad I do my Jane Fonda exercises each morning for we are sprinting.

What a shame, we have to leave. It is so intriguing.



ZU WEI, ANN FARRIS DARLING, LISA LIU AT BEIJING AIRPORT

HONG KONG [ *Trip Three* ]

I feel like Hong Kong is home. But, nope, it isn't. I am just like the millions who pass through this central Asian city, here today, gone tomorrow.

Now, I am on my way home. What a trip this has been. I have been privileged to encounter countries all so different and yet much the same. I think the pieces of theatre I have chosen reflect the art of each nation and will give the World Festival a sense of uniqueness. I hope that our public will become intrigued, not only with the excellence of the art, but also these cultural differences.

What an extraordinary seven weeks this has been.

[ ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL-PART E ]

# COMING TOGETHER ONLY TO BE THREATENED

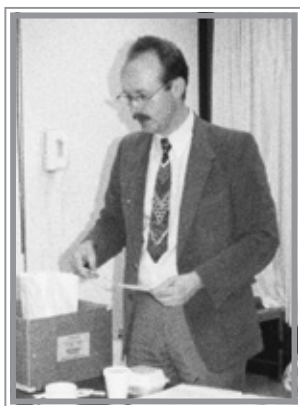


[ MID-MARCH 1985 ]



VANCOUVER

I SETTLE IN. Much has transpired since I left Vancouver seven weeks ago. There are new entertainment division staff members. Paul Mercs is Producer of Popular Programming, Mark Porteous from the Royal Winnipeg Ballet is overseeing transportation and housing for the



MARK PORTEOUS

Entertainment Division, which includes not only the World Festival but also transportation for On-Site Entertainment, Popular Entertainment, Folk Life and Themed Activities. The World Festival will interface with his team frequently.

My desk has a stack of urgent matters, including a detailed proposal from Harry Brant. It's a beautiful idea, delicate, involving many different musical resources. He sees it being offered at the end of the day. My better sense tells me this

undertaking will get lost. We can't shelter it, there's no quiet place on the Creek. And the fireworks would be the exclamation mark at the end, an antithesis of his work. Sadly, this idea just doesn't work in our environment.

Still stymied on the conductor for Jessye Norman. Zubin Mehta and the Israeli Philharmonic were here this week. We chatted following his performance. His schedule does not jibe with our date.



It's now four months and no refined sugar. Well, that's a bit of exaggeration, in bread there is refined sugar, but I have been good. No desserts. Do I still crave sugar? Sure, I do, but my schedule and my work keeps that feeling in the background. Larry Chan just told me Ann, now that the sugar withdrawal is lifting, we are discovering other allergies? Why would that happen? Refined sugar is a very heavy toxin and buries them.

Wheat is my current challenge. No bread for a while.

## BOSTON

A segment of Robert Wilson's *Civil Wars* at American Repertory Theater has drawn me to Boston. Wilson is using the struggle of Prussia's Frederick the Great's battle to hold on to his power as a metaphor to describe family power struggles in modern times. It's a very powerful piece, an excellent potential for the World Festival. Now, we need a budget.

## NEW YORK [ *Trip Four* ]

Saw a performance of the Sydney Dance Theatre from Australia. It's an energetic troupe whose classical ballet approach is integrated with various contemporary dance techniques. They need a tour in Canada to make this

work. Canada Council says no. Their budget is already allotted for 1986. There's a possibility that United Airlines might help with transportation of *Civil Wars* and *Garden of Earthly Delights* to the World Festival.

Met with Alexander Cohen and Bernie Gersten, who are continuing our television exploration and the potential of *Night of a Hundred Stars* emanating from Vancouver. It's now projected for April prior to the opening of the Exposition.

I welcome my time with Alex and Bernie. They ask the hard questions about my programming in a supportive way. Alex and his wife will be in Europe at the end of June and will come to Paris to see Urban Sax performing, outdoors on the expansive park below Basilica Sacré Coeur.

#### BERLIN [ *Trip Four* ]

Schaubuhne staff and I worked on whittling down their budget to make their participation a reality.

#### MILAN [ *Trip Four* ]

La Scala: Casting is still not in place for *I Lombardi*.

#### BRISTOL

Brian McMaster's *Carmen*, directed by the creative Romanian Lucien Pintille, with scenic and costume collaborators Radu and Miruna Boruzescu, moves this opera away from tradition. Set in a circus ring, the interpretation works. Yes, it will be controversial. Why not?

#### ZURICH

Two important connections. Opera Factory is working on aligning their schedule with the World Festival. Following up on a lead from Sue that The Vancouver Chamber Choir and CBC Vancouver Orchestra would

like a joint concert with L'Ensemble Vocal de Lausanne, I am seeing if we can make this work. It's a possibility.

### PARIS [ *Trip Four* ]

Saw Puccini's *Turandot* performed in a coliseum. Amazing accomplishment! The producers had two hundred musicians, a combination of French and Soviet Bloc orchestras in the pit. The production designed for this vast space was a spectacle. I was very amused when I watched Ping, Pang and Pong, Turandot's ministers, travel about the Coliseum in little Asian-like designed carts on rails. Operatic purists are horrified. I am not. I would like to produce in an arena environment.

Well, I am beginning to believe John Drummond. Doesn't look like La Scala will get an *I Lombardi* cast. I just penned a letter to La Scala and posted it from Paris.

The deadline for your commitment is now. If you are unable to come up with the cast now, I will make other decisions.

The letter has gone in the morning mail. My heart is sinking.

Robert has joined me. I suggested it to him when I was in Hong Kong.

### BELGRADE

A dark city. I feel sad here. And I don't sense they are serious about the World Festival.

### LENINGRAD [ *Trip Three* ]

It's spring. Last night we saw *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin*, a ballet based on a story written by Yuri Grigorovich, the artistic director of the Bolshoi Ballet, from the poem by Shota Rustaveli, a Georgian poet of the 12th century. It's a new three-act ballet featuring two couples and an ensemble with an eclectic score by Georgian composer, Alexei Machavariani.



Conducted by the composer and choreographed by Vinogradov, the ballet veers away from the Kirov's classical focus. It seems to me that this statement has a place in the World Festival.

Robert's been exploring Leningrad. Today, I joined him. Vinogradov made arrangements for us to see part of the amazing art collection stored in the attic and storage wing of the Hermitage Museum. Somehow many Picassos and other Cubist paintings were successfully hidden so the Stalinist regime did not destroy them.

Russ Anthony, responsible for legal matters at Expo, has shown up in Leningrad. I giggled when I heard he was coming. The Corporation is either checking me out or taking my statement seriously that I must have the authority to sign a contract for the Soviet participation in the World Festival when I am next in Moscow. Whatever, Russ has shown up. It's all part of the game! An amenable man, he's been supportive of my work.

The Canadian Embassy in Moscow called Mr. Mazzonis at La Scala needs to talk to you immediately.

My call from Leningrad went right through to Milan. I didn't expect that. Mazzonis assured me Ann, La Scala is interested. We have a cast to propose and I am making headway on a conductor for the Verdi *Requiem*.

I made a big mistake in inviting Robert to travel with me. It has given him hope that our relationship will continue. That is not the case. So, there is a lot of tension between us. I know I ought to muster the courage to tell him, definitively, that our marriage is over. But I can't seem to do it.

### MOSCOW [ *Trip Four* ]

The moment has come to complete final agreements with Gosconcert. The Kirov visit is possible. John Cripston has put together a tour for the

Kirov after Expo 86, mostly in the US. George Zukerman, the Vancouver impresario, has come through with a Canadian tour of the USSR State Orchestra conducted by Y. F. Svetlanov. The ducks are in a row.

For the first time, I am nervous. Russ is being persnickety about legal issues around royalties. I am not going to argue with him in the meeting, but I feel nervous.

Yea! Both contracts are signed.

### VANCOUVER

A year to go, a year away from opening day of the Exposition. The Royal Bank/Expo 86 World Festival is piecing together. I sent a letter today to Prof Friedrich at Berlin Opera thanking him for his interest and cooperation and telling him we are moving forward with La Scala. A team from Schaubuhne has arrived. After three days of trying many different approaches, we had to agree that adapting either a large space like the bridge construction building or the Queen Elizabeth Theatre to create a huge black box and meet the artistic standards of Peter Stein is not financially realistic. Now, I need to do more research for a German attraction. And we are still not settled with Belgium, Switzerland or a theatre attraction from England.

### BRUSSELS [ *Trip Two* ]

I am in love with Brussels. Its period architecture, its small size and its divinely delicious food grab me. I wish the same would happen with an attraction.

Sue just awakened me

Ann, Jimmie Pattison has released Mike Bartlett, our General Manager, from his contract.

Oh, my God Sue!

Sue has an uncanny ability to sniff out problems, gossip and challenges.

This is one action no one anticipated. I have been around World Expositions and the Olympic environments enough to know that top brass come and go. But this decision seems quixotic. Mike was hired not long before I arrived on staff. He had an amazing ability to pull together the construction, marketing and sponsorship to ensure the survival of the Exposition. He worked hard and tirelessly.

Jimmie has installed himself as General Manager along with being Chairman of the Board.

I didn't sleep last night. The World Festival needs top management support. I need to call Jeff McNair.

Jeff, what if Jimmie decides to cancel La Scala because of its cost, even though the item is in my budget? I don't want any nonsense that would embarrass the World Festival and the Exposition because of this change of management.

Ann, good thinking. Finish your travels but come back before going to Milan. We need to do some reconnoitering.

## VANCOUVER

Jeff and I have delved into World Festival programming and budget. We are financially in good shape and I think the programming so far is solid. Ann, go back to Milan.

I just received a call from my cousin Gretchen. She's Chairman of the Board at Crofton House School where I spent all of my schooling. They gave me the opportunity to discover how good I am at organizing – albeit just a Bazaar tea but...

Ann, would you be willing to give an address to the Grade Twelve graduates in June 1986, at the Graduation Ceremony?

Yes, I would love to.

Funny I had an intuitive hit on this invitation several months ago. Isn't that odd?

MILAN [ *Trip Five* ]

Most of the La Scala contract details are worked out. Their administrative staff is leaving for a month's vacation. I will return in August to sign the contract when they have returned from their summer vacation. I still have not met the General Director, Mr. Badini.

## VANCOUVER

It's a beautiful Sunday morning. Sue and I are going over details in my office – a different office, but on the Site for the moment. My office location has moved at least eight times since I began. I find that disconcerting. With my personal life up in the air and my travel in the air, my office seems to be my only base, only it keeps changing. Hmmm.

Jimmie Pattison joined Sue and me this Sunday morning asking about the World Festival. It's expensive, why is this important to the Exposition? I went into my litany. He seemed interested, asked many questions. Then, all of a sudden, he was done.

Well, I wasn't done with him. Two can play this game, I thought. Jimmie, tell me about the challenges you face with the Exposition. He relaxed and talked about construction and marketing. And then out of his mouth came a comment I didn't expect. Your father is one of the smartest people I know.

I countered

Interestingly enough, that is the same thing he says about you. Jimmie just left.

MONTREAL [ *Trip Two* ]

En route to Europe at Dorval Airport, I interview Don Finlayson as a potential Technical Director for the World Festival. A young theatre professional with curly red hair and an independent nature, he showed up for the interview wearing cutoffs and sandals.

However, he has solid references. I know he fits our needs and he's keen. I am going to hire him.

PARIS [ *Trip Five* ]

Tonight is the dress rehearsal of Urban Sax. It's cloudy and chilly as night descends on the Sacré Coeur Basilica in Montmartre. There are seventy saxophone players dressed in white space costumes wandering up and down in various patterns on the deserted grassy hill, performing repetitive musical phrases, in the minimalist music genre, the style made popular in the United States by Philip Glass, Steve Reich and others.

Gilbert Artman, Urban Sax's artistic director and now conductor, is communicating with these musicians via headsets which are covered over by the helmets. High towers for light equipment have been assembled and strategically placed both at the perimeter and within the large open space. Large capacity theatrical lights dance over and around the yet-to-be assembled audience. I sensed the spectators are a key element, albeit static. This dress rehearsal is chaotic. I wonder if they can pull all the elements to create a whole? I hope so.

Sleeping late and enjoying a quiet day in Paris, I go shopping and find a perfect pant suit to wear tonight. Casual.

Alex and his wife Hildy invited Marcel Galopin and me for an early dinner. None of them took my advice to dress casually.

They are in their fancy suits. Oh, well!

We all are swapping World's Fair stories. It's good fun and a delicious meal.

Alex had the foresight to organize a car and driver. As we maneuver through the dense narrow streets bordered by 17th, 18th and 19th century buildings surrounding Montmartre, jammed with the Urban Sax audience wending their way to the hill, our car comes to a stop.

Alex, with terror in his eyes, just grabbed my arm.

Ann, I suffer from claustrophobia!

Not tonight, you don't. Hang on! You will be fine!

Thank heavens, I know where I am headed – a tiny plot of land on this hill is being held for us.

Oh, my guests are so funny as they settle on the ground.

These large-framed gentlemen are sliding downwards on the silk lining of their raincoats. Outdoor events do bring amusing moments.

The performance more than pulled together. It was powerful and entertaining, an event about continuous and spasmodic time and the relationship and non-relationship of the space-suited saxophonists to its audience.

The crowd has just gone crazy with screams and applause of delight.

It's fun. Alex just leaned over to Marcel

So, can Ann have Urban Sax at Expo?

He's nodding his head with enthusiasm saying

I have no idea what it was all about, but it was amazing.

Whew, now we have one French attraction. If Marcel says yes,

Catherine Clement will no doubt agree.

### NEW YORK [ *Trip Five* ]

I am searching for a musical to invite. *Singing in the Rain* and *Big River* are possibilities. I also needed to find a simultaneous translation system for *Teahouse* and *Medea*. Robert joined me in New York. Our time continues to be strained. I still can't tell him our marriage is over.



### VANCOUVER

Staffs from the consulates of Japan, Australia and Indonesia all have been knocking on our door. The details of those countries' attractions are falling into place. Today, we had an unexpected call from an officer from the Thai Consulate asking for an appointment. This augurs well for the Royal Thai Ballet.



With all that has been going on, I am not losing sight of the value of channeling. My instinct tells me to trust this source. This has been the only useful source where I gained some insight into what my dyslexia is about and suggesting tools to help me. Eliminating refined sugar is making a big difference in my life, the internal rushing is dissolving. Through an Expo staff member, I have found connections to the psychic community in Vancouver and am exploring ideas with her.

Psychic 101, I call it. I feel free to ask whatever comes.

My unexplainable experiences like “living” above my head, does this phenomenon happen to others?

Yes. When does it happen?

When I feel a barrage of negative vibes around me, when harsh, seemingly cruel words from mean-spirited actions bombard me, when I need to escape from too many words being spoken around me. And yes, and perhaps the most often, when I sense something isn't right and my subconscious wants to know more. You know, when I am up above my head, I get answers. I can survey in an instant what is going on. I can't do that when I am in my body.

Your behavior is quite normal for some people. It's a special talent you have. That may be true, but it can confuse others. If I go out and above my head in a meeting to get clarity, all goes well until I am asked a question.

I have to dive back into my body to respond. Sometimes I end up talking loudly. I guess I do that to hear myself, to be sure

I am present in the room. Others have asked

Why are you talking so loudly?

I just apologize.



Mr. Wong from the Chinese Consulate drops by. The Letter of Intent is signed. A signed contract for *Teahouse* awaits Mr. Doolittle's signature. He just confirmed he will sign.

The management of Vancouver Civic Theatres is chomping at the bit. We are going to release late August dates for the Queen Elizabeth Theatre to a touring production of *La Cages aux Folles*.

If you take this step, you will kill the opportunity of Vancouver seeing a major attraction from Europe.

Then, confirm the dates.

I am awaiting the signed contract which should occur in three weeks.

Won't you please hold this time period just a little longer?

No, we won't.

I am just back from the Mayor's office, asking for assistance.

I was given a good hearing, but I don't sense they will do anything.

#### AVIGNON

Marcel Galopin has joined me in this quaint and delicate southern French town. The Festival is underway.

Last night we saw *MacBeth*, a new production by Jean Pierre Vincennes, the artistic director of the Comédie-Française. Like any business, you win some and lose some. This updated version of *MacBeth* was on the downside. Could it be that their ingrained classical training worked against them as they made a foray into updating a classic?

Tonight it's Peter Brook's production of the Indian epic poem *Mahabharata*. Marcel and I ran into Alex and Hildy Cohen.

Alex, are you considering *Mahabharata* for New York?

Yes.

Maybe we can dovetail!

*Mahabharata* is beyond my expectations. The spacious, almost empty pink-grey stone quarry gives a feeling of no space, or perhaps just space, space like the moon. While I don't understand the nuances of the language, I am accessing the experience through my senses: seeing the unique visual environment, hearing the lilting French language mixed with Indian music, tasting so much that is new, touching into a space of time both historical



and present and smelling the dryness of quarry. It was quite a spectacle, a quiet spectacle.

Marcel and I are excited about the potential of presenting *Mahabharata* in Vancouver. Catherine Clement's colleagues, also present, are very enthusiastic saying  
We feel she will be willing to support the invitation of the *Mahabharata* to the World Festival.

The Peter Brook crowds are finally dissipating, and I have a chance to reaffirm with him our interest in this magical piece coming to the World Festival.

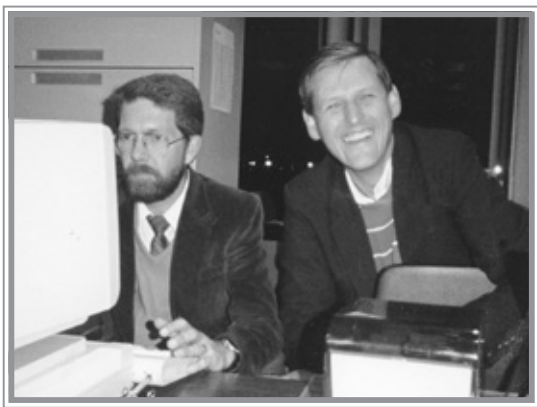
I am concerned about his answer...

I will let you know by mid-September. It will depend on whether I can translate the work into English and rehearse the cast within a year.



## VANCOUVER

There's a staffing shift happening in the Entertainment Division. Hamilton McClymont has been promoted to Vice President of



HAMILTON MCCLYMONT, JEFF MCNAIR

Entertainment, responsible for navigating the politics of the large Expo Corporation on behalf of the Entertainment Division (the World Festival, On-Site Entertainment, Popular Entertainment, Folk Life and Themed Activities) as well as overseeing our

combined fifty-million-dollar budget. Thank God he has a great sense of humor.

Terry Wright, a young accounting wizard from the Finance office who has been a regular around the Entertainment Division, is giving him good support. I like Terry. He has amazing ways of looking at budgets, moving figures about to keep us in good financial shape. He and Rene get on well. He loves that she is so thorough. I do, too. With Sue and Renée, I have two very effective administrative and creative supporters.



SUE HARVEY, RENÉE PARIS

It's the corporate marketing staff that's nervous about the World Festival. Jeff McNair has been riding herd on this for us. I just learned that some time back they sent him a memo stating Ann is not booking enough popular attractions. She will not meet her budgeted income requirements. Jeff, the wise man that he is, chose not to share this memo with me. He didn't even share it with Susan Mathieson. He believes in her marketing strategy for the World Festival.

Jeff may be wonderful, and he is, but we have just had a run-in. He has decided that artists coming to the World Festival and performing in Off-Site theatres or other locations in Vancouver must pay for their access passes to the Exposition Site. Jeff, these artists are guests of the Corporation. We want them to go back to their homeland and speak positively of their reception in Canada.

And some of them will be living on very meager per diems  
and won't even have the funds to buy a pass.  
I am sorry Ann, no. Any Off-Site artist will have to pay for the access.



The draft of the La Scala contract has just arrived. I am so relieved.  
Tonight in my office (we are back on the Site, by the way), I am reading it.  
Two amazing facts! I have no trouble comprehending the contents.  
I don't space out or have to go over and over what I was reading to be sure  
I knew that the facts were correct. Reading seems easier. I let out a hoot  
and a holler. It is now eight months since I have been off refined sugar.  
My internal body is much quieter. I have more peace when reading.  
This is so exciting. And the information inserted in the contract is  
in line with what we discussed in Milan.



Whenever all is quiet on the waterfront, something happens.  
I have three days before I leave to meet with La Scala. The boom  
has just been lowered. The Vancouver Civic Theatre's management called  
We have given away the dates to *La Cages aux Folles*.  
I felt that deep sinking feeling. Then something inside me said  
Start fighting to get it back.  
Surely, they could switch the weeks with Seattle...  
The very next morning came a call from Jimmie Pattison's office.  
Jimmie wants to see you, *now*.  
Hmmm. It's three months since we first met, I wonder what's up.

His office in Scotia Tower is elegant with dark wood furniture,  
quite different from our Quonset hut office.  
Good morning, Jimmie.  
I have decided to cancel the World Festival.

Funny, when the chips are really down, I am ever so cool.  
And may I ask why?

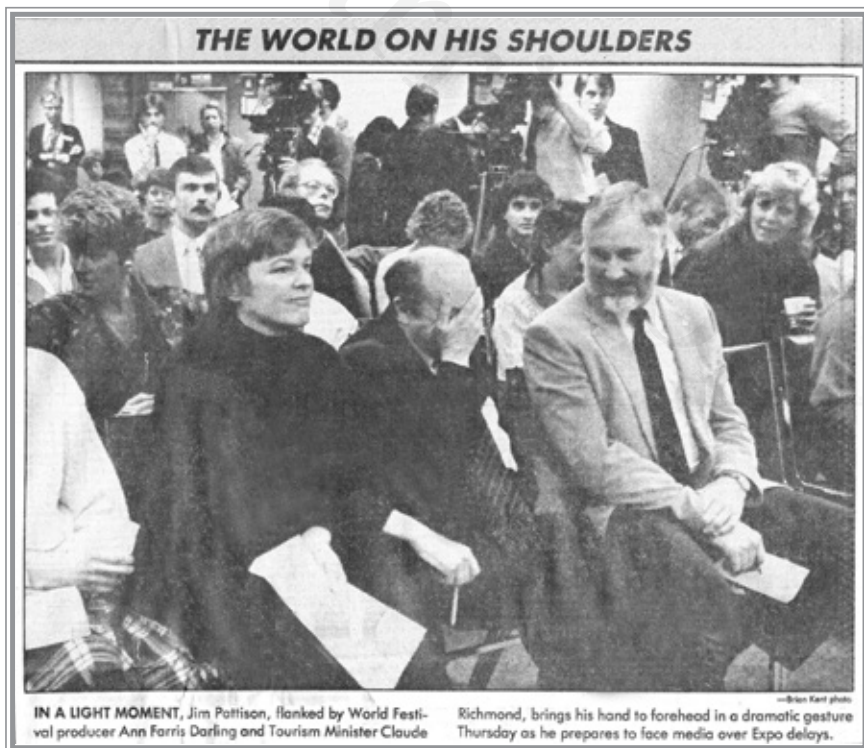
Yes, I need \$20 million out of the Expo budget. You have \$10 million. Is there any recourse?

I presented this plan to the Board of Directors this morning. Four of them, Peter Brown, Herb Capozzi, Alison Robinson and John Newman, have challenged my decision. You have forty-eight hours to prove why the World Festival is important to the Exposition.

I had no problem looking him square in the eye and saying Jimmie Pattison, I am going to give you a run for your money.

Jeff McNair is ready for me. He knew I would be steaming. What is going on?

Ann, we only heard this decision at the Board meeting this morning. Hammy and I have started a strategy to save the World Festival.



PRESS CONFERENCE: ANN FARRIS DARLING; JIM PATTISON; TOURISM MINISTER, CLAUDE RICHMOND

He's on his way to meet with us.

We need you to prepare all the reasons why the World Festival is important to an Exposition. Then, the three of us will meet with your four Board of Director supporters and they will do the sales job with Jimmie.

Fine, Sue and I will be ready with the details.

Thank heavens I have spent so much time with Gordon Hilker during Expo 67 and 82. How many times he said to me

The Exposition needs the World Festival as much as the Festival needs the Exposition. The Exposition has only one opening, The World Festival has continuous opening nights throughout the five and a half months and draws both press and audience attention to the Exposition. If for no other reason, the Exposition needs the World Festival as a marketing ploy. That's Number One on our list.

Sue and I are building a powerful rebuttal!



Oh dear. Robert called early this morning.

Ann, can we talk about our marriage.

Well, now the time had come for me to be clear of my resolve.

Robert, I am not coming back. Please hear me.

Not a great way to end a marriage, but that is what I did.



All Expo employees have been instructed to attend a publicity event on the Site at noon. It's a sunny, warm August day. Balloons have just been sent into the sky. There's much ballyhoo. Jimmie Pattison is making his way through the crowd to me.

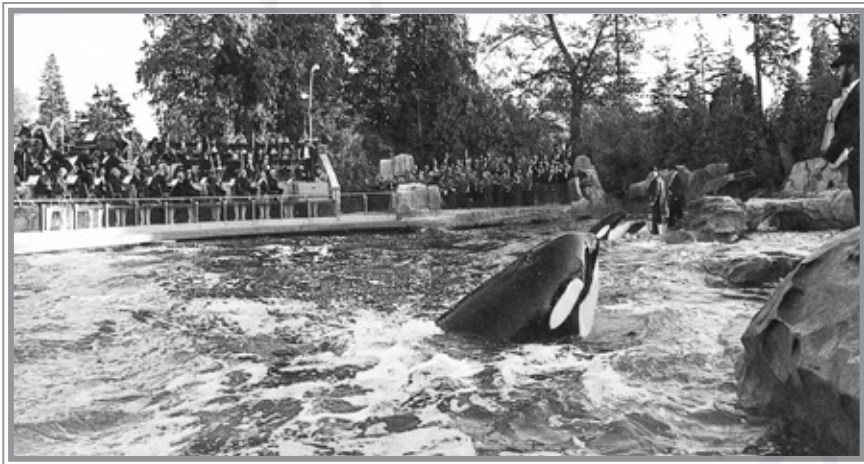
Ann, I have decided you can have La Scala.

Jimmie Pattison, La Scala does not constitute a Festival. It is all or nothing. We parted.

I wonder how he knows about La Scala (Note: Later I learned the reason that Jimmie had this sudden turnaround and was willing to have La Scala at Expo. It seems that after my meeting with Jimmie, his next meeting

was with the President of Canadian Tire, a major corporation in Canada. Jimmie was to convince this gentleman to invest in Expo. Much to Jimmie's surprise, the CEO's first words to him were I hear you are bringing La Scala. This undertaking is a class act!)

Sue and I have a pre-arranged appointment at the Aquarium. The Vancouver Bach Choir and members of the Vancouver Symphony want to present a concert under the World Festival auspices at this outdoor space featuring Alan Hovhaness' *And God Created Great Whales* and John Tavener's *The Whale*. I know and love Tavener's whale piece. I haven't seen the Aquarium. Our guide has us underground, so we can see the fish swimming in the large tank.



IN CELEBRATION OF WHALES, VANCOUVER BACH CHOIR [PHOTO BY LARRY GOLDSTEIN]

Sue, can you believe all of this! We are looking at fish in this tank and planning a concert when, in twenty-four hours, the Festival may all go away.

Suddenly everything seemed amusing. Oh, my goodness, it's good to laugh. My sides are splitting. It's all so ridiculous, fish and future balanced with pending disaster. I know, it's all part of the game. But it's stressful!

Our meeting in the Scotia Tower office with the World Festival four loyal supporters – Peter Brown, Herb Capozzi, John Newton and Alison Robinson – is progressing. They are buying our reasons and they are also asking

Ann, you have to be willing to give up something?

No, that doesn't make me feel comfortable. We need diversity, we need the blockbusters, the unique and the unusual.

You must give up something!

Hammy has an idea

How about Carbonne 14's performance of *Le Rail*, being presented at the Canadian Pavilion.

Okay, if the rest stays in place.

Our four loyal supporters have gone to Jimmie.

Good news. The World Festival is safe and sound. *Le Rail* will go to the Canadian Pavilion. The four renegade Board members did their job, powerfully. I am so grateful to them and to Jeff and Hammy.

#### HEIDELBERG

After this crazy thirty-six hours, I am on an all-night flight to Munich heading for Heidelberg to see the Choreographic Theatre of Johann Kresnik. Suzanne Abbegg, Program Director for Theatre and Dance at the Goethe Institute, recommended this new work of Kresnik's which focuses on the last three days of Sylvia Plath's life. It is being performed at the municipal theatre in Heidelberg. I am curious about this piece for two reasons: I want to see a work by Mr. Kresnik, whose style predates Pina Bausch, and I feel sure the American poet Sylvia Plath is certainly well-enough known and thus could interest our audience.

Sad news is awaiting me at my hotel. Peter Brook will not be ready for the World Festival. Marcel Galopin and the French Cultural office have called You must return to France. We have other attractions lined up for you to see.

I will go, but I feel sure that Urban Sax will do a great job for France.  
Unique it will be. Right now, I need to strategize for La Scala,  
for the other shoe has dropped on my foot! It's I who can't sign a contract.  
We have no theatre. Oh my God, what do I say?  
Tell the truth.

MILAN [ *Trip Six* ]

I am checked in and on the phone to Alex Cohen in NY.  
Ann, where are you?  
Milan.  
I love Alex so much. He is so fast to put two and two together  
Oh my God, are you really booking what I think you are?  
Yes, only I have a problem. I have no theatre...  
For the first time, Alex is quiet. He keeps saying over and over  
How can you not have that theatre?

Now he's on another tack.  
Okay, I know the producer of the *Cage*, let me see what I can do.  
However, I don't hold much hope. This man is not very cooperative.  
You know that's the truth, if I have ever heard it.  
Oh, I feel better. At least someone is trying to help sort out the situation.



I explained the facts at La Scala today.  
The theatre management in Vancouver has given away the dates for La Scala.  
Therefore, our contract must be contingent on the dates becoming available.  
They seem to be taking this information in their stride. I am so relieved.  
Our attention is going to the details of the contract.

VANCOUVER

I just had a call from the United States Commissioner General.  
Ann, I would like to have a drink with you at the end of the day.



Sue, something's up. Any ideas?

Neither of us could guess.

Well, here's what happened. Here's the very sad dictum he had to impart  
I want you to make the production from Musical Theatre Works go away.  
What?

He had no explanation. He simply kept re-iterating  
I want you to make the production from Musical Theatre Works go away.

Hmm. It's obvious my choice of *Garden of Earthly Delights* is not acceptable  
to someone in either the State Department or the Commissioner General's  
office. The USA is a country about freedom of speech. Or is it?  
Now, what can I do? I'll see if Patrick Reid can help me. Perhaps he  
can get the truth from the US Commissioner General.

Patrick just connected

Ann, I have done the best I could. There is no budging them. I am sorry.  
I just told Lyn Austin, Producer at Musical Theater Works.  
The reason I gave: budget.  
That call was not easy to make. We are both upset.



I called Mr. Doolittle this morning.  
We want to include *Teahouse* in the World Festival brochure.  
Where are you with your contract with the Chinese?  
It will be signed soon.  
Mr. Wong, we are going to press in a month with the World Festival  
brochure. I want to include *Teahouse*.  
Mrs. Darling, if you add the company to your brochure  
it is your gamble. We are not paying transportation.  
You know what? I am taking that gamble.



I told my mother tonight about my separation from Robert.  
Ann, I feel sad. I love him very much.

Mum has told my father and we had a talk this evening. My father was clear also that he too loved and appreciated Robert. And he asked May I give you a piece of advice?

Yes.

The faster the divorce goes through, the easier it will be for both of you. Over the years I have handled several divorces. The ones where the partner making the decision held off serving the papers resulted in much suffering, sadness and pain for both involved

Oh gosh, I can't serve the papers now. Robert is in too much pain.

It's better to get it over with.

I am not taking his advice.



Yea, it's October 1, 1985 and true to his word, I received a telex from Mr. Sawanit, Director General for the Thailand Department of Information for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, confirming the Royal Thai Ballet will perform at Expo 86. I am glad I trusted what I had been told. He followed through.



I think I better schedule a vacation before we become engrossed in the producing aspects of the World Festival. I will go to Hawaii for ten days following the press announcement in mid-November.

No sooner had I taken this decision than my psychic contact called Ann, a much-touted channel, Nancy Shipley Rubin, is coming to Vancouver from Hawaii.

Great, let me look at my calendar. Oh dear. I am in Europe. I will call her office in Honolulu to see if I can see her when I am there.

Yes.

I am informed

We will be back when you are in Honolulu. In fact, we have a workshop the first weekend after you arrive.

Wonderful. Please sign me up.

I am sure my vacation is going to be very special.



Remembering the *Turandot* production I saw in a coliseum in Paris, I began to wonder if the Pacific Coliseum, the hockey rink for the Canucks, could be transformed for La Scala. It worked in Paris; why not here?

We just snuck into the building through an open door.

No, La Scala would never buy this idea.

I am putting more pressure on the management of the Queen Elizabeth Theatre to help with changing the dates. They are giving me the cold shoulder.



Gosconcert just sent a telex.

Oleg Vinogradov and Maxim Krastin, Director of the Kirov, are coming to Vancouver for meetings with you and John Crompton, who's organizing their US tour. And yes, you may hold a press conference announcing the Kirov's participation in the World Festival.

This is exciting. It's our first announcement, an important one.

I just had a meeting with my staff and the interpreter who will be with us.

I want to warn you. Oleg is very quiet, shy and hesitant to share.

It may be challenging to get the information we need.

Well, were we surprised! At the airport, Oleg made an entrance! After the long flight from Moscow to Montreal/Vancouver he emerged wearing a long, elegant black mink fur coat with red leather boots that extended almost to his thighs. Walking with the power that only bespeaks a successful dancer, he marched up to me and gave me a big hug. Talk about transformation!

Oleg and Maxim, thrilled to be in Vancouver, are like two kids who have escaped from boarding school. They also have another with them.

Supposedly he's on the technical staff. I am convinced he's KGB.

Our interpreter and we are being very circumspect.

As we drove them into Vancouver and their hotel, Oleg and Maxim had a question.

Is *White Nights*, the film starring Mikhail Baryshnikov, playing in Vancouver?

Goodness, neither Sue nor I know of the film.

We will research and let you know.

It's been a full day, showing them the theatre and going over technical issues. John Crompton joined us for dinner. Tonight, *White Nights* opens and we are going, not without a close call. As we were entering the movie theatre, Vancouver's two dance critics were exiting. I gasped.

We have not informed the press why the Press Conference has been called for tomorrow. Thank heavens they didn't see us.

John, Sue and I were caught by surprise with *White Nights*. It's the story of a Russian dancer's defection. Our interpreter is sitting behind Oleg and Maxim providing an ongoing translation. We are feeling awkward sensing our guests might feel uncomfortable.

Not at all. Driving them back to their hotel, they are full of excitement, commenting

We are so happy to see Baryshnikov dance again. His skills have matured in such a beautiful way.

The Press Conference went well. Announcing the Kirov at the World Festival and the subsequent US tour, our guests were given a good welcome by all those in attendance. Predictably, one reporter asked about *White Nights*. Oleg and Maxim replied they had seen it and what a pleasure it had been to see Baryshnikov dance.

I ended the press conference shortly after.

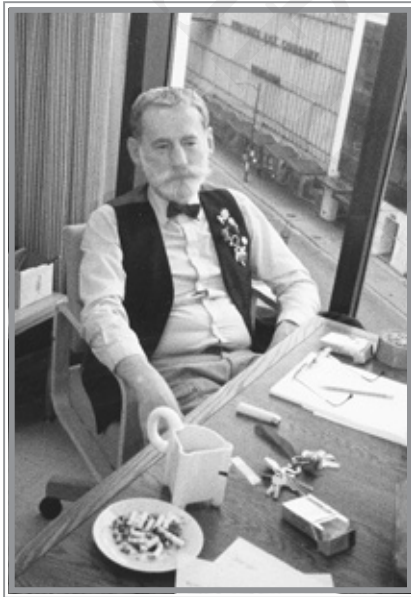


I have just counted. We have forty-five attractions from twenty-three of the participating nations with sixty-five opening nights over a five-and-a-half month period scheduled. (See appendix III) It's time to complete

the booking phase. I am making one last trip to Europe to sign the dance company from the State Theatre of Heidelberg performing *Sylvia Plath*, choreographed by the much-respected Johann Kresnik. And I am going back to France to see other productions. Pierre Boulez and IRCAM (*Institut de Recherche et Coordination Acoustique/Musique*) are out. The logistics of getting all the required equipment to Vancouver is too overwhelming for them.

Today in our staff meeting I shared

There's an additional event I want to schedule. It will take place the morning after each opening night.



DOUG HUGHES

I think it important the artists and their publics have an opportunity to share thoughts and ideas.

Everyone is excited about this idea. My next question is What can we call this?

Doug Hughes on Susan's marketing staff has come up with a great idea. Artcetra! Nabob, who produces coffee, is our sponsor. Larry Dampier, an old buddy of my dad's, is an executive with the company and made it happen.

The Queen Elizabeth Theatre management has offered us the use of the rehearsal hall in the Playhouse free of charge.

That's a surprise.

I am glad for this attractive space.

Susan, Sue and I have worked hard preparing for the World Festival Press Conference. I feel there's good diversity in the programming

and the World Festival holds up well even without La Scala.

Susan wants me to read a prepared script

Oh, Susan, I am a good speaker when I speak extemporaneously. However, I am lousy at reading a speech. I feel sure it comes from my dyslexic condition. My eyes race ahead of what is on the page for fear of making a mistake. There doesn't seem to be anything I can do to stop them.

This means I am constantly focused on the written word and not on the presentation.

Susan is firm

I am concerned that you will leave out an important item.

The press conference took place at the Orpheum Theatre with much fanfare.

I didn't have a good feeling about it after it was over.

The press reaction to the World Festival is disappointing. The radio, TV and newspaper press are complaining that the Festival doesn't have what they thought should be included.

(Including, yes, the Comédie-Française).

Susan has me booked on radio shows. The interviewers are very aggressive and non-supportive.

What's going on here?

Jeff McNair listened to one of the broadcasts.

When I returned to my office he came in

Good Lord, what do they want? They are merciless.

I am going to go on that show.

He did, the next day. I didn't hear him, but he reported



THE WORLD FESTIVAL BROCHURE NO. 1

That's it. Never again! They are ruthless for ruthless sake.

Jeff, do you think it's appropriate for me to take ten days off for my vacation in Honolulu?

Yes, go. The brochure has been dropped to households in the lower mainland of British Columbia. All we can do is wait and see what happens with the mail orders for tickets in the next ten days.

## HONOLULU

When the plane door opened, and I felt the warm breezes engulfing me, I let go all my World Festival concerns.

This morning I found my way to the Manoa Shopping Center near the University of Hawaii and the meeting room where Nancy Shipley Rubin's workshop is taking place.

Next to me is a vibrant, amusing woman, Linda von Geldern. She is all embracing of the ideas and others.

This workshop is a new experience. During most of the time Nancy is channeling Aurora.

The theme is consistent: We create our own reality.

I remember reading this in the *Seth* books. Yes, I guess that might be true.

I wanted a career in opera and I achieved it.

Aurora has another cut on creating our reality; it includes personal challenges. Well, mine is dyslexia. I created this? Hmmm. I'll ask.

Why would I create something for myself that is not supportive to my well-being?

Perhaps it's an opportunity for you to learn more about yourself.

Sobering and challenging! Yet I know there is something in what she says.

This week has been illuminating. I had two hour-long sessions with Nancy and Aurora. Nancy's dual skills as a therapist and as a channel bringing through universal knowledge by way of Aurora can only help me break through on the emotional issues which are buried inside me.

And I have made contacts in Honolulu with both professional people

and artists who are expanding boundaries and exploring new fields in personal growth and spirituality. I will go back to Hawaii after Expo to work with Aurora and Nancy to understand the dark side of my life.

#### VANCOUVER

Thank heavens for my vacation. The World Festival and its challenges have been backburnered these last ten days. I feel very refreshed.

And Jeff McNair had wonderful news

Don't worry, you are selling. In fact, so well, you have sold out a couple of attractions (*Teahouse* and Royal Thai Ballet).

We need you to book more dates.



[ ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL-PART F ]

# DRAMA, ENRICHMENT AND ENDINGS



[ 1986 ]

It's 1986. Mail order ticket sales continue to move briskly.

We are in the last phase of organization: preparing for the deluge of attractions. Top on my agenda is keeping the World Festival, physically, within the Entertainment Division and located in the Expo Administration Building on the Site.

Good morning, I understand the plan is to leave the World Festival in Scotia Tower!

Yes, that's true.

That will not work for us. We need immediate access to all the services on the Site: legal, transportation, housing, equipment, not to mention the collective wisdom of the large entertainment staff.

There is no space.

There has to be.

I can see the wheels inside the brain of the space planner ticking.

Well, there's an open area we are planning to use as a social space.

Socializing? Believe me, there's no time for socializing during an Exposition. We are too busy. Please reconsider your plan.

The World Festival needs to be with our colleagues.

You wouldn't have cubicles like the rest.  
That matters not. All we need are desks, chairs, filing cabinets;  
we can punt with the rest. The World Festival must be on the Site.

It amuses me how the "classical" arts seem to have a tougher row to hoe  
in the big picture. We have to work harder to get what we want from  
every aspect of the business. Oh well, in the end it is worth it!



The World Festival staff is now complete. Jeff Herd, hailing from  
the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, is our Production Manager and we are hiring  
production assistants, some of whom will double as stage managers.  
(See *Appendix IV*) My team, like my colleagues at Expo 67 in Montreal,  
are in their late twenties, early thirties, highly-motivated,  
assured of their talents and ready to make this event a big success.  
Today is our first staff meeting of the year.  
Welcome to 1986. We have an enormous task before us and are  
far from ready to handle the production side of the World Festival.  
Oh, my goodness, this comment opened the barn door  
and out came the fears.

To correct this situation, we have scheduled a weekly Wednesday  
meeting, a long one – noon to 10 pm – with ALL involved, including  
the services provided by other divisions: transportation and housing.  
At the outset, I will share what I know and have seen.  
Then, it's on to each detail: planning, execution, departure, etc.

This detailed process is accomplishing two goals. The team is learning the  
details of the attractions. One never knows when a stage manager might  
have to step into transportation mode. Equally important is the team  
and others becoming familiar with the work styles of each other, learning  
where strengths lie, and conversely, where they will need support. It's  
marvelous watching a solid sense of camaraderie and confidence grow.



NICKI SIMPKINS, TANI CAMPBELL

Nicki Simpkins and Tani Campbell, our World Festival volunteers, are moving ahead at a great pace. They have much to report and request Ann, we received many responses to our letters and have digested the different approaches from volunteer committees at other festivals around the world. Our system is now in place. Each attraction is assigned a different team of volunteers under a carefully chosen leader. By the way, we have just heard

about your weekly ten-hour production meetings. We must be included. Gosh, of course. My error! I should have thought of you.

Our next meeting is tomorrow. Come.

It's amazing and amusing to observe the personal transformation of Tani and Nicki from quiet ladylike women into delightfully pushy organizers. And they are resourceful, bringing a fresh point of view.

Today, in our weekly organizational meeting, I brought up a concern about the artists at the Opening Gala. Expo's Protocol Office and Prince Charles' advance team have decided that the reception at the Opening Gala for their Royal Highnesses will take place in a lounge in the upper lobby of the Orpheum Theater. We have to find a way to get our sixteen artists to them. Remember, there is no pass door from back stage to the lobby at the Orpheum Theatre.

Sue suggests

Let's have the second-act artists meet our Royal visitors before the evening begins and the first-act artists during the intermission.

Sounds good. And how do we get them there?

Take them outside the theatre along the street and through the lobby.

I don't like that much. How do they get through the crowds? How do we protect them? And what if it rains? These artists need to be dry and warm.

Tani and Nicki just jump in to the discussion

Do it as a parade! We will go to Speiser Furs to ask if they would provide elegant evening fur stoles for the event. And we will muster up eight young men dressed in tuxedos holding umbrellas in one arm and escorting an artist with the other.

Voila! Our solution.

My dyslexic "Annisms" – creating names and words – abound these days.

Nicki and Tani fell prey to my weird communication behavior.

Some days I call those two gals

Tani and Nicki, what do you think?

And other days,

"Ticki" and "Nani."

We laughed so hard the first time I did it. Now, it's commonplace for me.

They are being good sports "for up with it they have to put" – another dyslexic Annism I just coined.



DOROTHY FARRIS [MUM], ANN FARRIS, JOHN FARRIS [DAD],  
MARY FARRIS [SISTER-IN-LAW], DIANA LARSEN, [MARY'S  
SISTER AND DEFACTO SISTER TO KATHERINE AND ME]  
Front: PARIS SIMON—EXPO 86 SITE, MARCH 1986



I left a draft of my speech to the Crofton House School graduates with my parents. I know, it isn't for several months but...It contains my thoughts about dyslexia. My father is a master at developing a speech, my mother has been his editor for years. They'll give me honest feedback. It didn't take them long.

Ann, this speech doesn't work. The event is a celebration. You are turning it into a lesson.

You're right. I will go back to the drafting boards.



Just when it feels the boat is on an even keel, a storm rises.

This is a very sad one.

Jeffrey McNair has been released from his contract by Jimmie Pattison. I can't believe it. Jeffrey seems to be doing an amazing job handling both marketing and operations. More importantly, I am losing an amazing collaborator. Not only has he been supportive knowing how to ask the hard questions, but he also is very creative. He's had a major role in helping me shape the World Festival. I am going to miss him, his skills and his wonderful sense of humor.

I just called my brother  
Haig: Jimmie is on a tear again.  
He has let Jeffrey McNair go.  
Please take him to lunch.

Haig just called  
We have hired Jeff  
at Ventures West.  
That's a surprise.



GORDON HILKER, HAIG FARRIS ON FALSE CREEK  
CHECKING OUT THE EXPO SITE—WINTER 1986



La Scala. We still have not resolved the theatre conflict. What to do?  
The New York producers of *La Cages Aux Folles* refuse to change  
their touring schedule to accommodate our needs.  
It's down and dirty time now.

I just had a call from Peter Brown. I think he has Board oversight on the \$850 million Exposition budget.

Ann, you are sitting on one million dollars. We need to know now if you are going to use that money or not.

Gosh, Peter. I guess, no, I am not. We don't have a theatre. As awful as that is, it is the truth. I will send La Scala a telex today with our regrets.

The telex has gone. I have told my staff. We are all desolate.

Ann,

It's Sue.

Let's have a wake.

The conference room is transformed with lights out and candles burning. Pictures of the La Scala building and stage, along with the technical drawings of *I Lombardi*, are placed throughout the room and on the walls. Italian wine and food adorn our conference room table. We are playing, at a high decibel level, the Verdi *Requiem*.  
It's a solemn time.

Today we're back to business. Isn't that what you do in the theatre?  
There is always a next show.



Chaos has set in. Three days have passed since I sent the telex. Around ten this morning my phone rang. Patrick Reid, our tall and imposing Commissioner General, with his booming Irish voice bellowed Good God, Ann, what is this nonsense? La Scala not coming? Oh my God. It never occurred to me this decision had not been shared with him.

He continues

I just had a call from the Italian Commissioner General in Rome. Patrick, here's what happened...

We have not heard the end of this!

As Sue and I are discussing Patrick's comments, the door flies open.

It's the Italian Consul, a young, tall, handsome man  
with a dramatic nature, screaming  
How could you do this? This is La Scala. No one ever says no to La Scala!  
Now Jimmie Pattison is on the line  
You didn't tell me that canceling La Scala was going to cause  
an international incident. I have had the Canadian Ambassador to Italy  
from Rome on the phone, I have had the Italian Ambassador to Canada  
in Ottawa on the phone and they are apoplectic. Get over here in an hour.  
I am calling a meeting.  
Sue has just brought the Italian Consul a cup of coffee with the hope  
he will sit for a moment. No way. He's running in and out of my office  
like a mad man.

Jimmie's conference room is doom and gloom. Patrick, Jimmie,  
members of the protocol office, Hammy, others are all gathered.  
Ann, explain what happened with the theatre.  
The QE Theatre Board decided to book *La Cages Aux Folles*  
even after I pleaded with them to hold off...

The Consul can't sit, he's pacing, interrupting with exclamations  
of pain and horror. Now he has an idea  
Why didn't you think of using the Coliseum?  
I did, in fact, but decided La Scala would never agree  
to perform in that space.

The Italian consul interjects  
They have no choice. They will agree.

Now, Jimmie is interested  
Do you think it's feasible?  
I don't know. It's possible.  
Ann, it is Thursday, by Monday afternoon I need to know  
if it can be done, along with an estimate on what it will cost.  
Don, Misha and I are gathered.

Misha, here's the challenge... I have a sound specialist I can offer with confidence, Roger Gans, at the San Francisco Opera. He is installing sound systems for the Pavarotti concerts in large coliseums around the world.

It doesn't take Misha more than two seconds to respond

Okay. Here are other ideas. Let's get Ed Stewart and David Prothero of FM Productions. They are working with Bill Graham in San Francisco transforming coliseums into theatre extravaganza environments for rock stars like Sting and The Doors.

We need an acoustician.

Larry Kierkegaard is the man. And we will bring in Len Auerbach and Jack Suesse to help us aesthetically with the setup in the coliseum.

Okay, all of them must be here in the conference room at 9 a.m. on Monday morning.

I have just talked with the Coliseum Manager: There is only one conflict during the potential La Scala time at the Coliseum, which we can manage.

At the end of our conversation I asked

Please cooperate with us by keeping this possibility from the press.

It is exploratory.

Yes, I will.



It's as though the La Scala drama isn't enough. This weekend we are moving, for the last time, from Scotia Tower to the Exposition Site.

Yes, we are squished into a small space. We don't care. In fact, we have a choice space. Two of our walls are windows, floor to ceiling, looking out at the Coast Range Mountains as well as the Site.

There is one protocol: Keep quiet.

That's not easy for my ebullient nature.



Monday morning is upon us. We and our theatre installation specialists are gathered. The excitement in the conference room is palatable.



Here's the story... Now, Don will walk you through the technical drawings and some pictures of *I Lombardi* from La Scala.

Don begins

We need sixty lines to be hung from the ceiling (grid) to fly scenery in and out. Can this be achieved? Will the ceiling handle the load? And here are the lighting needs.

The technicians and other specialists have left with Don, Jeff and Misha for the Coliseum.

Over the weekend Don, Sue and I came to the conclusion that 7,000 seats in the Coliseum would be usable for our audience. The rest will become backstage. Now Sue, Renée, Susan Mathieson, our Marketing Director, and I are developing the potential income.

Susan is firm,

I think we need to keep the top ticket price at \$55.

I counter

I think that is too low. Seattle Opera has a top ticket price for Wagner's *The Ring* at \$65. We ought to be able charge more for La Scala. I suggested \$80.

Susan is cringing.

Please run the numbers on both two ticket prices.

And Renée, please reevaluate our in-town transportation and accommodation for 350 operatic Italians.

It's 4 p.m. The consultants have arrived back from the Coliseum reporting Yes, it can be done. We still need confirmation on whether the ceiling can handle the load. That will come tomorrow, but it seems likely.

The cost of the La Scala budget just jumped to \$2.5 million, up one million. The income side is somewhere between \$1.2 and \$1.5 million, depending on the top ticket price.

We're back in Jimmie's conference room. This time there are many more people. The finance department is well-represented. And yes, the Italian

Consul is with us. Our consultants have made their report. Questions are being asked, and answers given. Jimmie just looked at me and said

Can you do it?

Yes, we can do it.

He countered

That is not what I asked. Can you do it?

I repeated my answer. Jimmie thought for a moment and then gave the go ahead to present La Scala in the Coliseum.

Ann, contact La Scala.

Thank you.

I sense the Consul has kept the Italians up to date.



It's a week later, the Chairman of the Board of La Scala, the staff designer and the Assistant to the Managing Director have arrived. Sue has found an efficient Italian interpreter to help us out.

As we were driving our La Scala guests into Vancouver, the Assistant to the General Director asked

What happened with our theatre?

I explained the story again and they were quiet.

It's hard to believe your theatre manager is not interested in having La Scala!

I agree with you. It's outrageous.

I like the Board Chairman a lot. He's tall, patrician-like in his demeanor, cool, quiet and very perceptive. I sense he's going to be our ally. On the other hand, the Assistant to the General Manager is off-the-wall excitable. The staff designer is reasonable and helpful. We have a full complement of personalities to work with. Right now, they need a night's rest!



My worst fear is being realized. The Canucks, Vancouver's professional hockey team, have not yet finished their morning workout as we and our Italian guests arrive at the Coliseum. The players are racing around on the ice passing the puck from one to another.

Each time it hits the side board there's a loud thump. I cringe.

Oh my God, how can these Italians ever imagine this space being transformed into an opera house?

Thank heavens, I had the foresight to invite Roger Gans, the sound designer/technician from San Francisco Opera. The Italians are relaxing. They know Roger. He was in Milan working on a project at La Scala. The Board President comments to me  
Roger understands our high artistic standards.

What is going on? We are surrounded with cameras – TV and photo. Reporters are pushing and shoving, each wanting information. Is it true? Is La Scala coming to Vancouver?

Darn that Coliseum Manager. He's tipped the press off. And we don't have Susan Mathieson with us to help deflect the situation. Hmm, blind-sided on this one!  
Sue moved fast, finding a room. We are continuing our discussions. Don is explaining how we will make the transformation and Roger confirmed that the sound will be of the highest quality. I sense the Italians are becoming interested.



Three days of meetings and we have come to an understanding. The draft contract we developed in Milan is being altered. Even though it's March, we are out on the high seas sailing in the Vancouver harbor and neighboring islands courtesy of a generous gentleman with a lovely yacht. Albeit a cloudy day, our Italian guests seem to be enjoying this outing.



Now, all parties are in one room, a rainy Saturday. It is agreed. La Scala will come to the Royal Bank/Expo86 World Festival and perform at the Coliseum. The contract is signed, and wine is flowing. It's an exciting moment.



I am adding a project manager to La Scala. Ann, come up with names of persons skilled in construction and finances. Choose someone with both skills. Together you and I will make the choice on the candidate!

Misha, my brother Haig, and others have names to recommend.

I have narrowed my choices to three.

It's 9 a.m. Saturday morning. I have just showed up at Jimmie's office.

He's sitting behind his desk in white tie, tails, with a top hat sitting by him.

What is this?

This is an opera interview, is it not?

Oh, you are a riot.

I am glad this guy has a sense of humor.

It's been great fun watching the surprised expressions on the faces of each candidate as they come into the room to meet Jimmie.

Jimmie and I are of one mind. Frank Brennan is our choice. He has handled a couple of projects on the Site, is familiar with not only the financial mechanics of the Corporation, but also its personnel. His major drawback is his lack of experience with opera. He has never seen one.

Well, I will fix that.

Frank, we need to do a crash course in opera. Would you be willing to go to Seattle with me to see a performance of Strauss' *Salome* next week? Yes.



It's Easter weekend, a rainy Saturday. Frank and I are headed for Seattle.

Frank, here's the story of how we got into this predicament...

The challenge is working with Italians. Their personality is very different from the quiet, laid-back Canadian.

I described our experience at Expo 67. I described the process of producing an opera, of the setups and rehearsals, of the complications of housing and transportation to meet the Union requirements of La Scala.

All the while, Frank is driving us to Seattle.

And La Scala has agreed to implementing surtitles. This technology

provides simultaneous English translation of the opera above the stage during the performance. The Vancouver Opera does not consider this a useful tool. I think it enhances the audience experience at an opera and am delighted that La Scala has agreed. It will be new not only to La Scala, but also for Vancouver opera audiences. And on and on I went as our van inched closer to Seattle.

To his credit, Frank survived the evening well. He seems grateful for the Seattle opera surtitles; at least he could access what was going on. We went backstage to observe the technical setup. In the pouring rain, he drove us back to Vancouver. I don't think he feels daunted. I know we will be able to work well together.



This morning I woke up remembering how difficult my transition after Expo 67 was. All that seemed important was to learn French. I had no future in mind, it didn't occur to me this might be important. I learned. Encompassing projects, like at Expo, as wonderful as they are, are but an unreal dot in life. Shifting back into a normal life can be difficult. I shared my Expo 67 experience with my staff at our Wednesday World Festival planning day. Would it interest you to participate in a day-long planning process I learned from some futurists, the Taylors? I found it very helpful as I was making changes in my life. We could take a Saturday if you want. Yes, they would.

Our future planning day is done. Several staff beyond the World Festival group joined us. Their creativity shone. Many unique futures outlined. One wants to create a festival, another wants to run a pub, yet another wants to develop his woodworking talents. Even if none of their ideas become reality, they have something from which to bounce after Expo.



We are receiving a steady stream of advance teams. Paul Findlay's here from London to get the details for the Royal Ballet in hand. Can you believe it? He's a relative of Hank Hawthorne, a friend I made when at Yale. Hank returned to Vancouver and is a successful architect. The world is so small!

Tadao Nakane was here from Tokyo to discuss the production needs for *Medea*. He has all his Company's requirements laid out for us. Tadao is so easy to be with. I took him to my parents' home for a visit. He and my father hit it off. Before I knew it, they were down in my father's workroom in the basement looking at and discussing carpentry tools.



Frank Sinatra is here, playing the Coliseum. The show is up and running when I arrive. Heading for the top balcony, several hundred feet up, I want to see how a theatrical show manages in this hockey arena. Down, way down, in the center of the Coliseum is a small stage with Sinatra, a lone figure with a microphone performing for sixteen thousand people swooning while he is crooning. This audience has no problem seeing. His solo performance is being beamed onto big screens – four of them, strategically hanging from the ceiling over the East, West, North and South sections. I am engaged, enthralled in his performance. The second tier of seats is missing nothing! We will simulcast for La Scala.

Don, our technical director, and James, Entertainment Division's lawyer. He's cool and always interested in what we do.

Here's what I am planning...

Don, please arrange to install two screens, fifteen feet high and twenty feet wide, prior to the arrival of the La Scala advance team in August.

I am not planning to tell the La Scala management in advance.

I want it to seem natural for the screens to be there. Having already talked them into surtitles, I don't want to push my luck before they arrive.

And James, I am engaging one of Canada's top television directors who specializes in opera, along with the technicians and equipment to make

this happen. Please evolve their contracts so we can get out of them at every stage, installation, piano dress, orchestra dress, etc. I have no idea whether La Scala will accept this addition. Will do.

Isn't it wonderful to have people on staff who make things work? There's no huffing and puffing. The work is just getting done.



Gilbert Artman, artistic director of Urban Sax, has arrived. He loves Expo Plaza, the large space we are offering for their performance. It's surrounded on three sides by facades of glass covering two administrative buildings and the British Columbia Pavilion. The fourth "wall" isn't one: Rather it borders on False Creek, a wide body of water. Gilbert has been ruminating and is now sharing his plans.

Our seventy saxophone players in space suits will make their entrance on a large barge covered in dark green plastic from the other side of the Creek with search lights swarming over them. The musicians will disembark and wander, helter-skelter, through the thousands of spectators to the far end of the plaza to a stage which you will have to install. It's to be covered in dark green plastic.

In front of the main gates to the Exposition?

Yes.

From the roofs of the three tall buildings, individuals will repel.

You mean jump off and climb the glass.

Yes,

And on one of the balconies near the Creek, Canadian Indian drummers will offer their large deep drum sounds to anchor the saxophone chanting. A Pipe Band, along with singers and dancers, will be integrated into the show. The event will conclude with the entire Plaza being flooded with soap bubbles. After many more discussions, it became apparent that these ideas were both intriguing and doable. Our technical and production staffs have their marching orders.





Another advance team of three from La Scala is here, checking on our arrangements. A member of the chorus and a production manager, as well as administration, are being taken all over Vancouver to acquaint them with our arrangements. Frank is our driver. I want him to get a flavor of working with the Italians and their excitable nature.

The La Scala unions are a forceful element and stick to the rules. Today, one of these is causing concern. The University of British Columbia is just finishing construction on an amazing complex for graduate students. The apartments are spacious, with large kitchens, three bedrooms and big common, living space. Well, they may be commodious and beautiful, but they don't meet the union requirements. We have just been told three musicians and/or chorus are not allowed to share a space, only two are permitted. That's our Union agreement. But the space is so large. It's not a regular hotel accommodation suite.

There is no budging them. I am concerned because of the limited accommodation in Vancouver now. It will be touch and go to find apartments to handle the overflow. Frank, our overseer, is seeing red in the budget.

Ann, you and I both know that the Italians will bring family members and fill up those extra rooms.

Yes, they will, but union rules are rules.

Well, the three days are done. The chorus member surprises us as we drive to the airport, singing us an aria, his gesture of his happiness and his way of saying thanks.

We are all touched, even Frank.

By the way, during this advance team's visit we learned that La Scala has a soccer team.

I'll bet Tani and Nicki can find a British Columbia team that would like this challenge.



The World Drum Festival is pulling together. We have contracts with over a hundred drummers and the numbers are growing. John just shared another piece of information that I find fascinating. Ann, on the closing night of the World Drum Festival show, don't loiter. Come backstage! The drummers swap their drums and percussion instruments with fellow musicians. It happens very fast and is fun to watch. I'll be there.

And he had another question

Ann, would you be agreeable to have a film being made of this two-week event?

Yes, but I need approval from the Corporation.

We have been given the go-ahead. Niv Fichman (Rhombus Media, Toronto) and his crew will be around for three weeks or so grabbing footage as fast as they can.



The Australians are here checking out the location we have chosen for them for their performance of *No Sugar*. It's not a warehouse but a small ice rink in the West End of Vancouver. I was worried it might not work for them because it's larger than the warehouse in Perth. The Australian director and designer feel it's perfect, saying

We want to increase the audience capacity so more can experience the feeling of displacement.

Okay, then. Your comment just allayed my concern. I am assuming the audience will be asked to move to a different set of bleachers as the performance evolves.

Yes.



I am still bothered by the press reaction, now five months ago, to the World Festival programming that I announced at the November press conference. Why were they so negative? It's clear the public doesn't seem

to agree with them. Most of our attractions are sold out and we have a month to go before opening. Is it because some of the art forms are new to them? Or, is it because the programming does not follow the classical traditions of European culture? My fear is that our critics will not be fair in their assessment after the performances. Yes, I know there is not much I can do about their negative stance, but I want to understand why this negativity seems to be their norm. I have asked Stephen Godfrey for lunch to see what I can glean. He's assigned to Vancouver by the *Toronto Globe and Mail*.

It's a very rainy March day. Inside the warm ambiance of the Georgian Court restaurant, Stephen and I are lunching. I enjoy him. He explores ideas. After a pleasant chat I asked Stephen, what did I say during the November Press Conference that turned you and your colleagues into such a negative response?

Ann, what are you talking about?

He's very shocked at my question

Can you explain?

I did. And he said

Your responsibility is to give us the information, which you did through your talk and the subsequent materials. Our responsibility is to assess it.

Yea, I agree, but why so viciously?

He was silent.

We moved to other topics.

As we parted, protecting ourselves under our separate umbrellas, he looked at me, and commented

It is because our editors require it.

Thanks.



James Doolittle just called from Los Angeles.

Ann, I have decided to cancel our performances of the Beijing People's Art Theatre.

What could I say? Nothing. No point wasting my energy on anger.  
I need solutions now. Must say I didn't divine this blip!

Mr. Wong, with a very pained face, has just arrived in my office.  
Mr. Wong, I will figure this one out, somehow. But please ask Beijing.  
Would they consider paying one half of the transportation?  
I will ask. I don't think they will agree.

Hammy, can I get authorization to add travel for the *Teahouse* cast and staff, 60 actors and staff and scenery from China to Vancouver and return?

Ann, your request went as high as Jimmie. The answer is no.  
I know, I know. The Corporation is apoplectic over their fear  
I will go over budget.  
Okay, I will find another source.  
Can you believe it? This very morning, the next day, I opened  
the *Vancouver Province* newspaper and on the front page  
in bold letters was a headline:  
Canadian Pacific Airlines (CPA) is inaugurating this week  
a route from Vancouver to Shanghai.

The Expo Sponsorship office has just made me an appointment with CPA.  
Keep your fingers crossed. I am on my way with tons of information on  
the Beijing People's Art Theatre to see if they can help out.

They are a nice bunch, those CPA people. They did not say no  
but commented

We will get back to you.

And they just did, in only two days.

We can absorb the costs one way, Beijing to Vancouver. The plane is flying  
almost empty on the return trip. However, we cannot give up the revenue  
on the Vancouver/ Beijing route.

Thank you, thank you. Can you give me a rough estimate  
of the one-way cost?

Okay, what next? Who can help us out? Peter Brown. I will call Peter. He must know people in the Chinese business community who might assist.

Oh my God, Peter was just fabulous. He listened and had only one comment Ann, I will find the money.

And he did, in one day.

Oh, am I a fortunate woman to have family friends with long and wonderful histories? Peter's grandfather and my grandfather were good pals. So were their sons. Now, into the third generation, this camaraderie is still alive. Those Brown boys are quite something! *Teahouse* opens in a month. They will be here!

That was a close call. Hope we don't have too many more of those.



Today and tomorrow we are focusing on the technical plans to transform the Coliseum into an opera house. All of our consultants are back, drafting boards are set up on the floor of the Coliseum, plans are being drawn – hockey season is over, and the ice has disappeared. I am here to listen and ask questions. It's times like this when I am ever so grateful for my Yale Drama School training. The language is not gobbledygook to me. Hey, gentlemen, when you have time, let's talk about what you recommend to cover those ugly advertisements on the walls above the ice level, the wall upon which the puck goes *thunk*. They have to go. You're right and...

I have another challenge which is not in the purview of our technical specialists. It's the lobbies. We can't have our audience walking into these dungeon-like hallways. Hmmmm. I wonder if one or more of the Expo designers are being kept on staff for emergencies during the Exposition. Maybe one would have an interest in this assignment.

Guess what, yes, there is a designer, David Holtzman. And I have approval to approach him.

David, here's the situation. We are transforming an ice hockey rink into

an opera house. We need a designer to help us out with the look of the lobbies. Is that something you might like to tackle?

I can see a sparkle in his eyes and then a frown on his forehead.

Ann, I am really interested but I have never seen an opera.

Never mind, I can help you through that one.

Let's set a time to visit the Coliseum to reconnoiter.

David and I wandered these vast halls with glaring fluorescent lights.

He didn't say much except

Ann, I have ideas. Let me get them on paper.

Remember, our budget is next to nothing.

We just met. His ideas are creative and perfect.

I will cover the Coliseum lobby walls with Italian newsprint and mask those hideous fluorescent lights with different colors of china silk which I will salvage from the Expo 86 Opening Day ceremonies. And any tree that dies on the Exposition Site from this time forth will be salvaged and stored in the "La Scala Cage" in a warehouse near the Site.

In August, these trees will be installed in the lobbies and dotted with tiny sparkling lights.

Oh, my goodness, with simple ideas he will create magic, a transformation. Such a creative being he is.

I just received a memo from David advising everyone in the Corporation We have established the La Scala Cage. Do not throw out props, lights, fabric, trees. Send them to the La Scala Cage!



We are two weeks away from opening, May 2nd, 1986. Each morning my alarm gets me up at 6 a.m. It's exercise time, my Jane Fonda regime with a sprinkle of Brain Gym. Once a week, at 8 a.m, I have my appointment with Larry Chan. He's doing his best to help me keep my body balanced. Today he commented

Ann your stress level has increased. I am concerned. I think you might

consider taking this herbal remedy. I am sorry, it tastes rather awful, but it will cut the edge off some of the stress.

How long shall I take it?

You will know, your body will tell you.

This is a tool Larry has taught me. I just go quiet and let my body feelings give me a message. It works.

The remedy is foul-tasting. I am being a good kid taking it. It's worth it, the stress is less.



We've reached opening week. The years, months, days of preparation are over. Driving to the Site this morning, a strange thought passed through my mind. Ann, you have a personal challenge. You are not good at receiving appreciation and thanks from others.

I know. I tend to brush it off.

Isn't that an odd message? But it's correct.

Okay, time to change that behavior



I just had a call from CBC TV.

Ann, we have decided to televise the World Festival Opening Gala.

I wanted to giggle, but I didn't. Over the last year we had tried and tried to interest them. No luck! Well, sometimes the game is about waiting.

But yipes! Our contracts with the artists do not cover this situation.

James, James Conrad, our legal beagle, as Haig calls lawyers, will sort this out

James, here's the situation... Can you do it?

Ann, you make my life interesting. It will be done.

James is never phased! He just does what needs to get done!

CBC is on the line

Ann, we want to do an interview with you as an intermission feature.

Peter McCoppin, a symphonic conductor and a television personality, will be the questioner.

I have to say, that was the most fun interview I have ever done. Peter's knowledge of the classical field gave him a solid base for generating questions. And I was just keen to share all that I know. I love my job. This interview made that so clear to me. The Royal Bank/Expo86 World Festival has been a phenomenal gift. Now, with almost sold-out houses, I can hardly wait for our audiences' reactions.



Princess Diana and Prince Charles and the Opening Gala came and went before I could say Jack Robinson. Most of these artists had not met one another before and some did not speak English. Interpreters were everywhere. Yes, there were the usual dramas. One artist cancelled, another filled in. The young escorts to accompany the artists from the stage door to the reception with our Royal guests brought beer to keep them happy while they awaited their duties. Sue discovered this misdemeanor. Their stash was confiscated. My job before the Gala and at the intermission was introducing Prince Charles to the artists and socializing with him. Hammy looked after Princess Diana. My goodness, I was surprised. Prince Charles is a very easy man to be with. He asks probing questions, allowing us to get into good discussions. There's no ceremony about him.

Mario Bernardi, our conductor, at the end of the evening looked at me and said

Ann, I have never worked so hard on a concert.

Mario, it was worth every bit you and Matthew gave.

The Gala accomplished what I hoped it would. It was celebratory and honored the beauty of classical music.



Now, it's the Kirov Ballet. There's a lot of tension and attention. This is the first time the Kirov has performed in North America.





OPENING NIGHT, THE WORLD FESTIVAL, ORPHEUM THEATER  
*Left to right:* ANN FARRIS, HAMILTON MCCLYMONT, HRH PRINCESS DIANA,  
GREETING THE WORLD FESTIVAL OPENING NIGHT ARTISTS  
[PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN]

Vinogradov is nervous and edgy. I have been warned  
Be careful what you say when you are using one of the Kirov interpreters.  
In all likelihood, they are KGB.  
Opening night was a thrill. Their performance of *Swan Lake* is breathlessly  
beautiful. It filled me with the same awe as it did a year and a half ago  
in Leningrad. We are swamped with the press. *Swan Lake* coverage  
is everywhere and positive.



KIROV BALLET, *SWAN LAKE* [PHOTO BY JOSEPH LEDERER]

Oleg is very agitated today. I have just discovered why.  
*People Magazine* has got hold of a story about him and he is not happy.  
I am concerned he might take a step he will regret, especially as  
the Kirov is about to begin their American tour. Oleg and I are pacing  
across the stage, back and forth, back and forth using one of  
our interpreters whom I am told I can trust.  
Oleg, I suggest you let this story just fade away. If you become involved,  
you are buying into what they are looking for.  
They don't know the whole story.

That's what they want, for you to become engaged. Just keep your attention on the dance not the press.

Well, he did cool down. Tonight, we open *The Knight in a Tiger's Skin*. It did not fare well with the press.



Another drama has emerged. Jimmie Pattison has decided, as Jeffrey did earlier, that none of the World Festival artists performing off the Expo Site will be offered complimentary passes to the Site. No amount of discussion seems to change his mind. Neither the Kirov Ballet company, nor the *Teahouse* cast, which has just arrived from the Beijing, can go. These artists have meager, meager per diems and... Neither should they be required to purchase them. They are our guests. I am baffled. It can't be a money issue to the Corporation. How can I convince them that we need to make friends not enemies with our guests?

Somehow the press got hold of it – and no, it wasn't me. I am just glad it happened. I need help. And from that coverage an angel from heaven appears, this time via a telephone call  
Mrs. Darling?

Yes,

I am calling on behalf of Price Waterhouse.

(You know, the global financial accounting company)

We have read about this Site access issue for visiting artists to the World Festival in the *Vancouver Sun* newspaper.

Price Waterhouse will buy the passes for the *Teahouse* cast.

Oh my. What a gift this is. Thank you, thank you.

Please come to the theatre at 7 p.m. tonight and make the presentation.

The artists arrive an hour before the performance.

Yes, I asked Susan Matheson to play this Price Waterhouse gesture

up in the press. It was time. The Corporation is now extending Site passes to all artists performing in the World Festival.

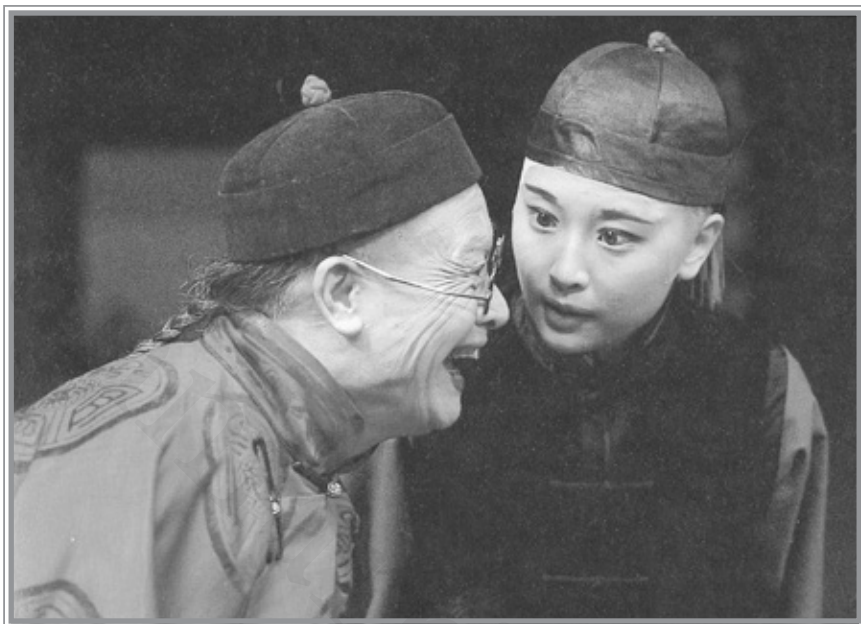


I just came back from an unexpected lunch and an offer from the Chairman of the Board of the Lincoln Center Festival in New York. He's in Vancouver for a meeting  
Ann, we would like to offer you the opportunity of being the Executive Director of the Lincoln Center Festival next year.  
Oh, what an honor. I must say I am somewhat taken aback. What season are you talking about?  
Next year, Summer 1987.  
There's a part of me who would love to say yes but I have my responsibilities with the World Festival here in Vancouver until mid-October. Then I will need to take some time off.  
I didn't mention I am exploring my dyslexia. Instead I said Planning for your Festival needs to start now and there is no way I could give attention to it. I fear the timing just doesn't work.  
It's a wonderful offer. Thank you, but no.



Our two-week sold-out *Teahouse* performances have our audiences enraptured. The historical story both touches and amuses the viewers. The success of the production rests on the shoulders of the actors. You may say, all plays do! And that's true. Only, in this case, each performer has three portrayals of the same person within the play, for their characters are played at the outset as young, then middle-aged, and finally old. This three-act play takes place over a fifty-year span. These talented actors seemingly easily achieved three clearly defined characterizations.

Our challenge with *Teahouse* has been the simultaneous translation. The voice of the translator heard through headsets must be neutral, acting as a support to the performance, not a performance in itself. We have learned interpreters do not necessarily have this skill.



TEAHOUSE PERFORMERS [PHOTO BY JOSEPH LEDERER]

It has taken some effort to get this in hand.  
I am glad we included signing for the deaf on the side of the stage.  
Our efforts are being met with appreciation.



Artcetra, the gathering of audience members and artists after an opening night, is a popular event. I host the discussions with representatives from each attraction. The audience size varies: Some days a hundred people show and other days ten. Our hour-long discussions are broad in approach and topic. To my delight, the managements of the attractions are taking participation in these discussions as an important part of their involvement in the World Festival. Riccardo Muti, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which enjoyed great acclaim last night, participated this morning. Our audience was thrilled, asking questions about his new appointment as Artistic Director of La Scala and much more.

This afternoon is a press conference with the Maestro on the Exposition Site. While we are waiting for it to begin, Maestro Muti and I are standing on a balcony overlooking False Creek. He has a very serious look as he turns to me

How dare you put La Scala into an ice hockey rink!

Maestro, I know it is going to work. Vancouver will celebrate La Scala as the great La Scala. Please come back and see for yourself

He just shrugged his shoulders.



Vancouver Opera is in the spotlight with its first World Festival presentation, Bizet's *Carmen*. I am so curious to see how Vancouver opera audiences, accustomed to traditional renditions of operas, will receive this production. It breaks all those rules.

The action takes place in a circus ring!

Well, an extraordinary event occurred. At the end of the performance, half the audience was on its feet shouting bravo. The other were also up and matched with loud boos.

I am thrilled with this reaction. This is what art is about. Make an artistic statement that both holds to the intent of the composer and librettist, and at the same time, allows for different interpretations. Then, ask the audience to experience something new while experiencing something familiar. It isn't the end of the world!



It's mid-June. The schedule has been crazy busy, including several Vancouver Symphony concerts with stellar stars: Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Dame Janet Baker, Maurice Andre, Katia and Marielle Labèque, Maureen Forrester, and The Canadian Electronic Ensemble.

The Symphony management made good use of the special income designated for the World Festival. The source: The Canada Council, the Federal Agency supporting the Arts.

Tani and Nicki, our trusty volunteer coordinators, and their teams are a great success and much appreciated by us and the artists. Not only do they have a steady stream of volunteers at the hotels to provide information and services, they have found sponsors for all of their social activities. The *Teahouse* artists on their day off were hosted to a many-course dinner at a much-respected Chinese restaurant. The Kirov dancers enjoyed a lovely afternoon party in a beautiful, large Vancouver home. None of this entertainment has impacted on the World Festival budget! Tani and Nicki have reached far beyond whatever I could have imagined.

And guess what? I don't need the bitter tasting stress remedy anymore.  
My body told me  
Let it go.  
Larry confirmed  
Your stress level has dropped.



My speech to the Crofton House graduates is looming. I have done nothing since the first draft but have an idea. I wonder what my parents are doing tomorrow, Sunday.  
Are you both going out on the boat tomorrow?  
No, but we can. Can you take a day off?  
Yes.

My parents and I are sitting on the flying bridge meandering around the circumference of Bowen Island.  
Daddy, would you be interested in helping me write my speech for Crofton House?  
Yes, what took you so long to ask?  
We had a good belly laugh.

Mum has paper and pen, saying  
Ann, you take the notes this time.  
As we mosey by a Sunday fisherman trolling for salmon and tugs

towing log booms, the speech is emerging. What's surprising to me is how attentive my parents have been to my tales to them about my job. My father has integrated so many of them into the speech.

I delivered his words at Graduation verbatim, except the last sentence.



The Commissioner General for Spain just dropped by. Ann, Placido Domingo has invited the Zarzuela Troupe from Spain to come to Mexico City just prior to the engagement at the World Festival. He will sponsor Zarzuela performances to assist the relief fund for the terrible earthquake that recently occurred in Mexico City. The artists will fly via Vancouver to Mexico City. Would the World Festival house the artists for two nights before they continued to Mexico City?

I have checked. Our accommodations office can accommodate this request. I have decided to accept the cost in our budget. I want Placido Domingo to show up.

The Zarzuela Troupe is here. Their Manager dropped by. As we said goodbye, I reminded him Placido must be here for the performances. No Placido, no performances. Ann, we are aware of your stipulation. I will do my best.



It's Royal Ballet opening night! We are being graced with the presence of HRH Princess Margaret. The performance of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* choreographed by Kenneth MacMillan with scenery and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis, a signature ballet with the Royal Ballet, reached the artistic peak always expected from this Company. The audience is in sheer heaven.

At the reception upstairs in the theatre lobby, I had a fun conversation with Princess Margaret. After the initial pleasantries I commented



I attended the ball in your honor when you were in Vancouver in 1954.  
You can't have, you were too young.

Yes, I was young, but I remember vividly your beautiful oyster-colored ball gown with the soft green appliqué design.

Princess Margaret's eyes lit up as she said

That dress was one of my most favourite dresses. It was designed for me.  
And we continued to chatter about that magic night 29 years earlier,  
until Patrick Reid, our Commissioner General, interrupted us  
and moved me along.

He asked

Ann, what could you and Princess Margaret have so much to talk about?  
Clothes!



The Zarzuela troupe has returned. The Manager is sad-faced  
Ann, Placido will not be coming.

It's Wednesday. Opening night for Zarzuela is Friday night. Hmmm  
Please give me Placido's phone number in Mexico.

Placido, we need you in Vancouver.

Ann, my father is ill and in the hospital.

Now, I had heard that story before. I am not going to buy it.

Placido, you must be here for the performances or  
there are no performances.

I will call you tomorrow evening with my response, he replies.

Tonight is my mother's birthday. Haig and Mary are hosting a celebration  
in their garden. Gosh, here I am singing happy birthday to Mum, all the  
while wondering what my call in an hour will tell me. Isn't life ludicrous?  
At one moment there is celebration, and at the next moment  
there is drama.

I have left my family to re-enter drama.

It's 9 p.m. Placido is on the line  
Ann, it is not possible for me to come.  
Fine, I will cancel the show. I am not going to mislead an audience.  
The show without Placido is not what we had sold. More importantly,  
I am not going to let Spain be embarrassed. Your country is hosting  
the next World Exposition. They need your presence, Placido,  
as much as the World Festival does.  
I will call you at 6 a.m. tomorrow morning.  
Here's my home and my work number.

Okay, everyone, we will all be here at 6 a.m. tomorrow. I have no idea  
what action we might have to take. I do know that the Corporation  
is backing me on this one.

It's 6 a.m. We are all gathered, including the Zarzuela manager.  
The phone has just rung  
Ann, I am coming. I am on a flight that arrives in Seattle at 5 p.m.

I did some quick mental calculations. He will not be in Vancouver  
via commercial airline on time.  
Great. We will have a private plane awaiting you.  
And he continued  
I have one request. Please have someone tape all the soccer games  
that are taking place here in Mexico City when I am in flight  
and when I am at the theatre.  
Fine, no problem.  
(Now, I know why he didn't want to come. Soccer was more important.)  
Safe journey, Placido!

Ann, where are you going to get a private plane?  
Jimmie Pattison, I hope.  
It was 6:30 a.m. but...I am on the phone to Jimmie's right hand,  
Maureen Chant  
Maureen, sorry to call so early. Here's the situation...

Maureen was back in a flash.

The response is yes with one proviso: You never ask again.

I laughed

Oh, Maureen, I will never ask again. I am just so grateful.

We need someone from your staff to accompany our plane crew.

Of course, I will ask Sue Harvey.

Sue just called. It's 5:45 p.m. She's with Placido on Jimmie's plane.

Ann, the pilot was imaginative. He obtained clearance to park next to the gate where Placido disembarked. Now, we are over the Gulf Islands.

Let me say hello to Placido.

Hi Ann, these islands are amazing.

Yes, welcome to beautiful British Columbia. We are glad you will be here with us.

See you soon.

We will make our 8 p.m. curtain.

I am at the stage door waiting for Placido. As the two of us walk across the stage to his dressing room, I comment

Thank you for coming.

Then I asked

Is it really worth all this drama?

His response

Sometimes I wonder.

It was an interesting moment for both of us.

Watching the performance, I knew I was right in being so forceful.

His presence is the magic of the show.

Bev Wallace, my friend who is sharing her home with me, told me an amusing story at breakfast this morning

Ann, yesterday, the phone rang about 6 a.m. waking me up. The voice said This is Placido Domingo speaking. May I speak to Ann?

I almost said

And I am Little Red Riding Hood  
Then I remembered he was booked for the Festival.  
It might really be him.  
Yes, Bev, it was and here's the story...



Just had some worrying news from Frank Brannen  
Ann, La Scala budget is escalating. Their union regulations requiring  
only two artists to an apartment regardless of the number of bedrooms  
has pushed the numbers up. This means some of the chorus  
and orchestra now will be housed in Burnaby, an outlying town.  
Oh my God.

It is near the new mass transit, the Sky Ride, so they can get  
into Vancouver quite quickly.

And as we have the financial responsibility of bussing the artists  
to and from rehearsals and performances at the Coliseum,  
the only way we can see to keep the La Scala budget in control  
is to compromise on the quality of buses.

Why?

Bus companies have raised their prices and the number we require  
is substantial. I am recommending we use school buses.

Argh! I don't like that at all. There must be some  
other arrangement possible.

We have scoured, but no.

Before I give the okay, I want to ride in one of the busses. I want to know  
what they are like and thus what I am up against.

Well, I have found out. They have hard seats. But you know what offends  
me most? It's the color, that bright orange. I know it makes sense for  
school – those buses need to be seen. But... Oh well, they are not  
first-class transportation, that's for sure!



The World Drum Festival. All the World Festival staff along with On-Site production staff are on deck to make this Festival work. We have one hundred eighty-three drummers performing all day long: 10 a.m.–10 p.m. There is a beat of energy, of newness, of fun, of learning. At the same time, the Hong Kong Dragon Boats are adding additional sonic moments as they move up and down the Creek. Over half of our guest percussionists and drummers do not speak English. Interpreters are everywhere.

And the weather! During these first few months of the Exposition we have had quite a bit of rain. Today, the opening of the World Drum Festival, it's coming down in buckets. Standing under my umbrella listening to the extraordinary talent of the Dou Dou Rose Ensemble from Senegal, my heart is in my tummy.

Oh, please God, give us sun. These musicians need it for the coming two weeks.

The Site is just closing, and I am soaked. Never mind, I have something in my office to attend to and walk back to the Administration Building. What's this I hear?

I don't care if you are the Canadian Ambassador; we need you to get up and go into the Pakistan Mountains and get the Naqara and Dholak Drummers. They missed their plane this morning and we need them in Vancouver tomorrow.

It's Renée, quiet, reserved Renée, who minds the finances for us. She, too, has rolled up her sleeves to help with the World Drum Festival. Oh, my God, I am going to hear about this call from Patrick or the protocol office. We have been warned about being too demanding. Oh, well, if Rene is successful, so be it.

A new day has arrived. It's sunny, yes, the sun is out. That terrible rain of yesterday has gone, gone. The sky is blue, the Coast Range Mountains are a prominent force in the distance and our drummers are dry. Thanks to our Canadian Ambassador, the Pakistani troupe arrived this afternoon. Quite a journey they had. Our contact in London called after

he made sure they had a safe transfer from Pakistani Air to Air Canada. Here's his story

Ann, this is the first time this group of drummers has left their home in the Pakistani mountains.

You mean they had never come out of the mountains?

You got it.

The drive out of the mountains was a shock. When they boarded the airplane, they were in total wonderment. When they deplaned in London, they discovered an escalator. It was the only way out. They refused to move up this moving staircase but stood aside watching other passengers as they exited up and away via the escalator.

I was at the top of the escalator, waiting. Once everyone deplaned, I came down the escalator to talk with them in their language.

Oh, wow.

Nothing doing! It wasn't until one of the younger troupe members decided to try it. It was such fun to watch. Halfway up he turned around and smiled. He was enjoying the ride. At the top he came back down. Then, one by one, he escorted the drummers up the escalator.

Well, they are here now in Vancouver. And our interpreter informed us that, when they arrived at the hotel and were assigned rooms, they would not stay there. They had to sleep outdoors. Paris Simon, one of our staff, has been game to stay with them. A location has been found on the Site, sleeping bags etc brought in and the drummers are happy.

You know, I have great admiration for John Wyre. He is dogged about everything he does. He doesn't let a detail slip by. And he loves growing as an artist. Yesterday he came into my office to chat, at the end of which his quiet smile came on his face

Ann, thank goodness you were firm about the drummers being on the Site. It's an amazing experience for me and for them. And now I know how to put the final show together.

He isn't the only one having fun. Pauline Hall and her army of volunteers coordinating the social aspects for the drummers are having a ball, busy



JOHN WYRE, ANN FARRIS DARLING

day and night. They discovered drummers like to play basketball. Pauline and her crew have commandeered a community centre for basketball!

John, we are getting close to the show in Expo Theatre. We need to know how the stage platforms are to be set. By the way, all performances are sold out.

True to form John is in our office early this morning, looking a little worse for wear. He has been up all night finalizing his show. All the World Festival staff are gathered, waiting with anticipation. John has just pulled out a shirt cardboard upon which he has devised his final event programming.

This circle represents the total time of the show. And he explains I have broken it into segments describing each minute. You can see I have different colors. Each color represents what the show will feel like. In each color I have written in tiny letters which drum group(s) will perform. And I am placing Steve Gad, the famous rock drummer, and his drum set

in the center. He has the responsibility to pull the show together should it start falling apart.

How many drummers will be on stage throughout the show?

More than half, ninety, and here is the platform arrangement I want.

There are four tiers. The rest will make entrances both on stage and in front of the stage.

I have composed a rhythm that will be played by all the drummers at the beginning and end of the show. That is the only time the musicians will play together.

John's process is fascinating. Everyone's energy is high – even though they have been going full out for two weeks.

We are all assembled in Expo Theatre: 183 drummers, twelve interpreters, staff, crew. Everyone is quiet. They know they have to be. John speaks in a quiet voice. This tall, lanky man is standing below the stage, near everyone, explaining, much like he did for us yesterday. This time, the process is much slower. He has to give time for the interpreters.

The moment has come to place the drummers, group by group, on the stage. It's all so orderly. I am amazed. Excitement in the air is palatable.

The troupe from Korea, performing in the Korean Pavilion all summer, is assigned the top platform unit. The gamelan musicians are on the next layer down. What's this?

The leader of the Korean troupe has just come up to me.

I have decided I don't want our artists in the show.

What is making you uneasy?

I just have decided that our artists will not be a part of this show.

She has walked on the stage and ordered them away. How sad!

And it's also amusing. As soon as the gamelan musicians saw what was happening, they took over the top row.

They are happy campers. Now, they will not be missed!



The drummers are learning the opening and closing drum chant. No words are necessary. John and his group, Nexus, are performing the beat so all can learn. It starts quietly and builds. Some of the drummers get the beat quickly, others have to learn it. It's not familiar, not part of their beat lingo. Steve Gadd is performing his role helping out as an example. Now, they all are beating together. This has been a busy morning, but the show is coming together.

We've just been through the first run-through. It took all afternoon, a stop and go event. So many logistics! The interpreters are swarming around backstage, running on stage when needed. Our production staff is crazy busy. There are so many entrances and exits and re-entrances for the finale. John wants the show to move, a continuous sound of drums or percussion.

Niv Fichman, the film director, just came to me asking for permission to place cameras and cameramen in the audience. Niv, the request is too late. The performances are sold out, have been for months. I have even released the house seats, those kept for emergencies. I'm sorry but I am not willing to displace audience members. I know this is a disappointment for him. I hope he will accept that I have a live audience to consider, people who have paid good money to attend. Their camera shots will come from the perimeter of the auditorium.

Just before the dress rehearsal tonight I went up to Steve Gadd sitting in his seat of power.

Ann,

He's looking at me with his intense dark eyes and speaking with such feeling

This is one of the most exciting gigs of my career. I have never shared a stage with so many extraordinary drummers. And even more fun, I am the controlling element in the show.

He does appreciate the responsibility John has given him.

It's ten o'clock. We've just finished the dress rehearsal. Each drum group has worked out their contribution and it all fits together. We have an amazing show. Even understated John is feeling confident.

Niv just came up to me

Ann, can you do another rehearsal tomorrow morning?

We want to get as many shots as we can.

Oh, Niv. I don't think so. I sense that the magic of the event is just about to reach its peak. I don't want that to happen in a dress rehearsal.

So, I am sorry, but no.

Niv is very unhappy with me.

It's half hour before the opening, a Saturday matinee performance.

I am wandering about, checking and watching. Behind Expo Theatre outdoors, I have just come across the Queen's Lancashire Regiment Drum Corps from England. I am sure you have seen them on TV during a ceremony with the Queen of England. Dressed in their gorgeous red, blue and white uniforms with the peaked hat along with white gloves and their drums hanging on their side, these mid-teen drummers are practicing. I stop and listen.

All the best, gentlemen.

They all responded

We are scared. Those drummers are so phenomenal, how can we compete?

Oh, you will find you are just as spectacular.

Just have fun and you will see.

John has the Drum Corps marching across the auditorium floor in front of the stage performing

their crisp routine. Oh my God,

look at this! Their entrance, their sound, their costumes, the audience is going bananas. They are screaming and clapping like magpies.

Now, these kids know what kind of an impact their artistry offers.

It must be a special moment for them, just as it is for each of the drum groups. An electric experience!

The matinee and evening are done. Now, two more shows tomorrow and the Drum Festival is over. It's late and I have to check into my office on a La Scala matter. It's nice when our performances are on the Site, we can get to the office quickly.

I just found a handwritten note from Patrick Reid on my desk Ann, you done good – marvelous in fact.

While in our hearts we knew it was an outstanding event, his endorsement just made the experience all the more special! I am posting it for all to see.



It's Sunday night. The drum swap, a mad exchange, no money just drums.

It was over in ten minutes. The stage is bare except for platforms. The World Drum Festival achieved my every dream. The two weeks gave the Expo Site a dramatic pulse, our visitors loved it and our drummers took advantage of listening and learning from each other. Each beat is different and mesmerizing. Yes, this event worked.



We are celebrating Indonesian culture. Their Pavilion has set the stage over the summer. Their choice of presenting Indonesian music, particularly the gamelan, to express the communicative theme of the Exposition, has worked. Thousands of visitors had been enriched.

And this week there are two Indonesian special events: the Gamelan Festival and the Kecak from the tiny village, Teges, on Bali.

I am sad we don't have a setting like the tiny theatre in Teges with its dirt ground under a huge Banyan tree, but our solution of a small theatre seating about three hundred fifty seems to work.

We have made one change.



1986 WORLD EXPOSITION WORLD DRUM FESTIVAL FINAL SHOW [PHOTO BY BARRY BURNS]  
THE NIV FICHMAN DVD, TITLED *WORLD DRUMS*, IS AVAILABLE IN CANADA THROUGH  
THE NATIONAL FILM BOARD, OR IN THE USA THROUGH BULL FROG FILMS  
[ [BULLFROGFILMS.COM/CATALOG/DRUMS](http://BULLFROGFILMS.COM/CATALOG/DRUMS) ]

We thought we could give a view of the Creek by opening the back wall to this natural environment.

The artists are not comfortable with the suggestion.

Ann, they are concerned they might fall into the Creek. Remember, this is a trance dance.

Steven Godfrey, the Globe and Mail critic, just called Ann, I will be out of town when the Kecak is scheduled to perform.

Can I come to a dress rehearsal?

By all means. This dress rehearsal is informal. Visitors on the Site are free to come and go as they wish.

This rehearsal is a packed house. Nobody is leaving.

Steven just came up to me speechless. The rhythmic sound of voices and the clicking of the sticks as the “dancers” of all ages moved in a powerfully ritualistic trance have entranced him.

Ann, this is the most impactful event yet in the World Festival.

Oh, Stephen, I am so happy to hear you say this.

Tonight is opening night of the Kecak. My beeper just went.

I am on Site at the theatre.

Wonder what's up?

Ann, the Indonesians from the Pavilion are in costume and are parading throughout the Site with musical instruments. They do not have permission. We are worried about crowd control.

Oh, I am sorry. There isn't much I can do at this point.

And then I see them. They are an amazing gaggle of artists in festive costumes winding their way to the theatre creating the celebratory feeling they want.

I keep trying to appease the officials

Their parade will end shortly. They are almost at the theatre.

Now, the attention is the stage and the Kecak artists, simply dressed in loin cloths, their movements/dancing are taking over.

The audience is transfixed. It's very quiet and contemplative now.

Just as I hoped.

How I wish I could stay up all night for the Gamelan Festival.

I would love to immerse myself in this unique musical experience.

But I have to sleep, even though it is only a few hours. I need to be alert each day, especially with La Scala due to arrive soon.



The Royal Thai Dancers have arrived and are performing to sold-out houses in the Playhouse. After viewing the company on slides and the costumes hanging on racks in Bangkok, the live performance is really the treat we hoped for.

Tonight, I have responsibilities on the site. My beeper just went.

What's up?

One of the Royal Thai dancers has fallen off the stage during the performance and is being rushed to hospital.



1986 WORLD FESTIVAL ROYAL THAI BALLET  
[PHOTO BY PERRY ZAVITZ]

Thanks. I will go immediately.

I am not the only one there, so are Thai officials, and interpreters waiting for the pronouncement of the doctors.

The artist is fortunate. He will recuperate but rest is required.

He cannot continue performing while in Vancouver.



Don, our hard-working Technical Director, our consultants and members of IATSE, the stagehands union, have been busy transforming the Coliseum into an opera house. The proscenium arch, the stage, the orchestra pit along with the rigging – the pipes above the stage to move scenery in and out – are now in place. The lighting, sound and TV systems are being installed. The portable dressing rooms are set up backstage. The La Scala costumes, still in trunks sent from Milan, are lined up awaiting the arrival of the wardrobe staff. The scenery and props have arrived in good shape, yes, they were all containerized. Rich blue velvet swags are covering the huge beer signs on the wall around the circumference of the ice hockey floor. The screens for the in-house TV coverage are in place as is the screen for the surtitles. Sonya Haddad, a much-respected opera surtitle specialist living in New York, whom we hired to translate the *I Lombardi* libretto into English, is working with my staff preparing the slides for the first dress rehearsal.

I have just taken the Sky Ride to Burnaby, where some of the Italian musicians and choristers are to stay. It's a new rail transportation system that goes above ground. The view of the Coast Range Mountains is extraordinary. Walking distance to the apartments takes ten minutes. Not that onerous. I hope this arrangement won't cause too much trouble, for there is no other alternative.

We are almost ready for the Italian invasion.

Nicki and Tani have scored again. They have organized an elegant dinner in a specially constructed large tent on the University of British Columbia grounds, overlooking the mountains and the sea for our three hundred



fifty La Scala guests. They talked Nicki's father-in-law into hosting and scheduling many voyages on his lovely yacht for the upper management and artists from La Scala. And they have a staff of volunteers organized to help out at the accommodation locations. They are determined the Italians will have a pleasant stay in British Columbia. And when I told them that La Scala had a soccer team, Nicki and Tani found a local team and a match is organized. I feel we were getting the pieces together for La Scala.



Other attractions are on my mind. Urban Sax is here, several days before their performance. We/they have taken over the Plaza on the Expo Site each night this week after the Site closed, working till 4 a.m. Everyone is on deck. There is much to accomplish in a short space of time. Even James Conrad, our legal beagle, is up with us. Interpretation of the contract has been required several times and who better than James for this. Tonight is our final rehearsal. We still have not completed a run-through. Part of our problem has been the necessity of striking the temporary stage early each morning, so the Site is pristine for daily visitors.

It's 4 a.m. I hear the sound of seventy saxophone musicians.  
The barge has left the other side of the Creek.  
Whoops, the Expo night phone operator is being deluged. Inhabitants living in apartments by the Creek have been awakened.  
Well, there is nothing much we can do. We have to rehearse.  
Thank God, James is with us. He's handling this.  
The sun is rising, the rehearsal finished. Considering everything, the rehearsal went well. Yes, there are a number of technical issues to sort out, but the show is there. Ohhh, I am looking forward to tonight. But no time to think about that. I have to make a call to the Operations Manager of the Exposition  
I am so sorry to awaken you so early. I need to request that the Urban Sax stage remain in place today. We can't strike it and get it back up in time for the performance tonight.  
Okay, Ann. That is fine. I will see to it.



Thanks so much.

Night came fast today. Our technical staff was pushed to ready the final details, especially as none of us have had any sleep.

The crowds are gathering in the Plaza. It's getting denser and denser.

I have claimed a spot on the ground in the middle of them armed with a walkie talkie. Sue is inside the administration building in the private club for high powered executives, etc., trying to keep them away from the windows. We don't want their presence as part of the show.

It's 10 p.m. I can hear the seventy saxophone musicians sending their eerie sounds from the barge. Those faraway sounds and searchlights have silenced a crowd of five thousand. Deep occasional thumps of the Indian drums ground the saxophone hum as it approaches.

The view of disembarking white-clothed space suit artists wandering through our Visitors Plaza making strange sounds seems to have our audience intrigued. The Plaza is surrounded by the Administration buildings and the British Columbia Pavilion on three sides.



URBAN SAX ARRIVAL TO PLAZA [PHOTO BY GUNTHER MARX]



URBAN SAX [PHOTO BY DERIK MURRAY]

The rappellers, whose ropes are attached to the top of these three five-story buildings, are jumping off and sliding down their ropes pushing themselves away from those buildings offering a different kind of motion to the event. The dark-green-plastic-covered, many-leveled stage is being swarmed with white-clothed performers. The drummers are drumming, the lights are swirling. The crowd is silent.

Gilbert Artman has an uncanny sense of when enough is enough. The saxophonists are weaving their way back through the crowd to their barge. Their legs and our legs, the legs of the crowd, are becoming engulfed in soap bubbles. The focus is the barge, the searchlights are pounding as the sound disappears into the night. Oh, my God, there is an amazing cheer from our audience. Yes, it worked.

Guess what, I opened up the Vancouver Province newspaper this morning. In the upper right-hand corner on the front page in the box previewing what can be found inside to read, was written in bold “France Wins” and in a tiny font was “see Arts Section.”

The critic was over the top with his experience of Urban Sax. Needless to say, I am sending a copy of the review to Catherine Clement in Paris.

Marcel Galopin is a happy camper.



The ice has gone in the ice rink in the west end of Vancouver. The transformation for the installation for *No Sugar* is uncomplicated. The floor is wood with strategic placement of bleachers. My friend and housemate, Bev Wallace, is volunteer coordinator for the *No Sugar* cast and company.

At breakfast we catch up

Ann, your accommodations department has done a miracle. The hotel for these artists is a small one, near beautiful Stanley Park, walking distance to their performance space. They love having such a grand outdoors so close. Like other coordinators, Bev and her team are having a wonderful time helping the artists. We are so grateful.

*No Sugar* is sold out, not an unusual fact these days.

I am curious to see the audience reaction when experiencing the discomfort of being displaced.

Yes, many were uncomfortable. A few complained. But most got it! This production is enjoying good success in Vancouver.



The first group of Italians arrived today, seventy-five technicians, wardrobe, production and management staff. It's a cloudy day and they are tired from the eighteen-hour trip.

I am not concerned about the University housing. It's first class.  
I am a little worried about the apartment complex in central Vancouver that we have found. It's just a regular apartment complex.  
I am heading there to see what's up.

Oh, dear. Someone is crying on the lawn.  
One of our interpreters is with me  
Let's ask a coordinator  
What's the problem with the woman on the lawn?  
She is a wardrobe staff member. She is not happy with her accommodation allocation. All of her friends have been assigned to UBC accommodation.  
Well, that's not our problem. La Scala made the room assignments.  
Let's keep going. Is there anything else that needs attention?

Yes, there is. The fiery Assistant to the General Manager just lost it with me. I never have seen anyone so angry  
Ann, you promised that sightseeing brochures would be compiled. They are not in the rooms.  
You are correct. They are not. I instructed the person in charge of them to stop the delivery this morning when I discovered one page was printed upside down. They are being reprinted and will be available here tomorrow.  
That is not acceptable. And he raged on.  
I wonder if the orange busses made him unhappy. Oh, dear.

And it still continues. He has just left our office after sounding off again  
I have just taken the Sky Ride to the apartment complex in the suburb.  
I am sure you have not done that.  
Oh, in fact I have.  
Why are they being housed there?  
The La Scala union dictates only two artists are allowed to share an apartment. The University complex apartments has three bedrooms.



LA SCALA, SERGIO ESCOBAR, CARLO MARIA BADINI

That wasn't acceptable to your advance team. As the overflow of visitors to Vancouver has swallowed up all available accommodation, we have done the best we could. He is not pleased.



Meantime, David Y.H. Lui, overseeing the

Ballet Gala celebrating the three Canadian ballet companies, is hard at work. Les Grands Ballet, National Ballet of Canada and the Royal Winnipeg Ballet companies have arrived. That event opened last night with much success. Dance in Canada is up next. We engaged a panel of internationally known choreographers and dance specialists to determine who to invite to this celebration. It's wonderful to have a whole week celebrating the variety of ballet and dance in Canada.



Now, all the artists for La Scala have arrived and rehearsals begun. Susan Mathieson just called. We were all but sold out. 40,000 seats gone! Susan, congratulations. She and her team have done a wonderful job! Roger Gans has come through with an excellent sound system. The technical aspects are in good shape. Today is the first full run-through rehearsal without costumes. La Scala will have the opportunity to see the surtitles and the simulcast screens. Oh, I wonder how they will react to the latter?



SUSAN MATHIESON [PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN]

I am sitting upstairs in the top tier, where the audience we want to serve with these screens will be sitting. My heart just went into my tummy. Yes, you can see action and see it well with the screens, but the television director is making the action on the

screen too busy for my liking – zeroing in and out with the cameras. The screens have become the show, rather than just a support to the performance.

It's intermission. I will go to the recording booth and share my concern  
How is it going for you?

This is a rough version, we are just getting to see the show. Do you have any feedback?

Yes, I am a little concerned about the amount of action on the screens. One's attention is drawn almost entirely away from the stage. I would like the screens to be an adjunct, not the primary focus.

At first, he was concerned. He wanted more of an artistic rather than rapportage approach. To his credit, he agreed to explore simplifying his approach during the next act.

This rehearsal is over, we are gathered for notes. There are lots but nothing we can't handle. So far there has been no mention of the simulcast.

I have a question. Do you have any comments on the screens?

No, we like them. We can see you are working to slow them down. But we like them.

Whew, it is a go.

The lobbies are still being transformed into a magical space. Italian newspapers are adorning all the walls of the circumference of the lobby levels. The ugly florescent lights now shine gently through the many different colors of china silk: pink, purple, orange, yellow and on. The “dead” trees from the Exposition Site are installed throughout the lobbies, devoid of leaves and covered with tiny white lights. The smell of hot dogs and popcorn has been displaced by the delightful aroma of espresso coffee. Who would have thought this building could be so successfully transformed into an operatic environment!



LA SCALA, *I LOMBARDI* [PHOTO BY DAVID COOPER]

It's opening night. We are ready for the first onslaught of seven thousand fans. They are coming in all shapes and sizes and from every economic background. Some are arriving in jeans and bare feet, others in evening gowns being dropped off by chauffeur-driven Rolls Royces. The curtain has gone up, the music is soaring through the space. The artists are the best, the orchestra rich in tone, the scenery and costumes well-designed, representing traditional grand opera.

The curtain is down. We, La Scala and the Exposition, know that this was an evening where high artistic standards held forth. It's been worth it all.



Tonight, Jeff McNair came backstage during a La Scala intermission. Oh, Jeffrey, I am so glad you came. I hope you feel a sense of satisfaction with this effort. Without your early support this event would never have happened. Thanks so much.

As we were chatting, he asked

How's your father?

Gosh, you know what my answer was?

He will be dead in six weeks.

And do you know what Jeffrey said?

Promise me something.

What?

Promise me that you will say goodbye to your father.

That is a horrific suggestion. I can't do that. No.

He reiterated his request and I said no.

He said it again and this time I asked

Why?

Because I did not and have been trying to for the last ten years.

Okay, I will.

The bell rang, the intermission is over. Jeffrey has gone.

My life has shifted back to my work.



I called Maureen Chant, Jimmie Pattison's able Executive Assistant. Please encourage Jimmie to come to the Coliseum for at least an act of La Scala. I know opera doesn't interest him, but I want him to see what he has enabled. The transformation of the ice hockey rink has worked.

Jimmie came tonight. I didn't know he was here until intermission when someone came and told me he was in the lobby asking to talk to me.



Ann, I have enjoyed myself. I want to give you, Don and Frank, a bonus for the work that you have accomplished.  
I must say I was astonished. I have never been given a bonus.  
You do what you are hired for. You know, I wonder if it is appropriate to receive this gift. There had been many people who have participated in making La Scala a success.  
And then I remember my admonition to myself and quietly receive thanks and the offer  
Thanks Jimmie.

This morning I thought: This bonus will cover the financial outlay I have made personally throughout my time with Expo. The Corporation is not generous with entertainment and there were times I felt it was necessary or a gracious step to take. So, all in all, that bonus is making me happy.



La Scala is near completion. I do admire the verve with which these Italians are exploring British Columbia. Every day we are hearing about their trips, thither and yon.  
And the soccer game, VCR versus La Scala, took place.

As predicted, the excitable Assistant to the General Manager has requested representatives from Air Canada come to a meeting to assure that the three hundred fifty Italians will go through check-in quickly. Our transportation staff already anticipated this challenge and has a meeting set up.  
The Air Canada executives confirmed in our meeting  
There will be two check-in counters dedicated to La Scala.  
We have agreed that the departure times of the busses from the apartment complexes will be staggered so three hundred fifty Italians do not arrive together at the airport.

Sue and I are at the airport early. We felt something was awry and are nervous. It turns out we had good reason. Only one check-in station

has been assigned. And to make it worse, the same officials who sat in our meeting just shrugged their shoulders. They don't care. Air Canada is unprepared to handle the load – there are other large groups also departing. I am angry and disappointed.

There was one nice moment as La Scala departed. The tall, patrician-like Board Chairman with whom I have a good rapport came up and said Thanks, you have done La Scala a great favor. We, the board and staff, thought the Company had to perform inside an opera house to be successful. You have proved to us that different locations are possible. We are deeply grateful for this opportunity. And by the way, the Company had a good time in Vancouver.



THE WORLD FESTIVAL STAFF AND FRANK BRANNAN  
REJOICING WITH THE SUCCESS OF LA SCALA



September has arrived. Six weeks and the World Festival will be done, the Exposition over. Toho Company and *Medea* are here and today is the first rehearsal. Hikijito Hira, playing *Medea*, has taken stage with his and large gestures. It could be male, it could be female. This is communication at its best.

We almost don't need the simultaneous translation to get the impact. Well, that is not exactly true but...

Tadao Nakane and his director, Yukio Ninagawa, are developing a unique artistic statement which I hope North America will see more of. Yes, of course, we are sold out.

A touching personal moment happened tonight as I was standing in the lobby after the *Medea* performance. Dorothy Somerset, who had done so much to build a theatre community in Vancouver, was exiting with some friends. I went up to her to say hello Dorothy, it is almost thirty years since you helped me make the decision to work at Williamstown, which led to Yale, which opened so many doors for me.



TADAO NAKANE, ANN FARRIS, SETZU AZUCURA

Dorothy is in her nineties and has the same spark and mischievousness in her facial expressions  
Oh, Ann. What a beautiful performance.  
I responded  
I will pass on your comments.  
This was a meaningful reconnect, an opportunity to say thanks.



Sue just told me  
Ann, guess what I just found out. *La Cages Aux Folles*, (the Broadway

musical that ousted La Scala from the Queen Elizabeth Theatre) had to cancel one week of their run here and had only half audiences in the other week.

Hmmm. That's odd. Perhaps it's karmic. Our musical, *42nd Street*, directly from New York, sold out.



Vancouver New Music Society performances with Steve Reich are next. A year ago or more, the percussionist Sal Ferreras, who gave so much to the World Drum Festival, had this idea of highlighting Steve Reich. Yes, by all means, let's go for it. Now the evening is here.



I had a call today from Carol Harford at Wolf Trap. Ann, would you be interested in the Executive Director position? Carol, I am taking six months off after Expo. Thanks, but no. They are not taking no for an answer. We will wait the six months. This is my second test for myself about my future. No, it's too soon to make that decision.

I just had a call from Hamilton Southam, former Director General of the National Arts Center in Ottawa. Would I be interested in developing a Festival in Ottawa? I know that invitation is not appropriate for me. I do not speak French. Canada is a bilingual country. Being bilingual is a necessary component in Ottawa to be successful. That offer was easy to decline.



Hammy and Terry Wright, our whiz kid budget overseer, asked me to a meeting saying Ann, we want your authorization to remove \$500,000 from your budget and apply it to On-Site Entertainment. With La Scala complete and the

final costs accounted for, the Finance Department leadership feels safe in allowing this transference of monies out of your budget. We need these funds to engage more On-Site performers. I knew we were in good shape, but not to that extent. Not only is the World Festival a success, so is the Exposition. The number of visitors has gone beyond all our expectations and they are continuing to flood the Site.

Hey, everyone, bravo. What an accomplishment. You know what crossed my mind. Darn, we might have had half the funding towards Robert Wilson's *Civil Wars* or Schaubuhne! Oh well!

One production after another is coming and going. I have just been called to Jimmie Pattison's office. I wonder what is up, now? I want you to explain to me why the World Festival can enjoy such success and not be a money maker.

I laughed

Jimmie, 'tis ever the conundrum for the business mind. Let's look at this from different perspectives. The World Festival exceeded its budgeted income, we sold 95% of our tickets, brought in \$7 million. Ticket sales covered 70% of our expenses. In the non-profit arts world, those are excellent results.

Yes, but why doesn't the income match the expenses, or exceed them? Let me continue. It's been the norm since the 16th century in Europe when opera emerged, that its costs were borne first by royalty and then by governments. Opera, theatre, dance are expensive to produce. Today, ticket sales many a time in the non-profit world make up 50-70%, In Canada, the three levels of government, Federal, Provincial and local provide a third of the funding required. In Europe, governments are committed at a much higher level. Generous patrons, both individual and corporate in the US make up the gap.

And I want you to consider this. I would venture to say that if the Expo Corporation could have captured the number of visitors who came to Vancouver for the purpose of the World Festival and then

bought Site access to the Exposition Site and those numbers had been tallied with the money they spent on the Site, that your perceived shortfall would disappear. Remember the World Festival kept Expo's name in the press. We gave you continuous good publicity.

Jimmie changed the subject

Ann, what are you doing next?

I am going to Hawaii for six months.

What?

Jimmie, this is my third world exposition. I know a planned rest is essential to gear up for my next step. What about you?

My wife wants me to take a vacation. I can't fathom that thought.



This morning in a rehearsal of the L'Ensemble Vocal de Lausanne, the Vancouver Chamber Choir and CBC Vancouver Orchestra,

I turned to Sue

I am going to my parents for tea at the end of the rehearsal. See you later.

That's odd, why did I make that decision.

I am driving up Granville Street about to turn left on Angus Drive.

Gosh, I know why I am going to my parents. I am going to say goodbye to my father.

Yipes, this doesn't feel like a very comfortable idea!

Tilly, my parent's amiable housekeeper, greets me at the kitchen door.

Are my parents home?

Your father is resting. He just came in from the dentist. Your mother is at the hairdresser's.

Would you bring tea up? Thanks.

Hi Pie, what's up?

I am reading and resting. Bring up a chair. It looks like I am going to win my bet!

We have a bet on the total number of Expo visitors. The number is close to my estimate and we still have ten days to go until closing afternoon.

Well, you may be right, growl, growl. But it's great for Expo. You know I have been thinking about how lucky it has been for me to be in Vancouver for these last two and a half years. You, Mum and I have had good times. And I am really grateful to you for...

And somehow, I just allowed myself to say what was in my heart.

My father was quiet. And then, he said

That's enough. Thank you.

And in the next breath he said

Don't be surprised if I go into the hospital soon for a check-up.

Something is not right.



Mum just called

Your father went into the hospital last night. He's having tests.

Haig and I are with him today.

Oh, okay. I will go in early, 7:30 a.m.-ish, tomorrow morning, before rehearsal.

I just arrived at the hospital. My father is being impatient with his oxygen mask, giving the nurse a hard time. He looked at me and said as he threw a mask away from his face

I hate this thing.

I looked at the nurse.

This mask is providing him oxygen to make it easier for him to breath.

He needs to use it.

Ann, I am not ready to die. What are the doctors saying?

They don't know what is causing the problem.

I just left the room for a moment. The primary doctor looking after my father came down the hall and asked

Are you related to John Farris?

Yes

Do you have a minute?

Yes.

Let's go in here. Your father is very ill. You might have an important decision to make shortly.

Shall I ask my mother to come?

Yes, please do.

Mum, the doctor feels we might have an important decision to take.

Can you come?

Yes. I am dressed. I sensed something was up. I will be there shortly.

A call next to Katherine in Toronto

Katherine, I am at the hospital with Pie. It seems his condition is serious, and no one knows what the problem is. I think you should come.

I need to get hold of Haig. Mary is in Europe. I hope he's home.

Hi, Jason. Can I speak to your dad?

He's playing golf.

As soon as he gets in, please ask him to meet me at the hospital.

Mum and I just met with the doctor.

Mrs. Farris, your husband is having a very difficult time breathing.

We still have no idea what is wrong with him. We are recommending that a tube be inserted down his throat to solve this breathing problem.

Otherwise we feel he will be dead by the end of the day.

Will this help him in the long run?

We hope so. We are making this recommendation because two days earlier he was driving his car, doing errands. So, a part of him is healthy.

We need the time to do more research.

Mum and I looked at each other and decide yes

Please go ahead with the procedure.

It's several hours later. We just saw him. No, he can't talk.

But he put up his hand making the victory sign. We take that to mean he feels we have taken the appropriate step.

It's odd, tonight the Vancouver Opera opens Janáček's *The House of the Dead*, their second entry into the World Festival. I am missing that opening.





This morning I did attend the Artcetra discussion highlighting *The House of the Dead*. I was given a thoughtful gift from one of our regular attendees over these last five and a half months. It's a scrapbook of all the photos she took at each session. I am very touched. It's a great memory of the World Festival. (See Appendix V for some of these photos.)



My father's health is deteriorating. There is nothing the medical world can do. And the Royal Bank/Expo 86 World Festival and Expo 86 is nearing completion. All that remains is the closing concert highlighting Jessye Norman singing Strauss' *Four Last Songs*.

Ann, the fireworks that remain in storage will be shot off on our last night. Okay, but don't start them until our concert is done. The sound will blast us out of the theatre. I will have our stage manager call Operations Central on the Site when the concert is finished.



DAVID HABER, ANN FARRIS

Strauss' *Four Last Songs* is one of Mum's most favorite pieces of music. I told her a year ago Mum, this programming is for you. She has decided she will come to the concert.

I had a lovely surprise. My friend and colleague, David Haber, has come

from Houston for closing night. And I was glad that an opportunity opened up in the lobby before the concert to chat with the critics who were all gathered together

Thank you so much. Yes, we have had our moments,  
but I am grateful for your help.  
You treated our international artistic guests with respect.  
I was surprised with their next statement  
What are we going to do now? The City will seem so empty artistically.  
Give the Vancouver Arts community supportive criticism  
so they have space to continue their growth.

The house chimes, the musical phrase of Alexina Louie's  
*The Ringing Earth*, just sounded for the last time.

Jessye Norman's beautiful voice was the perfect quiet ending for  
the World Festival. Her conductor, a colleague from years back.  
As the applause died away, we heard the explosions of the fireworks.  
It all seemed so appropriate.

David, please come with me. I am taking Jessye Norman  
across the street to a reception being sponsored by IBM.

I am surprised. My first beau, Gerald McGavin in Grade Nine,  
is the host. IBM outdid themselves with the dinner. Jessye Norman  
graciously allowed me to wander her through the IBM crowd  
who very much wanted to meet her.

It's midnight, David and I just walked her back to her hotel  
adjacent to the party.

David, look at this.

There is craziness on the streets. It's like being in Times Square  
in New York on New Year's Eve.

It seems the word had spread during the day that Expo would put on an  
extended fireworks show. It lasted an hour. Thousands upon thousands  
showed up, standing on bridges and around the Creek. Now, no one  
wants to go home. Yes, Expo was a great five-and-a-half-month party.  
I just arrived at the hospital. It's 2 a.m. Took me an hour and a half  
to drive what normally was a fifteen-minute trip.

I am grateful for this quiet time to spend with my father,  
thinking about our lives, my life.



Today is the Expo Closing Ceremony, which Hamilton McClymont has masterminded. Staffs from all of the nations participating in the Exposition, along with the Expo staff, are marching through part of Vancouver and into the large, covered dome near the Exposition Site. I have never done anything like this before. We, the World Festival, have mustered up some of our World Festival banners and are joining this festive group. It is quite thrilling to feel the power of a jubilant crowd.

I feel much gratitude to all those who made the Royal Bank/Expo 86



THE ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL TEAM

*Back row, left to right:* DON FINLAYSON, JOHN MCLAUGHLIN,  
PADDY MCENTEE, PARIS SIMONS, TIM DAVISSON, JEFF HERD

*3rd row, left to right:* RICHARD FORZLEY, GEOFFREY KIEFT, ANNE KAARIO, ALIX BAZIUK,  
SUE HARVEY, MARY MCNEIL, ROBERT GODFREY, RENÉE PARIS, DIANA ANDERSON

*2nd row, left to right:* HAMILTON MCCLYMONT, DOUGLAS HUGHES, JAMES CONRAD,  
ANGELA HYDE-COURTNEY, DIKE DAVENPORT, LESLEY MACMILLAN

*Front row, left to right:* WENDY MASSIE, SUSAN MATHIESON, TERRY WRIGHT, JOHN NEWTON,  
ANN FARRIS DARLING, HERB CAPOZZI, MARK PORTEOUS, EMILIA WAGNER

World Festival possible and who participated in getting the shows on the stage. It has been an extraordinary experience.

Expo 86 is over. I have left my staff as they are tidying up their desks. In three days, we will all be gone. But now, I am returning to the hospital to be with my family. It's near the time when my father will leave this planet. I have a message for him  
Pie, you won our bet. We reached 23 million visitors.  
He is still with us enough to understand. He moved his arm.

I have never been with anyone when they passed to the other side. I am rather nervous. It's 5 a.m. Mum is by his head.  
Her hand is on his shoulder. I am standing at the foot of the bed.  
He has just stopped breathing.  
And we are all gasping, as Mum exclaims  
Look at that.  
What we saw was a light moving out of and up from his head.  
I was so overwhelmed, I grabbed a hold of the nurse's arm to steady myself.  
What an ending to a man's life!



The last two days have been about goodbyes: at Expo and for my father. Haig and Katherine took on the responsibility of producing a lovely service for him. My old friend, Barbie Armstrong, assembled large, gracious arrangements of flowers from Mum's beautiful garden to adorn the church.

"All is quiet, now."