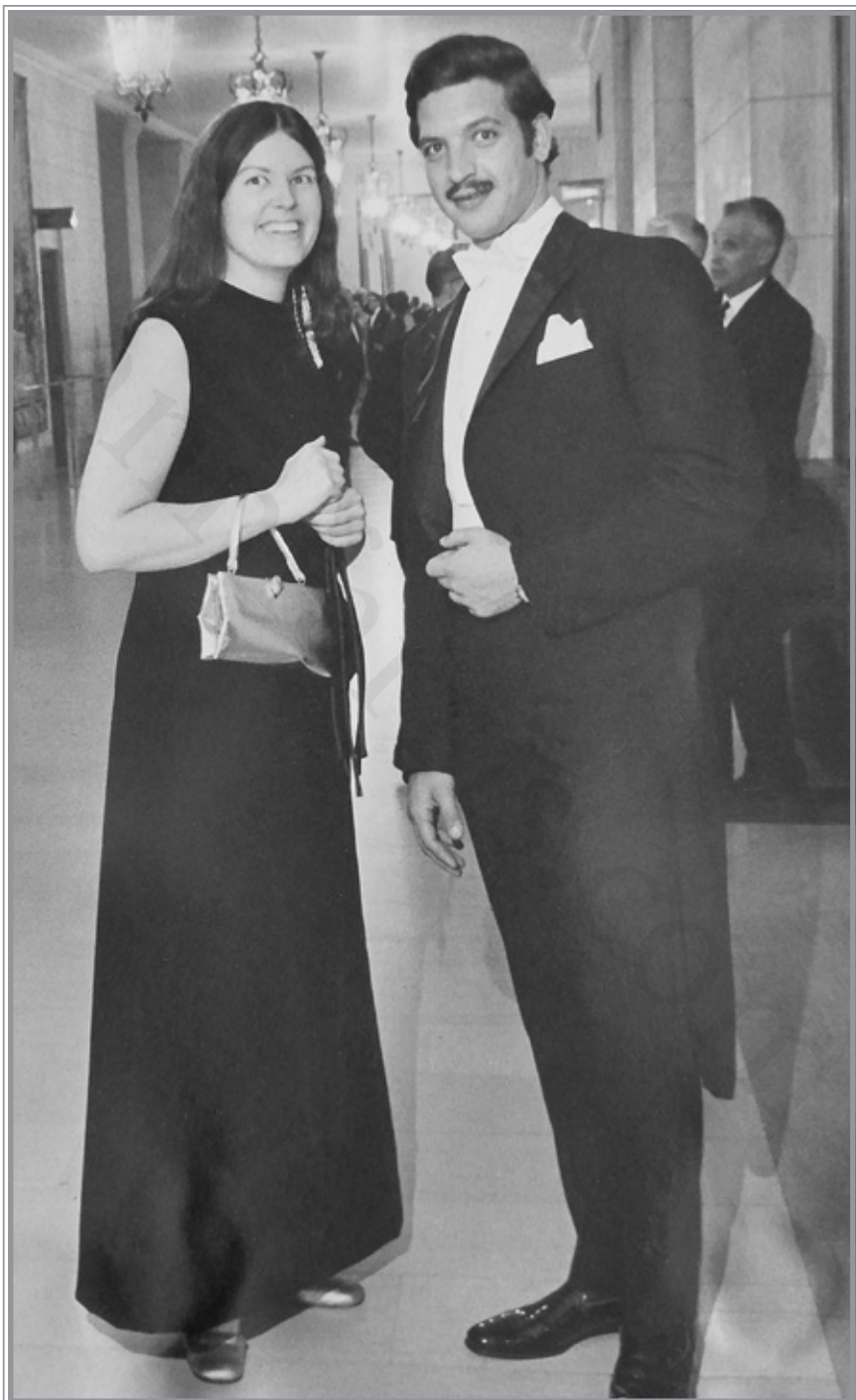


## TWO ENGINES ONE VOICE



annfarris.com



ANN FARRIS AND RICHARD RODZINSKI, OPENING NIGHT, THE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA, SEPTEMBER 1969

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# TWO ENGINES

## *One Voice*



Ann Farris

[ *An Autobiography* ]

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Openness Books

## TWO ENGINES ONE VOICE

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*To all those who have crossed my path  
and given me support, lessons, love and opportunities.  
Without you, my life would not have been so rich.  
I am deeply grateful.*



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Also by Ann Farris



*The Other Side of Dyslexia*

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## PROLOGUE

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**W**E COME TO HAVE FUN, we come to struggle  
We come to explore, we come to hide  
We come to laugh, we come to cry  
We come to learn, we come to let it all go  
We come to love, we come to experience hate  
We come to sing, we come to croak  
We come to give space, we come to claim space  
We come to be silly, we come to be serious  
We come to take responsibility, we come to give it away  
We come to be grounded, we come to float  
We come to feel, we come to close down  
We come to share, we come to claim for ourselves  
We come to be angry, we come to forgive  
We come to believe in a universal god/goddess, we come to deny  
that the divine exists  
We come to dance, we come to be still

We come to experience the dark, we come to experience the light  
We come to laugh, we come to cry  
We come to get it, we come to deny  
We come to shout, we come to whisper  
We come to cheer, we come to be silent  
We come to exercise, we come to be a sloth  
We come to deny, we come to accept  
We come to experience the dark side of our ego, we come to experience  
the light side of our ego  
We come to uncover, we come to reject what we know  
We come to receive, we come to give  
We come to stand up for our beliefs, we come to let them go  
We come to see life is a paradox: contrasting points of view  
We come to learn to experience it all without judgment

## CHAPTER 1

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# EARLY DAYS



[ 1948 ]

**I**T'S RAINING, BUCKETS OF RAIN! The bus is jammed with soggy, quiet travelers watching big juicy droplets of water running down the steamed-up windows. The smelly wool coat of the man next to me is as distasteful as the long-haired coat of our Irish setter, Banshee, when she comes in dripping wet from the pouring rain. It's all annoying. Won't this bus please stop picking up passengers and get me to 16th Street? I am the guest of honor today. I need to be on time!

Pushing open the heavy wooden front door of my grandparents' home  
I announce my arrival

Yoo-hoo. Hello, I am here.

Nursie Leith rounds the corner by the alcove where the brown  
gramophone sits. It plays beautiful orchestral music.

Goodness child! You are dripping with rain. Remove your galoshes and  
wet coat and give them to me.

Thanks, Nursie Leith.

I love Nursie Leith. She's fun. This afternoon she is wearing her party

outfit, black dress with white decorative designed collar and cuffs and a white apron outlined with white lace. In her bright red dyed hair, she has pinned a small crown of more white lace. She's adorable.

Am I the first?

No, your mother and Mrs. Ralph are in the living room.

Nana instigated the idea of Nursie Leith, Nursie Reid and Annie, the cook, calling her son's wives by the first name of their husband. Otherwise, the staff would say, Mrs. Farris, and no one would know which Mrs. Farris they were talking about. Wasn't Nana smart?

I love coming into Nana's house, especially at Christmas. The green dangling fir boughs are hanging around the entrances to all rooms on the main floor and are attached to the wide, wooden stair balustrade all the way up to the balcony that encircles the front hall on the second floor. Christmas cards jauntily sit on the ledges above door frames adding a special element of color to the elegant hallway.



NURSIE LEITH, ANNIE COOKIE, NURSIE REID,  
FRASER MACKAY [PHOTO BY GRETCHEN CREERY]  
CIRCA 1961

Oh Nana, I am so happy to be here.

Nana, in a soft-blue wool afternoon dress with long sleeves and a double strand of pearls giving a finish to the top of her outfit, gives me a hug saying

Dear, come in the living room. Tea will be served when the others arrive. Today is the tree lighting celebration. No, it's not the twelve-foot pine Christmas tree decorated in the bay window in my grandfather's law-book lined library. It's the seventy-foot fir tree at the beginning of the



driveway entrance to their home on the steep Granville Street hill. Last week workmen put deep red, crimson, blue, bright yellow, vibrant green and ugly orange lights through the many chocolate-colored limbs laden with dark green needles. The celebration is a tradition now. A grandchild flips the switch to turn on these lights. The first year it was Wallace Michael. He's the oldest. Then, it was Evlyn. Now, it is me!

Great! The tea tray is set up in front of Nana's chair in the living room by the stone hearth and the brightly burning fire.

Whoops, sorry, Nursie Reid.

...I almost ran into her. She is carrying the polished silver tea pot filled with #22 tea from Murchies Tea Shop and needs to place it on the ornamented brightly polished silver tea tray in front of Nana.

Finally, finally, my aunts, my cousins: tall lanky Wallace Michael who's great at playing classical music on the piano, very proper Evlyn, fiery-eyed Wendy, sweet Gretchen, a very young Jennifer, mischievous Lauch and my trick-loving brother, Haig, have arrived. All of us girl cousins go to the same school, Crofton House. Yes, we are all dressed alike in our uniforms: a dark navy-blue square-necked tunic which is not allowed below our knees, a white square neck blouse which peeks about the top of the tunic, long black stockings, navy blue bloomers and black shoes. To keep warm we have a navy-blue blazer.

Wendy, Evlyn, Aunt Shirley and Aunt Katherine are settled into the huge sofa covered in a rough brown fabric. I hardly ever sit there. I don't like the rough feel of it. Rather I cozy up on the deep rich blue velvet-covered fender stool in front of the fire, next to Nana's chair and the tea tray. There's another reason for this coveted seat. I am close to the covered silver dish sitting on the brass tripod on the hearth. Inside, keeping warm, are delicious homemade scones dripping in butter.

Ann, you are the guest of honor today. I will serve you first. How do you take your tea?

With cream and sugar, please Nana. Thank you. Would you like me to pass the biscuits?

Please, dear. That would be helpful. Be sure to take napkins.

I have method in my madness: The scones will return with me.

I deserve two for my hard work.

I know the ceremony will be soon because night time has arrived. It's dark outside. It's easy to tell at Nana's. She doesn't draw the curtains. No need to, no one can look in. The house is in the middle of an acre of land.

Finally, the gentlemen, our fathers and grandfather (the Senator) have arrived. My grandfather has taken his chair opposite Nana on the other side of the fireplace. He fits the perfect description of a grandfather with a twinkle in his eye and an open smile which tells me he's always pleased to see me. The other gentlemen – my father, a round-faced man with a great sense of humor, Uncle Ralph, whose dark hair and nervous energy sets him apart from the rest, and Uncle Donald, the shy one – are busy going around the room giving each lady a peck on the cheek as they pull up dark decorative oak-backed chairs stationed against the walls.

Nursie Reid has just replenished the tea pot.

Oh dear, a little more time to wait!



JOHN WALLACE  
DE BEQUE FARRIS  
[GRAMPOO]  
CIRCA 1912

*I am taking this hold on the tree light ceremony to tell you about Grampoo and how he came to Vancouver. He chose to "Go West, Young Man" to join his brothers not long after he graduated with a Law Degree from the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. Hailing from New Brunswick, these young men wanted adventure. Grampoo was the last to arrive, in 1902. With little money in his pocket at first he slept in a tent, cozy in a sleeping bag, on a beach near Stanley Park. His first jobs were clerking for a lawyer, which paid very little. Then one day the City of Vancouver posted a position: City Prosecutor. With his law degree he got the job and became Vancouver's first City*

*Prosecutor. At that time the population of Vancouver was TINY, about 30,000 residents. The sidewalks were wooden and roads brick. Now forty plus years later (1948), there are about 300,000 people and cement sidewalks in parts of Vancouver.*

Oh, Grampoo has stood up from his chair. I can see our Christmas tree lighting ceremony is about to begin.

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention. It's time to light the tree. This year Ann has that privilege.

The chattering has stopped.

I am positioned by the window-paned door at the end of the sofa and adjacent to the switch on the wall. My hand is close by. Everyone has moved down by the long oak refectory table where there are seven-foot tall windows looking out into the dark. We can just see the bare outline of the tall majestic fir tree hidden from us in the dark.

It's quiet. We are ready, I know we are ready.

Ann, dear, light the tree!

Oh, what fun! With a flip of the switch protected in its brass cover this gigantic tree is sparkling with many colored lights dancing as the cold winter wind blows the branches covered in raindrops. My huge family is cheering and whooping and hollering. We Farris' like to do that when we celebrate.

This is the best Christmas tree yet!

"Mil"

That's what my mother and aunts call Nana. You got it, its short for mother-in-law.

You have added even more lights this year. It's beautiful.

There is a chorus of tumbling congratulations falling over me.

I am getting lots of warm hugs, too. That feels wonderful.

I had a good time. It's odd something so easy to do, flipping a switch, can create such magic.

I wish my studies at school were this easy. Grade Six and I don't like each other. Today was the last day of school before Christmas. It was terrible.



WALLACE AND EVLYN FARRIS FAMILY CHRISTMAS NIGHT—CIRCA 1950

*Left standing:* SHIRLEY FARRIS, KATHERINE FARRIS ROBSON, EVLYN FARRIS

*Front on or by bench:* BETTY FARRIS, WENDY FARRIS, DOROTHY FARRIS [MY MOTHER]

*Center, back row:* DONALD FARRIS, CHARLIE ROBSON, RALPH FARRIS, JOHN FARRIS [MY FATHER]

*Sitting:* WALLACE FARRIS [GRAMPOO] WITH JENNIFER FARRIS IN HIS LAP,

EVLYN FARRIS [NANA], WALLACE MICHAEL ROBSON, ANN FARRIS;

*On the floor:* LAUCH FARRIS, HAIG FARRIS, [MY BROTHER] GRETCHEN FARRIS

I had to recite a poem. The teacher never seems to get it that I have a hard time remembering long strings of words. They just don't stay in my head.

Well, today, the worst happened. She chose me.

At first, I was very proud of myself. I remembered the first few lines.

Then, my head went blank. Yes, it just goes blank! So, I said

And, she faded through the floor.

My classmates laughed.

I sat down so embarrassed. But, you know what? I am pleased with my comment. It was the truth. That's how I felt.

I am glad school is over for a while. This celebration has made me feel better.

A couple of years ago when my family moved to our Matthews Avenue house I made a new friend. We crossed paths while riding our bicycles putting our feet down on the dirt path to stop by the central garden of The Crescent Park, filled with many colored dahlias standing tall and proud. Hello, my name is Ann.

Mine is Sherry.

Sherry has dark brown curly-hair and friendly eyes that match the color of her hair.

Do you live nearby?

We live on Matthews Street, a block away. Where do you live?

She pointed across the park to a large white house with blue awnings and a spacious front lawn separated from the street by a stone fence.

My sister, Romilly, my baby brother, Dal, and I just moved in. My mum is having another baby. Do you want to ride bicycles together?

Yes, yes!

We took off cycling to the edge of the park, bumping our bicycles over the curb and into the street. Down one side of Osler Street with its tree-lined median we went, returning back on the other, chattering away. That's when I learned she likes to roller skate. We have returned to Osler many times. It's an ideal street, it's smooth.

Our skating was almost spoiled today. We skate beside the wicked witch's house. That's where it is the smoothest. The witch came out of her thatched roof house with tiny windows with even tinier panes of glass lined in metal carrying her ugly brown wicker laundry basket screaming at us

If you girls don't stop roller skating here I will be picking you up in pieces and putting you in my basket! Her face was really red as she disappeared back into her house.

We continued.



School is difficult, you know. It began in Grade One. Mrs. Scott told Mum I needed help with reading. She recommended to my parents to hold me back a year. Mum didn't buy that. After school for several months

she and I sat in our library in front of the gently burning fire. It was cozy.

Ann, what book do you want to read?

One with huge letters and nice pictures.

How about the book about a cat?

Yes, I love it.

What are the letters in cat?

C, A, T

Good for you.

Now, what do those letters sound like?

I don't know.

I'll go first.

C is *Ke*, now, you say it.

*Ke*.

And so it went. By the end of Grade One I could read words.

In Grade Three I told my parents

There's a problem at school. I can't see what is written on the blackboard.

What do you mean?

I need to understand what is written on the blackboard.

Mum took me to the eye doctor. He told us

Ann, you have twenty-twenty vision. Your eyes are very healthy and in good shape. I am sure you will be fine at school.

It wasn't true. I still couldn't understand what was written on the blackboard. We went back to the eye doctor. He gave me glasses. They were awful, gave me a headache. I purposefully lost them.

Then, the eye doctor had me come to his office for eye exercises. I put my head into a viewer where I saw two pictures of Mickey Mouse. The lady in the white jacket told me

Please make them become one, using a handle in each hand

That was easy. But, and this is a big but, it didn't help me understand what was written on the board.

So, I made a decision. It was near the end of Grade Three, I know, because the delicate pink cherry blossoms on 16th Street were lying gracefully on

the ground. In any case, I said to myself  
If people believed me that I can't read the board they would have found a solution. Okay, there is no solution. I will never complain again. It makes me feel I am not good enough. I don't like that. I think I am wonderful. And, my parents think I am wonderful. They don't seem to mind that I get only C+ or B average on my report card. They always say Ann, you are doing very well.  
My reading problem from now on is my secret.



My brother Haig is learning how to play the violin. He makes screeching sounds a lot as he moves the bow over the strings. My father makes funny faces as he plays the banjo. My mother is a very accomplished pianist and accompanies them on the piano. I thought it would be wonderful to play the piano. It didn't work out. I could read the notes but the sounds I made did not sound at all like what the composer wanted. It sounded awful. I was too embarrassed to continue.

But I love listening to music. Mum doesn't know it, but she gave me a way to help myself far away from all the words at school. Words, words, words. They drive me nuts. But on Sunday afternoons Mum and I go to the Vancouver Symphony at the Orpheum Theatre. I love singing "O Canada," our national anthem, at the beginning of the concert with the orchestra accompanying me. I love watching our conductor, Sir Ernest MacMillan, a short man with a shock of white hair. He faces the orchestra, but sometimes we see more of his face, like today. He spent a lot of time looking at the pianist who was sitting at a large grand piano to his left, in front of the violins. At intermission, I asked Mum  
Why did Sir Ernest turn around and look at the pianist so often?  
He was making sure that the orchestra and pianist were playing together. Sometimes the soloist has a different musical idea of how the piece is to be played and pays no attention to the conductor. That's what happened today. Sir Ernest had to follow the pianist.  
Hmmm, I bet he didn't like that!

Most often, though, during the concert I look at the gold walls of the theatre; it's like being inside Aladdin and his lamp. Then I drift off into magic land floating with the music. It makes me feel so good. Don't worry, at the end of the concert I come back when we all stand and sing "God Save the King" with the orchestra before we leave. After Sundays at the Symphony and no words, words, words, I feel much better at school.



My friend Sherry also helps me. She's a quiet person and reads a lot, even *The Book of Knowledge*. I would never think it fun to read those brown thick books with fine print and tiny pictures. But I love listening as she reads the information to me. We sit in the green banquette around her family's large kitchen table waiting for thin, grey-haired Mrs. Boomer, the cook, to bring chocolate chip cookies out of the oven. All the while Sherry tells me what she is reading. It's a very peaceful way to learn.

Sherry just told me

My mum is having another baby.

Oh, I am so jealous. She has two sisters and two brothers and now there will be another baby. I have only one brother. You know, I have tried badgering my parents saying

I want a baby in our family. I love seeing so many children in one house. It's more fun.

They just laugh.

Grump, grump.



You know my life has parts to it. There are times when I am very happy and having fun. My parents seem to love finding different activities for us. But there are times when life feels dark and sad particularly when my parents argue. This happens mostly at night. My bedroom is across the hall from theirs, so I hear *everything*. I have since we moved to our new house.

John, you promised you would come home after preparing your case at



the Law Court Library. Where have you been? It is 1:30 in the morning.  
Having a drink with the boys.

Then silence—for just a moment.

Mum gets really angry. It is frightening to hear her crossly say

You are being unreliable and unfaithful.

I know what unreliable means, it's when I don't do something I was supposed to do. I wonder what unfaithful means? It must be awful.

You know, they are really mad. They sound like cats hissing at each other because they are whispering. We used to have cats until our neighbor stole them away. Mum thinks she feeds cats richer cream. I know what a cat sounds like when it hisses.

Then, it all becomes quiet. Which is all well and good for them but, I am wide awake buried and shivering with fear under the covers. I wonder what will happen. I have just made a decision. I am going to see if I can wake up each night when the front door opens. I need to know what is going on. I fear one night he will leave forever after their whispered argument and I need to be ready. What will happen to us?



Everything seems normal this afternoon. Isn't that strange? When I left for school my parents were still asleep. Now, Mum is busy in the house and Mrs. Speaker, our housekeeper, has just taken homemade bread out of the oven.

Ann, do you want a piece of hot bread?

Can I have butter and your homemade raspberry jam with it?

Here you go.

I will take it to my bedroom and do my homework.

*Mrs. Speaker has been with us for several years. She has nine children all grown up and gone. Her home is near the airport. With half an acre of land she grows all sorts of vegetables and raspberries, tons of delicious raspberries which become scrumptious jam. She can get my father to agree to anything. Recently we got a new refrigerator that doesn't need ice, thanks to her request. No one argues with Mrs. Speaker!*

Mum, will you help me with my homework when I am done?

Yes, dear, bring it down.

We have just finished, and Daddy is home. My parents are having cocktails. Everything seems normal. I guess we are safe. You know, my parents love to have a good time. And give us a good time. In fact, my mother always says: Find the positive in what is happening. But I don't like these nighttime arguments.



A special person—Sherry's grandmother, Bizzy—has come into my life. Her name fits her. She is always bustling about and she is always at Sherry's. When she comes into the room everyone knows. And, when she asks Now, dear, what has happened that is interesting in your life?

I know she wants to know and has the time for me to tell her.

Why I love Bizzy most is she takes us to the theatre. We all get dressed up. Bizzy wears dark silk patterned outfits covered with a beaded necklace and scarf thrown on top. As we drive to the theatre in the pouring rain she tells us a bit of the story but never the end.

Tonight, we are going to *The Mikado*. It's a Gilbert and Sullivan piece, an operetta.

What's that?

An operetta combines both music and dialogue, meaning the characters both sing and speak. Here's the story. The Mikado is a make-believe leader in Japan. He has a son name Nanki-Poo who is in love with Yum Yum. There are two other characters in the operetta, Ko-Ko, The Lord High Executioner of Titipu and Pooh-Bah, the Lord High Everything Else. Sherry, Romilly (she's Sherry's sister) and I are laughing at how ridiculous it all sounds.

It's very rainy tonight. We arrived just in time. The overture was great. But I am having a hard time keeping up, understanding what the singers are singing. They go much too fast.

At the intermission, I asked

Isn't it too fast?

No, Gilbert and Sullivan wrote words and music that go at a very fast clip. I have made a decision. I am not going to try to understand. I will just allow the music and words to float over me. The performer's antics, slapping one another on the back, tripping each other tells me all I need to know. They are very silly.



I don't think I have told you that my father is a lawyer. Sometimes he has a case to argue in the Supreme Court in Ottawa. Usually, Mum goes with him. Then, they go to New York City to visit with my godfather, John McCormick and his wife, Cheechee. Most importantly, they go to a Broadway musical. Haig and I always await our present, a recording of the show. Recently, it was *Oklahoma*. During cocktail hour tonight, Daddy put the recording on the gramophone. My parents are being silly, acting and singing the show.

Mum said

Curly, a cowboy, came on stage and sang the most wonderful song: "Oh what a beautiful morning."

Daddy's trying to sing it. He's not very good.

We are playing the recording over and over again. And, you know what? On Thursday evenings, Mrs. Speaker's day off, Mum and I do the dinner dishes. We put on *Oklahoma* and sing lustily. Our favorite song is "Everything's Up to Date in Kansas City."

Can you image a city in the middle of a wheat field where the corn grows as high as an elephant's eye?



Sherry, Romilly and I are being given an exercise class from Mrs. Walker once a week in their family playroom.

Mum said

Mrs. Walker came from Austria to Vancouver during World War II. She is a specialist in exercise.

I love her. She's tiny, wears black pants and speaks English with a strange accent. She asks the three of us to connect with one another by using blue

and brown rubber rings. It is all done to music. I am very happy in her class. These exercises make it easier for me to do my homework later.



We have a boat, eighteen feet long, being built for us, a Turner boat.  
My father tells us it will be sturdy with a hull made of overlapping wood.  
For weeks at dinner we searched for names. None fit. Then, one night,  
Mum suggested  
How about *Honey Pie*?  
Mum calls Daddy by that name.  
We all laughed, but it didn't seem quite right. My father mused.  
I could see his brain ticking. And, then, he came up with  
How about *Sea Pie*?  
Yes, yes, we all shouted!  
You know all my friends call my father Pie—forget the honey!



HAIG FARRIS AND *SEA PIE*



Well, now there's more good news.  
This summer we will go to the  
Gulf Islands for two weeks and  
take our new boat.  
I can invite Sherry.  
Where are the Gulf Islands?  
Nestled between Vancouver and  
Vancouver Island away from the  
rough Pacific Ocean. We will stay  
at a lodge at Active Pass on  
Galiano Island. My father  
is very excited as he says  
There is great fishing, lots of salmon.

I have never seen a place like our lodge. There's a big wooden house  
where we eat. Our rooms are separate from the house. They are attached  
brown wood boxes. That's all. You open the door and you step outside or

you step inside. Isn't that odd?

Tomorrow morning, very early, we are going fishing.

Daddy told us at dinner

We have to fish when the tide is changing.

What does that mean?

The ocean comes in and then the ocean recedes. The time when it is beginning to go out is the best for fishing. It means we have to be up at 5 a.m. while it is still dark. Everyone to bed early to-night!

It's cold. We are cozy in our parkas on the dock. Daddy and Haig are taking the cover off the boat. Sherry and I have been given our marching orders

Pull out the slats that keep the cover firm overnight and roll them in the cover. Haig and I will load the boat.

Mum is wiping the dew off the deck at the back of the boat, so we don't slip.

We're off. Daddy says

Bumpers up!

That's Sherry's and my job. You know, bumpers are those tall round soft cylinders that protect the side of the boat when it is tied to the dock.

They would bounce about as the boat careens though the water if they are hanging down. And it doesn't look nice.

In the time that it takes to wink three times we are in middle of Active Pass. No wonder my parents chose this lodge. It's close to fishing.

Daddy just announced

I am turning off the motor. We will drift while we jig for herring.

It's still kind of dark. I can see the dangerous water currents swirling around us making our boat rock.

How come there is light in the water?

That's phosphorescent light. It means there are some tiny, tiny organisms in the water giving off this light.

It sure is beautiful.

Daddy has handed us a piece of round wood about as long as a 12" ruler and thick as a spindle on a chair.

These are your jigging gear.

There are hooks tied to the thin nylon line wound around the wood.

The last hook is attached into the top of the wood. Be careful as you undo your hook that you don't cut yourself

This is weird; you have hooks, every six inches. And, why is there red wool on the tip of the hook?

It's the bait. It's how you catch herring.

I thought we were fishing for salmon.

We are. But we need bait for the salmon.

Oh, I pricked myself.

Okay kids, now here's a one-pound weight. It has a metal opening at the top and bottom. Thread the end of your line through and tie it.

Good, now, put the line over the side of the boat and move it in a slow up and down motion. That's called jigging. When you feel something, you may have a bite.

It's getting lighter in the sky, but the water is very dark.

I can't see anything. Sherry is shouting, unusual for her

Pie, I feel something.

Good, wait. Keep jigging.

How long?

Until you have felt something for five or six times. When you bring in your line you want to bring in several herring.

Okay.

Now, I have six hits.

Okay, slowly wind your line around the wood. As soon as you see the first herring, flip your line into the boat.

On the deck?

Yes.

Oh, my goodness. This is so much fun!

Our deck is wet with flapping herring.

Now, take the herring off the hook and put them in the bucket of water.

We want them fresh when we start trolling for salmon.  
They are slithery and hard to hold.  
You can do it.

Mum has a big rag and is mopping the deck to clear off the slime from the herring and the wet salty water.  
I just tossed my red-covered hooks over the side of the boat again.  
I had five herring. I am told we need lots more.

Okay, we're done. We have more than thirty herring.  
Is it okay if take off my parka? I am hot.  
Fine, toss it under the bow of the boat so it doesn't get fishy.  
Now, I will show you how to fillet a herring. Here's a knife for each of you.  
It's very sharp, be careful. The goal is a triangle that you make from the back of the herring. We will put your triangles on the hooks to catch the salmon.  
You make it look very easy.  
Just try. First you cut the top of the triangle, then, cut into the two sides down to a point. Good. Next step. Watch! You dig under at the top of your triangle; flatten your knife cutting about a quarter of an inch thick to the bottom point.  
Hmmm  
Soon you will be good at it.  
How's this?  
Perfect.

Next step. Here's your fishing rod. See those two large hooks close together. Put the wide part of your herring triangle on the top hook and the other on the lower near the end of the line.  
Gosh, is this okay? It looks wiggly.  
It's fine  
What's that silver thing?  
It's a dodger. It dashes around in the water as the boat moves.  
We hope it will draw the salmon's attention.

The motor of our boat is still in neutral. Mum is keeping an eye for drift wood that might damage our new boat. Or watching to see if a ferry is coming. We might have to get out of the way.

Sherry, you take the left side of the boat. Haig, the back and Ann, the right.

Hold the rod over the water and pull out an arms-length of fish line, one after the other until the water catches the weight and you can see that the dodger is doing what dodgers are supposed to do, dodge about!

If they spin, bring the line in and start again. However, it may be we are going too fast.

Mine's working.

Okay, pull out more fish line, about fifteen arms-length and you are fishing.

Mum, can we have breakfast?

As soon as you children are fishing, and your father can take over piloting the boat.

Oh, okay. I am hungry.

Mum is producing goodies from the lodge. A banana, creamy egg salad sandwiches, oh, yea and homemade strawberry jam and peanut butter sandwiches.

Can I have some hot chocolate?

Sure, it's in a big thermos.

My father is singing.

Fishy, fishy in the brook come and bite on the children's hook.

Haig suggests

How about you steering us to a salmon?

Whiz, whiz. Haig has a salmon on the line. Daddy is giving instructions.

Reel quickly, as long as the salmon is swimming toward the boat.

How can we tell if the salmon has stopped swimming?

When your line becomes heavy, it means the fish has stopped moving.



Keep your attention on the line, the fish may begin swimming in your direction again and you will need to reel quickly. If it goes the other way let it go, otherwise it may break the fish line and you will have no fish and no dodger and no hooks and no herring strip.

That would be boring.

Yes, but it will happen.

Haig's fish is close to the boat now, we can see its silver body in the black swirly water. Mum is standing by with the net to scoop the fish out of the swirling water.

Watch how your mother does this. She's a pro. She puts the net in the water, so she can get under the fish. That way it doesn't get knocked off.

Yea, Haig. He has caught our first fish.

The deck is slimy again.

We are back on the dock. Sherry, Haig and I all caught fish this morning.

Haig's is ten pounds. Mum took a picture of our bounty.

Okay, kids. Now you have one more step to be a good fisherman.

You have to clean your fish.

How do we do that?

Ann, take this bucket and fill it with sea water.

I am flat on my stomach on the dock.

Haig, help! It's too heavy for me to lift alone out of the water.

The first step is to cut off the head. You go under the gills.

Let me show you.

He sliced right through and picked up the head.

Have you noticed all the sea gulls around us?

Yes.

They are waiting for their breakfast.

He tossed the head and a gull caught it in the air. Amazing!

Next, you make a slit down the side of the fish and clean out its innards.

Start at the tail and move up to the top of the fish.

Throw this to the seagulls?

Yes.  
They are really greedy.  
Yes, and watch your salmon.  
They might steal it away from you.  
Now, put the salmon in the bucket  
and give it a good clean.  
Nice going, you three.

Mr. and Mrs. Robson  
They run the lodge where we  
are staying.  
Look what we caught! Can we  
have salmon for dinner?  
Yes, you can. Congratulations  
on your catch.



HAIG AND JOHN FARRIS ABOARD THE *SEA PIE*

I told my friends at school about our  
vacation and the fun we had fishing.  
I was so surprised when one said  
Ick! I wouldn't like to go fishing. They are slimy. And, I certainly wouldn't  
clean a fish.  
Why? How are you going to eat a fish if you don't clean it?



Grade Seven is very difficult. I am getting lost with my studies, more and more. Grump, grump. And I can't stay focused on something very long. My mind wanders, no matter how hard I try to concentrate. I love the teachers who go slow and explain each step. I write down the information as fast as I can and I stay with the class. And teachers who make their material come alive by telling stories, such as the Battle of 1066, are high on my list of favorites. I can image the Dark Ages with the people wearing crosses around their necks and living in small homes with animals running about. Then I can see ships arriving in at the bottom of boot-shaped England and soldiers in their clunky and noisy chain armor looking

most uncomfortable walking into these tiny houses and frightening everyone. The more the teacher gives the information in story form the more I learn.

Some teachers with sour faces make rude remarks

Ann, are you ever going to learn this?

They make me angry and leave me with a very hopeless feeling.

You know what I did today? I said

I am doing the best I can!

Other times I am quiet and sad. I don't want to share my troubles. I know they have no answers. I am following Mum's suggestion from years ago Keep positive and find other solutions.

Here's one of my other solutions. I sit at the back of the class now, next to the window. Our classrooms have big windows. That is a big help. I get up all the time, very quickly, so the teacher doesn't know.

But it helps; my head gets cleared.

Sometimes, I look out of the window to the tall green trees whose limbs bend with the wild wind. Then sometimes they assume a peaceful pose. Whatever. They work magic for me. My head clears.

And, when it gets really bad, I go up and above my head. I leave my body. Yes, I do. That removes the pain of trying to learn. I can rest there.

Or I dream. I see myself at my desk at school, understanding what is written on the blackboard. That dream makes me feel better!

But, of course, it doesn't happen.

Oh, learning is so frustrating and confusing especially because I know I am smart.

My mother stills listens to my lessons. That's good. Except she no longer can help me with math. She's not good at that subject either.

My father is trying. Today he got stumped. Do you know what I said to him?

Daddy, you and your mythematical mind.

Gosh, we laughed hard. I have no idea where that word came from.



You know I am making up words more and more these days. My parents tell me I have an unusual talent. They think it is just fine.

My father calls it Annisms.

The other evening our family and some friends went out for dinner.

As the hostess showed us to the table I blurted out

There is one too many few!

The hostess looked at me, puzzled. My father jumped in and said

She means there are one too many of us and too few chairs.



I was at my grandparents Farris' house today with my parents.

They were discussing a bill before the Senate. I don't think I told you that my grandfather was appointed to the Canadian Senate in 1937, the year I was born. Grampoo is making a speech soon in Ottawa and wanted feedback. My parents are often sounding boards for him. Haig and I love sitting in Grampoo's library with them, listening. It's always fascinating because they get so involved in the discussion and sometimes they ask our opinion. Not that we know much but we are included.

Nana and I went to the kitchen to get more ginger cookies. As we were walking in the main hall, she said the strangest thing to me Ann, don't you worry about not reading. You are the smartest of them all. My parents must have told her about my reading problem. Before I could say anything, she had gone on into the back hall.

You know, it isn't that I don't like school. I love to learn new things. When people tell stories and make learning fun, I love it. It's just I don't like not understanding what I am seeing on the board or what I am reading.

*I think this is a good time to tell you about Nana and why I am paying attention to what she just said. Nana was a schoolteacher. She grew up in Wolfville, Nova Scotia where her father was president of a Baptist college. In 1894 she obtained entrance to Acadia where she met my grandfather, J. Wallace de Beque Farris. In 1899 they both graduated from Acadia and Grampoo proposed. However, the marriage was postponed because Grampoo went off to Philadelphia to study law. With her college education,*

*Nana chose to be a school teacher and moved to Middletown, Connecticut for five years while waiting for Grampoo to both graduate in Law and then discover where he wanted to live his life, which became Vancouver. Patiently, Nana waited. When she arrived in Vancouver with him in 1905 she was unprepared for the rough and tumble environment. To her amazement there was no college or university. She gathered together a few women who were graduates of colleges and universities in Eastern Canada and the US and who, like herself, came west for their loved ones. The result, many years later, was the formation of the University Women's Club. However, first there had to be a university. She was one of three leading the pack to bring into being the University of British Columbia. So, when Nana talks, I listen.*



EVLYN FENWICK FARRIS [NANA]—CIRCA 1912

The midnight arguments have given me a new talent. I can sniff when anger is in the wind especially when walking into a room. I can see when they are pretending to be having a good time. I can sense who is telling the truth and who isn't. I can tell who will be fun to be with and who will be a bore. I love this talent. I am ready when anger bursts forth. I have two options. I can leave the room or dive into it, trying to stop it. The worst thing about anger is that afterwards, I can't concentrate.

My grades are at an all-time low. I have gained fifteen pounds.

The doctor has put me on thyroid pills and taken away starch from my diet. That makes me very unhappy. I like potatoes, I love Mrs. Speaker's homemade bread. Oh dear, oh dear.



Mum told me the other day

We are going to an opera that is coming to Vancouver.

Mum is very excited. She thinks I will like it.

What's an opera?

The music is like listening to a symphony only there is a story that is sung by the singers. It's not unlike the Gilbert & Sullivan performances that Bizzy takes you too, but opera is sung in a foreign language, a language other than English.

That's weird. Why haven't we gone before?

Vancouver doesn't have an opera company. This performance is happening because the musicians and singers are coming to Vancouver for the performance.

Oh, I can hardly wait!

We are dressed in our best for this evening performance. I have on my new dark green velvet dress and am wearing a string of gleaming pearls my parents gave me for the occasion. Of course, it is pouring rain.

It does that all winter in Vancouver. We are going to a different theatre. It's on Hastings Street.

Mum, the musicians are below the stage.

Yes, that's the orchestra pit.

I just had the best time I have ever had. I love listening to the singers with the orchestra. It's so beautiful. It doesn't matter that I can't understand what they are singing. I know when they are lovers. They sing to each other and make us cry. I love opera. (The name of the opera eludes me.)

Sherry's parents are having a party for these singers. The late evening supper is laid out on the dining room table, the candles are lit, and the overhead lights are very dim. Sherry and I got our supper quickly, so we can follow the tenor. We want to talk to him.

Great. Sherry, look! He's chosen the love seat in front of the gentle, burning fire. There's a Lauren Harris angular, pale yellow and grey painting powerfully positioned above the hearth.

It makes us and the room feel very comfortable.

Sherry, let's sit beside him.

There's just enough room for us as we claim our seats on either side of him, being careful not to spill our food. The tenor, who is a little pudgy, doesn't seem upset with our questions. He asked us to let him get a bite to eat as we talk.

Of course, we chorused

What is it like to be an opera singer?

We have our own train. We visit many different cities staying just a few days performing in a theatre most of us have never seen before. There are more than one hundred of us: musicians, singers, stagehands, chorus. And we love singing the beautiful music. Of course, it's wonderful to hear the audience clap.

Do you like it?

Oh yes, I love to sing. However, we do miss our family for we are away from home a long time.

Driving the few blocks home tonight I said to my parents

I am going to work in opera when I grow up.

My father asked

Are you going to be a singer?

No, I don't know what I am going to do but I know there is a place for me.

I am going to work in opera.



Grade Eight has brought more new learning problems, especially grammar, math and French. I don't seem to be able to figure them out. They don't make logical sense to me. What is a misplaced modifier? Why is it misplaced and how do I fix it? To make matters worse, the information in my classes is being taught very quickly. I can't get it all down to check with Mum later. This puts me into confusion. And with confusion comes sore upper arms. And sometimes there's a strange inner rushing moving up the core of my body. You know, I don't know how to share this with anyone. Not even Sherry. It's because I am not clear what is happening.

If it happens when I am home I have a solution. I go downstairs and put on classical music often the Bruch Violin Concerto. Sitting on the soft brown covered sofa in the living room I allow myself to sink into the beautiful sounds. The confusion clears.



Two big surprises tonight. My parents asked  
Would you like to have a new bedroom on the third floor?  
You can choose the décor.  
Yes, I thought, yes, I would love to move away from the midnight arguments. I bet I will sleep the night through. But why is this being offered? There's something they aren't telling me.  
Mum just said  
We have a surprise for you. I am having a baby in May.  
Oh, I am so excited. That's five months. Oh my goodness, I am so happy!  
I can hardly wait!  
Did I tell you? Sherry's mother is also having another baby. It's coming soon. Our babies can be good friends.

I told my school friends  
today while we were  
changing for gym  
My mother is having a baby.  
What?  
Yes, it's true.  
I bet you are excited.  
Yes, I can hardly wait.  
I have been asking for  
a baby for years. Sherry  
will now have five brothers  
and sisters. I will have two.  
I know these new babies  
will be very good friends,  
just like Sherry and me.



KATHERINE COLLEDGE FARRIS IS BORN  
ON MAY 5, 1951. ISN'T SHE ADORABLE!





# SUMMER MUSICALS BEGIN MY THEATRE TRAINING



[ 1956 ]

IT MAY NOT BE OPERA, but I have a job apprenticing at Theatre Under the Stars, (TUTS), an outdoor summer musical theatre company, performing in Vancouver's Stanley Park. It happened this way. In January, with my first term at the University of British Columbia (UBC) behind me I set out to find my summer job.

Mr. Buckingham.

He's the Manager of TUTS. Dressed in a sports jacket, he has a welcoming smile.

I will do anything. I can sew, I can organize. I know I don't have any theatre experience, but I have been to shows.

At Theatre Under the Stars?

Yes, my favorite was *Oklahoma!*

Let me introduce you to Randy and Alma.

Down a wide dark hall, we went to a small office room with closed venetian blinds over the windows, under which are two desks squished back to back. There's also an old army grey filing cabinet with many

scratches on it and a drafting board and stool in a corner.

Randy, she's the red-haired one, motioned to a chair on the side of their two desks.

Ann, sit here.

Alma explained

We need someone to help us with filing in the summer. Have you done that before?

No, but I can learn.

Randy commented

We also need someone who will work in the costume department for Cy Cook. Do you sew?

Yes, I make clothes. I took home economics at school and summer classes at the Singer store in Kerrisdale. I can sew a dress from scratch.

Good.

And we need someone to run errands.

I am reliable at that.

And your job would have you working in rehearsals with the director.

I take very good notes.

I didn't tell them that I have to, that's the only way I can handle all my school work.

Mr. Buckingham came in at the end of our meeting and said I will get back to you.

Well, he did, and I am now working for TUTS.



How did I get to this point? Let me tell you.

I came into myself in Grade Nine. It began when I moved to the third floor. Finally, I slept well. Gone were the nightly arguments that I waited for and worried about. I began to feel more confident and lost fifteen pounds. And I had my adorable baby sister, Katherine, to take care of and play with. I had a real purpose at home. She's five now.

Oh, I love her so much.

My high school years passed passably. At school my tricks – sitting at the back of the class so I could get up when I needed and writing everything down – seemed to help. And I was aggressive in telling my parents what works and doesn't for me. After one year of Latin I said

No, my brain doesn't like it. French is enough.

Between you and me I would give that up too, but I know I have to have it to graduate. It's because Canada is a bilingual country. Oh well, my grades are not all that bad, B's and C+s.

At night, still till to this day, I go over my schoolwork with Mum.

My memory is just not good at holding all this information until it's burned into my brain.

I replaced Latin with home economics. I loved going to the large room lined with three white stoves on one wall and Singer sewing machines on another, under tall windows looking out to a forest. The environment gave me a great sense of freedom. Learning to cook white sauce and cookies and cakes was fun. And I loved figuring out a McCall's pattern to make clothes for myself. But you know what I think was most important about home economics, I was away from words. Words, words, words – they can be overwhelming!

Home economics gave me another gift. It showed me that I am a good organizer. When it came time to plan the logistics for the tea room at the Annual Crofton House School Bazaar, my teacher included me. I learned how to plan a menu for two hundred, participated in the cooking and setting up the tea room. By Grade 12, I was organizing and running the tea room. I loved the responsibility. I did it well. It was fun.

And I want to talk about fun. To me, if I am not having fun I have a hard time feeling successful. Yes, I know, my parents and others tell me, life isn't always a bed of roses, but I sure try to make it that way.

I feel so much better.

Going to the symphony has always been fun. It's odd no more operas have come to Vancouver. Too bad! But musical theatre is not far from opera.

That's a good beginning. And I know it's just the beginning. I know my life will be in theatre. I don't want to be a wife staying home. I want to see the world and be free, and I am certain a life with music will make this happen.



The workday at TUTS begins at 9:30 a.m. I am busy from morning till late in the evening, yes with a variety of tasks. The office, rehearsal space and costume shop are in one building on a pier jutting out over English Bay with the ocean's salt water beating against the base of the thick wooden struts holding the pier up. This long, white, wooden structure used to be a dance hall and restaurant. The rehearsal space at the end of the building has floor to ceiling windows on three sides looking out over the blue (some of the time) ocean, the Strait of Georgia, as well as the Coast Range Mountains. On lovely days the sun streams in and the ocean breeze wafts through the open windows. On rainy days it feels like we are in a glass bubble singing our way through the rain – all we were missing is Gene Kelly.

I am Jill of all trades. It's a real apprenticeship.

Randy is a taskmaster.

Ann, first thing each morning please sort through these invoices.

Some are marked paid. Put them in a manila file in the grey filing cabinet.

Those unpaid go in this file on my desk.

Okay.

I like it. I am learning where all the theatrical supplies come from.

Around 10:30 Randy says

Go to Cy and see how you can be helpful.

Cy's costume studio is on the opposite side of the building. The sun streams in the window and we can see the Molson's beer sign across the bay. Cy is a small wiry man who worries all the time. My seat is next to the hat lady, Ida Thiery, who sits in the corner on a stool surrounded by feathers and more hats. She dresses up for work, looking like Bizzy in brocades. And, of course, each day she sports a different hat.

I am sewing sequins on costumes next to seamstresses whose heads

are bent over their sewing machines creating new or altering pieces from Malabar's, a costume house in Toronto. In the late afternoon after school, a young teenager, Ron McDougal, who lives nearby, joins me.

And I am working in rehearsals. The stage manager, Tommy Lee, is only available in the evenings. He has shown me how to set the props for rehearsals. I am in heaven.

It's fascinating learning the intricacies of producing a show. First of all, you have to know the characters who make it happen. There's Jimmie Johnston, the stage director, who tells the actors where to move and helps them become the character in the musical. He's a solid sort and has a quiet sense of humor. Harry Price, the conductor, is always very well-dressed, including a tie. He is a perfectionist, very specific on how the music is to sound. Aida Broadbent, the choreographer, comes just for the summer. She's a Canadian but lives in LA and works with the comedian Jimmy Durante. Aida is a disciplinarian. There's no fooling around with her.



*Front Row: ANN FARRIS, HARRY PRYCE, JIMMIE JOHNSTON, DORIS CUNNINGHAM, SHIRLEY CHAPMAN  
Back Row: ROBERT GOULET, DON MCMANUS*

Beverly Fyfe (we call him Bev) is the chorus master, a tall, thin, intense man who walks with a score in his arms and a pencil behind his ear. This team has worked together for years. It's clear they respect each other. And they create a happy environment in which to work.

And then there is Hugh Pickett, press agent and promotion manager. He's larger than life and much fun. He has taken me under his wing and is teaching me his techniques of getting press attention. Daily, he talks with Jack Wasserman, the town's nightlife and celebrity columnist. TUTS, its artists and activities, are often mentioned in his column.

Hugh suffers from ulcers.

Ann, please bring a glass of milk from the refrigerator and place it on my desk when you come in. I never know when an attack might come.

There are even more people. Gail McCance, the technical supervisor, runs a shop constructing the scenery in an old stable in Stanley Park, a couple of miles away. I worry about him. He's thin, drawn, dark-haired and coughs. Gail's tiny office has intsy windows that look out into the park. His walls have stacks and stacks of designs for shows, past and present. The rest of this small building is jammed with stored scenery, platform units, trees, banisters, bundles of drapes rolled up awaiting to be taken to the theatre. An able assistant, Harold Laxton, is at the paint frame putting the final paint touches on a column. Al Baratelli, a tall young man with a great sense of humor and sporting a red UBC Engineers polo shirt somehow finds floor space to build scenery. Out of this chaos comes so much magic.

Our first show is *Gentleman Prefer Blondes*. Fran Gregory and Robert Goulet are the stars. I have been watching Fran. She's a tall lady with a mass of very bleach-blond almost white hair and is married to Jack Wasserman. When she belts out "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend," she pouts which makes her song much more appealing. Aida and Fran, in very high heels, are spending hours working out her dance routines. Her height is not a problem for Bob Goulet. He's tall, but tall isn't what

is important. He has a beautiful voice. Who could not fall in love with him swooning at you? And you know he has the best time being on stage – and off, I might add. But what matters is being on stage. Like Fran, he takes his work very seriously. I love it when I have time to be in rehearsal.



We have moved to the outdoor theatre, Malkin Bowl in Stanley Park, for final rehearsals of our first show. It's a strange-looking building, a half-moon shape. I have a new title, Assistant Stage Manager. My job is making sure artists are ready for the entrances. Tommy Lee is putting the lighting and scenic cues in his script. He sits on a high stool against the proscenium arch on stage right. I am watching, a lot!

*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* opened last night. It almost rained but didn't. The audience loved it and so do the critics. When the final curtain was pulled, I felt so happy. That's my first show.



JUNE 1956, VANCOUVER SUN NEWSPAPER,  
ROMILLY GRAUER, ROBERT GOULET, ANN FARRIS  
[PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN]

I am amazed at how fast we can change from one show to another. Now, we are in rehearsal for *The Merry Widow* with Wilbur Evans and Terry Saunders.

Mr. Evans is a handsome man with a rich voice and incredible career in opera, Broadway musicals and much more. He starred opposite Mary Martin in the London production of

*South Pacific*. Now he is playing a man of a certain age out to get the heroine.

We rehearse a show for two weeks, open it, rehearse another for two weeks and on the Saturday night when we close the first show, the scenery

is struck away and the new show is set up in time for dress rehearsal on the next night. Our only companions in this huge park during these midnight hours are the animals in the zoo not far away. The monkeys and their croaks, the seals and their groans give us much amusement. It's cold out here, though. I bring a thermos of hot chocolate.

The company gives us clubhouse sandwiches.

Rehearsal finishes sometimes as late as 2 a.m.

No rest for me. I show up at the Pier by 10 a.m. Yes, bleary-eyed but ready for my next assignment.

Gosh, the summer is zipping by. We just closed *Finian's Rainbow* with Bob Goulet and Betty Phillips, and are into our last show, *South Pacific*, again with Bob Goulet (how lucky are we and the audiences to have this talent in all our shows), Wilbur Evans and a newcomer, Mary La Roche, who has many operetta and Broadway credits. You know, our producer, Mr. Buckingham, does cast very well.

The summer is over. I worked hard and learned a great deal, I loved everything. And I was appreciated. We had good reviews and packed



1956 TUTS CLOSING NIGHT PARTY: ANN FARRIS, ALAN BROWN



houses even when it was chilly. I am proud of our product and being a part of making it happen. This has been more than I dreamt it would be.



SHERRY AND CHRISTOPHER GRAUER

Sherry has been home for the summer. She was in finishing school in Switzerland for the year. Soon she leaves for Wellesley College.

Sherry, my first year at the University of British Columbia was a relief and a challenge.

I must say after twelve years of a private school environment with black tunic, square neck white blouse, long black stockings, bloomers, black blazer, black beret and black raincoat,

I love being free to wear what I want. Yes, I am still challenged with academics, but I love the freedom of

being in a university environment where there is a flexibility so different from a private school and rigorous curriculum. I can breathe. It's a relief.

You won't believe my math mark. A first class! The professor was amazing. He was methodical, reasonable and made each class so much fun I never wanted to miss one. You know my brain needs more than the information to "get it." It needs a supportive environment. Don't ask me why, but it does. Oh, do I wish there was a French professor at UBC like him! I just scraped through French. Could it be that the manner by which the professor teaches is affecting my learning? This man was very dour. I don't sense he cares about his students. It's just a job.

But Sherry, I have a dilemma.

I want to work in the theatre and there's no theatre program at UBC.

What do you think if I find theatre work in Vancouver  
and don't return to University?

What do your parents say?

I haven't said anything.

You better tell them.

My parents just listened. No comment. That usually means  
they don't yet have a response.

I am very frustrated. I can't find theatre employment in Vancouver. There  
is almost no professional theatre activity. Jimmie Johnston, his wife Kathy  
and Hugh Pickett aren't surprised to hear about my dilemma. Hugh said  
Ann, go back to University, get your degree.

Jimmie surprised me

Join the student musical society, MUSSOC.

Oh, I saw their show, *Maid of the Mountains*, during the winter term  
last year.

Well, I am going to direct this year's show, George Gershwin's *Girl Crazy*.  
And Harry Price will be music director.

All does not seem lost. I can keep my theatre training moving forward.



My car pool is calling. Are you going to rush for a sorority?

Oh, I don't know.

Wendy, my cousin, always with a new adventure to report, Judy King,  
who makes great fried-egg sandwiches, and Judy Harker,  
who recently moved into our Matthews Avenue house when we moved  
to Angus Drive, are interested.

Well, they talked me into it.

Rushing. We dress in our best and go to tea parties, one after another,  
all hosted at different people's homes. There are no sorority houses on  
the University of British Columbia campus. The goal is to learn as much  
as we can about how we feel with the group of women at the tea party.  
Did we feel in sync with them? Did their process of running their group

feel comfortable? Were their projects of interest?  
At the end of each party we climb into the car and chatter away.  
All of us are drawn to the Kappa Kappa Gammas.

I told Mum tonight. We were sitting in the kitchen on the high stools that surround the counter by the stove.

Mum, I am planning to join the Kappas. I like their energy. It's clear, enthusiastic and fun.

Oh dear, I can tell by her downturned mouth that Mum is sad.

She joined the Delta Gammas (DG) when she was at UBC.

Ann, I was hoping you would join the DG's. But it sounds like you are experiencing with the Kappas what I experienced with the DG's.

I am disappointed, but I understand.

Whew, that's a relief. I am happy with my choice. University and MUSSOC will offer me a chance to learn more about the theatre. Being a Kappa will keep me connected to my friends, and this year, I can begin to choose my academic subjects. The University has just started a Fine Arts major. I am taking history of art and classical music appreciation with Harry Adaskin. Mr. Adaskin has a real talent for exciting his students. He loves the music. Now, French is my only *bête noire*.



WILLIAMS THEATER, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

## CHAPTER 3

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# STEPPING OUT



[ 1959 ]

I AM OFF, STEPPING OUT and into a world beyond Vancouver. I can do it now! My undergraduate years at UBC are behind me. My next steps are uncovering a career in the theatre, hopefully opera. A friend, Barbie Sanderson, and I are off on a ten-day trip driving in my TR2 down the West Coast to Route 66 and then across the wide expanse of the USA. Our destination: New York City. Barbie is on her way to study at the New York School of Interior Design. I will continue to Williamstown, Massachusetts for an apprenticeship with the Williamstown Summer Theatre.

Early on the morning of our departure my adorable eight-year-old sister Katherine awakens me with a glass of orange juice and a tiny brown teddy bear, and with tears streaming down her face admonishing me Ann, never forget me.

I promised I wouldn't. And I haven't.

I knew I never could. I love her dearly. We are best friends!

Many of our University buddies came to my house this morning as Barbie and I loaded into my car. We had a great send off. About a month before we left Vancouver my Green Card, my permit to work in the US, arrived. I had been forewarned by the dancers at TUTS who are in the kick line at Radio City Music Hall in the winter. They told me Ten months before departing Vancouver go to the US Consulate office and complete the immigration paper work. Their advice was right on. As Barbie and I reach American Customs at Blaine, very quickly I was processed through. I can now work in the United States.

Our first stop is Seattle. We are checking out our place of residence which we will use when possible as we drive across the country – the Kappa Kappa Gamma houses – at no cost. Who should we meet at Frederick and Nelson's Department Store but my Aunt Katherine and Uncle Charlie? They were on an up escalator and we on a down. We dined royally that night. Then with a AAA TripTik® to guide us, we headed south. Leaving Reno, our next destination is Las Vegas. Top down on our grey blue roadster, roaring along through the bare, sandy brown terrain, which seems to continue forever, the 90-degree weather was welcoming. We knew Nevada was a state with no speed limit. Barbie, let's see how fast we can go on this straight stretch! Okay with you? Yes! Ann, you are at 100 mph. Wow!

Suddenly, smoke, billows of white smoke, starts pouring out of the engine! Quickly I turn it off. By sheer luck we coast into a garage on the outskirts of a tiny town: Tonopah, Nevada. Lady, you have blown a head gasket. Oh, dear. Please replace it. Not so easy, Ma'am. We have to order the part from Las Vegas. The car will not be ready until tomorrow morning.



TONOPAH, NEVADA

Now, let me tell you, Tonopah is one desolate town – a main street and that's about it. A policeman took us home for dinner and back to the motel with an admonition

You are not to open your door until I arrive tomorrow morning.

We didn't. He arrived and drove us to the garage. Our beautiful, sleek blue Triumph was sitting proudly awaiting us. Well, kind of proudly!

Lady, your car is ready.

We have put two water bags on your front fender.

What?

They are very ugly, beige canvas bags, like you see in the movies on the side of a horse as the caravan goes west. Now, they are



OUR CARETAKER IN TONOPAH

hanging down in front of our elegant car.

He had another instruction

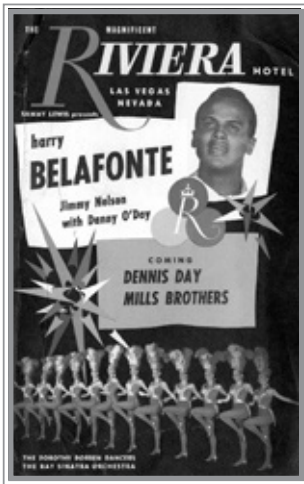
As soon as your motor starts heating up, stop wherever you are and fill up the radiator, it's your cooling system. It's tiny. Remember, no speeding!

We were looked after in Tonopah!

Las Vegas is another desolate town with one main road. The Strip contains a few low sprawling hotels/casinos with flashing neon signs and swimming pools, interspersed with tiny upscale stores. That's it. Oh well, we came for the theatrical content. Two shows a night including Patti Paige and Harry Belafonte, and at almost no cost, just the dinner, which we can afford.



BARBIE SANDERSON WITH TRIUMPH  
AND WATER BAGS



HARRY BELAFONTE AT  
THE RIVIERA, LAS VEGAS

This afternoon, we had a Las Vegas moment, window shopping in I. Magnin's. Thumbing through the clothes racks in this tiny shop, our attention was diverted to the entrance of a very tall blonde wearing a long mink coat and high silver heels on the arm of a very short man with a cigar.

Barbie, I whispered  
She has to be sweating.  
It's 90 degrees outside!

Nope, she just dropped the mink coat into a chair, revealing her gorgeous tanned body covered by a white bathing suit.



A sight to behold!

Taking good advantage of her escort she bought several items, including another bathing suit.

We love Vegas but time to move on. The splendor of the Grand Canyon and the uniqueness of Santa Fe with its artists and native Indian culture grab our attention. Our water bags are put into action at least three times a day.

Suddenly, we are done with sightseeing. Now, we are powering over the Appalachian Mountains heading for New York. I just made the mistake of misreading our TripTik and took us 100 miles south rather than north. Barbie is grumpy. Rightfully so, that decision delays our trip to The Big Apple.

With the top down, hitting the George Washington Bridge in mid-afternoon on a glorious sunny June day with the skyline of Manhattan drawing us like a magnet into the City, we are silent. We are so excited. We even missed our exit off the West Side Highway and ended up midtown at 42nd Street. Somehow, we found 5th Avenue and are cruising uptown. We thought we were home free until Barbie said Ann, the car has heated up.

Oh, my God, we are in Fifth Avenue's center lane right across from the Plaza Hotel. It's 5 o'clock traffic. The two of us burst into gales of laughter. We stopped right there, right then. With horns blaring all around us we shouted  
Can't pay attention  
to you, sorry!

A tall policeman in a dark navy-blue uniform with a gold crest reached us and was rather amused.



FILLING OUR WATER TANK FROM OUR WATER BAGS.

Looking at our license plate he asked  
Did you drive this thing all the way from South America?  
We are polite  
No, British Columbia. It's north of Seattle, Washington.  
You drove from there?  
Yes,  
The horns are really going crazy now. Cars are weaving around us.  
He doesn't care.  
Do you have enough water?  
Yes, thanks.  
The radiator is filled.  
Okay Officer, thanks for your help.  
Where are you heading?  
72nd and Riverside Drive.  
Go straight ahead, turn left at 72nd street, go through Central Park  
and in a few blocks, you will find Riverside Drive.  
Thank you so much.  
Whew. That was lucky.  
And you know what, later that night after having dinner with my Uncle  
Donald, who amazingly was in New York staying at the Waldorf Astoria,  
the same policeman was guarding our car parked on Park Avenue. He said  
I have been worried about you two.  
Uncle Donald looked at us astonished  
Even the NY police are looking after you! I can hardly wait  
to tell your parents.

You know what this cross-country trip has taught me? If you drive across  
the continent it never seems that you are very far away from home. Kind  
of surprising but true.



Williamstown! I ended up here thanks to the *New Yorker Magazine*.  
I wrote them  
Can you please tell me how I can apply to summer stock?

They responded

Purchase a copy of *Summer Theaters*. It's sold through the Drama Book Shop. Here is the address and the cost.

I shall be ever grateful to them because the recommendation worked.

From this small book with a soft cover I chose eighteen companies from Maine to Pennsylvania and off went my handwritten query letters asking for an apprenticeship opportunity. To my amazement I was accepted at twelve. Miss Somerset, a theatre professor at the University of British Columbia, helped me choose which one to pick.

Ann, you can't go wrong with either of these: Williamstown Summer Theatre at Williams College in Williamstown, MA. The producer is Nikos Psacharopoulos, a professor at the Yale School of Drama, or the summer theatre company in Boston with Rosemary Harris as artistic director.

I chose Williamstown. I thought it amusing that I would somehow be attached to Yale. My father and my two uncles are Harvard graduates. Why not have a little rivalry in the family even if Williamstown Summer Theatre isn't really Yale!



ANN AND NANCY DONOHUE

It's been a fabulous summer, a wonderful apprenticeship with the best of all talents: Carrie Nye, Dick Cavett, John Conklin, Peter Hunt, Lee Starnes, Nikos, Thornton Wilder and many more. I made several wonderful friends, one of whom, Nancy Donohue, loved late night escapades

through New England. We escaped the hot humid air in my car with the top down. My duties as an apprentice included building scenery, hanging

lights, sewing costumes, and taking an acting class (a requirement) from Lee Starnes, an articulate, amusing, tall southern gentleman. I was also cast (God forbid) in *Streetcar Named Desire*. That experience confirmed for me that I was not interested in being an actress. Delightfully, Nancy and I were taken out for a strawberry milkshake by Thornton Wilder, who was playing the stage manager in our production of his play *Our Town*.

Nikos and I passed one another outside the rehearsal hall this morning.

He had a message

Ann, you are Yale material.

What? Women, they don't go to Yale.

Oh yes, they do, in the Graduate Programs. You apply, you will be accepted.



And, that's what happened. But I had a year to wait. My question was how best to use it? My parents gave me a year's support, \$200 a month. I decided to explore. New York was my first stop and then eight months wandering through Europe, youth hosteling. My journeys began in Paris, up to England, then to the Continent and as far north as Finland, down to Italy, and finally to Greece where I spent the summer. I have seen so much, met so many and found my way in different foreign lands. Yet, my goal of a life in the theatre and, yes, eventually opera, has not changed. It's just that I have more life experience now behind me, as I become a theatrical professional. This past year was an amazing adventure worth a book in itself. Yup, I have grown up some.

Now I am sailing back from Greece aboard a majestic Holland America ocean liner, waiting for the Statue of Liberty to wave at me. When I left Vancouver fourteen months ago, all I knew was it was time for freedom. My mother and I needed space. My expansive energy and independent nature put us at loggerheads – polite loggerheads. My father's unpredictable anger had grown old. I needed space from it all. That was then and this is now. I can hardly wait to dock and see them and my brother Haig, who is off to the University of Pennsylvania to study law.



AUGUST 1960—PIREAUS, GREECE [HARBOR FOR ATHENS]—ROBIN STOLK AND ANN ONBOARD AN OCEAN LINER FOR A TRIP THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA AND ON TO NEW YORK.

Ann, dear, I am amazed you can navigate us out of New York City!  
The traffic is awful.

Mum, remember? I lived here last fall!

Our destination is New Haven. Yesterday, Mum and I accompanied Haig to Philadelphia and bought his sheets and towels. He's settled.

Now, Mum has a colorful patterned scarf tied over her recently coiffed hair. We have the top down on my TR2 and are leaving the Madison Hotel behind, cruising across 57th Street to the West Side Highway and north to Connecticut and Yale.

Arriving at our destination, Helen Hadley Hall, we are confronted with a utilitarian, ordinary-looking piece of architecture, a rectangular structure with layers upon layers of flat windows.

Gosh, Mum, it seems odd that Yale didn't given more thought to the look of the women's residence.

She nods in agreement.

I wonder what we will find inside.

It's okay. I have been assigned a corner room, lots of light. A quick shop for my basics – sheets, pillows, blankets – followed by unpacking my trunk that had arrived from the ship, and my room is set. It is fun unearthing memorabilia from my divine summer in Greece. I now have my blue and white hanging piece from Rhodes on my wall. Mum's gone, and I am perusing a map in my welcome kit which is showing me that the Drama School is a fair walking distance from Helen Hadley Hall. I like being punctual, especially today. I will leave myself plenty of time to get lost. This evening I am meeting my colleagues and the faculty, some of whom are friends from Williamstown.

My saunter, this September day, allows me to savor Yale with its Gothic towers and Romanesque-style stone buildings. Last spring I was in England for two months. Sheila Thrift, a Kappa friend, and I did a two and a half-week tour working our way from Southern England to Scotland, visiting primarily Gothic and Romanesque cathedrals, the designs of which are replicated, kind of, at Yale. I feel very much at home.

The Yale campus seems intertwined. There's no clear path between the buildings. The late day sun is slowly descending into the horizon leaving western structures of the college quadrangles bathed in a warm glow. Uncle John, a Yale graduate and my godfather, explained over dinner in New York

The undergraduates, all men, are divided into groups and assigned to different colleges.

I am passing through Saybrook College quadrangle. The windows are flung open and an Elvis Presley song is blasting out of them. This cacophonous noise does jar with the architecture. Oh well, I am moving on.

Wonder why I am not excited? Isn't that strange? I had thought I would be. Perhaps it is because I know I am in the right place and there is no need for anything more.

Gosh, am I acceptable as I am dressed for this reception? I decided against jeans. An introduction to Yale deserves an upgrade to my dark

blue skirt and matching sweater with my brown wooden-carved necklace. Oh well, no time to rethink. My trusty map tells me I am near the University Theater which houses the Drama School. Good thing I paid attention to this map, not something I always do.

Entering the open, chunky wooden front doors of the stone Romanesque-like structure, the University Theater is the beginning of my sacred journey. As I suspected, the interior is styled after a Broadway theatre with a tiny lobby and a small auditorium of dark wood and forest green walls. I think I will feel comfortable working in this space.

Oh, there is a reception line in front of the stage. I will wait a little and watch. Yes, Nikos is correct. There is a mix of men and women. Of course, how could you produce a play without actresses? I want to find Nikos, the tiny Greek man with piercing eyes that dance, to thank him for helping me get into Yale. Oh, there are Lee and Mary Starnes. I know they will be glad to see me. Yes, I am home.



I am enrolled in the Technical, Design and Lighting (TDL) Program working towards a Master of Fine Arts degree. There are five of us in my class: David Nancarrow, a Brit and a perfectionist with a lovely wife; Jim Rose, a puppeteer; Michael Price, who has a fascination with musical theatre; Marc Cohen, a secretive one, and me.

Orientation made it clear there is no loitering: classes from 9-1 p.m.; crew, turning the theoretical into the practical from 2-6 p.m. and 7-10 p.m., including most weekends, more crew. It's going to be intensive.

My first crew assignment is lighting, working as assistant to Elisa Ronstadt, a tall, blonde fastidious woman in her second year as a TDL. We are light board operators and squeezed into a tiny booth which is shoe-horned into a new 4 x 6-foot space at the back of the theatre auditorium. There are two boards, in fact. Elisa sits at one, a desk housing the master console, moving levers to change the light clues while watching the stage in the

process. I am behind on her left, at right angles, facing an upright “board” about five feet tall and wide with ten rows of sixty tiny, tiny rolling dimmers numbered one to ten. I move them up or down upon direction from the lighting designer and stage director who sit in the auditorium and talk to us over headsets. When a light cue is set, Elisa has her console memorize it and we move on.

Lighting and stage rehearsals take many hours. The attention is not always on the two of us, which is giving Elisa and me time to chat. Ann, tell me about your theatre background.

Well, it’s brief. During University, my summer job was an apprentice with an outdoor summer musical theatre company. We did not have a theatre program at my University, but I found a way to keep involved with the theatre by joining a university club that presented musicals. One year, I was producer of *Call Me Madam*. When I graduated, I came East and was an apprentice at Williamstown. How about you?

I graduated from Vanderbilt University in Tennessee majoring in theatre. It’s apparent she came to Yale with more training. I am glad she doesn’t seem concerned that I am a novice.

Periodically, George Izenour, the developer of this prototype light board and a professor at Yale, drops by. In fact, his lab is in the basement of an old Victorian house on Park Street, down the alley from the stage door of our theatre. He fits my image of a scientist, an odd duck giving the impression of walking on air, except when he is checking in on us, squishing into our tiny space. His questions are to the point. What could be improved?

Elisa responds

Perhaps the dimmer control levers could be a little closer together.

I comment

It would be nice to have a little more light behind each dimmer so it’s easier to see the numbers.

He listens and departs, giving no indication he will take these suggestions.



Elisa and I became friends by the end of the run. She is amusing, smart, knows the ropes and the gossip. A wonderful connection as I begin at the Drama School.

Yale has both old masters and new innovators in the lighting department. Not only is the Drama School on the leading edge of technology with George Izenour, but Stanley McCandless, the much-respected lighting guru, is also on the faculty. Considered the father of modern stage lighting design, he has been around since the founding days of the Yale School of Drama in 1925. My four classmates and I gather at 9 a.m. in a tiny dark room in the basement of the Yale Theatre two mornings a week to listen to Mac and his lighting theories. He places a candle before us, lights it and begins

Let's first consider the power of a candle and how it radiates light.

I am surprised how much light one candle gives in this dark room.

Moving on, he starts describing his method of lighting design.

Mac makes the process of lighting design comprehensible. It is both methodical and embraces the emotional. I like the sense of order.

Yes, the creative imagination of a designer can shine with these tools.

There is one downside to Mac's lectures. He has a monotonous voice.

As the classes are in the small dark room, sometimes, I nod off, especially when I have been up late working on a project. Words, words, words make it difficult for my brain to compute on a continuous basis.

I never sleep in Dr. Nagler's theatre history class, a requirement for all first-year drama school students. Tall and statuesque, he speaks with a slight, undefined accent. His stories entertain us at 9 a.m. in the Experimental Theater. History comes alive! My last eight months in Europe, browsing around ancient theatrical relics, dovetails with many of the visual images he shows us. When the slide of Epidaurus on the Peloponnesus in Greece came up, I exclaimed

Oh, I was just there. I saw Maria Callas sing *Norma*. In fact, I was there twice. The first visit my friend and I came face to face with Maria Callas dressed in a tight-fitting purple jumpsuit which continued up and over her head, walking on the arm of Aristotle Onassis.

Good afternoon, Miss Callas.  
She just smiled at me and continued on.  
Our first performance was rained out fifteen minutes into the first act.  
It poured!

At the end of the summer the performance was rescheduled.  
Thank heavens, it was just before I left Greece. Oh, my goodness,  
could that woman sing and act. When she walked to her death at  
the end of opera with her lover, we were engulfed with her tragedy.  
How wonderful to have all these memories flooding back as  
I watched Dr. Nagler's slides.



My interaction with stage directors, playwrights, and actors happens  
when they come to the scene shop. That's not always their first choice,  
but a requirement for graduation. They help build scenery, set up lights  
and run the shows. Yes, some grumble, but...we are glad for their labor.  
And we hope that perhaps they will have a little patience with technical  
challenges as they move into the real world and their careers.

Mostly it's fun to know them.  
Joe Zeigler, a playwright and I  
are assigned to *A Midsummer  
Night's Dream* during its run  
on stage. We and others are  
manipulating puppets from a  
bridge hung thirty feet above  
the stage. Titania's fairy  
servants, flocks of them –  
Peaseblossom, Cobweb,  
Moth and Mustardseed –  
are designed by Robert Darling  
and built by Jim Rose.



ROBERT DARLING, JIM ROSE AND ANN

On cue, Joe starts at one edge of our forty-foot swinging bridge,  
I at the other. Running slowly, with our mobile of tiny diaphanous materials  
simulating fairies hanging below, we swoop our mobiles down around  
Titania, sitting elegantly in her throne, deluged with the glorious  
*Midsummer Night's Dream's* music of Mendelssohn.

Reaching midpoint Joe shouts

Get down Ann, I am going above you.

We don't collide, neither do our mobiles.

Joe and I became good friends hanging out on that bridge.

I am learning how to draft technical drawings from the stage designer's  
renderings. Yes, and how to build scenery, hang lights and, of course,  
work as a stagehand during the run of the show. The experience is intense,  
enormous fun and all-consuming. Our prowess is measured in how  
effective we are in our work and the projects we submit. We are not  
subjected to written exams with one exception: Dr. Nagler's class.

I joined a study group and theatre history is being blazed into my brain.

My first year has flown by. One March day Elisa asks

Would you like to share an apartment next year? John Brockington  
and Angela Wood are graduating and vacating their apartment.

Did you know they come from Vancouver?

No. But, they have a large apartment right across the street  
from the Drama School. It's available. Want to see it?

Sure.

It's perfect, lots of light with plenty of space for two drafting boards  
in the living room. Yes, let's do it.

The proximity, the facility to cook my meals, and the camaraderie will  
be fun. We sign on the dotted line. Julie, the owner of the restaurant two  
floors below, is our landlord. He's a character, can't sit still and loves  
to fling his arms about. Most amusing!



My first year is near completion. I am returning home after a two-year absence. I had thought of working for Nikos until my father told me Sherry's father is very ill with leukemia. He is not expected to live beyond the summer. Wow, there is no question, I am coming home. Haig and I will drive together across this wide country.

Mary Larsen, Haig's girlfriend, met us in Chicago for a wedding of one of Haig's friends. She pleaded  
Please, let me drive with you back to Vancouver.  
The only space for her is a narrow slit behind the seats. She insists, we acquiesce, and head off into the dark of night. Four hours later we realize our folly, Mary is squished and very unhappy. We change our plan and accelerate the trip to Vancouver. The top's down, hats are on our heads, the sun shines brightly, and then the dark of night embraces us as we whiz through Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, and field after field of hay, green hay, early hay. The Rocky Mountains provided us with relief from the heat. Each of us takes a turn squeezed into the back. I hang my legs over the side of the car. That's some relief. Thank God for Haig's duffle bag of dirty laundry. At least we have a cushion.

It's 3 a.m. Yea, we have reached the West Coast and the US/Canadian border at Blaine. The custom's officer, discovering our bedraggled shape and our cargo – bongo drums, guitar and duffle bag of dirty laundry – commands  
Pull over to the side.  
I comply.  
We are looking for drugs and are going to search your car including taking a wheel off.  
Do what you must; we are going to sleep on the benches nearby.  
And did so!  
A tap on my shoulder awakens me as does the early dawn light.  
Move on, you are clear.  
He handed me the appropriate papers.

An hour later we arrive home, 1403 Angus. It looks just like it did when I left two years ago, inviting and spacious. We have no house keys and it's 6 a.m. No matter, we'll serenade the parents! Around to the back of the house, slipping our way over the dewy grass, Haig starts strumming his guitar. The three of us warble

Home, Home on the Range where the deer and the antelope play.

Mary and I accentuate our arrival by banging on the bongo drums.

Meanwhile, two flights up, Mum hears us and pokes Daddy, saying John, I hear the children.

It's been a two-year hiatus with many adventures, and I am home again.



Death. A new experience for me, for all of us. How can a middle-aged man, Dal Grauer, be dying? Well, the reality is he is, and he is choosing to spend his last weeks at home. Aunt Shirley has moved into one of the kids' rooms to give him the space he needs. Nurses go in and out of the sick room. His door is closed. Lally, the youngest daughter, is grinding carrots, having been told carrot juice helps heal leukemia.

One afternoon we are swimming in the large pool to the side and back of their home. On the upper patio, he appears on Aunt Shirley's arm, a mere shadow of himself, in his maroon dressing gown and slippers.

We stop our thrashing about and call out greetings

Hi, it's so good to see you.

Daddy, Daddy, I wish you could come swimming with us.

We are thinking of you all the time and love you.

He waves, turns and leaves with Aunt Shirley. That is the last time I saw him. At the end of July, he is gone. Fifty-five is much too young to die.

The next evening, during drinks before dinner, we are all together.

Death and the sadness hit me. I break down and sob. I can't imagine not having a father.



My parents feel it's time for a resurgence of positive energy and invite me to come with them to a cocktail party at the Boyce's, friends of theirs. There are many people and much chatter. A tall, rather thin gentleman with a narrow face, pointed chin and impish smile comes through the crowd

How do you do! I am Nicholas Goldschmidt, Artistic Director of the Vancouver International Festival. I hear you are a student at the Yale Drama School. Come, let's chat.

What I don't know is once you start talking with Niki you are in for a long fascinating conversation as he shares, almost spits with excitement, his ideas. This man loves his work! He is just as intense in garnering information about me and Yale and my intentions for my future.

Then I hear him say

Would you be interested in volunteering for the last couple weeks of the Festival? Herbert Berghoff is directing *Do You Know the Milky Way?* a play with two actors, Hal Holbrook and George Voskovec. He needs an assistant. Would you like to help us out?

I would love to.

My summer ends on an upswing.

I join them just as rehearsals move into the Lyric Theater, a charming Broadway-style house, intimate and physically comfortable to be in. It has those cute little side boxes where box-holders can be seen by the audience if the velvet blue curtains are not closed for an intimate rendezvous.

Herbert and I settle into seats half way back in the auditorium. A wooden board has been slung over several seats to create a table for us. My role is simple: fetch and carry. I feel rejuvenated being back in the theatre, watching the dynamics of a production being pulled together.

Herbert is not only a celebrated stage director but also the founder of the HB Studio in New York where he, his wife Uta Hagen, Fritz Weaver and others coach many an actor or actress to great fame. Herbert's engaging and loves to tell stories. We have become good friends.



I sold my car, a wrenching decision, but necessary. It's time for me to contribute to my Yale Drama School fees. A plane trip and I am back in New Haven. Elisa is already in residence. The place is spic and span. Lucky me! We have inherited a very large, like nine-foot-long, kidney bean-shaped tufted maroon velvet sofa, nicknamed the Brockington couch. It's a Drama School legend; seems many liaisons started there. Now, it's a dominant feature in our living room with its three huge picture windows.

This year I am Oren Parker's assistant in the shop, ordering supplies and keeping fiscal records for the University finance department. Orey (that's his nickname) is a quiet man with an even quieter sense of humor. He is also unflappable as he is bombarded with scenic and technical questions.

The number of my classes increases. In addition to technical and lighting courses, I am enrolled in a stage design class with Donald Oenslager. I knew this class would require my producing a stage design a week – a rendering, it's called. In preparation, I took a painting class over the summer. I found it difficult to learn the techniques but am keen to learn more. I have signed up for Herbert Gute's watercolor class in the Art School.

It's odd, but I love my watercolor class. Mr. Gute is a quiet man, befitting my image of a watercolorist. We have large tables with slanted surfaces which mean water runs on the page. Yes, it does, especially when I don't tap my brush on the side of the water container. I soon learn. Who wants a puddle at the bottom of my painting?

Mr. Gute is teaching me how to paint light and shadow.

Ann, look at that tree. He is pointing out the window.

What is happening with light?

The side receiving the sun is more grey than brown, the other side is dark brown.

Yes, now paint that. A big part of painting is seeing what you are painting. Like my classes with Mac and the candle, my eye is being trained to look at the effect of light.

I wonder why is it I sometimes have a problem seeing? Sometimes I don't want to see. It seems silly, but I don't. Hmmmmmmmm.



Lee and Mary Starnes have become my family at Yale. Their laughter is much gentler than mine, but they love to laugh, and laugh we do. Lee, always impeccably dressed in grey pants, dark blue blazer and well-polished brown loafers, has an undying curiosity and a passion for the theatre. Mary, an accomplished actress and Yale Drama School graduate, has chosen to teach English in a high school where she also directs plays. She makes the most delicious pecan pie.



My life has a rhythm, theory and practical. I love that. No time to get bored, and perhaps more important is the constant change. It allows me to focus better. I am forever being challenged to walk into a new experience. Like climbing sixty feet up a circular iron staircase in the corner, upstage left of the stage to the grid, a maze of narrow iron bars over the stage. Pipes that move the scenery in and out are hung off these bars and the counterweights that move those pipes are stored there on the side. My first journey up, my heart is in my tummy. Soon I think nothing of dashing about, sixty feet up.

I discover an unexpected talent. I am a smell bellwether. I can detect when the glue, cooking in a large vat on the stove by the paint frame, is about to burn. It's used for gluing canvas to large wooden frames that we construct and upon which scenic artists paint pictures for the shows. The glue needs to be soft and flowy like ripe camembert cheese for application. My smell talent is much appreciated. Walking into the scene shop, I call out  
Hey, you guys, the glue's burning!  
Sure enough, it's true.





Austin Pendleton, a Yale undergraduate, taking a directing course, approaches

Ann, I am directing a scene from Shaw's *Saint Joan*. It's my next assignment for Nikos. I want you to play Joan.

Austin, you can't be serious.

He doesn't know I have a problem with memorizing! He doesn't know what he's taking on. I hear him say

Yes, I am serious. You are going to be perfect in the role.

Oh my God.

Then I remember. I have an acting requirement to complete, best get it over with.

Okay Austin, I'll do it.

It feels as if I am forever on my knees, praying to God in my role as Saint Joan while praying to this same Divine being that I remember the words as I emote my part

"One thousand like me can stop them. Ten like me can stop them with God on our side. You do not understand, squire..."

We rehearse so much, the words sink in.



One morning during Mr. O's class I hear a commotion outside the door. Where is Ann?

As I emerge, I am greeted with a *huge* (7'x 9') wooden box with Sherry's handwriting.

I know what it is. It's a painting. My friend Sherry is sending me a painting. She's a student at the San Francisco Art Institute.

Three of us gently pry open the box, one suggesting

Let's keep the lumber for scenery.

From the crate emerges an image of a pensive girl in somber blues and reds, looking out a window, yearning. It's beautiful.

Elisa runs to the scene shop for rope saying

It's too large to navigate up the stairs of our apartment.

We will have to take it through our large window.  
 Many have gathered to watch our antics. The painting is now hanging  
 on the wall behind the Brockington couch. The colors of both work  
 wonderfully together.  
 I am thrilled with my gift.

Romance hasn't been a big feature in my life. Well, this year  
 I had two nibbles.  
 Lloyd, a design student with an outrageous sense of humor,  
 grabs my attention until he says  
 Ann, I am gay.  
 We are wonderful friends, now.  
 Not long after, Robert Darling, a quiet, extremely well-read man with  
 whom I enjoy sharing ideas, captures my heart. We dated for a while.  
 One night I ended it. He never seems to have time for me.

I am miffed. Robert is dating another design student? He has time for her.  
 Hmmmmm, I wonder what she has that I am missing? My heart is not  
 broken, just hurt.



1962 VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL  
 FESTIVAL BROCHURE



I had an exciting call.  
 Niki Goldschmidt asked  
 Would you like to be assistant stage  
 manager on *The Magic Flute* and  
 production assistant for the other  
 attractions in the summer's (1962)  
 Vancouver International Festival?  
 Yes, yes, I would love to.  
 An opportunity to work in opera!  
 How fabulous!  
 My summer plans are now set.



I am back in Vancouver before I know it. *The Magic Flute* rehearsals are on a basketball court in a community center. It's large enough to replicate the stage of the Queen Elizabeth Theatre which has a sixty-foot proscenium opening. That's wide! It's an unusual rehearsal space, with loads of windows thirty feet up allowing light and the sun to stream in. Harry Horner, a scenery and costume designer for both movies and opera, has just come from a major success with *Aida* at the 1962 World Exposition in Seattle. He is also the stage director. The *Aida* platform units are doubling for *Flute*, a wise cost consideration, and have been installed on the basketball court. Gail McCance and his skilled scenic crew are working away in the stable in Stanley Park finishing the last *Flute* scenic pieces. Derek Mann, a friend from UBC days, is stage manager.

I am in Mozart's music heaven, ten hours a day, with operatic heavy hitters: Mattiwilda Dobbs, a soprano who frequents the stage of La Scala, Metropolitan Opera and more; William McAlpine, a British tenor and a Canadian baritone, Bernard Turgeon, are prompt to arrive for rehearsal. Bernie Turgeon is singing the role of the much-maligned bird man, Papageno. We are rehearsing Papageno's lament. He believes he has lost his love, Papagena. Bernie not only sings the aria so beautifully, he also is a wonderful actor. I find myself with tears in my eyes. Otto Werner Mueller is conducting. A tall, thin man, he is very strict and stops the rehearsals often for musical corrections. I am glad I took piano lessons when I was ten. I was unsuccessful. What emerged from my fingers on the piano was not musical and sounded awful. However, now I am glad that I went through that experience for I learned how to read music. This skill is now important.

Occasionally I am off to the hairdressers. It's the era of the bouffant hair style and hard to do on my own. I spy a strange sight, a woman under the hair dryer sewing on an amazing trail of many types of fabric and colors and feathers. I ask Charles, my hairdresser  
What is she doing?

That's Maureen Heneghan, the costumer for *The Magic Flute*. She works with Harry Horner making sure his designs are realized as intended. She's much in demand by designers both in North America and Britain. At the moment she is working on Papageno's costume. Go over and say hello!

I shout over her hair dryer

I am Assistant Stage Manager on *Flute*.

She smiles, and we arrange dinner.

*Flute* moves to the dark and cavernous Queen Elizabeth Theatre for final rehearsals. It's my debut working in a large theatre with an orchestra pit for sixty musicians. The QET feels like another hallowed space. I am discovering that each backstage of a theatre seems to have a distinctive smell, a pleasant odor, a wood smell, which greets one walking in the stage door. It sets the tone. Funny how a smell can do that!

I am positioned Stage Left, making sure artists are ready for their entrances, props are where they need to be and on and on. The orchestra has been added. I am in heaven. Nothing seems difficult to do. Music takes all the tension away. In the wings, I am often ten feet away from the singers on stage. Karl Norman, a bass singing Sarastro, has a deep rich voice. At times I feel as if he is singing to me – quite a thrill. The music, orchestra and voice bring me such peace.

Our dress rehearsal went well yesterday. Today I am in the production office just off-stage, pulling together the last few pieces for opening night, tomorrow. Maurice Wood, the Head Stage Carpenter who runs the stage crew, has an office across the hall. He's concerned

I've no time to prepare the weekly stage crew payroll sheets. I need help. Yes, he has a daunting challenge with a huge crew of forty stagehands: carpenters, electricians, flymen, and props for the QET as well as a separate crew in the Playhouse Theatre, a small theatre for intimate productions, attached to the QET.

Maurice, I will tell Gordon your problem.

Gordon Hilker is the Manager of the Festival.

Morris continues

And, one more thing. We have no advance material on the *Bayanihan*, the Philippine dancers and musicians. They move in on Monday, ten days away.

Gordon's solution is me, for both problems.

Ann, the *Bayanihan* have a New York touring manager. Call him.

And, you will help Maurice with the preparation of the payroll sheets.

And, by the way, *Beauty and the Beast* has its dress rehearsal tonight in the Playhouse. Please check that their needs are in hand.

I get the picture; nothing has been organized around the production and technical details for the other eight touring attractions that Niki has programmed. My Production Assistant cap is on. Strange, there is no Production Manager. Who am I assistant to? Everyone, I guess!

By definition, the word Festival means much going on. When I was in Scotland a couple of years ago. Sheila and I stayed with a family who were involved in helping raise funds for the Edinburgh Festival. I listened with great fascination to the stories of the diverse theatrical activity that happens each August. Well, now I am experiencing it.

There seems to be one rule that Artistic Directors and Managers keep to: no dark nights, in some cases this means daytime also, which results in double bookings. The QET Playhouse is experiencing continuous action. Four days a week for five weeks there's Music at Six: chamber orchestras including the Juilliard Quartet; Louis Kentner, a pianist presenting seven recitals; Vronsky and Babin, the famous duo pianists, and more. They need the stage in the morning for rehearsal and the afternoon concert. As the crowds file out, *Beauty and the Beast* scenery has then to magically reappear on stage for an 8 p.m. curtain. The key to making this kind of schedule work is information. Overnight I have become that funnel. It's fun and I am *learning*.

Today I have squeezed myself into Maurice's office by the four-drawer legal-sized ugly grey filing cabinet, laboring to decipher the time cards for each stagehand, determining which hours are regular, overtime or double time (God forbid!). Recording the details on a master sheet, I find myself enjoying it. I like getting a glimpse into the workings of IATSE, the stagehands union, and learning the names of its members.

I just discovered that the *Bayanihan* is performing at the World's Fair in Seattle. I called the tour manager for the details; he was most accommodating

We use a black surround (meaning black velour curtains as wings and a backdrop) and the full stage. That's all you need to prepare.

Tonight, *Flute* opens. It's not the opening event of the Festival. The ten-day *International Film Festival* preceded. Now, the Festival's focus is theatrical.

As I am walking across the stage I hear a voice from the auditorium calling me and turn. It's John Ellis in his cubbyhole of a space, the light booth, at the front of the auditorium amongst the high-priced seats.

Ann, you now have a headset on Stage Left.

Thanks John. Hey, it's neat, you have an Izenour board! Do you like it?

John just smiles.

Vancouver is up-to-date with the latest technology.

Opening night went well. Yes, opera is definitely my path.



Gordon has requested I come to his office. It's serious Ann, when Niki booked the Comédie-Française I sensed three performances in the QET with its twenty-eight hundred seats would be a hard sell.

I am trying an idea. I engaged Aristides (Ris) Gazetas, a stage designer and professor of Theatre Design at the University of British Columbia.

He has created and had made banners to hang from the top balcony. They will hide the mezzanine seats. When *Flute* closes next weekend, these banners must be hung. Don't spend money, our budget is tight.

Meanwhile assistance is being requested by the stage manager of Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*. The show is in its final rehearsals in the Playhouse. Leon Major, a young, energetic, stage director with a loud voice is requesting more props for Mavor Moore, who is playing Caesar. They both smoke cigars in the theatre!!

The Comédie-Française arrives tomorrow and the banners are being installed. God bless my sister, my eleven-year-old sister Katherine and her pal Christopher Grauer, Sherry's youngest brother. They have gamely agreed to help me with this task. How's it going?

Ann, this is the most fun. Do you think the knots we have tied are alright? They look good to me. You are doing a great job! Come down to the main floor of the auditorium and see what a difference they make. I am taking them for lunch. The Festival can, at least, afford this cost.

The three performances of the Comédie-Française did not fare well. Yes, their acting is superb but lost in our huge theatre. And, their scenery seemed dollhouse in size. Our tiny audience, mostly English-speaking, was lost with the story and lost in the house despite the banners. It was a zero-sum endeavor! I am sad for both the artists and audience.



My weekly task of summarizing the stage crew hours for payroll is made pleasurable by the close access to the stage. Zubin Mehta is here conducting the Festival Orchestra. Vera Zorina is the soloist. Classical music gives me such joy as I labor with the payroll details. Zubin just dropped by the Production Office to ask Want to have dinner and go with me to *Caesar and Cleopatra*? Love to, didn't get to see the dress rehearsal.

At intermission, he asked  
How do you light a show?

I am thrilled, first time I have been asked that question.

I point to the lights above us.  
 They are called front of house lights. See how they are angled across  
 the stage. The designer divides the stage in blocks, and...  
 Later we talk about color. My Yale education to the fore! It is fun.



The Festival is over. The strangest thing happened as I was  
 driving home on the last night. I said out loud  
 This crazy six weeks are a blessing. It has given me my Yale thesis topic:  
 organizing the production and technical aspects of a festival.  
 Artistic chaos is a part of the game. That doesn't mean we have to endure  
 technical and production chaos...  
 Climbing into bed, I take a piece of paper and begin  
 a long list of problems we faced this summer.  
 It is very dark when I turn out the light and look out my window.  
 The Coast Range Mountains are silhouetted with just a few of the chair  
 lift lights glistening. Closing my eyes, I feel so grateful. I may be working  
 hard, but I am happy. I love making sense of chaos in the theatre.  
 It really is about mastering the process.





Sad news! Niki Goldschmidt has resigned as artistic director. No question he has done extraordinary programming over these last five years. However, the bottom line, the financial side, is not in good shape. Even so, I know this decision is a great loss for Vancouver. Too bad the Board didn't provide him, at the outset, with the management support he needed.

The summer is ending with a celebration – Haig and Mary Larsen's marriage. Mum has been apoplectic about my dress. Now we have a design and the dressmaker is busy. I love the organdy floppy hat that's to go with it.



My last year at Yale is intense. And it is going by at a fast rate. I had the responsibility of lighting a main stage show, *High Cockalorum*, a new play by Robert Murray, a student at the Yale School of Drama. This was my first experience collaborating with a stage director and designer. In the last phase, I set cues creating the atmosphere of Meanly, Kansas, a whistle-stop on the Santa Fe Railroad. The stage was almost empty except for tumbleweed that zigzags across the stage. It's hot, really hot. Desperation and loneliness are the feeling.

Nikos is one of my evaluators

Ann, the light is well-balanced. You have achieved the atmosphere dictated by the play. Is it perhaps too hot?

He has a point, too many candle powers!



Gordon Hilker just called

Dino Yannopoulos has been engaged as the Artistic Director of the Vancouver International Festival. I have suggested you as Production Stage Manager. He lives in New York and wants to interview you. Expect a call.

My Yale colleagues know of Dino and his successes as a stage director

at the Metropolitan Opera. I do a little more research. He created a festival in Athens.

My interview is set. I am on the train from New Haven after my morning classes, missing crew this afternoon. My colleagues were sympathetic; it's a job interview.

We are meeting at Dino's apartment on 58th Street. That's an impressive address I muse, getting off the 5th Avenue bus and walking past the Plaza Hotel. The leaves on the trees that line the street sidewalk indicate the end of fall.

As Dino opens the door, I am hit with a stream of sun blasting through a cream-colored living room peppered with dark antique furniture. Blocking some of this dazzle is a man, slightly stooped, with an unlit cigarette hanging out of his mouth, holding onto a little boy, perhaps five years old. He says

Come down the hall with us.

I follow.

We turn into a dimly lit room. I almost step on a train set that takes up all the floor space. There is a problem, a serious problem to the old and young men in the room. The train won't work.

Dino comments to the youngster

It needs a part.

The next thing I know, we are in a taxi headed for Grand Central Station and a train store. At first I am annoyed. Then, I get it.

This is a perfect introduction to Dino. He, too, marches to his own tune. Better I understand that now.

The part is purchased and installed. Yea, the train is working. The little boy is over the moon with excitement as we watch it chug around and around his room. Dino is smiling. I can see he has a huge heart. He wants his son happy, and if it means getting the train to work, so be it.

We start talking, two hours later than intended. By evening I am engaged as production and stage manager. Dino's Festival includes two operas,

two plays, a musical, a play for children, a popular review and symphony concerts, all to be rehearsed and performed within six weeks, opening in June. Wow, nothing like putting one's feet into a fire. And my classes at Yale aren't over till the end of April. That's tight scheduling. I fear there won't be much preplanning. Thank goodness Orey Parker and John Hood accepted my thesis topic. At least it will provide some theoretical preparation!



I am now functioning as technical director of *Man Better Man* written by a recent Yale Drama School graduate, Trinidad playwright, Errol Hill. Nikos is the stage director, an artist who likes the theatrical. Jim Gohl's design matches the needs of the script and Nikos' approach. This show is big with lots of scenery flying in and out. The first and second year TDLs are drafting. I am overseeing and John Hood, with a pipe in his mouth, is nearby keeping a watching eye. I am glad. I appreciate his method of coaching. He asks questions. That way I find solutions. We have a goal: most of the scenery to be built before Christmas.

This is not all that is going on. I am also acting as a theatre consultant for Hank Hawthorne who is studying architecture at Yale. He and his wife, Pamela, who is at the Drama School in the Directing Program, are from Vancouver. Hank is very articulate, has a quiet voice and a cute smile. I am discovering that the architectural process is not unlike scenic design. There's just a different purpose.



Dino has invited me to New York for opera auditions just before Christmas. Most of my school colleagues are gone. We made our goal. The scenery for *Man Better Man* is almost entirely built and on the paint frame. Dino, I would love to come.

It's a very rainy December day in New York. Four of us are sitting at the back of the room at the opposite end of the small stage and a piano. The other two men pay little attention to us. Dino whispered

The man in the brown suit is Kurt Herbert Adler, General Director of the San Francisco Opera. The other is Otto Guth, his associate and a much-respected opera coach.

Adler speaks his mind to each artist as they depart. He is not very pleased with this afternoon's show of talent. In fact, he is quite obnoxious to one poor woman. She was dressed for the season in a bright red suit, white fur collar, muff and hat. Her departing words are an apology I am sorry for being overdressed. I am on my way to a friend's wedding.

Adler quips

Too bad it isn't yours!

Yikes! His temperament matches his brown suit – ugly.



In my last term, I decide to take advantage of another course through the Yale School of Art. I want to learn a bit about color. They offer a course based on the theories of Joseph Albers. I am intrigued. We work with strips of color and play with them, so we begin to understand the effect of the interaction of colors side by each. And we learn the effect of adding white or black to a color – all through strips of color. I purchased a huge box of color chips and had fun doing the exercises. It wasn't just an academic approach, it also involved the senses. I was very comfortable with the latter. Little did I know this would be a harbinger to understanding how my brain and feelings work or don't work together.

Yale is almost done. *Man Better Man* went well. Mum came from Vancouver. She seemed impressed asking

Now, dear, what exactly does it mean to be a technical director?

I take the designer's pretty picture and make sure that the design is translated into working drawings so scenery can be built...

Oh goodness!

Mum, it's not unlike planning a party, making sure all the ingredients are in place. Just a few more technical details!

*Telling the story about Mum coming to Yale and her interest in what I am learning makes me realize it is time to tell you about her parents, William and Mary Colledge. Grampa Colledge was born in 1868 and lived till the mid-1950s. His life story is one of determination. He lived in Ontario with his family that immigrated from Scotland. His father came to Canada, thinking he would be a farmer. Sadly, his talents in that field were zero and he lost all the money he brought from Scotland. Grampa Colledge was sent out, at twelve years old, to work. The family needed money for food. No more schooling. He became a carpenter, a highly skilled carpenter, and eventually moved to Winnipeg and teamed with another, Mr. Sharp. Together they oversaw the construction of apartments. In his mid-thirties he married Nana (Mary Colledge), who was probably ten years younger. She was a schoolteacher in Ontario with a one-room school. Each morning she rode her horse to school, patted it on its back and it trotted home. I know Grampa Colledge would have been most interested in what I was learning at Yale.*



MARY COLLEDGE [NANA]



WILLIAM COLLEDGE [GRAMPA] AND ANN FARRIS

My focus is my thesis. It is easy writing up the problems but not so easy with the solutions. It helps envisioning Dino's upcoming Festival. John and Orey are reading my drafts and have many questions. What do you need to know from the designers? How are you going to improve the sharing of information with the stage crew?



# AN OPERA CAREER BEGINS



[ 1963 ]

**D**INO, WHERE ARE YOU?  
Alaska.

Did I hear him correctly? Alaska? Dino is Greek/American. I think English is his second language. He can be hard to understand. You mean, Alaska, above British Columbia?

Yes.

I am so relieved to hear his low, mushy voice, I let go of my need to voice annoyance.

When are you coming back? Everybody needs you!

For two days he has not been at his hotel nor around the theatre.

Dino has been gone, gone. He disappeared the day after our grueling schedule of four consecutive openings. No sign of him. I have been doing my best to keep it a secret.

Sorry, Dino is not here at the moment. I will let him know you are asking for him.

He is the kind of person you want to cover for: deeply contemplative, easily bruised by verbal attacks and scattered when the chips are down.

I was beginning to feel I might have to change my tune and be honest,  
 if he didn't at least call. Thank goodness, he is on the line  
 When are you coming back?  
 There is no point asking what  
 he was doing in Alaska.  
 Tonight. I have chartered a plane!  
 Oh, Dino, I have been so worried.  
 Please come to the theatre  
 first thing in the morning.  
 Yes.  
 The line goes dead.

The grueling first three weeks of the Festival was a baptism by fire. Dino directed two productions, including Verdi's *sturm und drang* opera *MacBeth*, our opener. The New York designer Wolfgang Roth took advantage of our wide proscenium opening and has filled the stage with more platform units than Harry Horner's production of *The Magic Flute* last year. That's not all. There are falling trees and smoke and a huge cast including dancers as witches rushing around, singers from the Metropolitan Opera, our wonderful chorus and supers brandishing swords while rushing up and down and backwards and forwards all over these platforms.  
 Yes, the effect is startling. It's a nightmare backstage making all this magic possible.

Opening day, the *MacBeth* premiere, I am upstairs in the Festival office to have a word, a venting moment, with Gordon.  
 We are no more ready to open than fly to the moon. What could you and Dino have been thinking? This year's schedule is more intense than last year. If we are going to produce so many shows on such a tight schedule,



FIFTH ANNUAL VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL  
 FESTIVAL [FESTIVAL 5] BROCHURE—1963



we need more advance rehearsal time and more staff. Please read my Yale thesis, *Production Managing an International Festival*. And let's talk after. I feel better having let off steam.

Opening night is a nightmare. I have Betty, our rehearsal pianist, at the stage manager's desk. My attention cannot be 100% on the score. With only one assistant stage manager, Katy Robertson, who's holding down Stage Left, I have to check entrances on Stage Right, which means moving away from the score where there are two hundred cues to call.

Betty, please keep a close eye on my score. I need to know the precise bar of music when I get back.

Tonight, I am very nervous about one cue. It's only been rehearsed once. Three, twenty-foot trees come crashing to the floor as the stormy, scary Verdi music blares, the witches screech their warnings and the dancers swirl about the stage in their witch routine.

I am back at the score just in time to say  
Go trees.

My heart flops down into my stomach. Even the gorgeous music doesn't remove my stress. Barney Soros, an electrician, is by my side. He has to move a light during the scene and knows how scary this moment is. Seconds seem like minutes.

Finally, the crash!

Thank God, everyone is safe.

The mere fact we came through with a good *MacBeth* review is still a miracle to me.

It's been a see-saw. Each day a show is struck and another setup.

Today it's *Floradora*, yesterday it was *MacBeth*, tomorrow it's *Saint Joan*, and so it goes. We have sixty stage crew moving scenery to the sidewalks, the loading dock, the stage. Every nook and cranny is jammed.

Hey, you guys, you are amazing!

No question, they are meeting the challenge. But they are stretched. We are into a lot of overtime.

During the frenzied ten pre-opening days, I gain perspective by stopping to clean. That helps when it gets just too crazy. I clean the production office, taking everything out, sweeping the floors, dusting the walls, wiping the surfaces, the drawers, then putting everything back. All in an hour. Maurice comes down to his office, across the hall, and has to climb through my clutter, mounded in piles in the hall.

What are you doing, Ann?

Clearing my head.

He just smiles.

I am ready for the fray, once again.

Dino's other show is Saint Joan. No, I am not stage manager of *Joan*, Al Wallis is. However, after my Joan acting stint at Yale, her character is in my blood. I enjoy watching scenes from the wings. Our Joan, Susan Kohner, has a different interpretation, less dramatic than mine. Probably closer to what Bernard Shaw was looking for. Dino had the brilliant idea of casting Mike Nichols as the Dauphin. He is wonderfully pompous as he projects the Dauphin's narrow-minded personality. Our audiences chuckle a great deal, an effective antidote to the seriousness of the play.

*Floradora*, a British musical that had great success on Broadway in the early 1900s, has an inane plot of a young woman looking for romance as she searches for her stolen inheritance. The hit song is "Tell me Pretty Maiden." It's charming. The show is easy to stage manage. The final night of this Festival opening quartet is *The Best of Spring Thaw*, a Mavor Moor and Alan Lund Canadian review. Their rehearsals went smoothly in the Playhouse and the audience lapped up the show. Dino disappeared after *Thaw's* opening. I could see he was stretched but didn't know how much. Alaska must be a great place to breathe!

The schedule is easier now. Katy and I are preparing for the next batch of openings. She has taken over the stage crew hours for payroll. We are in rehearsal for the British comedy by Oscar Wilde, *The Importance of Being*

*Ernest*. Mike Nichols has added another hat to his involvement at the Festival. He is directing. The famous British actress Kathleen Nesbitt is Lady Bracknell. It is *Ernest* that needs Dino's attention and he isn't here. Al Wallis, the stage manager, came into my office this morning. Ann, Mike Nichols has not shown for rehearsal. I called Gordon and explained. Gordon suggests Ask Al to run lines (with their blocking).

Al counters

There haven't been enough staging rehearsals yet for them to know their blocking, (that's where the actors move on stage.)

Okay, setup chairs and run the lines.

Not an ideal situation. There is no alternative.

We are also in rehearsal for *Peter Pan* directed by John Hirsch, a much-respected Canadian stage director. Norman Young is stage manager of this production. There's loads of room for the house and window plus tons of space for Peter Pan to fly in and out of. The kids in our audience will be enthralled.



Dino is back and Mike is in rehearsal. He needed space to figure out how to deal with Kathleen Nesbitt. It seems she has a traditional Victorian approach to the role of Lady Bracknell and is not interested in adapting to a new one. To Mike's credit, he seems to have come to peace with the situation and is creating an entertaining evening. I am sure it is not what he had originally intended.

(Note: In May 1980, I met up with Mike Nichols once again, this time at Sardi's, a popular post-theatre Broadway restaurant in New York. He was a co-producer of the Canadian play, *Billy Bishop*, opening that night at the Morosco Theatre on Broadway. The opening night party was at Sardi's. We had a chat and I mentioned our previous meeting in Vancouver during *The Importance of Being Earnest*. He looked at me with a very sad, serious face and said  
That was one of my worst experiences in theatre.)

*Merry Wives of Windsor*, the opera, is beginning rehearsal. Herman Geiger-Torel, the General Director of the Canadian Opera in Toronto is directing. I am enjoying working with Mr. Torel. He is very organized.

Oh, dear, another drama! Peter Pan is giving us challenges.

After this morning's final dress rehearsal, John Hirsch, the stage director, who can exhibit highly strung behaviors, came to me, pronouncing The show will not open. It isn't ready.

I know it isn't my position to comment. But I sympathize having just been through this *exact same experience*.

Guessing John wants me to tell the producers. I call Dino and Gordon. In short order, they arrive backstage with Mr. Beaupre, President of the Board of the Festival, in tow. That's odd, wonder why he is here? He is a businessman and a buddy of my dad. In my short professional experience, board members don't make production decisions.

We gather in the side lobby, near the pass door to backstage on House Left, for privacy. John is pacing, exclaiming The show has not had enough stage time. The technical details are not worked out and the actors are unsure on the set. The show will not open this afternoon. It will be a dress rehearsal and *no* audience.

He sits down looking very glum and determined.

Gordon counters

We will bring lunch in for the crews and work right up to curtain time to correct these technicalities.

John counters

No, this afternoon's performance will be a dress rehearsal.

We will open tonight.

Gordon explains

This afternoon's opening performance is almost sold out. Can we find a way to honor those who have bought tickets?

No, no! John was up on his feet again

The show isn't ready!

Dino enters the fray

John, I watched the entire dress rehearsal last evening. Yes, there are

some technical snafus that need to be sorted out, but the show is charming. You have done a wonderful job. I know you would like another run-through, but it just isn't possible.

John shoots an angry look at Dino

No, the show will not open.

Gordon glances at Mr. Beaupre asking

Do you have an opinion?

The show will open. Get all the technical staff you need to be prepared.

I am shocked. Why is the board president calling the shots? Hmm.

There must have been more to this than I am privy to.

We have rave reviews for *Peter Pan* and sold-out houses. The few technical glitches went unnoticed and were corrected by the evening performance.

John Hirsch has relaxed. I am impressed at his talent in engaging a young audience.



The last day of the season, Gordon and I talk about my thesis.

Ann, you have described with precision our production shortcomings.

Gordon, is it a matter of budget that doesn't allow for the needed staff?

Yes

What if the schedule were not so tight?

Costs increase because we are holding the theatre and have to pay rent on dark days.

What about one less production?

Then, do we have a Festival?

At least we had a meaningful chat.



My parents dropped me off at the airport this morning for an early flight east. My destination is Holyoke, Mass. I am stage-managing a season of summer stock, seven plays and one musical – a typical summer stock schedule, a show a week. Nikos is running two theatres this summer, Williamstown and Holyoke. I am slipping in late, a week before opening.

Nikos doesn't seem to mind. And I know rehearsals will be in good organizational shape. Most of the staff are Yalies from the Drama School. We know how to work well together, and we are trained to be organized.

I have company on my flight, ten artists from the *Merry Wives* and *Ernest* casts. Our seats are adjacent! How amazing is that? Our plane needs to refuel in Minneapolis, en route to New York. Tyrone Guthrie, the legendary theatre stage director, has just joined us on this last leg. I don't know him, but the artists do. Mr. Guthrie stages works at the Metropolitan Opera. The Guthrie Theater Company, a new regional theatre company, has just opened in Minneapolis. *The New York Times* made a big splash about it. We are intrigued to know more. Once airborne, one of the artists asks Please tell us about opening your theatre.

This tall, imposing, Irish gentleman took his cue, stood in the aisle of the plane and gave us a half hour lecture on the trials and tribulations of opening a new theatre company and a new theatre complex on the same evening. His charming Irish accent made the description more fascinating. At one point, Mr. Guthrie commented

There was many a moment when I wondered if we would make our opening night. Can you believe, during final rehearsals, construction was still continuing around us?

Then, he turned philosophical

You know, in the theatre, you have to make your opening night.

We did and it was a great one.

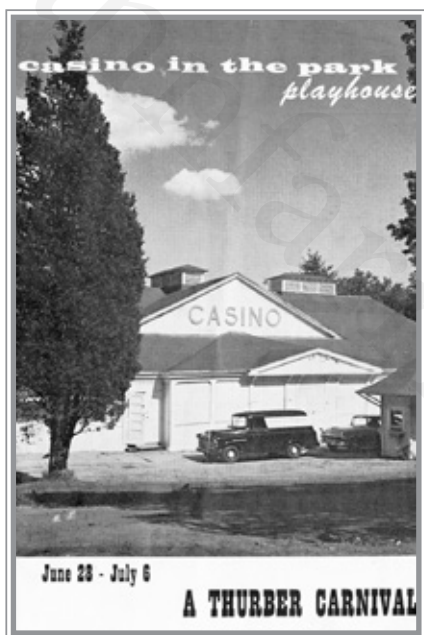
We and other passengers give him a hearty applause. I thought of the John Hirsch incident and could see that yes, unless disaster is before us, we do make our opening night. I am excited. My career in the theatre business is beginning.



And my opera career path emerged as my summer in Holyoke ended. How did it happen? I guess luck, talent, and my innate ability to know what works for me and what doesn't. Here's what occurred.

In Holyoke, we are living and rehearsing in facilities provided by Mount Holyoke College with performances at Casino in the Park, formerly an outdoor theatre. It's covered now, feels a bit like an airplane hangar on a slope.

I have forgotten how hot, humid and sticky summers are on the East Coast. No, we don't have any air conditioning but that doesn't seem to bother our audiences.



A THURBER CARNIVAL AT CASINO IN THE PARK

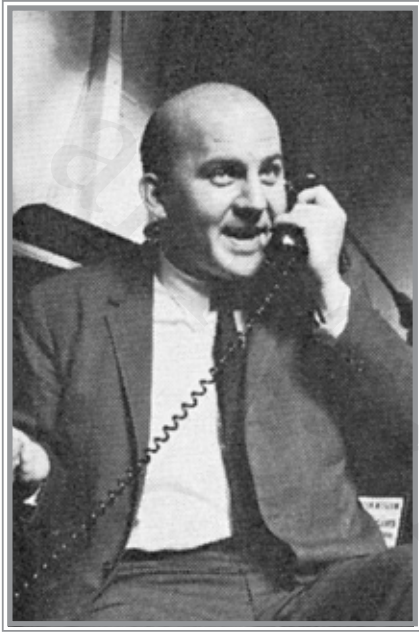
Our opening, *Thurber Carnival*, is a big hit. Not so much luck with Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.*, a Pulitzer Prize-winner based on the biblical story of Job. Too bad, because it's well-done. Perhaps it's too moralistic.

A nice surprise has happened. I am being courted. Yes, I am dating. His name is Bob Matthews and he's managing our company for Nikos. He's several years older than me, slightly balding with a gentle sense of humor. During the final rehearsal week of *Thurber Carnival*, I was in and out of his office, a hut plunked at the entrance

to the theatre, also housing the box office. Much to my surprise, on opening day, he invited me to the cast party. We hit it off – tossing *bon mots* back and forth.

I rather like this attention, a new adventure, a summer romance. It's fun to have someone to go off with after the show. It's fun to feel my heart go pitter patter, it's even more fun to kiss and yes, this summer I became a

woman. That's a new adventure. As much as I am enjoying this, it's odd. Something is nagging at me about betrayal. Why would that be?



CASINO IN THE PARK PLAYHOUSE  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, BOB MATTHEWS

We are half-way through the season into Bertolt Brecht/Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera*. After stage managing four plays, *Threepenny Opera* seems a dream to work on. Music is back in my life. I am glad to be away from the monotonous rhythm of words. Words make my eyes hurt. You know a stage manager has to keep a close eye on the script, not only to call light and scene changes but also as support for the actors on stage. If one forgets a line, I have to prompt. It does happen, you know.

I ask Bob

Can you find me an eye doctor?

I have a problem staying focused on the script. He did. The doctor confirmed I have twenty-twenty vision. No problem with my eyes. Same answer as years ago. Okay, I just must concentrate harder on those words.

As we are nearing the end of the season, two job offers appeared.

One from Nikos

Ann, I would like you to stage-manage my show opening on Broadway in the late fall.

Now that's an offer but....

Nikos, do you think I have the experience to stage-manage a Broadway show?





FOWLER



NANCARROW



FARRIS



WATSON



ANDERSON and CRICKARD



GOHEEN and COLTON



HOVER and NEUMILLER

Yes, I do.

Hmm. Let me think about it.

Can you believe, a day later Herman Geiger-Torel, General Director of the Canadian Opera, called

We are producing five operas this fall season: Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*, Verdi's *Aida*, Puccini's *La Boheme*, Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

My heart pounds with excitement.

Would you like to come to Toronto the day after your season closes at Holyoke and be an assistant stage manager for this season?

I don't think twice

Yes, Mr. Torel. I would love to come. I want to work in opera.

Labor Day weekend, Saturday, is our last performance at Casino in the Park. It's been a good summer. Busy yes, but in hand. Now, we Yalies are departing for different places, some have positions in universities, others are returning to New York to pound the pavement, others have no plans. Bob is returning to New York. It's been a lovely summer and it's over. We promise to keep in touch and catch up together soon. I feel sad to leave him but thrilled with my next adventure.



I load myself and my luggage into a taxi at the Toronto airport, asking the driver

The Waldorf Astoria, please.

This is my first visit to Toronto. I wonder will this Waldorf Astoria be fashioned after the elegant art deco Waldorf Astoria gracing Park Avenue in New York?

No, it's two, three storied ordinary-looking apartment buildings, the Waldorf and the Astoria, operating as resident hotels. Thank heavens, the rooms are spacious, comfortable and have kitchens. I can make my breakfast and maybe occasionally another meal. We'll see.

I didn't realize how tired I am until the ring of the telephone.

It's Mr. Torel.

Ann, welcome to Toronto.

Hello Mr. Torel, I croak.

Glancing at the clock I see its 7 p.m., Labor Day.

I have slept twenty-one hours!

Tuesday morning, I am slept out, feeling bright, cheerful and excited to start working in opera. Leaving the Waldorf, I turn right on Charles Street, walking towards University Avenue, carefully following Mr. Torel's instructions. The leaves have begun to turn orange and yellow. Everything is new about Toronto, even fall. Where are the red leaves? I am not sure about the architecture. These houses are built of big stones, they feel clunky. This look is going to take some getting used to. A rose vendor is selling twenty roses on very long stems with the green leaves still attached, for a dollar a bunch. I can't resist.

May I have two bunches?

The pink-red variety is for me, the yellow ones for Mr. Torel.

As we exchange two dollar bills for roses, the vendor says

I am here each Monday morning with fresh roses.

I will be back.

And I am. The rose man becomes a ritual. My apartment loves these cheery flowers keeping it company when I am gone.

The COC office is a former house. Now its spaces are broken up. Hard to know whether Mr. Torel's office was the living room or dining room. He's awaiting his production staff. We report on time and Mr. Torel, sitting behind a large desk with a big ashtray and partially finished cigar hanging off of it, begins

We are doing a new production of *Aida*. Dino Yannopoulos is directing. Dino, working with Murray Laufer, the stage designer and Marie Day, the costume designer, have a new approach to *Aida*. Mr. Torel spreads the designs before him and we gather around.

I am in awe, very exciting. This is not your ordinary Egyptian-styled *Aida*. Yes, it has the flavor but updated into contemporary times. There's a lot of energy in those designs. It is clear many resources are going into this.

We spend the morning going through *Aida*'s production needs, including an enormous number of supernumeraries in the triumphal march in the second act. My role begins to be unveiled

Ann, you will co-ordinate with the super-captain, making sure his troops are ready to show up for rehearsal, oversee them at rehearsal and keep them informed.

We move on to the rehearsal schedule, not just *Aida*, but all five operas. Mr. Torel has an outline for the next two months, including the stage, orchestra and dress rehearsals

Ann, you will produce the daily rehearsal schedule. Please meet daily with the stage directors and finalize the schedule so it can be posted by 5 p.m. each day. Remember, I must approve it before it's printed.

Yes, Mr. Torel.

Mr. Torel knows what he is about. Opera has been his business for many years. He's a perfectionist. I am in the right place. I will learn a lot this fall. And under his gruff demeanor is a gentle soul with an amazing sense of humor.

But what's with these Canadians? They like cigars: Leon Major, Mavor Moore and now Mr. Torel!

Rehearsals are taking place at the Edward Johnson Building, a large new music building on the University of Toronto campus, a few blocks down the street. It's named after a Canadian, Edward Johnson, who had a venerable career in opera including being General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

My first week is spent getting my "sea legs." Not only do I not know Toronto, I don't know the staff or artists. There is much to grasp. The musical staff is young. James Craig is a wild one with reddish brown receding hair and an outrageous sense of humor. George Brough is the

quiet, serious one. From dawn to dusk, they are at the piano. Wally Russell oversees the production and technical aspects at the Edward Johnson Building and doubles as Technical and Lighting Designer for the COC. He and I are reviewing the plans for another new production this season, *Der Rosenkavalier* designed by Horst Danst. Mr. Torel is directing. It's clear Wally respects Mr. Torel. In a way, they are similar. They like all the details figured out. Wally confirms This Company stays in budget.

I am learning that there is an art to developing a rehearsal schedule. Not only do I have to talk to the stage directors, gathering their needs, I have to pay attention to what is possible for the artists, not to mention the stage and rehearsal room availability.

Mr. Torel is coaching me

Ann, review the Actor's Equity Contract rehearsal stipulations.

Equity is the opera singer's union in Canada. Yes, there are a maximum number of hours in the day allowed, but perhaps more important is considering the pressure for the artists singing *comprimario* roles – supporting roles. They are the ones who bear the brunt of a rigorous rehearsal schedule, especially if the style of music is different in each opera.

Okay, Mr. Torel. I will make an analysis of the scenes in the operas and the characters needed. That will help. And then, of course, there are artists who get special dispensation from Mr. Torel to be absent for an afternoon. That really puts a spanner in the works unless I can find a way to make sure the understudy is available, but then understudies sometimes are covering two roles. My goodness there are complications!

As I am gaining approval from Mr. Torel one late afternoon,

I giggle saying

I sure know the gossip.

He retorts, moving his cigar from side to side in his mouth.

You have to, to create a workable schedule. Make sure it's posted by 5 p.m.

Yes, Mr. Torel!

There's just a little time to accomplish this publishing feat.

The information has to be typed onto a stencil and run on the Gestetner, a stencil duplicator, a copy machine. There are three potential hitches: typos, ink, crinkles.

The only way to correct a typo on a stencil is to plaster red “gunk” over the error. That’s okay but it takes forever to dry. I daren’t take the stencil from the typewriter to decrease the drying time because it’s impossible to return it to the same position to continue typing. So, I wait. I want the rehearsal schedule to look tidy.

Next up is inking the Gestetner. It’s an art. The ink is inside the machine. The challenge comes in knowing how many pushes one applies to a couple of buttons at the top. These buttons dispense ink. Next, I crank the handle moving the barrel, upon which the stencil is placed, to distribute the ink. Sounds simple? Nope, it can be a real mess if I push that button one too many times. I am still learning how to avoid ending up with ink up to my elbows.

Okay, now I am ready. It looks shiny on the applicator.

I hook the stencil to little “stems” at the top of the machine and gently massage it onto the ink.

Darn, there is a crinkle in it. That won’t do. That crinkle, you devil, you will look like a black line on the copy. Lifting the stencil from the bottom, just to the point of the crinkle I pull it ever so carefully just a tiny bit. Whew, crinkle gone.

I start cranking, turning out page after page of legal-sized pages.

The rehearsal schedule is being birthed. Quickly I collate, leave a few copies at the COC office and head out, down University Avenue five blocks to the Eddie J. Building to post my results. Why is it, artists almost swamp me when I arrive?

We’ve moved to the O’Keefe Center where our final rehearsals and performances will take place. The theatre is in downtown Toronto.

I am discovering that Toronto is a very cosmopolitan city: there’s a subway, a handy way to get downtown. I am feeling the size of the new theatres in Canada, built in the late 1950s, they are huge. Both the O’ Keefe Center and the Vancouver Queen Elizabeth Theatre have sixty-foot proscenium

openings and their auditoriums are somewhat unfriendly in feel.  
Oh, well.

As I walk on stage this beautiful fall morning, I am greeted by the gorgeous Strauss *Der Rosenkavalier* music wafting up from orchestra pit. Walter Suskind, the conductor, is rehearsing the eighty-piece orchestra in the pit. Across the stage, the extended offstage right-side area is the loading dock door. It's open and luscious warm fall sun rays are pouring in. On the stage is the *La Boheme* scenery. Wally and his staff are sitting at the improvised desk in the auditorium, setting lights for the Act One garret set. Wally calls  
Ann, please go and stand by Marcello's easel.  
I do, saying to myself  
I know what heaven must be like. This is all too delicious.

This morning Mr. Torel and Wally called me into Mr. Torel's temporary office, just offstage with a surprising piece of news. Mr. Torel said  
We want you to call the light cues during each opera's final rehearsals and performances.

How is that going to work? I am manning Stage Right.  
Mr. Torel chews on his cigar and grumbles  
Others will cover that responsibility. Wally and I want to try something.  
There are so many light cues for each opera, we have decided to have one person calling them. And that person is you.  
Great. I would love to. Where will I be positioned?  
Wally jumps into the discussion  
In the levers.

Oh, what a great idea, I will be able to see the stage.  
The levers, adjustable levers, running floor to ceiling maybe thirty feet high, that open and close, are squeezed into tiny cubby holes at the extreme edges of the orchestra pit. Stage lights are hung on poles in these niches.

Wally continues

We will put a chair with a music stand in between two of the levers

closest to the audience so you can both watch the score for cues and take other cues visually, like Mimi blowing out the candle in *Boheme*. You will be on headset, so the stage manager and Jimmie Fuller, who's running the light board at the back of the house, will hear your cues.

For twenty-five performances and many rehearsals I take my seat, which has great advantages. I am at the edge of the orchestra pit (House Right). Night after night gorgeous music is flowing into my body. And I am learning five operas. Yes, I am learning the plots and the characters, but more importantly the different musical styles are being dropped divinely into my body forever. *Der Rosenkavalier* is my favorite. At one moment it's very romantic and lyrical, then suddenly shifts into musical chaos and then relaxes back to romantic. It's fascinating.

Twenty years ago, I created magic for my Farris family by flicking a light switch to reveal the huge fir tree outside blowing in the pouring rain and bedecked with a myriad of lights. Now this opportunity! Yes, life is best when it's a magical theatre experience!

The end of October is here, our season is complete. We have worked seven days a week for eight weeks producing a product we are proud of. I have learned so much and made many new friends. And I have some sad news. A letter from Bob in New York just arrived. He is ending our relationship. I was surprised and disappointed.

This morning Mr. Torel asked

We have an upcoming tour of *Die Fledermaus* which runs January to May; performing one-night stands throughout Eastern Canada including Newfoundland and the US. Would you like to be the stage manager?

Yes, I would love to.

There was no question in my mind about that. I want to continue working in opera. And I will visit Eastern Canada. My ancestors come from there. Maybe I will see something of their life-style. What could be better!





Mum came for the last week of the opera season. We continued down to New Haven to ship my belongings back to Vancouver, as I have no idea what will be home for the next while. Poor Mum, who loves things to be neat and tidy, has a basement filling up with memorabilia. Most of it's gone into the homemade jam and jelly basement storage room.

Our biggest challenge was getting Sherry's huge painting out of the apartment. The large window and rope worked again. Now it's in Vancouver at 1403 (That's short for what Haig, Katherine and I call our home for it is our address!) and hung on a wall above the landing of the wide staircase to the second floor. Sherry's pensive girl is looking out at The Crescent and the beautiful park. Not a bad view for her!

Having some free time in Vancouver, I am exploring more about my eyes. While I had no problems in Toronto, the stress of looking at the scripts at Holyoke does concern me. The eye doctor confirms

You have twenty-twenty vision. There is no physical reason for your discomfort. I wonder if the problem could be emotional?

Why would you say that?

Perhaps something happened as a child that caused this eye problem.

I suggest you see a psychiatrist.

Now, this is 1963 and not something one "does." I tell no one and make an appointment with the recommended psychiatrist. After one session I stop.

The doctor in an ugly brown suit informs me

This process could take years.

I am only in Vancouver for six weeks before returning to Toronto for rehearsals. I don't have years. As the problem doesn't happen working in opera, I will let my exploration go. I feel relieved with this decision. Years? Come on, who's kidding whom?



*DIE FLEDERMAUS* IN GERMAN MEANS BAT.

SOMETIMES IT CAN MEAN PLANNING AN ACT OF REVENGE AGAINST YOUR FRIENDS  
FOR WHAT THEY DID TO YOU WHILE IN A STATE OF DRUNKENNESS.

IN PART THIS IS THE STORY OF *DIE FLEDERMAUS*.



Just before I leave Vancouver for Toronto and rehearsals of *Die Fledermaus*, Gordon Hilker calls. This year he is programming the Vancouver International Festival.

We will be producing a musical, concerts and presenting other attractions. No opera this year. The Vancouver Opera, recently formed, feels the Festival draws audiences from their fall and winter productions.

Hmm, I think and share

So, the VIF board is abandoning the presentation of opera. The concept of an International Festival is diminishing. The board isn't holding to its original premise. Too bad politics and battles about which group should be producing what art form is dominating the scene. They manage in Edinburgh with a Festival. I learned that when I was there. How come the boards can't make space for each other's undertakings to be creatively successful? Territorial imperatives are settling in. That's very sad.

Gordon continues

Will you return as Production Stage Manager? And yes, your contract will begin a month before rehearsals.

Thanks, I would like to. And thanks for respecting the need for organizational time.

# ONE-NIGHT STANDS TURN ME INTO A PROFESSIONAL



[ 1964 ]

**O**H MY GOD, IT'S COLD IN TORONTO. Winters in New Haven didn't prepare me for this bitter chill whipping through my body. But I found the perfect solution: a dark brown suede coat, long to the ankles lined with fleece and sporting an attached hood. Now I am toasty warm; only my nose shivers and turns red.

We are rehearsing two casts for our tour of *Die Fledermaus*. It's an operetta written by Johann Strauss. A comedy of sorts. Rosalinda is a bored wife whose husband Eisenstein is a playboy busily trying to catch a young soubrette, Adele, who is the maid to Rosalinda. Rosalinda has an admirer in a voice teacher, Alfred. He is trying to have Rosalinda pay attention to his amorous approaches. She has no interest. The second act is a costume ball party at Prince Orlofsky's. The last act is in a jail. It's frothy and fun, nothing serious.

Our rehearsal space is a dreary hotel meeting room on Yonge Street. The spacious Edward Johnson Building where we rehearsed the fall

operas is not available. Students have returned from the Christmas vacation and are using the facility. However, the music is delightful and the artists are wonderfully talented. Each role is double cast because of the number of performances we give (more than sixty). No opera artist can afford to stress their voice that often over three months and hope for a continued career. Mr. Torel evolved the concept of the tour to not only bring opera to small communities in Canada, but also to extend employment for Canadian opera artists. As a result, these artists do not have to live in Europe to make their living.

Ron Hastings, one of our assistant stage managers and doubling as Frosch, the drunken jailor in the third act of *Fledermaus*, tells me Gander, Newfoundland has a tiny stage, a twenty-foot opening and only twenty feet deep with no offstage space.

That's a challenge. Okay, there is a reason for being in this dreary small room. We need to train ourselves to be flexible.

As rehearsals continue, I learn. Our scenery is modular and very adjustable. The frames are built out of steel and break up into pieces making it easily adaptable on any stage. Many of our theatres will be school auditoriums. But there's another reason. It has to travel in the hold of our bus. One bus for us all: artists, staff, luggage, scenery, costumes and props. Every inch of space counts. Bill Lord, both our tour manager and scene designer, has ingeniously created tiny backdrops: scenes painted on canvases that unroll and attach to each frame to create the atmosphere for each act. Touring is going to be a very different experience from Yale Drama School stage and the O'Keefe!

## HALIFAX

Our first performance is in an old school auditorium. Mr. Torel and Andrew MacMillan, his right hand, are with us for a couple of days to make sure all is working as planned. It isn't actually. Mr. Torel just shared Ann, you have upset the IATSE stagehand who is traveling with the

Company on the tour. You are not responsible for measuring out the stage, indicating where the scenery is to sit. That belongs to the IATSE stagehand. Goodness, okay. I will put away my trusty measuring tape.

I wonder why the stagehand didn't tell me yesterday. Oh, well, he's an older man. Maybe it felt better for him to take his complaint to Mr. Torel. I am discovering that everything I was taught at Yale is not necessarily transferable to all situations.

### ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

Ron Hastings, the other assistant stage manager, is very excited. He's a history buff. Flying from Halifax, he fills my ears with stories of the battles of the French and English trying to gain hold of St. John's protected harbor.

This morning at 7 a.m. he's knocking on my door, admonishing me to get up.

Ann, are you ready? A beautiful sun has just risen. Let's go. I want you to see the battlefield.

It's sub-zero weather. Cozy in my newly acquired warm coat, we take off walking over mounds of glistening snow, heading up a steady slope to the entrance to the St. John's harbor.

Look, look. See how narrow the entrance is. That's where the battles over three centuries ago took place between the French and the English. Come, look at these cannons.

Indeed there are steel cannons poking out of holes in a long continuous nearly two-foot high wall.

Hey, that wall, over there, is not very high.

High enough for soldiers to lie down and shoot their guns through the little holes.

Yea, but not much protection for those firing the cannons!

And so it went as we imagined the battles. I enjoyed this excursion, learning more of Canadian history.

Back at the hotel, we barely had time to grab some breakfast before we set off for the theatre and a 10 a.m. call for the technical load-in. Our stagehands today are nuns. That was a surprise. However, they are very effective and by 1 p.m. we are set and ready for the show. Tonight's performance is sold out. It's amazing to me how, in this extremely cold weather, there can be such a large audience.

During the second act intermission, Jimmie Craig, our conductor/pianist, and I are chatting. Tonight his wife Connie is singing Rosalinda. The three of us are becoming good friends. Jimmie is a music scholar. I learn a lot from him. Connie is just plain fun to be around and knows the business well. She offers wise advice masked as humor.

#### GANDER, NEWFOUNDLAND

As predicted, the stage is miniscule. It matters not to the audience. Our artists are pros and adjust their staging accordingly. Because *Die Fledermaus* is a frothy piece with a silly plot, the audiences love it.

Can you believe our free day this week is in Gander? What can we possibly do with ten feet of snow and freezing cold weather outside? Our sponsors are imaginative. We are invited to sit in the control tower of the Gander Airport.

What a strange idea. I will go. I have often wondered what went on in that little room high above in a tower at an airport.

Ten of our wandering minstrels and I pile into cars and learn.

In the 1950s the Canadian Government, at great expense, built a beautiful airport in Gander to provide a location for refueling of North Star airplanes. Now, seven years later the jet plane has made the North Star obsolete as a mode of transportation across the Atlantic.

Gander has become an emergency base.

We sit in a dark room with many screens watching blips move across them. Pilots check in with Gander giving their status. Some have very proper British accents, others have an American Southern drawl,

and others a clipped German accent. Listening and deciphering is a much required skill for a controller.

Nothing dramatic this afternoon. I guess that is a good thing.

I am the only one on the tour who is new. Each day the singers provide me with surprising tidbits. Jimmie and Connie Craig are amusing with details on our next journey, to Corner Brook, on the west coast of Newfoundland. Ann, we're traveling on the Newfie Bullet. From the twinkle in their eyes I know something is different.

It's a train that creeps across Newfoundland on railroad tracks narrower than the width of the train. Narrow gauge it's called. Wait till you hear about the accommodation. It's like a long, long, narrow hotdog.

We sleep in bunks that drop from the ceiling on either side of the aisle of the car and have little curtains for our privacy. I am amused.

And then I am really amused when I climb into my bunk, pull my curtain, change into pj's and snuggle under for a good night's sleep.

Wrong. The train car is on a tilt. I keep sliding towards the aisle and fear I will fall out.

Hey Connie, I call, using a stage whisper, loud. How come we are tilted? She laughs, her witch laugh, and even louder whispers

Remember, we're traveling on a narrow gauge. The car isn't supported under the bunks on either side. Unfortunately for you and me the singers on the other side weigh more than our side. Our hefty tenor is on that side.

Yipes. All night long I hold on so I won't fall into the aisle.

The tenor had a great night's sleep.

### CORNER BROOK, NEWFOUNDLAND

This is a "company" town. Its business: paper. The mill is close by.

We are booked into a beautiful company hotel sporting wood-paneled lobbies, spacious hotel rooms, and bathrooms with huge bathtubs sitting on adorable curved legs. The chef produces delicious home-cooked meals, crusty rolls, grainy brown bread, rare roast beef, puffy Yorkshire pudding, lemon meringue pie and on and on.

We are a hit in Corner Brook. Our singers do a wonderful job of making the audience feel as though this is an opening night. Their performances are sharp and witty, full of pathos and romance, delightful. I love having music dribbling through me every night.

As we finish loading our scenery into the hold of the bus, slipping and sliding across the icy hard-packed snow, our sponsor says  
In all likelihood it will snow for a couple of days.  
Our next gig is Halifax with orchestra in five days. Wise Mr. Torel built in snow days for protection.

It snowed, yes, it snowed. And it's continuing to snow. All is white outside the window. Never mind, we are eating well. I have my knitting;  
I am creating a blue wool turtleneck sweater, making great progress sitting in front of the huge stone fireplace stacked with logs burning brightly in the spacious reception area.

Day One passed without incident.

Day Two, we still are snowbound. The airport is at the American Air Force base in Stephenville, some thirty miles away and the roads aren't ploughed.

Day three. The sun is brightly shining. Bill says  
The RCMP will not sanction our trip from Corner Brook to Stephenville where the airport is located. The banks of snow on either side of the road are taller than the bus. If the wind comes up and begins to blow the snow across our bus, we could get buried.

Everyone is antsy. We're ready to leave. Someone suggests we vote on what step to take. A company meeting is called.

The hands go up. We want to leave.

Okay, says Bill. Eat a good lunch, be checked out and ready to board the bus at 2 p.m.

The RCMP are correct, the snow mounds are higher than the bus. Mile after mile we are inching along in a tunnel of snow. And sure enough, the wind does come up. Snow swirls in front of the bus. The bus driver goes



even slower. He can see only a few feet in front of him. There certainly is no turning around here.

We are a quiet bunch.

It's very dark now. The bus pulls up to a low-slung building looking like an expanded Quonset hut. This is the airport terminal! A three-quarter-hour journey has taken three hours. As the bus door opens, a man clamors up the front stairs announcing

We have tied a rope from the bus door to the front door of the airport hut. Hang on to that rope. It is solid ice underfoot.

One by one, we inch our way across the grey ice, banging against the howling wind trying to hang on to our few belongings, in my case, my purse and knitting.

It's warm inside the airport lobby but only for a relaxing moment.

Now, we must board the aircraft. Same procedure: a rope, a slippery trip across black, black ice buffeted by a howling wind and upstairs covered with chunks of ice. The door slams shut.

Bill, did the scenery and our luggage get aboard?

As far as I know.

We are very silent, silent, wondering how a plane can take off in such weather. I pull my seatbelt extra tight, I don't want to be bounced about in the plane like a kangaroo. The motor starts. I feel movement.

The plane races down the tarmac and into the air.

Our noisy crowd remains silent – until, until, until, a hour later, we view the lights of Halifax. Civilization! Our cheers must have been heard in Vancouver, 3,000 miles away! It has been quite an afternoon.

## HALIFAX

Halifax feels like New York. There is traffic, there are people about. Yes, trudging around in snow, but the roads are cleared. We are staying in one of the historic Canadian Pacific Railroad hotels with its elegant interior carved wooden lobby. Only, to our amazement every stick of furniture has been removed. In its place are stacks of refrigerators, dishwashers,

washing machines and boxes and boxes of other goods. Bill asks  
What is going on?

The Moscow Circus artists are staying here. We are accommodating a request for a place to assemble all the goods being sent by ship to the Soviet Union as part of a deal the Russians have with Nicolas Koudriavtzeff. He's their host/sponsor and booked their tour.

I had met Mr. Koudriavtzeff in Vancouver and couldn't forget him and his wonderful open face and big smiles. He's Russian, too, now living in Montreal.

Halifax for two days. An orchestra rehearsal this morning, our only performance on tour with orchestra. Jimmie is conducting. So great to hear the sounds of the string instruments.

#### GUS AND OUR BUS:

#### OUR DAYTIME HOME FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL MONTHS

A short, round man with a smiling face, Gus, our bus driver, loves his job, returning year after year, welcoming all the singers back as we board on our first day to our assigned seat.

As expected, Bill Lord, our tour manager, and his wife Arlene Meadows, a soprano also singing Rosalinda, have the best seats in the "house." Front row, looking out the window. That makes sense as Bill is constantly jumping out at stops to check details.

He tells me

Ann, you are sitting with John Arab.

He's one of our tenors, quiet and funny. I sense we will have a good time. We are sitting right behind Arlene and Bill.

On performance days, we travel no more than four hours. On other days, we whistle through village after village heading through the Maritimes.

I am excited to travel the Maritimes, even if it is winter.

## WHITE'S COVE

I asked Gus to point out White's Cove. My grandfather grew up there.

Ann, come, time to stand in the steps at the front of the bus.

Gus points to the right

There is White's Cove.

It's but a sign in the road, nothing more, except fields and fields of snow.

That's White's Cove? Somehow I am not surprised. My grandfather has painted a landscape which is tucked on top of the cabinet with tiny wooden drawers in his library. It's a summer scene, but there is little about except landscape. I used to wonder where the water was.

It seems there isn't any.

## WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA

Last night we performed in Wolfville, where my grandmother grew up. It's a university town with Victorian-style homes. My great-grandfather was professor and then President of the University. My great aunt, Aunt Francis, still lives here. Tonight she invited me to dinner in an old Victorian home painted in soft yellows with many candles burning. She explained

I didn't know your grandmother Evlyn very well, even though we are stepsisters. I am sure you have been told that Evlyn's mother died when Evlyn was twelve.

Yes, I have. Nana told us many stories about her mother and her sudden death.

Well, our father didn't re-marry until Evlyn was in her middle teenage years. My mother was his second wife. And I am almost twenty years younger than Evlyn.

Aunt Francis continued through the evening sharing family stories.

It was a very special time.

I took many pictures of Aunt Francis and Wolfville for my grandparents.

## ON TO THE UNITED STATES

It's a ten-hour travel day: through Maine, the tip of New Hampshire and into Massachusetts for a six-week tour in the US.

Fifteen years ago, at the tender age of 12, I made a decision to work in opera. My conversation with the tenor on tour with the San Carlo Opera is passing through my thoughts as we leave the Maritimes and head south. He described moving by train from town to town and being intrigued with all the differences. Well, that's what we are doing. There's a difference. Our tour is on a bus with one-night stands most of the time. We glimpse a city, the interior of a theatre, a hotel and move on, experiencing the expanded terrains of North America. I like it. I like seeing what each city feels like – some busy with action, much traffic, others sleepy and quiet, others filled with students. Right now we are being deluged with snow: some dirty from cars, some pristine white. Each day unfolds a new architectural edifice – wonderful or awful. It's what it is. One day our stage crew again were nuns in their black flowing robes, another time outside of Pittsburg the crew were hoodlums trying to go straight. Their leader barked at them. The work got done. Our hotels varied greatly. The most chaotic was being booked into a flop house! No sleep that night; we sat in the bar. I had no idea that touring in opera would have so many adventures.

## VIRGIN ISLANDS

Easter Week and no bookings, a ten-day break. Nancy Donohue and I are meeting at LaGuardia airport, heading to the Virgin Islands. She has a week off from her understudy responsibilities in *Never Too Late* on Broadway. Orson Bean, one of the show's stars, came back after Christmas raving about our hotel. So, Nancy booked us.

Lazy time in the sun and watching turtle races is quite a contrast to opera singers squished in a bus. Those turtles don't keep their eye on the goal, though. They keep turning around and going backwards. They are so silly.

## ONTARIO, CANADA

This morning I was swimming, now I am back in snow. That's odd.  
We are in the home stretch, the last three weeks of touring,  
this time in Northern Ontario.

## GUELPH

Everyone has warned me  
Ann, we have to carry the scenery and costumes up two flights to the top  
floor. The theatre was originally a ballroom. Now, there's a stage at one  
end. There is another surprise, you wait.

Everything is loaded up those stairs, puff, puff, puff. Our setup went well.  
Nothing surprising yet! Tonight, the tenor with the substantial  
circumference is performing. In the first act, he jumps through the  
window to surprise the soprano. Well, he surprised me, the soprano  
and the audience. The floor of the ballroom is on springs and moves up  
and down especially when the tenor jumps through the window.  
Gosh, we and the audience laughed.

## STRATFORD

Our last performance, a Sunday matinee. It's springtime and it feels warm.  
I like that. My father is in Toronto for business and comes today.  
He's driving me back into Toronto.  
After four months and more than sixty performances of *Die Fledermaus* –  
mostly one-night stands – it seems strange to say goodbye.  
But it isn't really goodbye. I was able to say to my colleagues  
See you for the fall season in Toronto. Mr. Torel has invited me  
to stage manage.

Daddy and I drive back to Toronto. He makes no comment about our  
show and I didn't ask. Perhaps our show is stale. So be it. I loved touring

and I learned tons. I can handle a different location each day preparing our show, I can set light cues quickly, and I can live with forty people day in and day out and get along just fine. The IATSE stagehand and I became good working colleagues. I love what I am doing, I love being around music. I enjoy my colleagues and my work is appreciated. It's a wonderful career. And no problem with my eyes.

annfarris.com

# MY CAREER GOES GLOBAL



[ 1965 ]

**N**EW YORK IS MY BASE NOW. After my stint as Stage Manager for the Fall 1965 Canadian Opera Season, I declined the opportunity to tour again with Canadian Opera.



GORDON HILKER,  
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, MONTREAL  
EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL  
[PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN]  
CIRCA 1967

I was missing my Yale friends. It's been a busy winter, just back from Washington, DC working as a design assistant on a Menotti Opera and President Johnson's Inaugural Gala. The phone has just rung. Gordon Hilker is on the line. He left the Vancouver International Festival a year ago moving to Montreal, Quebec, to spearhead the programming of a World Festival with the 1967 World Exposition. Ann, can you arrange to come to Montreal for an interview? I have a position that I think is right for you with the 1967 World Exposition. We will present a cultural

festival, a World Festival. Your employment would begin in September. Sitting in Gordon's Expo 67 office was quite a shift from backstage at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre in Vancouver. It's on the 25th floor of a sprawling office building, Place Ville Marie. Brand new and many-storied – yes forty-six stories – steel-framed office building, mostly glass-covered, designed, by I.M. Pei and others. I am wondering, do I want to work in a business tower? I don't know.

Gordon is ebullient as he outlines details about the Exposition Expo 67 is a Category 1 Exposition.

Is this impressive?

Yes, and here's why.

In Paris, the Bureau of International Expositions assesses applications and makes awards to a country/city. What distinguishes Category 1 from the other World Expositions is the fact that each country participating will be responsible for the design of their own pavilion. Most are choosing architects in their country to represent them. The site will have a unique look. We expect sixty nations to sign up. Come, let me show you.

We move to the large picture window and focus our attention forward to the St. Lawrence River.

See those masses of dirt mounded in the river?

Yes.

Two islands are being created upon which most of the pavilions will be built. Gordon, this has to be ready in three years!

Yes, wait until you meet Colonel Churchill. He's an incredible engineer who had a major role in World War II. Now, he is translating his war skills into this peaceful project by overseeing construction. Believe me, with him at the helm, we will open on time.

It's hard to believe looking from here.

Come, I want you to meet two of my colleagues.

As we walk to John Pratt's office, Gordon explains

John has been both a politician and a performer.

I discover he is a tall, handsome gentleman with a very open face.



Now he is the Director of Entertainment and very gracious to me. I understand you are good at organizing. We need that here. I hope you give serious consideration to joining us. Gordon and I move down the hall to Gilles Lefebvre's office. Gilles founded the highly successful Jeunesses Musicales in Quebec. I discover he's a quiet, sensitive man with a twinkle in his eye. He and Gordon are evolving the World Festival programming. There will be several divisions within the World Festival: Theatre Presentations, Amphitheatre, La Ronde, an amusement park and Special Manifestations, including national days. Just outside the Expo site, the Corporation is building a 26,000 seat amphitheatre for spectacles and a two-thousand-seat theatre, Expo Theatre, for popular attractions, musicals, variety shows and drama. On La Ronde, the amusement park, a night club called The Garden of Stars will be built, programmed and operated by the Theatre Division.

I sit quietly and listen. Gordon is very excited as he continues Broadway musicals and popular entertainment from other countries will be featured at Expo Theatre. Place Des Arts, in downtown Montreal, will be the center for other cultural presentations. Only one facility exists, Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, an attractive theatre used primarily for opera and symphony. Two other theatres will shortly begin construction: the Maisonneuve, seating thirteen hundred and Port-Royal seating eight hundred. Again, all three of these theatres will be overseen by the Theatre Division.

The World Festival programming will include opera, theatre, symphony, dance and popular entertainment. We are just beginning negotiations with the Bolshoi Opera, La Scala, Vienna State Opera, Hamburg State Opera, The Royal Opera from Sweden and The English Opera Group. Gordon, this is amazing. What about the Metropolitan Opera? At the moment, they are not interested in talking. Their attention is focused on opening their new Opera House at Lincoln Center. We will not give up, however. Gilles jumps in and says

We are also talking with the major symphony orchestras and chamber music groups, as well as approaching a diverse selection of theatre companies including the National Theatre of Great Britain whose Artistic Director is Sir Laurence Olivier and the Kabuki from Japan. Let's go for lunch and talk about what you might do with us. A thought goes through my mind. If they book nothing else, I will sign up for the opportunity to work with the opera companies. That sounds like pure heaven.

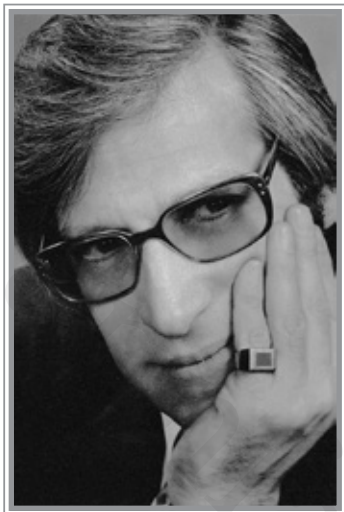
By the end of the day I am offered and accept the position of Head of Production, Theatre Presentations Division. I will be responsible for overseeing the smooth operation of the production aspects of each attraction being hosted by this Division. I begin in six months, after two gigs I have contracts for: Vancouver Summer Festival and the Fall Season at Canadian Opera. Wow, I am only twenty-eight years old. What an opportunity!



## MONTREAL

It's a time of transition, moving from Production Stage Manager to a production management position, living in a bilingual city (Montreal), working in a corporate office rather than a theatre. People are impressed when I say I work in Place Ville Marie. I am not so sure. I am not used to being jostled about by others dashing for elevators. Everyone runs, and no one talks. Where's the stage doorman with his warm greeting? I am assigned a desk in a cubicle with a wall that doesn't even come to eye level. That's weird.

Gordon has engaged David Haber as Producer of the Theatre Division of the World Festival. A Canadian, who grew up in Quebec City, he must be a decade older than me and is my boss. For the last ten years, New York was his home, working as an artist's agent and touring manager for William Morris Agency. We have similar beginnings in the theatre:



DAVID HABER  
[PHOTO BY EDITH VON DU LONG,  
COURTESY OF DIDIER PIOT MD,  
LIFETIME PARTNER FOR 42 YEARS]

apprenticeships and then stage management. David's bubbling, creative spirit and wonderful sense of humor are a delight to be around. He wears colorful ties, not the norm in a corporate environment.



My adjustment to Montreal and a corporate environment is made easier by the arrival of Canadian Opera colleagues, Irving Gutman and Wally Russell. Irving is directing *Carmen*, being produced by the Montreal Symphony. Zubin Mehta is conducting. Irving and Wally are sitting at the lighting desk in the middle of the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier

auditorium as Wally is setting cues.

Hi, gentleman. You don't know how glad I am to see you.

Being a fly on the wall gives me an opportunity to experience Salle Wilfrid Pelletier's strengths and shortcomings. During Expo, the visiting opera and ballet companies and symphony orchestras will perform here. Wally took me backstage to meet some of the stagehands.

You will be working with Heinz Roessler, he's head electrician and very talented. Also, Marcel Desrochers is here tonight.

He's the business agent for IATSE.

Great, I would love to meet them. We are going to need many stagehands in '67.

As with the O'Keefe Center, Salle Wilfrid Pelletier has side levers on the edges of the orchestra pit for lighting instruments. Tonight, Irving and I are watching *Carmen* from this secret spot. A childhood friend of Irving's,

Terry McEwen, has joined us. He has a round face and a bit of a round body to go with his face.

While Irving is schmoozing with the artists at intermission, Terry and I stay put. I discover he's quite the raconteur.

Irving and I were pals growing up in Montreal. We loved opera and were glued to the radio, listening to the Metropolitan Opera.

Where do you live now?

In New York, producing classical recordings for London Records.

I hope you will join us after the performance for dinner.



My dear friend Sherry decided that Montreal seemed a good place to move. We are settling in and have found our first piece of furniture, a sofa from a used-furniture store. Don't worry, it's in good shape. We are having it recovered by students at an upholstery school. Our living room is empty again. However, it's not empty for long. John Skelton, who works for the Autostade has volunteered to build bookshelves in the living room. Lumber has arrived. While he toils, we cook good meals and offer plenty of wine.



My comfortability with the corporate world has improved. Two women on the World Festival staff have taken me under their wing.

Jennifer McQueen, a tall, soft-spoken lady with a beautiful lilting voice, does special projects for us, lots of research. While not of the theatre, but with an arts background, she is a perfect complement to the rest of us noisy types.



SHERRY GRAUER, ANN FARRIS, [SHERRY'S PAINTING ON THE WALL] MONTREAL, 1966



She makes sure we see projects from many different points of view. And she's a woman of the world in a way I am not. She breathes before she acts. I watch her and learn. Eventually she will be producing the House Programs for two hundred productions being presented in our five theatres. That's a daunting task.

And then, there's Yvonne Goudreau; she's Gordon Hilker's assistant. Trained as an opera singer, she realized her voice wasn't going to give her the kind of career she desired, so she moved into arts administration. Yvonne is very practical and gutsy. In fact, she's taking on the management responsibility of the Artist's Hotel or, in French, *Hôtel des Artistes*. Part of our deal with visiting attractions is providing housing for all of the visiting artists when they are in Montreal for our six-month World Festival. The Expo Corporation has leased two-fifteen story apartment buildings adjacent to one another, not far from Place Des Arts. Yvonne is a tough cookie, she can handle it. Just try and pull something on her. It won't work!

By the way, I am discovering that the two languages, French and English, really do go, rather must go, side by side in Quebec.



David's and my first task is identifying a technical director for the Theatre Division. I am preparing the first draft of the job description. It covers technical theatre skills and experience in touring. And the person must be unflappable, as well as have a sense of humor.

David, what else shall we include?

The ability to work with architects and theatre consultants? Remember, we are building two theatres and Place Des Arts is building another two. And, so it went. Gordon has signed off, giving us a surprising piece of information.

You need approval from the Expo hiring office.

Why? They don't know anything about the theatre.

Not only does the Corporation have a format into which your job

description must fit, there are specific corporate requirements to be included. Oh!

Approval of this job description is a major corporate learning experience. Many of the Expo staff have army backgrounds. Few of them attend performances. I am discovering three skills are necessary to be successful in obtaining what we want: listening, teaching and cajoling. And I am learning corporate language while adjusting mine to fit into their system.

Today they gave me a surprising piece of information. Each potential candidate must pass a security clearance. That's a stipulation I will not quibble with. They are also helpful. We will advertise the position. Give me the locations and addresses and we will announce your opening.



ANDIS CELMS  
NATIONAL ARTS CENTER THEATRE  
MAGAZINE—OCTOBER 1980

We have found an ideal technical director, Andis Celms. An intense, quiet and serious man in his late twenties, his references are glowing from professionals we trust. His technical theatre experience, while not long in time, has been intense. He seems undaunted with the size of the project, asking pertinent questions.



Gordon, his lovely wife Betty, a former chanteuse, and their daughter, live down the hill from me in a coach house tucked in behind the Museum of Fine Arts. The first floor was a stable, where five or six horses might have been housed. Now it's renovated into a charming wood-paneled room

and has become Gordon's study.

After dinner, several nights a week I amble down Mountain Street and check in. Gordon tests his ideas on Betty and me. She is very perceptive, funny and knows the theatrical business well.

We are becoming good friends.

The Autostade is Gordon's idea. Its name comes from the sponsors – the auto industry. Gordon's hatching a variety of spectacles including a Canadian Armed Forces Military Tattoo. Gordon loves sharing his ideas and I love learning from him.

Major Ian S. Fraser from the Black Watch (HRH) of Canada is evolving a show to describe, in pageant form, the development of the Armed Forces in Canada. We will need to accommodate seventeen hundred men and women backstage.

I can just hear the effect of the massed bands. How exciting!

Oh, I forgot to mention. There will be over eleven hundred animals.

What else is up your sleeve?

Leon Leonidoff, the producer at Radio-City Music Hall, will put together a variety show, probably highlighting Maurice Chevalier. There will be three identical and simultaneous variety shows on three different stages.

The renowned French film director Christian Jaque is producing *La Grande Parade de La Gendarmerie Française*, a French approach to horse spectacles. Their show will describe four hundred and thirty years of Gendarmerie pageantry, from Francis I of France (16th Century) to the present time. One hundred and thirty horses are being shipped to Montreal not to mention seven hundred and fifty-four men along with costumes and props.

Wow, I thought we in the Theatre Division had challenges.

These are humungous!

I sense that the stadium shows are capturing Gordon's heart. Yes, he is enjoying traveling in Europe booking the opera companies, symphony

orchestras and theatre companies, but the Autostad is his passion.

It is where his creativity flows.

Our nighttime talks are not only revelatory but are giving me a chance to digest the breadth of our project. They are special evenings.



David and I are continuing to develop a working relationship with other corporate divisions, particularly finance, construction and uniforms.

The uniform specialist, out of Army retirement to help out, has just called me for a meeting

We need to start thinking about the uniforms for Expo Theatre and the Garden of Stars.

But the theatres aren't even built yet. We have not thought about this component.

Never mind. Let's do some research.

Ploughing through several three-inch-thick picture books of uniforms, brown for the army, blue for the navy and lighter blue for the air force, I play around with ideas.

We can adapt these designs to fit your needs. How many stripes do you want the ushers to have on their jackets?

And so it went. It's fun. When he calls, I am delighted.

The finance department is another matter. They are very nervous about us and have prepared a complicated system for requesting funds.

David, let's take them out for lunch and describe what happens with a touring show.

They seem delighted to join us and are willing to listen as we describe At the last moment a show will require something as small as a different-sized platform unit or as large as a paint job on a backdrop. Emergencies happen. We are responsible for these costs once the show is in Montreal. We need to be able to accommodate, to move quickly, especially when payment is required for a service at completion of the service.

There is no question they liked the lunch. And we learned their intricate



and sometimes arcane bureaucratic processes generated from Army rules and regulations. I am not sure, however, that we got very far convincing them to adapt their rules to our operational needs.

What they don't seem to want to understand is that we do stay within budget.



Our sofa has arrived and looks just great.

Sherry spied a brass bed under a snow bank outside an antique shop this morning. Knowing this has been my heart's desire, she called Ann, it has a decorative bed head and footer. The downside is that it is tarnished, dark, dark black!

I jumped into a taxi whose driver drove through a light snow storm to the antique store. The shop owner assured me that with a couple tins of Brasso and a little elbow grease the bed will shine up.

I bought it, became friends with Brasso and the final result looks gorgeous.

Mum helped out and sent me an embroidered bedspread in pinks and beige that my great grandmother made seventy years ago.

My bedroom is taking shape.



Until Andis arrives, I am pinch-hitting as our technical consultant on the design team for the three theatres Expo is constructing. Thank heavens,

Hank Hawthorne involved me in his theatre design project at Yale.

Some of the lingo is familiar. I feel comfortable being a collaborator.

This morning the Golden Garter Saloon architect asked

How high must the stage be so can-can girls dancing

behind the bar will be seen?

I have no idea but will do the research.

Back at Place Ville Marie I approach John Skelton and Jennifer McQueen  
Are you free this evening to go bar hopping?

After explaining my reason, they signed on. With measuring stick and tape measure we duck into small tiny bars featuring entertainment.

Some are well-maintained, others sleazy.  
A glass of wine ameliorates the condition as we contemplate the height.  
Is this stage too high?  
Yes, the dancer's legs are out of proportion.  
Let's try another bar.  
We leave half-filled glasses of wine.  
Down the street we go.  
Nope, this won't do, their legs are being hidden by the bartender at the bar.  
We continue to St. Catherine's Street and move to ginger ale.  
Jennifer and John begin a hilarious story  
We are developing our budget for yet another show at the Autostade,  
*The World Horse Spectacular*, a display of man and his horse at work and  
play through the centuries. One of the components is the RCMP  
Musical Ride. A major budget item is manure.  
Why will manure cost the Corporation money? You don't  
have to generate it!  
True but we need a place to store it and then get rid of it. That costs.  
Hmmm  
John continues  
Our first task was to discover the amount of manure these horses generate  
each day. It meant a trip to Cincinnati to observe the RCMP Musical Ride  
to get the details.  
Jennifer is now laughing so hard  
Yes, it was a stinky job, but we have the details. That's not all. We have  
discovered that Slack's Mushroom Company outside of Montreal wants  
the manure. In fact, they will remove the manure daily and are going to  
pay the Expo Corporation for it. Now, isn't that an excellent example  
of cost recovery!  
John adds  
We are using this income fact with the Expo budget office.  
They think we never consider the income side.  
Oh, I know what you mean. The corporation staff certainly does  
have a jaundiced view of us theatrical types.  
It's the wee hours of the morning and time to call it a night. Jennifer's

relieved or at least her knees are. She's been crouching down below the stage calling out the measurements to John as tired old broads on stage take off their clothes for the front row of sad old men in raincoats.

Thanks for your help.

Wouldn't have missed this for anything!



Andis has arrived and bought my idea of developing a technical and production questionnaire to send to the production and technical staffs of our visiting attractions. We need to have a consistent form for the information we receive. And for those companies sending advance teams, we will be more prepared for our discussions.

This questionnaire grew like Topsy. It started by asking for the number of people and their skills in production and technical areas. We moved into technical details, number of stage drops, platforms, special lighting needs. Are you bringing an orchestra, If yes, how many musicians?

What are the number of crates of scenery and costumes? We need to know for storage requirements offsite and, and, and, and

One a day at Salle Wilfrid Pelletier to determine the equipment available, we unearth a rule from a casual comment made by a stagehand

Be sure to tell them about the strict fire code stipulations. Here's why.

Years ago there was a devastating fire in a theatre in Montreal. The fire codes were rewritten. Now each theatrical production that comes to town is checked to ensure they comply.

How do they check?

A fire marshal comes during setup and strikes a match one inch from several items, including drops. If the item becomes singed the show is closed.

Needless to say, we have highlighted this information in a special box in our questionnaire.

The news is out about our developing questionnaire. Other departments want inclusion. Mary Joliffe, a rather frantic public relations lady with a biting sense of humor, plunks herself down and gives us the press

information she wants. Yvonne Goudreau has prepared a very concise accommodation segment. Gordon and David have ideas. Yea! Our masterpiece is finished and has gone for translation into French. Andis, I think we should congratulate ourselves. This was an intense project with a time line. We made it without a major battle. Ann, we are very different. Perhaps that's why it went so well. Andis is quiet, I am noisy. We are both methodical. We argued about details and became passionate about our points of view until we worked it through.



January 1966. Gordon has decided the Autostade will open with a circus. Circus promoters are inundating our office. They are a different sort from theatre and opera folk – more casual. Stu McLellan, the latest one to arrive, asked me today Do you want to go to the circus tonight? My circus is performing. I would love to. Bring a friend.

Sherry and I are off to the Arena. We left in the oven, at 200 degrees, chicken wings. Tomorrow night we host the World Festival staff. Our fingers are crossed that all will be okay. Stu has ringside seats and is providing a running monologue Watch those acrobats. The trick is risky. It's the one where acrobats are forty feet up, doing summersaults in the air. They need to grab the flying bar to return to home base up on a side platform at the exact moment it comes racing towards them. Whew, they did it.

Time passed so quickly.  
Thanks Stu, it's been a fascinating and a learning experience.  
Want to go backstage?  
Sure.  
There's the usual hustle and bustle of shutting down for the night.

Henry, the clown, comes up. He was that silly one with the floppy shoes and big black tears drawn on his face. Now he's in street clothes.

We can see his dark, dancing and laughing eyes. He's charming.

Stu asks

Would you like to come with us to the South Shore, across the St. Lawrence River, to a night club? A new batch of show girls have come from England. I am checking to see if they are a fit for Las Vegas.

Of course, we want to go.

Out the stage door of the Coliseum, into the biting, cold Montreal January night, we climbed into Henry's car, a 1966 Cadillac, pink inside and out. It's a hoot. Around the entire interior perimeter above the windows are installed one-inch pink upholstery tassles, the type you find on curtains in an elegant Victorian home.

As he starts driving it feels like the entire interior is jumping, the tassles are jiggling so much.

Stu and Henry seem oblivious. We are in the back seat, hardly able to contain our laughter.

Of course, we have ringside seats. The show is professional and entertaining. The girls can really dance, those long legs go way above their shoulders!

Stu and Henry went off to talk with the dancers. They have just returned, sporting serious looks on their faces. As they sit down Stu says

Don't question what I say, just do what I say.

We focus on him.

When we get up, follow me right out of the nightclub. You are not to look to the left or the right. When you get out the front door, run as fast as you can to Henry's car.

To the girls he says

There are jobs in Vegas. I will be back tomorrow.

As we exit, I can't resist shifting my eyes to the left and right. What is here that we are not to see? Just a mass of hushed men – no women. How odd! Gosh it's tricky to run on ice. I am going as fast as I can but that's not very fast. Whew, I made it. Sherry's right behind me and closes the back door

of the car. Henry speeds away. When we all have caught our breath,  
Stu turns around

I apologize. If I had realized what was happening this evening,  
I would not have brought you.

What's happening?

The Montreal Mafia is meeting. Normally, I wouldn't be too concerned.  
However, last week the circus crowd was in Chicago. The Montreal Mafia  
boss was amongst us with his lady. That lady and I took a shine to one  
another and she left him. He's furious. Henry and I feared for both  
you and Sherry if he realized you were with me.

Now that's an adventure!

It's 4 a.m. The wafting odor of chicken wings is strong as we walk  
in the door. Yes, they are a little charred.

Let's serve them anyhow. The story is just too good.



Jennifer is getting us organized, commenting

As we are living in French Canada, how about learning French? I have  
found a French teacher who will meet with us three days a week at 7 a.m.

Want to go?

Great idea.

Winters in Montreal are bitter cold. I have talked a friend, Katherine  
Johnston, into joining us. Together we trudge down Mountain Street  
at 6:45 a.m. This is not my idea of heaven, but I am doing it!

Everyone is making headway, except me. My head can't compute  
what is there to get. My tongue can't spit out the words, I don't get it.  
It's very frustrating.

Jennifer, after Expo, I am going to Paris. I will get this language  
come hell or high water!!!

And, I have made another decision, which didn't last long. I began to  
wonder if my inability to learn a language is a psychological matter,  
like the eye doctor suggested about my eyes. You know it is frustrating  
to have such a great job and be faced with these irksome issues. I found  
a psychiatrist at McGill University to see what I could learn. He, too,

was dressed in brown and required that I lie on a couch. He sat behind me, never looked at me. It was all too, bizarre. I only went once.



We're a year away from opening day. Now, an influx of advance opera teams are arriving to review details. First up is Hamburg State Opera. Rolf Liebermann, a much-respected opera administrator and composer, is the Intendent. We are learning that Intendent is the European phrase for a General Manager or General Director of an opera company. Mr. Lieberman's programming for our World Festival veers towards the contemporary: Hindemith's *Mathis the Painter*, Berg's *Lulu*, Janáček's, *Jenůfa*. Yes, he has also made a nod to one of Germany's first romantic operas from the early 19th Century, Weber's *Der Freischütz*. I don't know any of this repertoire. Great!

Andis and I are enchanted with the Hamburg technical team, setting the cooperative tone for us. Hans Stahn, their technical director, is a stocky man with a deep voice, large hands and a big laugh. His English is quite good. Every detail we could possibly need is outlined in our completed questionnaire. He didn't bat an eyelash with the fire prevention restrictions. An older man nearing the end of his theatrical career, he has a charming persuasive way of taking on the role of a teacher, helping us streamline our planning and implementation processes.

I love your questionnaire. It gave me the confidence we would meet professionals in Montreal. If it's all right with you, we will use the questionnaire for our own purposes.

I do have some concerns. How are you going to integrate the foreign stage crews with the Montreal crew?

And so it went.

At dinner last evening Hans led a discussion we hadn't expected. It is just twenty-two years since the end of World War II. The atrocities of my country are very much alive in memory. What impact do you think this war will have on visiting German attractions?

Andis and I are taken aback. Andis experienced the war, first hand, as

a child before leaving Latvia so he knew of what Hans spoke. I had not. Having spent so much time with Gordon in these last few months I used one of his phrases  
You know, Gordon Hilker feels that global projects like Expo 67 will allow a peaceful way for peoples of many nations to learn about each other. I have a sense that the positive will be highlighted here.  
I am beginning to understand that the World Festival and Expo 67 are such an opportunity not only to learn more about different cultures and their needs, but also give us an opportunity for more global tolerance.

Our meetings with Hans and his team have highlighted the need for a bank of interpreters throughout the six months. At the moment, the Expo Protocol Office is providing us with that service.  
During the World Festival we will need our own stable of interpreters. I am researching and developing a request for proposals.



MONTREAL, EXPO 67, ANN FARRIS, EXPO SITE UNDER CONSTRUCTION—1967



Meantime, I have found a tiny theatrical dictionary at The Drama Book Shop in New York. We are using it as the basis to develop a much more detailed version.



Vienna State Opera's advance team is here: Hans Felkel, their technical director is an intense man, tall and dark-haired. Georg Fritsch, administrative director, gives the impression of being less stressed, though I am not sure he is. Both men have a few years on us, but not more than ten. As expected, they are really organized. We are going over the technical plans of their repertoire, Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*, Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, Strauss' *Elektra* and Berg's *Wozzeck*.

Part of their apprehensions stem from the size of the orchestra pit at Salle Wilfrid Pelletier.

Maestro Karl Boehm, yes, the legendary Maestro, will not agree to come until he knows the pit is large enough for the Strauss' *Elektra*.

We are ready for this comment

Yes, we know, the pit as presently configured cannot handle the Strauss *Elektra* musician requirement. However, there is good news. Place Des Arts will close down this summer to enlarge the pit.

It will be able to handle eighty-five musicians.

They still are not happy

We know Maestro Boehm. He will insist he be offered the opportunity to come to Montreal and test the pit before he will sign on.

I will discuss your request with David and Gordon. We will have an answer before you leave.



A contingent from the Bolshoi has arrived. Our contact is Ararat Charuhghianc, the technical director. Andis and I adore him. He's a tiny man who gives the impression that he has weathered many wars – not gun wars – internal Bolshoi battles. Nothing seems to faze him. He speaks not a word of English, so our interpreter is working hard,

not only translating but learning the theatrical lingo. This group also includes Mr. Rynier, who is the Bolshoi Chief of Staff. The Bolshoi leadership is adventurous. They are bringing some of the biggest works in their repertoire, Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades*, Prokofiev's *War and Peace*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh*, Borodin's *Prince Igor*. A staggering undertaking!!! And like the Vienna State Opera and Hamburg State Opera, it's their first visit to North America. Ararat has just informed us I will bring a hundred stagehands making the total complement five hundred from the Bolshoi. Keeping a calm demeanor but gulping inside, knowing this number is well over our budget, we explain We are providing stagehands in Montreal. They are well-trained and known for their professional skills. You can rest assured your needs will be met. We suggest you bring supervisors and a few others. We meet a quiet resistance. Ararat is firm No, I will bring these one hundred stagehands. They will be needed. It's clear he is not going to compromise.

Gordon, Gilles and David have a similar reaction when we report this staggering stagehand stipulation. But they do not want anything to disrupt the potential of the Bolshoi coming to Montreal. We will talk with corporate finance and get back to you in a day. Their decision is positive Accept the one hundred stagehands. Ararat is looking very relieved. It's clear we made the right decision as far as he is concerned. Oh my God! The Artists' Hotel is going to be filled to the brim!

The three of us with our interpreter load into an Expo car and drive to one of the Canadian Armed Forces armories. Ararat, this armory is where the Bolshoi scenery will be unpacked and prepared for load-in at the theatre.

Will it handle your shows and equipment?

It's plenty large enough, thank you.

We need your scenery and costumes to arrive in late June, a month before load-in. And we need, in advance, a detailed list of the contents with the value. Expo 67 contractually is responsible for the insurance coverage of your goods while you are here.

When the interpreter translates this comment, Ararat gives us a blank look. He has no idea what we are talking about.

We explain...

He counters

We don't have anything like that. In our country we have a system which provides financial protection should something unforeseen happen. If something is lost or destroyed, the State replaces it.

Okay, we will make a guesstimate of value prior to arrival and correct the estimate later.

Our final caution is the fire prevention requirement.

Here are the stipulations.

No problem. I understand.

Ararat and others are gone, back to Moscow.

Gordon and David, the Bolshoi is huge. We have to have plenty of lead time for setup. Please don't book any attraction in the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier during the week prior to their opening.

Ann, we can't have a dark week in the middle of August.

We plead and don't win. At least Gordon came into my office to tell me.

Ann, I have booked Harry Belafonte, the "King of Calypso," into the theatre the week before the Bolshoi. It has a very small set. You can have the stage from midnight to 4 p.m. each day.

Gordon, that makes me really nervous. Okay, if you are going to do that please put a clause into the Belafonte contract which clearly stipulates that the Bolshoi setup will be going on around his show. No surprises, please! Yes, I will.

I have just received a copy of the signed Belafonte contract. Yes, Gordon put the clause in the contract. However, Belafonte has crossed it out.

I am fuming.

David and Gordon are meeting in Gordon's office. Pat, Gordon's secretary, tells me I am not to disturb them.

Oh, yes, I will.

Look, what is this?

They are prepared for me.

Ann, it's not a problem, don't worry.

How can you say that? It's a major problem. I am going to mark my calendar to check with you each month. You'd better solve it.



Andis and I are meeting with Marcel Desrochers, head of the IATSE (stagehands) union on a regular basis. We like him a great deal. With five theatres, a stadium and other locations on the Expo site all requiring seasoned stagehands, the number was staggering. In Salle Wilfred Pelletier, the visiting opera companies alone would use every professional stagehand in Montreal. Marcel is a far-thinking gentleman. He's as excited about the upcoming challenge of the World Festival as we are.

It will provide so much work for so many stagehands. He tells us I have put out a call to the IATSE locals throughout North America asking stagehands to come for the six-month period. We are going to need a stagehand workforce of six hundred.



Representatives from The Royal Swedish Opera are here.

What a contrast from our meetings with the Russians. Everything is organized and clear. My youth hosteling in Europe six years ago is helpful as we begin our discussions.

I have been in your theatre, when I was a student traveling in Europe.

It's such a beautiful intimate auditorium.

Yes, and we are concerned. We hope this intimacy will not work against us for Salle Wilfrid Pelletier seats nearly three thousand.

We fear our productions will look small on your much larger stage.

And, they bring out their technical drawings for Verdi's *A Masked Ball*

(set in Sweden), Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, and Karl Birger-Blomdahl's *Aniara* (a sci-fi space opera).

A great deal of time is spent on how we can help them adapt to our large space.



Now it's La Scala. Gordon and Gilles have put the pressure on Andis and me. The La Scala management has not yet come to agreement with us. They don't have their repertoire sorted out. All we know is they have a new Franco Zeffirelli production of *La Bohème* to be conducted by Herbert Von Karajan. Do what you can to be very encouraging. The Italian advance team is of a certain age, very properly dressed in black suits and ties. It's clear they are not sure about Andis and me, youngsters in our late twenties. I feel as if I am hearing their feelings louder than their words and those feelings don't feel respectful.

I sense them asking themselves

How can these youngsters have the production and technical responsibility for us in Montreal?

Andis and I are taking an assertive tact. Our interpreter is going a mile a minute as we barrel through, asking the questions and learning their needs. As the repertoire is not set, they have few answers to give.

They've gone now. We sent them off with a ton of information and a request that they have our questionnaire completed as soon as possible. They are the only advance team, so far, who wasn't prepared for our discussions. Not their fault. Their administration hasn't settled on the repertoire yet.

Andis and I report to Gordon and David

La Scala is an unknown quantity. If they come, it's a good thing they are in late September. By then we will be seasoned. It sure is hard to plan for them without any details. And we don't think they liked us very much.

The La Scala advance team taught me something. If another doesn't respect me, I can freeze. Not when I am with them, but later.

How do I know it? By writing letters! I am the written connection with the production and technical staff of the attractions we are presenting. Most of the time, I have no problem. It's easy to write these letters. With La Scala it isn't. This first draft of my first La Scala letter is stilted and uncommunicative. I can't send this. In fact, I don't want to communicate with them.

What can I do? I'll put the letter in my left-hand bottom drawer of my desk and wait. I need to let off steam, hot steam!

An advance team from Australia has just arrived. They are an ebullient bunch. One of their shows, *Pop Goes Australia*, a variety show, is being tailored for Expo Theatre. I must say it's a hoot watching these very responsible-type bureaucrats who wear stripped ties and stripped shirts with black suits, tell us

There will be a special show stopper – boomerangs which will be tossed out over the heads of the audience.

You never know what someone will come up with. Our job is to make it happen, safely.

There is more to the artistic palette from Australia. They are also sending the Melbourne Symphony and the Australian Ballet.

I opened my bottom drawer this morning. You know what? The La Scala draft isn't as bad as I thought. It just needs some smoothing, soothing out. I feel ready to handle this now.



The Expo Protocol Office has just left my office informing me of the pending arrival of the advance team from the Kabuki Theatre in Japan and the details arranged

We have set up five days of meetings for you and have booked a meeting room at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel.

I look at them as though they are nuts

There is no way Andis and I can give five days to a theatre company when there is only one set going on the stage. There is just one unique feature: the construction and installation of the Hanamichi, which is a platform

unit at stage height that extends into the audience adjacent to the right-side wall of the auditorium. (Recently, Rae Ackerman shared that it also has a small building at the end of the ramp which acts as an exit, a destination and is actually a place to rest, change costume and makeup, have a cup of tea, etc.)

I also commented to the protocol office staff

The Bolshoi advance team was here for four days and their needs are huge compared to Kabuki.

The protocol staff smiled, reaffirming

It will take five days.

I just shook my head.

The Kabuki advance team is here. Our interpreter is busy. The visitors don't speak English and, of course, we don't have any Japanese. Andis and I are very thorough doing our dog and pony show, going over the plans, both of the theatre (under construction) as well as their technical and production requirements. They keep saying yes, yes. I guess our planning is working for them. We even discussed how the Hanamichi would be built and installed.

It's five o'clock, they have left. We are back at Place Ville Marie in Gordon's office reporting

It seems they have agreed to what we proposed.

Day Two: Whoops, not so. Today they want to go through the same material again. Our interpreter explains

Their nods of what we took to be a yes or okay were simply an indication that they understood what we had said. Now they desired more interaction.

It took us the five days to come to final agreement. We are getting a quick lesson on the customs of many different cultures.

David has taken us for a drink. We exclaim

We would never be ready for opening night if this style of lengthy negotiation was typical of all the attractions!



David is booking most of the popular attractions for Expo Theatre, Diana Ross and the Supremes, Simon and Garfunkel, The Turtles and on and on.

These touring shows are grateful for our questionnaire.  
David, have either you or Gordon heard from Belafonte's agent?  
Where's the approval for the Bolshoi to work the midnight hours?  
We are asking. No response yet. Don't worry. We will get it.  
HMMMMMMMMMMMM!



My focus is theatre production personnel who will staff backstage at the four theatres and the night club. We need three for each theatre. A production coordinator capable of wearing many hats, stage manager, sometimes our point person on deck, the stage, to make sure all is moving forward as planned, supervising IATSE stagehand crew calls, or handling technical problems with Andis or coordinating with my office on the schedule for trucking or interpreters, or liaising with the Artist's Hotel and, and... Each will have a production associate and an apprentice. In Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, there will be three apprentices. The corporation has signed off on our job descriptions. Now, it's my turn to find these people hidden in some theatre across Canada.

Michael Tabbitt is our overwhelming choice for Salle Wilfrid Pelletier. He has the stage management and production skills along with an amazingly gregarious personality. Everything he does comes with perfected results. Gordon, Gilles and David have booked seven opera companies, twelve major symphony orchestras, eight ballet companies, along with Harry Belafonte (growl, growl) and other special one-night events for this theatre. Michael will have his hands full. He has the talents to handle this. Yes, I forgot to mention, we also need house management staff, handling the dignitaries coming to the theatre, amongst other duties. David found Gerald Holmes in London. He was house manager at the English National Theatre working for Sir Lawrence Olivier. Now, he's sharing my office preparing for his House Manager responsibilities at Salle Wilfrid Pelletier. Gerald's a meticulous man, a solid background in the theatre and speaks French with great ease.



I am enjoying selling our production jobs to prospective staff. How can I not be? In the Maisonneuve Theatre we have thirteen theatre companies (from England, France, Greece, Japan, Canada, USA, Italy and more) along with music, chamber opera and ballet. There is so much to experience from these attractions. Two production theatre specialists, Stewart Paul and Raymond Choquette, will take on the task.

The Port-Royal needs a different breed of coordinator. The emphasis is primarily music. Gordon and Gilles have booked sixteen chamber orchestras, eleven dance companies, twenty-four recitals, two music theatre companies, and yes, also seven theatre companies plus a few galas. Our coordinators need to be comfortable with solo artists. Larry Hertzog and Gilbert MacDonald will fill that bill.

One thing I am learning: Expect the unexpected with staff that is hired. Gordon has just informed David and me I am stealing Gerald Holmes from you. He will become my Executive Assistant. David and I just laugh. Okay, we will go back to the drawing boards.

Here's an interesting fact: Only one person out of the fifty we expressed interest in hiring does not meet the security requirements. No, we weren't told why.



A theatrical entrepreneur, many years my senior and responsible for booking some of the European attractions to the World Festival, has arrived. He is in my office, sitting across from me. There is such an ease between us. No, that's not quite right – it's like we have known each other forever. We understand each other, plain and simple, that's it. I wonder why? May I invite you to dinner this evening? Yes, that would be lovely.

I have no other choice. I have to know more about him.  
Guess that feeling is mutual.

At dinner we talk theatrical talk. He comes up to my apartment for a glass of wine. We are making polite chat about nothing much. My heart is pounding some. Perhaps it's his energy, it's a sensual energy. His dark brown eyes penetrate. They grab me. He's making a move, a move that's making me very happy. We are off, off, off. A strange and beautiful intimacy is beginning. More than that, it has begun. He's gone now. He'll be back.



Gordon, David, Gilles, Andis and I are in Gordon's office. There has been the strangest announcement in the morning paper, *The Montreal Gazette*. It's June 1966, a little less than a year before Expo 67 opens. We are informed that La Scala is coming to Montreal to perform in six weeks. What's up? Each of us takes on the responsibility to sniff and regroup at the end of the day. We know there is something fishy.

Gordon has discovered

A Montreal businessman is giving La Scala as an anniversary present to his wife, Well, not really La Scala. He has engaged a promoter who is providing *Stars from La Scala*: Renata Tebaldi. Mario del Monaco, etc. The opera chorus is coming from Parma.

Andis and I report our conversation with Marcel Desrochers

There will be three productions, three performances each, scheduled for Salle Wilfrid Pelletier.

Gilles comes in with a frown,

I am concerned about the possible repercussions to the World Festival if this endeavor fails.

We agreed to keep on top of this. Gordon tells me  
Ann, find a way to attend rehearsals.

David Peacock, a much-respected stage manager and a professor at the National Theatre School in Montreal, has been engaged by the “La Scala” promoter to oversee the production, technical and stage management aspects of this anniversary present. Fortunately, I know him.

We met backstage during the Montreal Symphony’s opera productions when he was their stage manager.

David, may I be around during setups and rehearsals?

Absolutely.

On my first visit, it’s dinner time, the first day this endeavor is in the theatre. David greets me at the pass door to backstage and in his very proper English accent pronounces

This engagement is “instant” opera at its cliché best. To start, the technical plans are incomplete. There is no technical director. The scenery is composed of stock scenic drops and stock platform units that fold. The stage crew and I are doing our best to figure out what goes with what.

Feel free to wander about.

It’s in the huge basement under the stage that I gasp. There are stacks of folded platform units. Some of the frames are open without tops. The stagehands have no choice but to try one after the other. Nothing is labeled. I wonder if this is how the *La Bohème* from La Scala is going to appear.

Murray Laufer, the set designer of *Aida* and *Turandot* at the Canadian Opera, has just arrived in Montreal.

Murray, do you want to come with me to a full staged rehearsal of the “La Scala?”

And I tell him the story.

Yes, this could be amusing.

We conceal ourselves in the top balcony and watch. It is so sad.

A young assistant stage director, Franco, keeps screaming at everyone.

Murray points out

Look, Tebaldi is upset.

The next thing we know, she storms off stage.

Del Monaco asks for the understudy. Tebaldi returns quickly.

And so it went.

I report my findings to Gordon, Gilles, David and Andis. Gordon comments The handwriting is on the wall. The financial cost must be exorbitant.

This is going to end in disaster.

Right, they are working from 8 a.m. to midnight. The crews are in several hours of double time.

Okay, Gilles and I are going to warn the upper Expo echelon they might have to get into this.

A few days later, after the opening of the second production, we read in the morning paper,

The remaining performances of the *Stars of La Scala* have been cancelled. There is no funding to return the chorus to Italy.

Gordon and Gilles are on it. They and others have the Quebec Government covering the cost of returning these artists to Italy.

I wonder what will happen with the scenery and costumes?

We never found out.

Even though there is a lot of negative publicity, it doesn't seem to affect the World Festival. Thank goodness.



My “lover plus” is back. I say plus because this relationship is more than a sexual delight. We have a common business. He has much more experience than I, being twenty years my senior. It's fun to mine his ideas, exploring them with him... That's a real “plus” even though he has some old-fashioned theatrical beliefs

I prefer scenery that is beautifully painted. I don't like these modern productions, modular ones. They're cold.

Well, I like both. I like variety.

His sense of humor and mine seem to match. You know, I can annoy him quite easily and then he starts to smile, an adorable, mischievous smile. There's no choice. We end up in each other's arms. He's an amazing lover, my teacher, bringing me alive. He's quite selfless, patient, letting me experience the pleasure he offers. His mouth on mine begins it all. His hands move to my breasts and tease, then all over my body, arousing me.

What a sensation!

It's divine to feel more competent as a lover.



It's vacation time, and I am in Vancouver for a week. The Vancouver Festival is in full swing, offering me a great opportunity to search out production staff for Montreal. Three successes. Al Wallis is coming to be my assistant. We work so well together, I am thrilled.

Crossing the QE stage, John Ellis calls from the light board cubby hole in the front of the auditorium.

Ann, we are coming to Expo. The IATSE bulletin has us intrigued. Who? Tell me more.

Several of us, me, Barney, Fred, Maurice, Terry and probably others. We have been in touch with Marcel Desrocher and it's arranged. That's fantastic. It's going to be amazing. You will be busy!

Sitting in the bar at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre a thin, lanky young man sits down beside me.

Hi. I'm Rae Ackerman. I am a theatre technician, just graduated from the University of British Columbia.

My mind goes click, click. Andis is looking for an assistant.

I sense he is next to me.

Ann, meet Jessica Peters. She wants to come to Expo.

We have an apprentice position. Would that interest you?

Yes.

It's neat there will be a good number of westerners joining us.



Sherry is moving to her own apartment. She's planning to stay in Montreal after Expo and wants to get settled.

Gordon has just come into my office.

Ann, Dave Dauphinee is looking for someone to coordinate the costumes for the six spectaculars. Talk with him.

Gordon, do you remember Maureen Heneghan? She was Harry Horner's costume assistant for *Flute* at the Festival? What about her?

I remember her well. She is the no-nonsense British lady?

Yes.

See if you can find her.

I have unearthed Maureen, teaching Costume at Boston University.

She's curious about this challenge

Maureen, if you take the position, you can share my apartment.

Sherry is moving at the end of the month.

Maureen's here. We are both so busy, we are like ships in the night, passing long enough to be sure each other is healthy and okay.

There are few dinner parties now!



Change is afoot. Not only have the autumn leaves arrived, but also there is organizational change at the top. The World Festival has been placed under the joint authority of Gordon as Artistic Director and Jean Cote as Administrative Director. And, it's moving day from Place Ville Marie, the tall office building in downtown Montreal, to a sprawling Administration Building just outside the Expo gates. I am glad to be gone from Place Ville Marie and its isolation from the world I know. No, we haven't moved to a theatre; we're in an administration building, but it's smaller, more human. My office is closer to the ground and has a large window. The St. Lawrence River is within a short walking distance.

It's September, eight months until Expo 67 opens. Trucks, cranes, lumber, steel and men in hard hats are everywhere. Already I can see the distinctive shapes of the different pavilions. I can hardly wait to get inside the American Pavilion. It's designed by Buckminster Fuller. He has created a huge ball, called a geodesic dome, constructed out of a steel frame and glass.

I guess it's a glass covering. You can see right through the building. When the Exposition opens, one of the Monorail trains depositing visitors at different locations on the site will travel through the center of the Dome. Visitors, including me, are going to be fascinated.



I am hitching a ride to work with Gordon each morning. It's a great way to bring him up to date with my concerns and to learn the latest. Gordon, any word from Belafonte's agent?  
Not yet.  
Are you not concerned?  
No, it will work out.  
Hmmmmmmmm.



My "lover plus" is back. It's as though we have not been apart. In a way, we take each other for granted in the best sense. We want to be together, to share, to explore, to know more about what is important to each of us. It's easy to share. We just do. And his life experience brings new vistas to me. I am baffled that it could be so easy. One day, I explore  
Don't you sense there is something beneath the surface that we are not getting? How come we know each other so well and yet we have spent so little time together?  
I don't know. I agree. It's a mystery for us to discover.  
I was surprised. I felt sure he would have an answer.  
He's older, lived more.  
He's gone again. It doesn't worry me. He'll be back, and we'll continue where we left off. This intimacy doesn't feel like make-believe, yet it doesn't have a sense of permanency.

I am growing. Wonder where to.



The orchestra pit renovation at Salle Wilfrid Pelletier is finished and D-Day is here. Today Maestro Boehm decides whether or not the Vienna State Opera's participation will become a reality. The Maestro is regarded as the outstanding Richard Strauss conductor. He's a favorite at the Metropolitan Opera, as well as in Europe. It would be a great thrill to have him in Montreal.

There's a crowd of us – Gordon, Gilles, David, Andis at the back of the auditorium – sitting separately, trying to be inconspicuous. Apprehension is in the air. This test is not only about whether we can get enough musicians (eighty-five) into the pit to meet the needs of the Richard Strauss score for *Elektra*; it's also about whether the acoustics are acceptable, no not just acceptable, excellent.

Oh, look, the Place Des Arts officials have just arrived.

I'll bet they are nervous.

I know Herr Fritsch is nervous, nervous. He's pacing between the rows.

They are wide you know, continental seating. There is no central aisle.

The width makes it easier for the audience to get to their seats.

The Montreal Symphony musicians are tuning.

Oh, here's the hush. The musicians must have been given the high sign, our famous maestro is about to enter the pit.

He's on the podium, I can see the top of his head. There goes the down beat.

To my ear the sound seems integrated. I am going to go to the balcony.

Gilles, what do you think?

He's climbing up also but says nothing.

An hour later and the Maestro gives approval. Gilles is taking him to lunch.



This morning, driving to work,  
Gordon tells me  
We are sending out the brochure



announcing the sale of tickets for the World Festival.

How can you, Gordon? La Scala hasn't set its repertoire yet. And you haven't settled all the popular attractions.

Yes, that's a problem, but we can't wait. We have so many tickets to sell, we need to go public now. There will be a follow-up brochure.

Did you know that for your attractions in the Theatre Division we have nearly 2.1 million tickets to sell?

No, I can't imagine what that will be like.

How many tickets are there to sell for the Autostade?

Nearly three million.

Yipes!



SEE APPENDIX I FOR THE WORLD FESTIVAL  
PROGRAM DETAILS



It's March 1967; our theatre Production Coordinators and staff are here. (*See Appendix II for the list of staff.*) They are a great bunch, have healthy energy and are adding much theatrical flavor to a corporate environment. For a month, we have crammed them into a tiny space just down the hall from my office. Then, they will move to the rehearsal hall at Expo Theatre until they go to their assigned theatres.

Welcome to you all. We are so glad you are here and can take some of the organization responsibilities off our shoulders. Your first step is to copy the pertinent information in both Andis' and my files for each of your attractions. And I have good news. Gone is the Gestetner machine and the red gunk. The Corporation has Xerox machines that make fast copies. Lise and Anna, my two trusty secretaries, from now on will copy new information we receive, and it will be forwarded to you. Meantime, you have to do the background search in my files. One file at a time please!



RAE ACKERMAN  
NATIONAL ART CENTER THEATRE MAGAZINE  
OCTOBER 1980

By the way, out of necessity, Rae Ackerman has figured out how to fix a Xerox machine when it breaks down. On weekends, repairmen don't work. Rae is your contact.

You have no idea how wonderful it is to have this capable crew here. They are catching details we missed, setting in place additional systems and asking pertinent questions.

We need to provide some musicians for this attraction. What's the process?

Check the contract. Is it

our responsibility? If yes, here's the contact info.

What about interpreters?

Berlitz is engaged to provide interpreters. Get in touch and outline the needs as you see them now. They need advance warning.

What's the dress code?

Casual during the day, dress up at night for performances. Black tie is not necessary but look and feel good. We want to make a professional impression.



Grandpoo Farris just called

Ann, the Senate is not sitting tomorrow. I am coming from Ottawa to Montreal to see Expo. Please arrange a tour.

My grandfather has been a senator since I was born in 1937.

I remember well the many Sunday afternoons in his library listening to him describe to my father and mother a bill before the House. I learned a lot just hanging around those conversations about Canadian politics.

My grandfather loves Canada.  
Grandpoo, wonderful. Where shall I pick you up?  
Queen Elizabeth Hotel at 1 p.m.

The protocol office is being very helpful and loaned me a car,  
hard hats and given me access to the site.  
Maureen, will you come with me? You have toured the site, I haven't.  
And I think you will enjoy my grandfather. Yes, he's in his late eighties  
but he's very with it and lots of fun.

I would love to.

It's a grey day. We put him in the front passenger seat and Maureen  
is leaning over with the map. She's good with those kinds of details.

My grandfather is more focused on looking out the window.

Ann, there is so much construction still going on.

How can you be opening in a month?

Yes, we know. But everyone tells us they will be ready.

I take him first to the American Pavilion. The Monorail is up  
and functioning.

Look, Grandpoo. See that train, it is going to go through  
the American Pavilion.

Hurumph.

That's a typical comment when he's taking in something new, like when  
I gave him a lesson in contemporary art ten years ago. Maureen suggests  
Let's cross over to the French Pavilion.

I am skirting a group of workers securing a bench, a modern shaped  
bench with low lights attached. Grampoo comments

Those look comfortable.

You know what they are called?

No.

Site furniture. They are designed by Norman Hay. He's had the huge task  
of designing the lighting, street furniture and signage for the site.

Hurumph!

I want to see the Canadian Pavilion.

Okay.

We've spent a good hour stomping around "Canada." Its extensive open areas and wood structure are very handsome. Granpoo has been silent much of the time. And at one point a tear dropped from his eye. Driving back to the hotel, he turns chatty  
Ann, this is an amazing undertaking! I am proud of you and your colleagues. And I am proud that this is happening in Canada.  
He meant it.

You know, I think my grandfather was so impressed during his visit to the Expo 67 site, in part, because his grandfather, John Farris, was a Liberal Party member of the House of Commons in the Canadian Parliament in 1867.

That was the year when the British Parliament established British North



1967 MONTREAL, QUEBEC, EXPO 67 SITE  
ANN FARRIS, SENATOR J. W. DE BEQUE FARRIS  
[PHOTO BY MAUREEN HENEGHAN]

America and the Dominion of Canada was officially born on July 1, 1867. Now, one hundred years later, Canada and Expo 67 are celebrating this hundredth birthday. With my grandfather's visit to the Expo 67 site, probably he had memories born from the stories he had been told when a youngster and young man about the significance of the 1867 decision.



The ice on the St. Lawrence River is thawing. In fact, snow has disappeared from the streets. Jennifer just came rushing into my office, worried There's an ice jam between the two new islands. It's locked between the American Pavilion, that beautiful geodesic dome, on one island, Ile Ste. Hélène and the massive Russian Pavilion on the other island, Il Notre Dame.

The pressure of the ice could undermine the stability of the buildings if the jam jolts the islands. You know, these man-made islands are still settling  
What can be done?

They are going to dynamite the ice blockage tomorrow.

It's a tension-filled morning.

And success, the solution worked. The dynamite broke the blockage.  
The St. Lawrence River is flowing between the two islands. I feel sure  
that's a positive metaphor for the next six months.



"Lover plus" is back for a week. When he's gone, I feel safe in a way  
I haven't felt before. Now that he's back our reconnection is sheer happiness.  
What are we reconnecting to? Why is it so easy with him?  
At times he acts like a father, warning me about something,  
something in the theatrical business I need to know to be successful.  
And, we love to laugh. He loves my silly sense of humor  
You know, we are destined, for some reason, and yet we aren't. It's all odd.  
Am I happy? I guess so. I certainly feel looked after when he's here.

I told Jennifer about this relationship.

Ann, be careful you don't get hurt.

I don't see why I will. There's more to all of this, somehow.



An Expo security officer has just come into my office saying  
Ann, you will be on a pager all summer.

I am given a little black machine, the size of a glasses case.

You, David and Andis are Theatre Division's emergency contacts.

*You must have this with you at all times and turned on.*

My goodness, he is a serious type.

And, here is the number you call when the beeper goes off.



We are now two weeks away from April 28th and Opening Day.  
Al, what's all the clatter and commotion going on outside our window?  
Al at his desk with his back to the window suddenly notices  
Ann, it's worth getting up and looking.  
A bulldozer is flattening mounds of dirt that have been covered  
with snow all winter.  
Look at that huge truck. What's rolled up on it?  
It's grass!  
In front of our eyes they roll out grass, roll after roll, onto the flattened  
dirt, as casual as if they are rolling out a tablecloth. Now, the convoys of  
trucks are gone. We have a finished lawn in three hours. That's a first for  
me!!! Dotted around this green tablecloth are cherry trees, and truckloads  
of flowers have just arrived. We are civilized. It's like this everywhere.  
Magically, the site is almost ready to open. It's more theatrical than  
theatre has ever been.



Gordon, what's up with Belafonte's approval for the Bolshoi to work  
the midnight hours?  
Ann, we are working on it.  
HMMMMMMMMMMMM! I am not so sure.



The four theatres in construction are nearing completion. They will be  
ready. I was in the Port-Royal yesterday and the seats were being installed.  
That's progress.

Today an Expo protocol officer came into my office with a new requirement  
for the opening attraction in the Port-Royal Theatre: *Dancers from Ethiopia*.  
They informed me  
Haile Selassie II, the Emperor, will be attending the gala opening.  
You must create space for a throne. It's to be placed on a platform covered  
with an elaborate arrangement of cushions. There must be a special place  
for two wives and two cheetahs and others involved with the Royal Court.

I look at him in wonder, even though I know he is serious. Laughing, I say I want you to know that we have just been successful in making sure there are seats in that theatre. Now, you are telling me they have to come out? Yes.

Okay, it will be done! It will mean taking out two rows.

We both knew that this was just the beginning of many odd requests throughout the summer.

The installers must think we are crazy but...



It's opening day, April 29th, 1967. The ceremonies took place at Place des Nations on the site. Now, the diplomats, dressed in black tie and elegant evening gowns from the sixty-one nations are seated in Salle Wilfrid Pelletier for the Opening Gala.

I am standing backstage listening to Sir Laurence Olivier and Jean-Louis Barrault beautifully narrating the poem *Terre Des Hommes*, written by our Commissioner General Pierre Dupuy.

We've made it! We are up and running! It's hard to believe!

Michael Tabbitt has me smiling. He is making a fashion statement, dressed in black tie and a dress shirt fronted with frills. His staff are also dressed in black tie. Good for them. They are honoring our visiting artists.

Tonight is our second night of the World Festival. All theatres are supposed to be up and running. Not at the Maisonneuve. There's a technical snafu. One of the lighting boards blew a transistor. I hope it wasn't a George Izenour board. While the problem is not ours (it's the management at Place Des Arts), theatrically the problem is very much ours. Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeline Renaud's Théâtre de France were supposed to be presenting a *Homage to Saint-Exupéry* in collaboration with the Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde from Canada. Rae and Andis are up to their elbows working on the problem. Not a good beginning. It's a half hour before curtain at the Port-Royal Theatre. I will sit a moment in the House Manager's office.

Good, he has some milk. I am sure he won't mind if I help myself.

I haven't had dinner.

Madam, please put that milk down.

It's the RCMP officer dressed in his khaki and red sitting in the room who's speaking.

I look at him quizzically.

That milk is for Haile Selassie's dog, who is accompanying him to the performance in the theatre.

I giggle to myself. And so it goes. Now, I am checking Expo Theatre.

This theatre is ready to open. We have *Hello, Dolly* with Carol Channing and a sold-out house. Mark Furness, our capable production coordinator, reports

So far, the theatre seems to be breaking in smoothly.

No problems here.

On to the Garden of Stars which requires I take the monorail train around the site to La Ronde, the amusement park. This is fun.

I love journeying inside the American Pavilion on a train.

Quite magical!

Raymond Menard, our seasoned theatrical manager at Garden of Stars, has had his plate full with this opening day. The schedule is heavy, a daytime family show, *The*

*Magic Box*, a show for teenagers at 5 p.m. and a popular review in the evening. How has today gone?

Fine. We need publicity on our teenagers' show. Not many showed up. But Muriel Millard has a good house tonight for her show, *Vive La Canadienne*.

Something tells me to go back to Place Des Arts and the Port-Royal Theatre. As I arrive the audience is still filing out.

Haile Selassie and his royal party, including the dog, are nowhere in sight.

| JARDIN DES ÉTOILES — GARDEN OF STARS  |  |   |   |
|---|--|---|---|
| <p><b>MAY 14 — 14 JUNE</b><br/> <b>MURIEL MILLARD</b><br/>         dans sa nouvelle revue musicale<br/> <b>"VIVE LA CANADIENNE"</b><br/>         Chorégraphie George Fitch<br/>         avec<br/> <b>"LES GIRLS DE VÉNIUS"</b><br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30</p>  | <p>Chaque semaine, un spectacle différent<br/>         (voir programme détaillé sur place)<br/>         Les spectacles sont réservés à l'avance<br/>         (voir programme détaillé sur place)</p> | <p><b>MAY 1 — JUNE 26</b><br/> <b>MURIEL MILLARD</b><br/>         sa plus récente revue musicale<br/> <b>"VIVE LA CANADIENNE"</b><br/>         Chorégraphie George Fitch<br/>         avec<br/> <b>LES GIRLS DE VÉNIUS</b><br/>         Every night at 8 &amp; 10:30</p>  |   |
| <p><b>26 JUNE — 16 SEPTEMBRE</b><br/> <b>"HELLZAPOPPIN' '67"</b><br/>         Musical par<br/>         ALEXANDER M. COMEN'S<br/>         Écrit et adapté par Goodman Ace<br/>         Musique et lyrics par<br/>         Warren Green et<br/>         et Raymond Jovell<br/> <b>TROUPE DE 50 PERSONNES -</b><br/> <b>COMPRENANT PLUSIEURS</b><br/> <b>"GIRLS"</b><br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30</p> | <p>Chaque semaine, un spectacle différent<br/>         (voir programme détaillé sur place)<br/>         Les spectacles sont réservés à l'avance<br/>         (voir programme détaillé sur place)</p> | <p><b>JUNE 26 — SEPTEMBRE 26</b><br/>         ALEXANDER M. COMEN'S<br/>         production of<br/> <b>"HELLZAPOPPIN' '67"</b><br/>         Written and Edited by<br/>         Goodman Ace<br/>         Music and Lyrics by<br/>         Warren Green<br/>         and Raymond Jovell<br/> <b>CAST OF 50</b><br/> <b>MOSTLY GIRLS!</b><br/>         Every Night at 8 &amp; 10:30</p> |   |
| <p><b>14 JUNE — 27 SEPTEMBRE</b><br/> <b>"LE CRICHI AUX MERVEILLES"</b><br/>         Musical par<br/>         Raymond Jovell<br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30</p>  | <p><b>14 JUNE — 27 SEPTEMBRE</b><br/> <b>"LE TEMPS OÙ BOUGE"</b><br/>         Musical par<br/>         Raymond Jovell<br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30</p>                                  | <p><b>MAY 1 — OCTOBRE 27</b><br/> <b>"ACTION TIME"</b><br/>         Musical par<br/>         Raymond Jovell<br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30</p>   | <p><b>MAY 1 — OCTOBRE 27</b><br/> <b>"THE MAGIC BOX"</b><br/>         Musical par<br/>         Raymond Jovell<br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30</p> |
| <p><b>ÉGLISE ST-JACQUES</b><br/>         400 rue St-Jacques<br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30<br/>         Réservations: 363-3636, 363-3637<br/>         Réception: 363-3636, 363-3637</p>  | <p><b>LA POUDRIÈRE</b><br/>         400 rue St-Jacques<br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30<br/>         Réservations: 363-3636, 363-3637<br/>         Réception: 363-3636, 363-3637</p>        | <p><b>ST. JAMES CHURCH</b><br/>         400 St. James Street East<br/>         Tous les soirs à 8h et 10h30<br/>         Réservations: 363-3636, 363-3637<br/>         Réception: 363-3636, 363-3637</p>  |   |

PROGRAMMING FOR GARDEN OF STARS



I'm watching at the back of the auditorium as the stagehands close down for the night.  
Why is the wardrobe mistress looking frantically around?  
Seeing me, she shouts  
Help, help, the dancers are leaving!  
I call out? What's the problem? She gives me the answer shouting even louder  
The Company is leaving with their costumes!  
Time to investigate. We have two more sold-out houses.  
The two of us descend to the dressing rooms to find our interpreter.  
Please ask why they are leaving with their costumes.  
When Haile Selassie came backstage to congratulate the artists, he invited them to return to Ethiopia on his private plane.  
It leaves tomorrow morning.

They are gone. We are refunding tickets. Only one of many unexpected experiences as we begin our six-month run!



I have had to make a change in my work schedule. Now, I am coming to work at 6 a.m. My job is to keep ahead of the attractions moving in, so the theatre staff has the information they need. It's the only way I can get quiet time before the craziness of the day's needs take over. My days are really long now.

Maurice Béjart's *Ballet of the Twentieth Century* from Brussels arrives tomorrow. A call just came in from Brussels  
Our singer for the Stravinsky piece has become ill. Please find a replacement.  
Hmmm. How do I do this? The piece is seldom performed. Something is nagging at me. Then I remember: I can call the Stravinskys. At the Vancouver Festival a couple of years ago, Igor Stravinsky was featured. It was a special few days.  
Hugh Pickett was my boss that summer and included me in the social aspects of the Stravinsky visit – lunches and dinners at Trader Vic's on

the waterfront in the Bayshore Hotel. This was Madame Stravinsky's moment to take stage, claiming the large wicker winged chair in the corner facing us and the entire restaurant. At the end of our last dinner, Madame Stravinsky said

Ann, this is our phone number in Los Angeles. Promise to call if you come. Oh, Mrs. Stravinsky, thank you. I certainly will.

I still have the telephone number. I knew it would come in handy someday.

Oh, goodness, you won't believe what I just did. I forgot about the time change and called them at 6 a.m. Los Angeles time. A croaky voice answered. I knew it was Mrs. Stravinsky and realized my error. Thinking it better to say nothing, I hung up.

It's three hours later and once again I am on the phone to her Mrs. Stravinsky, it's Ann Farris. I met you and the Maestro in Vancouver. Yes, dear. How lovely to hear from you! Are you in Los Angeles? No, I am at Expo 67 in Montreal. The *Ballet du XXe Siècle*... She didn't even stop to think before she gave me the name of the artist. He lives in New Jersey. In fact, I think we have his telephone number. Oh, Mrs. Stravinsky, thank so much. And by the way, it was me who called you so early this morning. I am so sorry. That's all right. I did wonder who it was.

My destination is Salle Wilfrid Pelletier and the *Ballet of the Twentieth Century* dress rehearsal. All is going well; the replacement made it in the nick of time. The wonderful variety of contemporary music and choreography has me dazzled. The dancers are very acrobatic as they embrace romance. Good thing my "lover plus" isn't here this week, he would complain about the look on the stage – too minimal.



The Royal Opera from Sweden is loading in now. So far, our planning process seems to be supporting each company's needs. These opening weeks are about checking, checking, checking. It's really fun. I am watching

the number of stagehands and trucks we are employing. We want to stay in budget. The Swedish Royal Opera is using three 45-foot trucks, twenty-four, 40-foot trucks, eight, 20-foot trucks and six forklifts to shuttle their shows from the dock to the warehouse to the theatre and back.

Peter Goslett, who is responsible for handling all of our transportation of goods, is doing a great job. I can hear him from my office as he orders this and that, changing this and that. Nothing phases him.

I can't resist teasing

Wait till the Bolshoi arrives. I'll bet you will become sleep-deprived.

The Swedes' productions are intimate in size because their theatre in Stockholm is small. We knew that up front. It doesn't seem to matter that their scenery doesn't fill the stage. *A Masked Ball* is enjoying a good response. *Aniara* has been difficult to sell. It's a contemporary opera. Not much is known about it. I have just arrived in time to see the second act. A space ship has left earth, been thrown off course and... The story predicts the end of Planet Earth. Kind of draconian. Very different. I like the music, it's different, jazzy with electronic sounds; that's new.



Hamburg State Opera is here now. Teatro Stabile di Genova is in the Maisonneuve. It's their North American debut. And Marlene Dietrich is at the Expo Theatre, which means Hugh Pickett. He's acting as her manager these days. Yesterday he asked for a typewriter. I had one and dropped it off at the Ritz Hotel this morning. He's again calling

Ann, thanks for the typewriter. Marlene is making good use of it.

Come over to the Expo Theatre and meet her now.

I look at the clock. It's three p.m.

Hugh, how come she's at the theatre? The curtain is at 8 p.m.

She takes hours with her makeup!

Expo Theatre is walking distance from my office.

As I wander in, Burt Bacharach, conductor of this engagement,

is sitting with Marlene. He's wearing white sneakers.  
You don't see that around here often.  
Marlene's low voice invites me  
Come sit by me. Hugh has told me all about you.  
Her dressing table is covered with a linen towel. Carefully placed are several  
eye shadows, liners, pencils, powder and, and... She is just beginning to  
add her eyeliner. I watch and listen. This woman is a perfectionist.  
I just had a very special experience with an amazing artist.

Hugh's on the line again  
Come to the Ritz Hotel tomorrow at 12:30 p.m. Marlene and I  
want to take you to lunch.  
I would love to.  
It's an hour of stories. And then she says to me  
Let's go for a drive.  
Hugh has a Rolls Royce limousine and driver awaiting, the kind where  
you climb up and sit high above  
the ground, like Queen Elizabeth  
does. What a hoot! Hugh and  
Marlene look at me and say  
You guide us.  
I suggest we go to Old Montreal.  
It bespeaks the early days with  
a unique concentration of  
seventeenth, eighteenth, and  
nineteenth-century buildings.  
By the way, we are passing  
McGill University.  
And, promise me when you  
are in Montreal, that you try  
sugar pie. It's divine.  
Made of maple sugar!  
Ann, I work to keep my body trim,  
I may forgo that suggestion.



MARLENE DIETRICH, EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL  
MONTREAL [PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN]

It's 3 p.m. and time for her makeup.  
Driver, please take us to Expo Theatre.  
What a great lady!

I just caught Hans Stahn on the run after the opening of *Lulu*.  
Hey, Hans, I saw the last Act. I hope you are pleased with  
the audience's reaction last night?  
Yes, he smiles his wide grin.  
His concern about the Company being received without rancor  
is not a topic. It doesn't need to be.  
Daytime stagehand crews for Hamburg have increased to fifty-nine  
and night crews to forty with three interpreters working each shift.  
We are still in budget.



The Bristol Old Vic Company from Great Britain has also just opened  
at the Port-Royal. Tonight, they're performing *Hamlet*. I am going.  
I have been feeling sad, missing the opportunity of attending at least  
one act of our visiting theatre companies. Already, Théâtre de France  
has come and gone, an opportunity missed!

Well, I have learned. It is just too much effort to spend an evening with  
the spoken word. I am spacing out, much like I used to do when going to  
the theatre with Lee and Mary in New York. Maybe it's because I am tired,  
but I don't think that's the complete reason. There's a mystery here.  
And, as I have a choice, I think I am better served to use my free time  
at an opera, the symphony or a musical. My body feels so much better.  
I don't have to struggle to enjoy myself.  
I know I will miss some amazing theatrical performances: the Kabuki,  
National Theatre of Great Britain, The National Theatre of Greece and  
the Stratford Festival. But my body needs to be richly nourished.  
Music does that!



David and Gordon called Andis and me into Gordon's office this morning. You both are ordered to take a week off.

What?

You are tired. Correct?

Yes, but...

You need every bit of energy for August, September and October.

At the beginning of July, the schedule lets up. Leave Montreal. Rest.

I went to Vancouver and slept the entire week. My parents couldn't believe it. While there, I discovered one piece of horrific news. I have put on fifteen pounds! Am on a regime now!



Coming back to Montreal, I have renewed energy and am quickly back into my 6 a.m. to midnight routine.

What is that strange noise? I am sound asleep, and I am hearing beep, beep, beep. Oh, it's my beeper! Yes, it goes all the time, but never when I am sound asleep. It must be serious. I squint from the light I just turned on. Where is that darn connection number? Got it.

Hello.

It's Ann Farris. You beeped me. What can I do for you? I notice it is 3 a.m.

There is a problem. The New York City Ballet trucks are at the Canadian border. They do not have the proper papers to get through Customs.

Yes, this is a problem. We have an 8 a.m. load-in at Salle Wilfrid Pelletier!

Thanks.

I will call the Expo Control Central which operates twenty-four hours a day. Those guys are neat. They love to solve problems.

And that is exactly what happened. I briefly explained

I need to find a way to get the New York City Ballet trucks through Customs.

God knows why their papers aren't complete, but they are not.

Go back to sleep. We will solve it.

Just remember, the trucks need to be at the stage door of

Salle Wilfrid Pelletier by 8 a.m.  
They will.



Andis and I are concerned. The Bolshoi scenery hasn't arrived yet.  
We are very nervous. Each day Andis comes into my office, asking  
Where is the Bolshoi scenery?

I wish I knew.

Two Canadian Customs officials, assigned to Expo and working out of  
the Administration Building, dropped by my office asking  
What date will the Bolshoi scenery arrive? I just shook my head saying  
That's anyone's guess.

We can hardly wait. The Russians are legendary. They create the most  
incredible ways to hide contraband.

Hey, gentlemen, you be good to them, they are our guests.

Laughing, they leave.

My office has an eastern exposure. Summers in Montreal are mostly sunny.  
I love to feel the radiant sunlight streaming in to greet me. It makes me  
happy to settle down at my desk. All is quiet, only Andis is here, down the  
hall. This morning my silence is broken with an unexpected ring. Hmmmm.  
Hello.

Miss Farris?

Yes,

I have the Bolkoi. I don't understand him; his accent is so thick  
and unintelligible.

Could you repeat that?

I have the Bolkoi.

Yipes, yea, it's the Bolshoi. It has arrived with fifteen days to spare.

Please, where? What dock?

He doesn't want to hear my question: "Off dock today, off dock, today."

You bet your bottom dollar, we will get it off the dock today!

Tell me where are you located?

Andis is out the door.

I wait for his call. I need to know if he and Rae found the ship.  
Andis, what? Say that again  
The scenery, costumes etc., five hundred tons of it are loose in the hold  
of a rusty old freighter.  
Andis goes strangely silent. I think he might even be crying,  
We are both silent. Then I hear him say  
Ann, they didn't pack any of the scenery. None of it! It is all broken.  
I can't believe it. The *War and Peace* chandeliers are suspended inside  
birdlike cages and totally visible to the naked eye. They are the  
only thing that has made it intact.  
Andis' voice is quietly desperate. He never gets demonstrative.  
He gets quiet  
There is double the amount of scenery than what we are expecting.  
Tell Gordon and David we need another armory.

Within twenty-four hours, another huge armory in Montreal is cleared  
out for us so we can load in the Bolshoi. It took a staggering number of  
one hundred four 40-foot trucks, fifteen 20-foot trucks and six forklifts  
to handle the movement of scenery, costumes etc.  
Peter's organizational skills are being tested. He is also moving in  
the Paris Opera Ballet and a big extravaganza from Cuba.

Andis and Rae are just back from the airport to meet the Aeroflot plane  
with Ararat Charuhghianc, their technical director and the crew of one  
hundred. Andis reported Ararat took one look at our strained faces  
and said (through interpreter) How bad is it?  
Awful! Why didn't you pack anything?  
We don't have the lumber. If I had asked for the lumber, it would have  
probably cancelled the opportunity of coming to Montreal. This is why  
I have brought so many stagehands. We will rebuild everything now.

Oh my God, what a two-week period we are going through.  
Two armories, two construction crews going twenty-four hours a day.  
Finally, we have the costume trunks unpacked.



Maureen, my roommate, handling the costumes for the Autostade spectacles, is estimating the value of the costumes for insurance. She calls me breathless and Maureen is never phased by anything Ann, you won't believe it but the costumes for *Prince Igor* are personal clothing probably used by the aristocracy before the revolution. They are encrusted with authentic jewels. You need a jeweler to appraise.

David and Gordon, we move Bolshoi in next week! Have you received written approval from the Belafonte group to use Salle Wilfrid Pelletier in the off hours?

No, we haven't, we are working on it!

That's what you have said for a year now. I think we have a problem.

I must say these two guys do look glum.

The Customs officers are back. They have smiles on their faces, relishing their story as they answer my question

What happened?

When we asked them to unroll the one hundred drops...

I think that's what you call them.

You mean the canvas with different scenes painting on them rolled on a wooden pole?

Yes.

What happened?

Out rolled bottles of vodka, caviar, face powder, sausages and on and on and on.

I could only smile. Those Russians are truly unpredictable, or maybe a better way to put it, they are predictable. Whatever, we love them.

It's the 27th of July, four days away from when we need the midnight hours to hang the Bolshoi scenery and still no approval from Belafonte. We are loading them into the basement of Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, taking care to schedule around the Paris Opera Ballet warm-up sessions on stage. Pat, Gordon's secretary, just asked for my presence in Gordon's office. He and David are chatting when I enter. Gordon hands me an envelope, I open it. It's a plane ticket.

What am I to do with this?

It's your ticket to Toronto where Belafonte is performing. You are going to convince him to release the theatre so the Bolshoi setup can continue. Come on, what kind of nonsense is this?

Look Ann, Belafonte's agent and others have tried to move Belafonte on this. None have been successful. We don't know why he is being so rigid. You are really good at getting people to listen to both sides. You can do it. Oh my God!  
My heart is in my stomach.

I am on a 9 a.m. plane, an hour's flight to Toronto. I will go directly to the O'Keefe Centre to see who's there. That's where Belafonte is performing. As I walked onto the stage, the Toronto stagehands look at me in surprise. What on earth are you doing here? You should be in Montreal.

I need to talk to Mr. Belafonte.

That's his manager over there.

They take me over and introduce me, saying

Meet Ann Farris. She's with Expo. Be nice to her.

While their last comment is rather foreboding, I am glad for it.

I would like to meet with Mr. Belafonte.

The manager is looking at me square on. It's clear he knows why I am here.

Come back half hour before curtain tonight. I will be sure you meet with Mr. Belafonte. You will not be successful.

A friend was kind enough to spend the afternoon with me. Now I am walking back into the O'Keefe Center stage door.

The company manager is very dour and seems to resent having to take me to Mr. Belafonte's dressing room. As we walk in, I am stopped short.

There are so many beautiful women in colorful skintight costumes draped against the walls and lounging in the few chairs.

How will I ever get his attention?

I have it. I haven't said a word. Mr. Belafonte, the very handsome Mr. Belafonte, has the floor, saying  
You have wasted your time coming. I will not give permission for the Bolshoi to set up around my show.  
(Okay, here I go. My song and dance have been well-rehearsed. I have used it for the last two years. I believe it. Yes, I do!)

Mr. Belafonte, the World Festival is celebrating not only the artistry of many nations but is also providing a unique opportunity for a coming together on neutral territory for different points of view. Your hesitancy is the first time at the World Festival we have not had cooperation.

Mr. Belafonte stops me with great force.

I have been working in Africa to help. The Soviets are undermining my work. I see no reason to give an inch to the Bolshoi at the World Festival at Expo 67.

The two of us are off and running. The beautiful ladies fade into the background. Now, I know what is the problem!

I keep on my theme of cooperation.

Perhaps the Soviets will recognize your cooperation.

At least you can use it as a ploy.

Belafonte glowered at me.

But, if you don't cooperate, they might even dig their heels in deeper.

Gosh, I can't believe I said that. I continue, he continues. Then, suddenly  
Okay, you can have those hours.

Thank you, Mr. Belafonte.

As I head for the stage door, I hear the stage manager call  
Mr. Belafonte to the stage.

I am numb in the taxi to the airport.

I wander to my flight and pass a pay phone.

Gordon, Mr. Belafonte has given us permission for the Bolshoi work.

Good for you. See you in the morning.

Gordon is a man of few words and in this instance, so am I.

This Belafonte exchange is giving me a deeper understanding of why the kind of effort that one puts into an event like an Exposition is so important. Linkages can be made.

I am at Belafonte's opening tonight. I haven't been to a complete performance of an attraction yet. This one I am. As he begins singing the "Banana Boat Song" with the famous lyric "Day-O" I just melt. Oh, Mr. Belafonte, you are wonderful and thank you, thank for your cooperation. I am going to the opening night party. I want him to know I am grateful.

Oh my God, Andis is in my office with an awful story.

Ann, last night at three a.m., there was an accident at the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier. Some of Belafonte's scenery was smashed.

Andis, you have got to be kidding!

I wish I were. To accommodate the Bolshoi setup, each night the crew has been moving the Belafonte platform units and lattice work, which is his background, onto the orchestra pit, raised to stage level. One of the Bolshoi drops, a long one, eighty-five feet long, was being tied onto a pipe and went out of control landing in the Belafonte scenery.

I have no words. I just stare as Andis continues

The crew is almost finished rebuilding it. We will be ready by 4 p.m. when we give the stage back to Belafonte.

Andis, it's 3:30 p.m. Are you sure?

Yes. I decided no one was to tell you. You've been through enough with this attraction.

I am angry they didn't tell me; no, I am grateful. At least I didn't have that worry during the day.

The scenery is rebuilt. The show is running now.



Belafonte has gone. We are into a twenty-four-hour blitz.

My phone is ringing.

It's Michael Tabbitt.

Ann, there is the most awful smell in the theatre. We can't figure out what it is.

Are you sure it isn't Russian cigarettes? Their odor is pretty pungent.

No, it isn't. We need help.

Okay.

I head to the Yellow Pages looking for smell specialists. I'll try this company.

Good morning, I am with the World Festival at Expo 67 and we have an odor issue...

Well, one thing you must not do, is put another smell (perfume or whatever) on top of this smell. Where is this happening?

Salle Wilfrid Pelletier. Is it possible to meet you at the stage door in half an hour?

Yes.

He's a tall man who seems to know his stuff. It's rather amusing, watching him walk, sniffing like a dog, trained to find drugs, covering every nook and cranny at stage level and the basement. He's not very encouraging, but he is honest.

I don't have any idea what it is. The only solution is to open every door, front and back of the theatre and keep the air conditioning on.

It's August, hot and sticky, the stage crew aren't very happy the outdoors is indoors but...

This evening I am back in my office working on La Scala preparations.

My phone rings. It's Michael.

The mystery is solved. The smell is caused by rotten eggs.

What do you mean?

One of our stagehands discovered the smell is coming from the drops and came to me. I took Ararat to the drop, questioning why this could be.

The interpreter was really amused with Ararat's answer

Oh, we used rotten eggs and sour milk to flameproof the drops.

It's a clear substance, doesn't affect the paint job. In Moscow, we don't have fireproofing retardant chemicals, so we created our own.

Rotten eggs and sour milk!

I am giggling hard tonight. Walking across the stage, a Bolshoi stagehand offers me a bottle of vodka. And so it goes, sometimes vodka, or face powder, or a sausage. Those customs officials didn't find it all...

We are stashing the vodka in a file drawer in Michael's production office for later use – a celebration party.

So it goes night after night. Six interpreters are wandering around doing their best to get the appropriate information across. Many close but brief friendships in the shape of nods and handshakes are forming between Russian and Canadian stagehands.

I have arrived in time for a *Prince Igor* dress rehearsal. Sitting next to me at the back of the auditorium is a tall, large-framed Russian. I am sure he's tall because he's much higher than me as he sits. We smile at each other. That's our communication.

I remember some Russians speak French. I wonder if my poor French could open an opportunity to communicate.

Voila, it's working.

He's J. Toumanov, stage director for *The City of Kitesh*, due to open in a few days.

We are deep into a bumpy conversation. He is telling me I studied with Constantin Stanislavski.

My halting French is able to get across that I studied Stanislavski at Yale. Dr. Nagler, in our history classes, vividly described the impact of Stanislavski and the Moscow Art Theatre. He developed a new approach to acting. Correct?

Yes.

I hear it is called "The Method" in North America. Stanislavsky died at the beginning of World War II.

My mind is racing. Toumanov must be in his late forties if he studied with him.

In my halting French I continue

Tell me what it was like to study with him.

We are also using lots of gesticulations and laughter.

Whenever I am up at Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, I search him out and we chat during intermissions. Nearly always, Vadim Rydin is also with Toumanov, but always silent. I discovered he is a stage designer for the Bolshoi Opera.



*Left to right: INTERPRETER, ANN FARRIS, I.M.TOUMANOV, VADIM RYDIN  
1967 MONTREAL, EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL, BOLSHOI OPERA*

I sent a fruit basket this morning to the Artists' Hotel for Toumanov. Last night I learned he is ill. And he's not back tonight. A Russian interpreter had a message for me.

Mr. Toumanov is very grateful for the fruit. I want to tell you that you are not doing him a favor by sending gifts. The KGB are watching everything, and gifts create suspicions.

Mr. Toumanov and I spoke after that, but not nearly with the enthusiasm and fun we had during the first two weeks.

On closing night of the Bolshoi, I was surprised. Vadim Rydin handed me a large envelope. In it was a drawing of an angel. The interpreter told me Rydin wanted me to know he thinks of me as an angel. Oh, I was quite taken aback and deeply touched.



DRAWING OF ANGEL, GIFT TO ANN FARRIS  
FROM VADIM RYDIN—1967, MONTREAL,  
EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL, BOLSHOI OPERA

A film festival is just beginning  
a three-week run at Expo Theatre.  
Mark Furness, our Production  
Coordinator, is on the line  
Ann, we have a problem.  
The auditorium is filled with bats.  
It happened just now,  
during our opening performance  
of the film festival.  
It's cancelled, right?  
Yes, can you get a bat specialist now!  
We have another show scheduled  
in two hours.

I found one. He's with us and sharing  
Bats nest when the roof goes  
onto a building.

That was almost ten months ago. How come we didn't  
experience them before?

They only make their presence known when it's dark. During a film festival,  
there are no stage lights, so the bats come out to play.

We can't fumigate, we have audiences. What do we do?

When it's dark open all exterior doors. Be sure all the lights are out.

We had to cancel another showing. And the problem is solved.



I am called to the pass door between front of house and backstage  
during a Bolshoi performance. It's Terry McEwen. He's here all the time,  
schmoozing with the artists. Many of them are recording with London  
Records. Tonight, he has two people in tow who are unfamiliar  
Ann, I would like you to meet Kurt Herbert Adler and his wife Nancy.  
He's General Director of the San Francisco Opera.

How do you do? Are you enjoying the Bolshoi?

Yes, we are very much.



And, then the bell signaling the end of the intermission chimes.

Lovely to meet you.

They are gone.

Next morning, I am sitting in my office.

Hello,

Zis is Kurt Herbert Adler.

Good morning, Mr. Adler. What can I do for you?

I want you to work for me.

When?

As soon as Expo is finished.

Sorry, but I am going to Paris.

You would turn down the San Francisco Opera for Paris?

Yes. Thank you for the invitation.



The Bolshoi engagement is over. In this past month we opened five operas, presented fourteen performances, several symphony and folk concerts. The company has made a major impact. The distinctive, round, full and dramatic Russian operatic music and the sound of the Russian operatic voices had us on the edge of our seats. When the bells in Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* began to chime, chills went through my body. While, the immense physical aspects of their productions are very traditional in look, they seem to suit. Yes, the Bolshoi is truly grand opera. I love it. Now they are gone. We are feeling the vacuum, but just for a brief moment.



No rest for the weary! It's the day after the Bolshoi moved out. The Vienna State Opera is moving into Salle Wilfrid Pelletier. Their carefully-crated scenery and costumes have arrived in good shape and our estimates for their needs are meeting our expectations. Gone is the *sturm und drang*. As sad as we are to see the Bolshoi go, we are grateful, ever so grateful, for the calm, the quiet, the organization of the Vienna State Opera.

I bought a ticket a year ago to two attractions. One is the Vienna State Opera's performance of Mozart's *Coronation Mass* at the Notre Dame Cathedral. I knew there would be no sneaking into this early September Sunday morning performance.

Jennifer just told me

This is not just a performance. It will accompany a Mass co-celebrated by Cardinal Koenig of Vienna and Cardinal Léger of Montreal.

My seat is halfway back, the late summer sun is filtering through the stained-glass windows, awaiting the gorgeous music to drop over me. There are many priests in white robes and clerical hats about. The chorus and musicians have taken their place. Maestro Krips, the conductor and soloists are entering. There's the downbeat. This is my first opportunity to hear this Mozart Mass. There are an amazing number of quartets. Mozart's music seems refined in comparison to the full even wonderfully bombastic sounds of the Russian composers. Other memories flood in, listening to Leonard Bernstein conduct the Vienna Philharmonic in a beautiful cathedral in the late spring of 1960 when I was youth hosteling through Europe. No, that was not a Mass, it was in the evening concert but... I had to run up sixty stairs in a tower adjacent to the cathedral where a monk was selling cheap seats.

How fortunate I am to have such a rich life.

This celebration, this time to be with myself and the music has left me with a signal. In two months, the World Festival will come to an end. Gosh.



Each afternoon, I meet a lovely woman responsible for the Vienna State Opera's stage and room rehearsal schedules. She's always ready for me.

Miss Farris

(I am always Miss Farris to her.)

This is the schedule for tomorrow.

I review it. Seldom do we have any issue to discuss.

They are thorough and know what they are expecting us to provide.

The details just fall into place.

The Vienna State Opera productions are beautiful and perfect. Strauss' *Elektra* with Birgit Nilsson singing the demanding principal role is my favorite. Her sound is full, rich and her portrayal terrifying.

She has extraordinary stamina, giving her performances power beyond human imagination.

*Der Rosenkavalier* is beginning to feel like an old friend. I also saw it in Vienna seven years ago when I was youth hosteling. Now I am seeing the same production with a different cast. And we performed it at the Canadian Opera in 1963. It makes me happy to discover that an opera is becoming an old friend, so comfortable to be around.

Of course, Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* are enjoying sold out houses. I can only glimpse from the wings.

We have our second Berg opera this Festival, *Wozzeck*. I am missing it. Benjamin Britten is calling.



Benjamin Britten's English Opera Group. *Beggar's Opera*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Acis and Galatea* and *The Bear* are being rehearsed in the Maisonneuve and we are setting up in Saint Jacques Church for two other operas, *Curlew River* and *The Burning Fiery Furnace*. Colin Graham, the stage director who has directed all of the operas, has a busy schedule. Each opera seems to have a distinct flavor. That's talent.

Jennifer is waxing philosophical this morning

I saw *Curlew River* last night and am fascinated with the connection between the *Sumidagawa* production from the Kabuki Theater of Japan and *Curlew River*. They both tell the same tragic story of a woman searching for her lost child.

Yes, it is amazing how different cultures have the same themes to express. But what is striking me is the different musical styles. The Bolshoi with Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev and their full penetrating sound. Vienna with Mozart's majesty and the modern works, sprinkled through all our visiting opera companies with Berg or Britten, or Birger-Blomdahl and Hindemith, new sounds, sometimes jarring and yet intriguing.

So much to learn!

Perhaps, even more eye-awakening is my growing awareness of how we in Canada are just a part of a complex world. I had not thought about this before. People are the same; ideas, ideology are not. I want to get my French so I can communicate with others more easily.



There's a changeover of shows at the Garden of Stars. Over the summer we have offered five different evening shows. The turnaround from one to the next needs to be completed in less than twenty-four hours. We are moving in *Prestige de Paris*, a variety show with artists from Casino de Paris, Lido de Paris, Moulin Rouge, L'Opéra de Paris, and the Comédie-Française. Gordon, David and I are awaiting the first dress rehearsal.

It's noon.

Gordon, who are those two men dressed in white suits looking like ice cream sellers who have just come in?

He whispers

The censors.

This is the first time I have seen them at a dress rehearsal. Our other nightclub shows weren't provocative. This one has been so advertised.

Hmmmm. Good, the rehearsal is beginning.

On stage with great panache and confidence come bare-breasted dancers from the Lido de Paris, strutting their stuff.

Oh, look at this!

The men in white suits are on their feet loudly exclaiming

No, the show cannot open with bare-breasted performers.

Gordon whispers

Ann, find sheer cover-ups.

I laugh and exit. Then I remember, it's Sunday in Montreal.

This is a Catholic city; every store is closed. Maureen, she'll have an idea. She's in final dress rehearsals for her last show at the Autostade.

Maureen, here's the situation...

Go home to our apartment, get our nylon nightgowns and glass curtains (sheer curtains), hanging in our bedrooms and take this booty to the

wardrobe mistress at the Garden of Stars. She will know how to concoct a peek-a-boo cover up.

The Garden of Stars is a good long walk to the exit of La Ronde.

I am in a sweat from the hot September sun. A quick monorail ride and I jump into a taxi and head home.

Please wait for me, driver. I will be returning to the La Ronde.

We are in the final dress rehearsal. Here come the girls.

No interruption, the solution worked. The girls are suitably attired, I guess.



La Scala is next. We caught our breath with Vienna. We're ready for these Italians.

In fact, can you believe it? The La Scala technical and production leadership seem to be relaxed and in fact, cooperative with us. They are still wearing their black suits!

Our biggest production challenge is Puccini's *La Bohème*. Isn't that surprising? Well, there's good reason. This is a new production by Franco Zeffirelli, the Italian whiz-kid opera director/designer. His second act, the street scene, has two streets: one upper and one on stage level. It's huge, fills the width and more of the stage. The upper street has to be populated with people. We are providing one hundred and ninety-two Montreal actors and opera fanatics as supernumeraries to wander those streets. The pay is minimal. They don't care. They know it's a privilege to perform with La Scala under the baton of Maestro Herbert Von Karajan. Of course, all performances are sold out. I view from the wings, standing backstage by Von Karajan's assistant, Peter, near a monitor that's focused on Von Karajan. Peter just whispered in my ear

Ann, the air conditioning has to be turned down.

Michael Tabbitt in his elegant black tie and frilly shirt is near-by.

I deliver the message.

It's intermission now.

Peter, how did you know the air conditioning had to be turned down?

The maestro has several signals he can send me as he is conducting. That's why I am glued to the monitor.

By the way, Terry McEwen told me to watch for a sensational young tenor, Luciano Pavarotti, singing Tebaldo in the La Scala production of Bellini's, *I Capuleti e I Montecchi*. I did. It's a beautiful voice.

Mum and Cheechee McCormick, my godfather's wife, are here this week. I have tickets for the three of us for the La Scala Verdi *Requiem*. Von Karajan is conducting with Leontyne Price, Carlo Bergonzi, Fiorenza Cossotto and Nikolai Ghiaurov as soloists. Isn't that a line up? It's been an extraordinary evening of music-making. Me, I am lost in the gorgeous sounds.

As the thunderous applause brings me back to today, I find myself saying I forgive you, you La Scala technical staff, for your distrust of Andis and me. How can I not? The musical experience transcends that annoyance. There goes my beeper. What can be the problem now? Back to reality.



We are into the final World Festival weeks now. The National Theatre of Great Britain with Sir Lawrence Oliver at the helm is in residence for a couple of weeks at the Maisonneuve. The Roland Petit Ballet is at the Port-Royal and The Stratford Festival is at Expo Theatre. The Canadian Opera has just arrived. We are loading in their new production, *Louis Riel* and Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman*. Mr. Torel commissioned a Canadian, Harry Summers, to compose *Louis Riel* as part of the celebration of Canada's hundredth birthday. The opera depicts a Canadian hero, a man in the late 19th century, who was a politician, a revolutionary and leader of the *Métis* (a person of mixed Indian and Euro-Canadian ancestry) from the Canadian Prairies. I hear that Bernard Turgeon singing the title role is both dramatically and vocally very powerful in this production.

So many old friends are here: Mr. Torel, Wally Russell, Jimmie and Connie Craig. And of course, Murray and Marie Laufer: they've designed

the scenery and costumes for *Riel*. Elisa Ronstadt is stage managing. They are making Canada proud as they offer their repertoire.



Something's up at the Garden of Stars that needs attention. I am on the monorail, wandering through the Exposition site to La Ronde to help out. Wow, this is a huge crowd exiting the train into La Ronde. It's going to take some effort to maneuver through this. I guess the can-can girls in the Golden Garter Saloon are a big draw. By the way, I did check to see how I liked the height of the stage. It's about two inches too high for my taste. Oh, well!

This is an unruly crowd. Who shoved me?

It's a man. He did it purposefully. I don't like his look. It's very sinister.

I am hearing feelings louder than words with this crowd around me.

Something's wrong here.

I am being shoved again, on my other arm.

I get it. Two men are focused on hitting me. They are downright abusive.

Thank God I have my clipboard.

I flail it at one of them and take off pushing my way through the crowds.

Whew, I can run now. Don't like this much, I can hear their footsteps behind me. I have another city block, past the lake to go.

My inner voice is pushing me. Ann, run faster. I am, I am.

The stage door is in view.

I'm in.

Please call Raymond, (our manager) quickly.

*Poupée de Paris* is in the middle of its first show of the evening.

I know he has to be around.

Raymond, the worst thing just happened and...

Come with me, Ann. I am calling the RCMP.

We are in Raymond's office. The RCMP are forthright with some facts.

There have been problems on the site, particularly at La Ronde, with harassment of attractive women. From now on, when you come to La Ronde you must come with another, and let security know you are coming.

There will be a small electric cart to take you from the train to the theatre.

We are near the end of the Exposition. I can handle this arrangement. I feel sorry for other young women being so afflicted. That was no fun!



One of the dancers with the Roland Petit Ballet from France had an accident and is not allowed to dance for the rest of engagement. The doctor asked  
We need to find a quiet place for her to stay.  
She can stay with me. My roommate has returned to Boston and I have a spare bedroom.

The dancer has been staying for five days. We have been talking about my upcoming trip to Paris to learn French.  
Ann, I will be going on tour in January. Would you like to rent my apartment? It's near the Palais Garnier, the opera house. I would love to, thanks so much.  
My next steps are falling into place.



My "lover plus" is back again, for the last time in Montreal. He has been in and out all summer. What fun we have had. We will meet in Paris. Not only am I going to master French, I will have fun.



Expo 67 is closing today. It's a grey afternoon, matching our mood. All of us, sixty-three plus Theatre Division staff are in the rehearsal room at the Expo Theatre with its large picture windows overlooking the site, a good location to watch the final fireworks show. A party is in full swing. It's a different kind of party, a farewell. We are quite subdued. This is the last time we will all be together. In two days, the production staff will be gone. No, we aren't going through extensive goodbyes. Somehow, they aren't necessary. Just a hug and see you, somewhere, somehow. It's been quite a summer and now it's over.





Some of us are contractually required to stay six weeks after closing to help close down. We did that in a week. Now we are bored. Lionel Chetwynd, who spent his Expo gig coordinating the broadcast rights for the World Festival, has an idea

Let's use our lunch hours to take a speed-reading course.

As reading is not my favorite thing, I sign up with great interest.

Maybe this will change my ability to read.

The teacher is telling us

Read down the page, rather than across.

Oh my God, there is no way I can do this. This makes reading even more confusing. I can't comprehend the content at all.

Damn. It's so frustrating not to be able to comprehend, let alone enjoy reading.

I quit.



The final sales figures for the Theatre Division are in.

We sold over one hundred and seventy-five thousand opera tickets, 87% of capacity. Almost one hundred thousand ballet tickets were sold, 75% of capacity. Close to one hundred and five thousand tickets were sold for symphony, chamber music and other musical events, 72% of capacity.

Theatre productions sold two hundred and ninety thousand seats, 78% capacity and folklore sold fifty-four thousand seats, 92% of capacity.

Good news. The total expense figure for all the entertainment including the Theatre Division, Autostade, Special Manifestations Onsite, Public Relations and Programmes was \$16,422, 324, 8% below the approved budget of \$17,859,729. The Theatre Division's total expenses were \$7,044,770. Our expense budget was \$7,035,971. We are nine thousand dollars over budget. Not bad given the surprises we encountered with the Bolshoi. Gordon and David's instinct and the senior management buying into this gamble on the Bolshoi didn't impact negatively on the total entertainment costs.

*(See Appendix I: Listing of Programming; See Appendix II: Staff listing)*

David, Andis, Susan, Gerald, Rae, Jennifer and I are now celebrating. We are hosting dinners for each other. Andis and David are moving to Ottawa to work for the National Arts Centre, which is under construction and due to open in a year. Andis has bought most of my goods and chattels, except my brass bed. I can't bear to part with that. It's being shipped to Vancouver. Susan is going to Minneapolis to apprentice as a seamstress in the costume shop at the Guthrie Theater. Jennifer is going to Ottawa. She's joining the Royal Commission on the Status of Women. Gordon will move back to Vancouver and do projects around North America.

It's my last day. A man from the publicity department just came into my office asking

We have several complete packets of all the posters used over the last few years for Expo. Do you want a set?

Yes, I would, thanks.

A huge roll, six feet long and eighteen inches in diameter has just been plunked on my desk. Poor Mum, more storage. Oh well!

# DARK AND LIGHT ABOUND- SAN FRANCISCO OPERA



[ 1968 ]

**P**ARIS WAS A DISASTER! “Lover plus” chose not to see me. That’s what he did, he abandoned me. Initially, I was devastated, I couldn’t believe it. Then, anger set in. To make matters worse, after three months of French immersion at the Sorbonne, my professor and his colleagues were mystified. I was making little or no progress. A Canadian linguist on staff took me to coffee. Ann, no one works harder at learning French than you. We have seen others with the same dilemma. It’s caused, we think, by some aberration in the brain. What do you suggest? Let it go. You have given it all you can.

At first, I was so relieved, grateful someone else saw my pain. Then, confusion set in and I searched for comfort. It came in strange ways. I began attending Musique Concrete concerts, embracing a new approach to creating music employing primarily computer sounds. The result seemed so distant it fitted my state of mind. Evenings with

this newness gave me relief. Don't ask me why. During the day, I sat in cafes on the Left Bank drinking in the chaos, dissonance and weirdness of the 1968 springtime student revolution. As their anger deepened, so did mine. They took to the streets, I joined them until...When I was subjected to tear gas in the Paris Metro and found myself gasping for breath as I exited up the flight of stairs at the L'Odeon stop, I came to my senses.

I need to get out of here!

Three days later I was back in Vancouver in my bed looking out at the Coast Range mountains. The very next morning the *Vancouver Province* newspaper front page headline read "**Paris Airports Closed.**"

The students are being brought under control!

I sat in wonderment! All I knew is that I am neutered.

Over the summer my self-esteem began to re-appear. And I began to see that there's something amiss with my decision-making processes in my relationships to men. Gestalt Therapy helped me work through some of this. Confronting and releasing anger began to make me feel better.

And with that came my desire to start working again. I attend a dress rehearsal of *Faust* being produced by the Vancouver Opera.

Robert Darling is the designer and Lotfi Mansouri, the stage director.

After the rehearsal, Robert asked

Why did you turn down Mr. Adler and the San Francisco Opera?

I was going to Paris.

Well, the position has never been filled. Call Mr. Adler.



[ MAY 1969 ]

It's nearly a year since I left Paris. Each day now begins with a San Francisco tradition: a cable car ride down the steep California Street hill. The fog makes the ride chilly as I sit on the wooden seats these foggy May mornings, but you know what? It's fun. The cable car grip man not only wakes us up with the bumpy starting and stopping from the manipulation of the brake

release, but he also offers beautiful ringing bell tones that he creates while driving. I am enjoying this transporting mode to work at the San Francisco Opera. I have accepted Kurt Herbert Adler's invitation to be his Administrative Assistant.

Mr. Adler and I interviewed in Los Angeles during the Company's spring tour. Two hours flew by as we talked about his needs and how I might fit them. I felt very comfortable during the interview.

Good morning. I am here to see Mr. Adler.

The stage door of the War Memorial Opera House is at the back of a courtyard. This imposing French Renaissance structure is embraced across the courtyard with a matching edifice, the Veterans Building. The complex feels solid and strong. I think I will be happy here.

Good morning. I'm Danny.

He's the stage-door man.

You take the elevator to the fourth floor and turn left and then right.

Thank you.

I must say I feel privileged beginning my work in a major opera house.



I have a month with Gary Fifield, whom I am replacing before he takes off to a garret to become a playwright. My office is just down the hallway from Mr. Adler's and has a large window looking out onto the manicured courtyard. It gives a feeling of indoor/outdoor space.

First up is making the rounds.

Richard Rodzinski, Mr. Adler's Artistic Assistant, has the office next to mine. His windows are small slits. Richard is younger than me, mid-twenties, very handsome with dark curly hair and a cigarette nearby. Being the son of the conductor Artur Rodzinski, he has an extraordinary knowledge of classical music and opera and speaks many languages. Most important though is his love to laugh, a hearty throaty laugh. It's infectious.

I sense we will be a good team together.

You can't imagine how surprised I was to see John Priest. He has joined the Company as Production Director, overseeing all matters technical. In 1964, I worked for John as a design assistant in Washington DC. And there's Matt Farruggio, an elegant man with a crazy, crowded no-windowed office. It's jammed with production books, musical scores and three stage managers besides himself. Matt began with the Company years ago as a stage manager. Now, he is Production Coordinator and a stage director.

Upstairs to the 5th floor we went. There are no windows on the fifth floor. A couple of years ago, two floors of offices were squished into one large space that was formerly the scenery construction shop. The publicity office is buried here. Herbert Scholder and Margaret Norton hold down that fort. Up a few stairs beyond them is a tiny space: the chorus library with chorister Colin Harvey keeping guard.

Gosh, Gary, how many people are on staff?

Ten staff are housed backstage and six, Accounting and Box Office are at the front of the Opera House above the elegant entrance.

That's more than we had in Toronto!

Gary is a perfectionist. He's been with the Opera for seven years and knows what is expected. It seems Mr. Adler is a task master.

Well, so was Mr. Torel. That's okay.

Today's lesson is artists' contracts.

Singers and dancers are represented by the American Guild of Musical Artists, AGMA.

Oh, that's interesting. In Canada, Actor's Equity has that responsibility. AGMA has a standard contract form into which we outline the details of each engagement. You will find that the Boss...

You mean Mr. Adler?

Yes, Paul Hager, a German stage director resident for several months each year, gave him that name. It stuck.

The Boss is very finicky about the wording on contracts. You can expect much discussion and many drafts. Come, I will show you a couple.

By the way, Nancy Adler, Mr. Adler's wife, oversees the invitations and hosts the guests before a performance to Mr. Adler's Box – Box A. The lawyers or business agents of all unions are always invited.



Rehearsals for Spring Opera are underway. Gary explained that this adjunct company began in 1961 to feature young artists and unusual repertoire. Ticket prices are less expensive than Fall Opera with the hope of encouraging a younger audience. And do note that Spring Opera has a separate Board of Directors.

Luckily, I have arrived when this season's preparation is beginning. There are piano run-throughs in the evening. The chorus is only available in the evenings and on weekends. Technical work is done on the War Memorial Opera House stage during the day.

Gary, I must say it does make a difference for an opera company to have its own theatre. Having the administrative offices as part of the theatre makes the flow of work so much easier.



Ann, I have a ritual which I hope you will continue. I wander the backstage areas during the hour before a rehearsal or performance checking in with every department. You hear about complaints before they become an issue, or you can sense something is not okay and probe. Let's start on stage. We enter the cavernous stage across from the male star dressing room where Joe Harris, the dresser, stands guard. Our first stop is the prop shop tucked away off-stage, left of the proscenium arch. Ivan Van Perre, a tall friendly man, welcomes me. Mike Kane, the Head Stage Carpenter wanders in. He's robust and gives the impression that he's the boss – a friendly one. Ann, come meet George Pantages, head electrician. When we get across the stage, I am aghast. The opera house has the old-fashioned piano boards that stand vertical against the downstage wall. It takes several electricians to man them. Gosh.

Hi George, you and your crew are kept busy!

Downstairs we go to the cavernous dungeon-like basement. The halls are painted institutional beige and the floor is cement. There are no windows here. Our first stop is the Wig and Makeup room. A tiny narrow space, not far from the entrance to the orchestra pit, it has three walls lined with shelves filled with wooden heads adorned with odd-shaped hair pieces perched amusingly on them. The center of the room has a large high table and stools. Miscellaneous hair pieces, tools, combs, lie strewn across this flat surface. Richard Stead, the Wig and Makeup Master, and his staff are rushing in and out, taking wigs to the dressing rooms. They are a friendly bunch.

Next stop is Craig Hampton, head of Men's Wardrobe. He oversees a large room containing several sewing machines, racks of costumes and shelves of boxes. Talk about ebullience; Craig is a master. He enjoys sharing how his room works, explaining

All of the costumes are assembled at Goldstein's Costume House.

You will meet Rose Goldstein and her associate Walter Mahoney upstairs tonight at the piano dress rehearsal.

Let me show you to the women's chorus dressing rooms.

We cross back under the stage to the other side of the building and the women's dressing room. Pat, a tall graceful woman who carries herself like a dancer, explains

For tonight's rehearsal of *Romeo and Juliet* we have just finished pressing these long velvet dresses in shades of blues, greens and dark purple velvet, typical of the Renaissance period. Now, they are hung on racks in the center of the dressing room awaiting the choristers.

Gary moves me along back under the stage once again to the Orchestra Manager's office. Passing lockers for the musicians we end up in a tiny room, about the size of the jelly room in my parent's basement.

A round-faced man, Gerry Cornouyer, is poring over the schedule as he talks on the phone. No musicians tonight, this is a piano dress.

We wait. The phone is back in its cradle.

Gary, two musicians are leaving at the end of this season. We need to set auditions for their replacements. And when is Mr. Adler going to decide



on the new concertmaster?

Gary makes a note to get these topics on Mr. Adler's agenda.

Over the loudspeaker we hear

Places, please for Act 1.

See you later Gerry. Gary, you are right, there's a separate life going on in the basement. Thanks for the tip.

We cross under the stage again, up the stairs to stage level and on through a pass door to the front of house and the auditorium.

En route, Gary introduces me to Walter Beverly. He controls access to and from backstage during dress rehearsals and performances.

Walter, Ann is taking over my position.

Welcome Ann.

And he hands me a candy wrapped in a paper.

Thank you.

Gary laughs

Candy and Mr. Beverly are a tradition.

We have a few moments before the rehearsal begins. Come, let me walk you around the main floor foyer.

It's so elegant. Gary, the lobby has the feel of a European opera house.

Its sensually soft marble floors and wide staircases make me want to don a hoop-skirted ball gown and waltz to Johann Strauss.

Look at that gold coffered ceiling. This is beautiful.

I thought you would be impressed.

Into the main floor of the auditorium we go. Mr. Adler and one of his secretaries are sitting just in front of the overhang of the Boxes on the main aisle. John Priest and George Pantages are sitting close by at the temporary table setup over the seats. George is talking on a head set to the electricians backstage who are setting light cues.

Gary, I am surprised that the San Francisco Opera is not up to date with the new technology, an Izenour light board. And how come the Opera doesn't have a lighting designer?

Budget and need. I think Mr. Adler is coming around to agreeing there is a need for the latter.

The rest of us are now scattered behind this group. Robert Darling is amongst those eyeing the stage. He is designing a new production for Spring Opera, Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Consul*. And Mr. Menotti is the stage director currently sitting with his assistant close to the orchestra pit.

Our challenge is watching both the staging and the stage to see what is working or not. Mr. Adler has a keen eye. He is very forthcoming with dissatisfaction, grumbling, shouting and needling as he pounds down the aisle towards the orchestra pit. Gary has two comments

Ann, I have come to realize that sometimes he is just grumbling with himself about his decisions. With Spring Opera there is limited funding, which means that the production side only has one new production. The other three productions are assembled out of scenic elements from the warehouse where they have been stored for decades. They just look old and tired; the Boss knows that and is impatient because of lack of funding.

Rose Goldstein and her associate, Walter Mahoney, are huddled with Robert at the back of the house searching the stage looking for costumes that don't look complete. Rose is a diminutive woman with sparkling eyes, colorful clothing and sharp assessments. Walter's a quiet man with a subtle sense of humor. If this trio hears Mr. Adler bellow Where are the white gloves?

They know this is a symbol that there's problem with a costume on stage. It's never about the gloves.



We have just finished a Sunday final dress rehearsal of *The Marriage of Figaro*. As I come out of the elevator on the fourth floor and peek into Riki's office, I catch him looking out of the thin slit of the window behind his chair. His large desk is stacked with scores and papers. We have started calling Richard "Riki" after we heard Gian Carlo Menotti using this nickname.

Riki turns. His eyes are cocker spaniel-like, sorrowful.

I don't think I can stay here!

This comment demands that I sit.

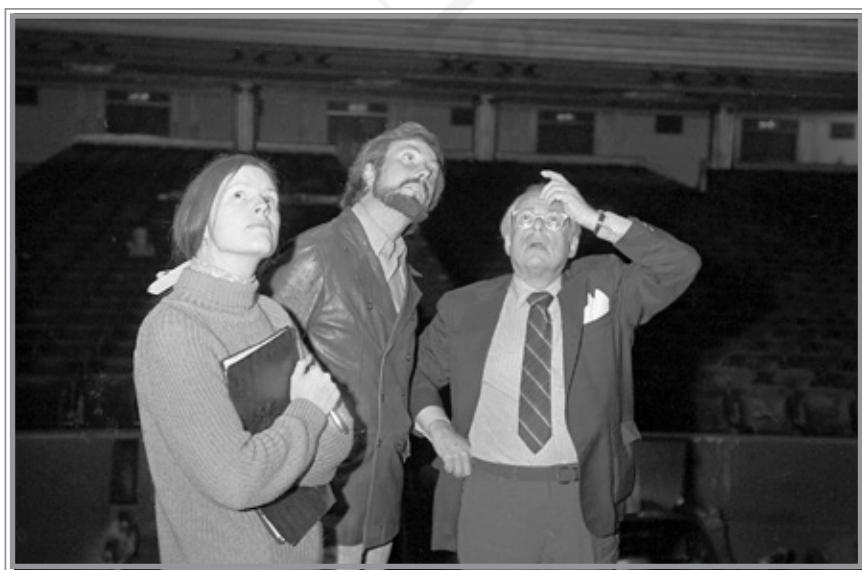
Why?

The artistic standard. *The Marriage of Figaro* is terrible.

You're correct. However, there are rumblings afoot to make major changes with Spring Opera. Here's what Robert told me. A year or so earlier, Mr. Adler asked him to prepare a designer's concept of what the Fillmore Auditorium, the space used by rock shows, might look like if it were designed to handle opera productions. When Robert's design sketch met with Mr. Adler's approval, he invited the Board of Spring Opera to the Fillmore. Robert knew the concept had failed when one of the board members asked

Where is the location of my box?

Now, however, Robert senses there will be a change for the Spring Opera programming. It is in the offing, he feels.



ANN FARRIS, ROBERT DARLING, KURT HERBERT ADLER  
[PHOTOGRAPH BY MARGARET NORTON]



I am discovering that my heart is beginning to sing with a romantic tinge again. This time Robert and I seem to be enjoying each other's company. He's more attentive than he was at Yale, even though he lives in New York. At the moment he has reason to be in San Francisco for Mr. Adler is employing him. However, I am being very careful after my misjudgment about "lover plus." Being dumped is no fun.



Spring Opera is over, and we are looking to the future of the program. Mr. Adler has engaged Robert as Artistic Advisor for Spring Opera. Many a July evening Mr. Adler has Robert, Riki and me in his office to rethink Spring. Gathering around his large desk, looking out into the foggy sky as it moves towards darkness, ideas are bouncing about. Great fun and stimulating! Mr. Adler's experience and musical knowledge determine whether or not our collective ideas could work. He isn't arguing with us. Rather, he's pushing us for more. As we moved into early August, Mr. Adler comments It seems clear that Spring needs to move out of the Opera House. To take that step we need more time, which means postponing the Spring Season a year. I will suggest this to Bill Godward. Bill's President of the Spring Opera Board. He's a lawyer, a wonderful man, quiet, unassuming and takes his task very seriously. We love him. For some reason, Mr. Adler always seems to give him a rough time. Bill is unfazed.

God bless Bill. He loves the idea of a new concept. Mr. Adler and he have sold postponing the season to the Spring Opera Board. Now we have the spring of 1970 to plan and we will reopen in 1971.



Robert surprised me today. We are going on a Sunday picnic to walk in the redwood trees nestled in Muir Woods. He has rented a Maverick and has a basket full of delicacies.

Our perambulation through the redwood grove is quite magical.

I am fascinated to learn when Robert shared

These tall, majestic trees grow in a circle, sometimes the circle seems clearly delineated, sometimes the trees come out of one century-old tree which always seem to have a dark brown gnarled base. Redwoods take to the temperate, foggy environment of the San Francisco Bay Area.

Now I see. There is good reason for fog.

Oh boy, did we goof. Driving home up the windy, narrow two-lane road we ran out of gas. Can you believe that? It was late afternoon and a stream of cars were not only behind us but also coming down this treacherous hill. A savior, a man, emerged out of nowhere holding a gallon can of gas.

Robert has returned to New York. Our relationship seems to be blossoming.

I miss him very much. I have learned my lesson with "Lover Plus."

No longer am I willing to be silent about my sentiments.

Robert, I am feeling very lonely without you. I really miss you.

I miss you, also. I will be back in the fall for *L'Elisir* technical rehearsals.

That's a month away.

Seems very long.

My loneliness is offset with my new challenge of diving into the opera business from a management point of view. Periodically a bouquet of fresh flowers, imaginatively arranged, arrives. Robert's generosity makes me very happy.



Mr. Adler has three secretaries. Betty Krouse, a tall, thin woman who has worked in European opera houses. She focuses on contracts and keeping the files in order. That's a huge task. Then there's Marilyn Mercur. Her desk is against the wall, behind which is Riki's office. She's a natural with musical matters as she began her professional life as a singer. And then, there is the third secretary, Mr. Adler's personal secretary. There is no one

in this position at the moment. They come and go, sometimes as quickly as a month. Either Mr. Adler is dissatisfied, or the secretary is. It's my job to find the replacement. Any candidate who responds to my advertisement has to have some interest in opera. That requirement is clearly stated in the ad. I always explore why they want the job. Sometimes it circles around the mystique of the business, or their knowledge and wanting to learn more, or a desire to find a career in opera. Whatever the reason, they usually are keen for the job. I make it very clear to each new candidate You must have excellent skills with dictation. He may give you several letters at once, and there is no way you can remember the contents. And he is very particular about how letters look, as well as their accuracy. He also changes his mind frequently on the content. And he can, at times, be very gruff. It takes great patience to work for him. Do you think you can handle this? Yes, I do. When I sense there is a chance, Mr. Adler will accept a particular candidate, I move to the next step, dictating a letter with lots of opera terminology. I allow one error. If that test is passed, I set a time for the interview. Hey, Riki! I think I have found a perfect secretary. He has been a court reporter and takes dictation on a machine. Does he know anything about opera? A little. Riki smiles What can you lose? Try it. Mr. Adler bought this solution...for a while. I have come to accept that this position will be a revolving door.



The Merola Opera Program, the entry level training program for young opera artists, is in full swing. The voices of these young artists soar up to the fourth floor from the dressing rooms below. They double as coaching rooms. Named for San Francisco Opera's first general director Gaetano Merola, the Merola Opera Program began during the 1954-55 season

and established its full training program in 1957. It's a favorite project of Mr. Adler. He gives much attention to the staffing and programming. Today he is giving a master class. Mr. Adler was chorus master of the opera for many years. He knows the voice, what it can and can't do. James Schwabacher, an accomplished tenor and a member of an old San Francisco family, is the President of the Merola Opera Board. He's in and out of our offices and is becoming a friend. At the end of the summer, the Merola Artists perform at Stern Grove. The opera has a table and we picnic. In the morning during the rehearsal it's cold and foggy. If we are lucky the sun comes out for the performance. While I don't have specific responsibilities with this Program, I am often called on to give a hand with tricky admin issues.

Western Opera Theater is another adjunct company in the San Francisco Opera family. WOT, as it is more often called, was created by Mr. Adler four years ago and has some of the same mandates as the Canadian Opera Touring Company. The difference is the focus of the artists. The COC presents already-established Canadian opera artists; WOT, on the other hand, is composed of young emerging professionals. It also embraces a unique feature, a continued training program.

My Canadian Opera tour experience serves me well. Edward Corn, WOT's manager, and I spend many an hour discussing the challenges of touring. He is a very intense man with ideas that gush out like the Trevi Fountain in Rome.

Ann, we are organizing a two-week tour to Alaska. Robert's designing. Where will the scenery be built?

In Alaska.

Ed, do they have any idea how to build scenery?

They say they do. I guess we'll learn.



Today, Mr. Adler had a visit from Glynn Ross, General Director of the Seattle Opera. Some of my colleagues expressed surprise that Glynn is here.

Why?

Glynn used to live in San Francisco. In the late fifties he was exploring how he might start an opera company here. Mr. Adler did not think much of this and was clear he did not approve.

Well, Glynn now has a very successful opera company in Seattle. This will be interesting!

Immediately following their meeting, Riki and I are called to Mr. Adler's office. By the way, I haven't told you how we are summoned. He has a buzzer on the right side of his desk by his telephone. One buzz means a secretary is being called, two buzzes means Riki and three buzzes means I am summoned. Today both Riki and I meet going down the hall.

Obviously, the meeting with Mr. Ross went well. Mr. Adler is quite excited, sharing the reason for Glynn's visit

Glynn is promoting the formation of an organization of professional opera companies, both established and emerging, throughout Canada and the United States. He is modeling this undertaking after the American Symphony Orchestra League. He feels opera managers could benefit from the opportunity of sharing artistic and management issues with one another. And he feels that professional opera needs a unified voice in Washington DC to speak on behalf of the National Endowment for the Arts which was created a few years ago. Glynn wants to be sure that funding for opera at the Federal level continues to build. He wants me to convince Rudolf Bing at the Metropolitan Opera, Julius Rudel at the New York City Opera and Carol Fox at the Chicago Lyric Opera to become involved.

We ask

Will you take the lead?

Yes

Will that be difficult?

Mr. Adler is shrugging his shoulders.

We'll see.





Riki and I are becoming accustomed to Mr. Adler's work habits. He's a perfectionist, tries to micro-manage every detail of the Company and its affiliates. His process with the telex tells all. This mechanical typewriter communicates typed messages through the telephone. It's a godsend for it's the only quick and financially efficient way of connecting with Europe. The machine sits near Marilyn's desk. Preparation of a telex is time-consuming and generally involves all of us. Riki's and my ability to hone in on the issue and express it concisely and accurately have matured greatly.

Mr. Gorlinsky in London, a major European artist's agent, is often the target for a telex.

Mr. Adler begins the process, dictating the first draft. It comes next to Riki, then to me. We ask ourselves

Is it clear we are only exploring, not confirming, whether a Gorlinsky artist is available to perform during our 1972 season? Now, how can we cut down the number of words to save costs and keep the intent? We know Mr. Adler will probably wait another day before sending it. He is known for his calculated procrastination. And so it goes, each day.

But micro-managing has its downside!

Joe Allen, the Manager of the War Memorial complex, who oversees the operation of the two buildings, the Opera House and the Veterans Building, just called

Ann, a new phone system in the Opera House will be installed shortly. Please call a meeting of the staff. I will have a telephone representative attend to describe the intricacies of this new system. Certainly. I will send out a memo with the date and time.

Herbert Scholder, a long-time employee at the Opera, who knows the most amazing details about operas and singers, just dropped by my office. He is a man of few words

You are brave!!

I looked at him quizzically

Why?

As far as I know Mr. Adler is the only one who sends out memos to the staff.

Hmm, I thought, and let it go.

We met this afternoon in the conference room, twelve of us from backstage and front of house. The specialist from the telephone company had many details to share. Afterwards I went into Mr. Adler's office to report on the meeting. Opening his door, I could hear his feelings loud and clear.

He is not happy. In fact, he has his growl ready.

What's the matter, Mr. Adler?

You called a meeting without my permission. I call meetings.

Mr. Adler, this meeting was about the new telephone system.

I couldn't imagine that you would want to waste your time with those details. I have come to report what I think will be useful to you.

Meetings do not happen without me.

Mr. Adler, if Gordon Hilker, the Artistic Director and Producer of the World Festival at Expo had required that we invite him to every meeting, the Festival would never have been booked, let alone produced.

I don't understand why you are so focused on...

And so it went for a good half-hour.

Mr. Adler has agreed I can call and run meetings.

I have agreed to let him know when I will be doing it.



The production focus for Fall Season is full steam ahead with technical setups and chorus rehearsals. In the summer, each of the eleven operas is assembled on stage and rehearsed technically with lighting cues set. In the evening, the stage director – now it's Paul Hager – stages the chorus into the scenery. Mr. Adler attends most of these rehearsals. He doesn't mince words if the progress is not to his liking. The chorus master, who is standing in for the conductor, receives most of the complaints.

Before Gary left, he gave me a history lesson

Paul and Ghita Hager have been an important part of transforming the

Fall Season from instant opera status with little or no rehearsal to more thoughtful productions including new scenic approaches. Since 1954, now fifteen years ago, the Hagers have directed nearly fifty operas. In the last half of the 1950s, Adler brought in stage designers who gave a contemporary look to stage design. Pierre Cayard, a skilled carpenter from France who became a stagehand when he moved to Montreal, was hired to run the Scenic Shop, responsible for executing these designs. The visual look of productions began improving at a faster pace. Mr. Adler is aware of how important good craftsmanship is, knowing it offers the opportunity for a much better result.

Ghita Hager is now based in San Francisco, working both for Fall Season and Western Opera Theater, as she and Paul have gone their separate ways. However, during the season she is Paul's assistant. Paul, like Mr. Adler, is very autocratic.

My brother Haig is in San Francisco. I have put him into the back of the auditorium for this evening's rehearsal and have just come to join him.

Whispering, he says

Ann, the man with the microphone sitting in the auditorium blasts everyone on stage. He's not very pleasant

His name is Paul Hager, and that's his way of getting what he wants.



I walked into Mr. Adler's office today and announced

I think I am going to resign!

He looked at me astonished

Why?

Everything around here is grey or white. When I get up in the morning, I take the cable car through the grey fog to the War Memorial Opera House which is white. I look out my window or your window at the white Veterans' Building or the white City Hall, and when I leave the Opera House late in the evening, the fog is white mist blowing crazily in the dark blue sky. It is driving me nuts.

Where are you living?

Russian Hill.

You have to move to the Mission District. Most mornings you will wake up in sun. That will break the monotony for you.

Margaret Norton, on the publicity staff, and I are becoming friends. She is driving me about to find a new area in which to live. We are navigating up a hill above Dolores Park, the sunny section of San Francisco, not too far from the Opera House. I ask

Margaret, what happens when it snows in the winter? I can't imagine what it must be like, these hills are so steep!

She's in gales of laughter.

Ann, it doesn't snow in San Francisco.

Oh, I am glad to hear that. I can see myself and cars skidding everywhere.

We find an apartment close by. My brass bed and a few other personal belongings have arrived from Vancouver. Most mornings the sun is shining. What a difference it's making in my life! I don't feel depressed by the fog. San Francisco is beginning to feel like home.



We are two weeks away from the beginning of orchestra rehearsals for Fall Season. Mr. Adler has chosen our concertmaster, Stuart Canin. Both parties seemed happy with this decision. I have learned that Mr. Adler takes his time with important decisions. It can be frustrating to others but...

Gerry Cournoyer has just come into my office

Ann, I have decided to resign as orchestra manager.

That's a big surprise. He is very competent, and Mr. Adler seems to like working with him.

Why, Gerry?

I want more time to play music.

We have little time now to find Gerry's replacement. I wonder if Mr. Adler will move quickly with this decision. Thank heavens, Gerry's resignation happened after the concertmaster decision.

This search process is giving me a collaborative way to begin working with Gerry Spain, the Musician's Union negotiator. By reputation, there is a love/hate relationship between Mr. Adler and Gerry.

The hate side is not apparent at the moment. He asks

Please mention Tom Heimberg to the Boss as a candidate for orchestra manager. He's a violist. Mr. Adler will know him. He plays with both the Opera and the Symphony and has an interest in the position.

Mr. Adler has just spent at least two hours with Tom. Riki and I have learned that when meetings extend long past the time they are scheduled, it means we have hit pay dirt.

Yes, that's true. Tom is aboard as orchestra manager.

With eleven operas this fall, the orchestra schedule is grueling.

All their rehearsals are in the orchestra pit as the scenery is moved in, set up, technically massaged and prepared for rehearsals or performances on the stage. And the musicians work most evenings, except Sunday. We have a matinee on Sunday. Monday is our only dark day, no performance.

Tom's in my office. I love working with him. He looks at the musicians from many points of view. Of course, their skill with their chosen musical instrument is the most important ingredient. But there is also the musician as a person. Tom loves to delve into what is making the musician tick and if there is a challenge, why that might be happening. We talk for many hours about this musician or that one. Ann, we need to discuss the horn player. He's got several complaints. I know Mr. Adler likes this man's artistry.

Tom and I put our heads together. We want solutions for Mr. Adler to consider.

And then there is the constant complaint of space in the orchestra pit.

It is just too small for the Strauss and Wagner operas. Mr. Adler and the conductors want to engage the full complement of musicians called for by the composer's score to achieve the desired artistic goals. Sometimes, that means cramming musicians into tiny spaces, like sardines. No, they don't have oil flowing over them. They have steam, heat, and sweat undulating

around and on them. They are *hot*.

Tom is the musician's barometer in the basement, in and around the pit.

I am Tom's Adler barometer on the fourth floor.

Ann, I have a long list of musical issues to clear with Mr. Adler.

Can you float a couple with him before I sit down with him?

Mr. Adler can be reactive and abrupt, especially with musical matters.

It's easier for Tom to get answers if the gate has been oiled.

Okay, Tom, all is quiet on the western front, Mr. Adler is ready to see you.



Orchestra rehearsals have begun. What a pleasure it is to hear these glorious sounds through the loudspeakers as I plough through the paperwork on my desk. Robert is back from New York for *L'Elisir d'Amore* technical rehearsals, which means Lotfi Mansouri is also in the house.

Robert's and my relationship is continuing to grow. He is much quieter than boisterous me but seems to be happy spending time with me.

Opening Night is very splendid. The lobbies are festive with beautifully dressed ladies in the latest evening gowns from New York, London, Paris and Milan. Robert Watt Miller, Chairman of the Opera Board and a much-respected man in business, is a favorite with the stage crew.

On opening night Mr. Miller has a ritual. Dressed in white tie, tails, cape and top hat he crosses the stage to stage right saying

Good evening, gentlemen.

Good evening, Mr. Miller.

As he reaches the stage manager's desk an electrician, Jack Philpott, is waiting for him. He takes Mr. Miller's cape and top hat and carefully places them on a stool between the stage manager's desk and the light board and says

Good evening, Mr. Miller.

Good evening, Jack.

Mr. Miller continues his saunter, passing by the female star dressing room to the pass door between backstage and front of house.

Mr. Beverly, our friendly guard, dressed in black tie, greets him

Good evening, Mr. Miller.

Mr. Beverly gives Mr. Miller a tiny candy wrapped in cellophane

as he opens the door to the front of house. Mr. Miller exits, turns left and walks up the wide soft grey marble stairs to his Box.

*La Traviata* is the perfect opening night opera. Sung beautifully in Toni Businger's sumptuous settings, in collaboration with the much-respected theatre director from Munich, August Everding, the evening is a big success. Everyone's artistic and celebratory tastes are satisfied tonight. Mr. Miller has just returned for his cape and top hat. He will be back next Tuesday night. All opera openings occur on Patron Night: Tuesdays.



Strauss' *Ariadne Auf Naxos* has opened and has good houses. We are in final preparation for *La Bohème* and our soprano is ill. Dorothy Kirsten, who has sung many seasons with this Company, has arrived to take over. I called Hugh Pickett in Vancouver. I know he and Dorothy are good friends for he presented her several times in Vancouver when she was on the recital circuit.

Hugh, Dorothy Kirsten is singing Mimi, filling in at the last moment.

Ann, get me seats for the first two performances near the orchestra pit.

I will be there.

I know why he wants to be close to the stage.

He will throw bouquets of flowers to her.

He is such a romantic and a showman.

Rodolfo is the new exciting tenor, Luciano Pavarotti.

I met Hugh at the stage door with the flowers. He gave me one bunch for delivery to Dorothy's dressing room. The rest are with him.

I watched from the back of the house at curtain-call time.

Dorothy was pelted with flowers.



I have just been through my first San Francisco earthquake. Most evenings I work in my office during the performances doing paperwork. Tonight, it's another *La Bohème*. I was preparing some statistics for Mr. Adler's much-respected artistic adviser, Otto Guth, when my desk started to shake.

Ann, get in the door jam.

It's John Priest. He was working in his office around the corner from mine. What's going on?

It's an earthquake.

John, the orchestra is continuing, I can hear Pavarotti singing over the loudspeaker.

We peek out of my door jam. Otto and Mr. Adler are in Mr. Adler's door jam. Their big bellies are hitting each other. It's really funny. Well, actually it isn't because this is serious, but it's funny about two tummies hitting. John, I wonder if Betty is okay.

She's the secretary on duty tonight and was sitting at her desk when I passed by the bullpen a few minutes ago.

The opera house has stopped shaking. Betty is under her desk. She's fine. The orchestra is continuing, we can hear Pavarotti singing.

I don't know who suggested it but

Let's look on stage from the catwalk door.

The door to this narrow bridge is just outside Matt Farruggio's office a few steps away. In opening the door, we can look over the railing and see the stage from sixty feet above. We are at the level of the steel pipes holding the hanging scenery.

We made a big mistake with this action. The steep pipes are clashing against one another from the momentum of the earthquake. It's an awful noise and could be quite dangerous if one of those pipes swung our way. Closing the door quickly, can you believe what we did next? We headed for the elevator. Not one of us had a second thought. We are very silent, though.



On stage level we discover the orchestra is still playing and we are nearing the end of the Act.

The curtain has just come down, end of Act 1.

Luciano comes storming off, garbling in Italian.

Mr. Adler is taking him to his dressing room.

The Italian prompter has jumped out of his box at the front of the stage and is talking with great excitement to Riki – all in Italian. I am waiting for a translation. Riki reports

While the building was shaking, Luciano continued singing, edging down-stage towards me. When he had a moment, he asked in a stage whisper What in the (bleep) is going on?

Cauzzi, the usually somewhat excitable prompter, calmly replied

It's an earthquake, shut up and sing!

And sing Pavarotti did.

Our conductor, Anton Coppola, was very wise. He didn't panic.

He sensed it was important to continue so no one would panic.

Nobody did, at least that's what we thought.

I was at a party last night after the opera and the host came up to me Ann, if you promise not to tell anybody I have something you might want to hear.

Okay, I promise.

Come.

We went to his study and he put on his tape recorder.

That's *Bohème*. You are naughty. It's against the rules of the Company to tape a performance.

Wait.

All of a sudden, I hear a roar covering the sound of the music.

It got stronger and stronger like many lions sounding off.

The next thing I hear is a male voice exclaiming

My God it's an earthquake.

Click, the tape recorder turned off.

My host told me that most people in the balcony evacuated.

And most returned after intermission!



Riki's and my schedule during Fall Season, September to early December, is grueling. We work seven days a week from 10 a.m. and seldom leave before 11 p.m. Sundays, we have a bit of a respite, arriving an hour before the matinee curtain at 1:30 p.m. We rotate the responsibility of receiving the 10 a.m. call from the rehearsal department on Sunday, advising us that all the singers scheduled for the matinee are up, healthy, ready to sing that afternoon. Today I am responsible. We have a matinee of *La Bohème*. Susannah Susman from the rehearsal department is on the line.

Ann, all of the singers except Luciano are up and ready to sing.

What's with Luciano?

He says he doesn't feel very well.

Please give me the telephone number of his hotel. I will call to check.

Good morning, Luciano. I understand you are not feeling well. How can I be helpful?

Oh, Ann, I don't feel well. I just don't feel well.

Would you like Dr. Gropper to visit?

Oh, Ann, I don't feel well. I just don't feel well.

I sense the best is to suggest

Luciano, why don't you tuck yourself in bed and rest some. I will be back to you.

Mr. Adler. I have just talked with Luciano. He doesn't feel well and doesn't seem to feel he wants Dr. Gropper.

Ann, meet me at the Opera House in half an hour. Get Richard and Otto and ask them to come also.

We don't have an understudy for Pavarotti. If Pavarotti is really cancelling, Mr. Adler will have to ask one of the tenors in one of the many other operas in rehearsal or already performing with us to stand in for him.

We have a sold-out house! There is much at stake.

Ann, tell me exactly what Luciano said. The four of us are now huddled around Mr. Adler's big desk.

Suzanna called and advised me he wasn't feeling well. I called his hotel and...

I don't think I have mentioned this fact. Most of Mr. Adler's telephone calls are conducted over a speaker phone. Whoever is in the room takes notes recording the proceedings and the information is filed in the individual's file. Riki is poised with paper and pen.

Good morning Luciano.

Oh, Mr. Adler, I don't feel well.

Do you have a sore throat?

No.

Did you eat something yesterday that is making you feel unwell?

No.

Did you not sleep well last night?

Oh, Mr. Adler, I don't feel well.

There is a pause and then Mr. Adler continues

Have you heard from your family in Italy?

Luciano has young children and a wife, about whom he talks a great deal.

Oh Mr. Adler, I am missing my daughter's first birthday party today.

I am so sad.

Now, we know what the problem is.

Mr. Adler is fast to respond

It is too bad you are not coming to the Opera House today.

I have a surprise for you.

Silence, a long silence, a very long silence

What is the surprise?

If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise.

They are bantering back and forth.

Luciano is agreeing to come to the Opera House. He wants his surprise.

Mr. Adler, what's the surprise?

I will go on stage in Act Two, as the waiter bringing the bottle of champagne. Get me a costume.

What a hoot!

We have to let Joe Harris, Luciano's dresser, in on the secret.

Joe, we know he will ask for Mr. Adler as soon as he arrives. Stall Luciano, saying Mr. Adler will be down shortly.

Luciano went onstage for the first Act. But now, in the first intermission, he is plainly not happy. Mr. Adler has told him he has to wait for his surprise.

Act Two is just beginning. Riki and I are standing at the back of the auditorium with all the standees. It's a short act. Here comes Mr. Adler, entering from stage right. He seems quite assured with the tray and champagne.

Oh my God, Luciano, Dorothy and the others are gulping with mirth as they sing. It's a wonderful moment and a lesson for all of us.

Going with your intuition can really save the day.

The rest of the *La Bohème* performances are going as expected.

Placido Domingo will replace Luciano later in the Season when we bring the production back.



Next up is Beethoven's *Fidelio*. The Welsh soprano Gwyneth Jones, a tour de force on the operatic stage, and James King, who made his San Francisco debut with Spring Opera in 1961 and is now a tenor much in demand worldwide, are being staged by Paul Hager into a mysterious Wolfram Skalicki production. Dark is suitable as most of the opera takes place in a prison. The music is glorious.

Robert and Lotfi are bringing light back into the Opera House. *L'Elisir D'Amore* is a silly love story. Robert has designed the most adorable cart for the traveling salesman, Dulcamara. It has a horse sitting on a movable platform, a huge puppet horse with eyelashes that bat. And yes, those eyelashes can be seen from the back of the auditorium. Luciano Pavarotti is the star. The audiences lap it up.



Robert's gone, back to New York. We are becoming quite attached. I am glad when he's here. I hate to say it, but I have become quite needy when he's gone. That's placing a stress on our long-distance relationship. I don't know how to move out of this behavior.



Mr. Adler doesn't always reach out for the superstars to achieve his casting goals. He has a nose for emerging talent, respecting what they can handle without harming their voices. He's also wonderful at evolving a balanced cast, where no one voice is too strong or weak in comparison to others.

*The Magic Flute* is up next, and its large cast is a great example.

Stuart Burrows, Christina Deutekom, Geraint Evans, Margaret Price, Ragnar Ulfung and more under the baton of English conductor Charles Mackerras are charming our audience in a new production directed by Paul Hager and designed by Toni Businger.

*The Magic Flute* will tour to the outdoor arena at the University of California in Berkeley. No, most of the scenery is staying at the opera house. The artists don't need it. Their brilliance as an ensemble will wow.



Riki's mother and my sister Katherine are here for a week. My parents have given her the go-ahead to miss a week of first-year classes at University. (They are much less rigid with their discipline than they were with Haig and me.) Riki's mother reminds me of Bizzy. She's rich in passion and in her interest of others. She's rich in how she expresses herself, she's rich and exotic in how she dresses. She's rich in how she speaks English with a Polish accent. She's rich in her stories about her life and her great love, Artur Rodzinski. Katherine calls her Mama Rodzinski or Mama R. In fact, Katherine and Mama R are poring over Mama R's manuscript about her life with her fascinating husband. Maestro Rodzinski has been gone more than fifteen years.

English is Mama's second language. Katherine excels at English grammar. Each afternoon they meet in Riki's apartment overlooking beautiful San Francisco Bay to Angel Island. Not much time is given to the view for they are delving into Mama's life with the Maestro, page by page.

An amazing friendship is developing between those two.

Evenings these new friends join us at a rehearsal or a performance.

Katherine makes friends very easily. She and Mr. Adler have hit it off. He invites her to sit in meetings with us in the morning.



A scheduling issue is affecting IATSE. Eddie Powell, the IATSE business agent, is asking for concessions. The stagehands are working eighteen hours a day and Mr. Adler is holding firm to what he feels he needs. At the moment the discussions are by phone, speakerphone.

I am taking notes.

Today their exchange moved to a new level, frustration and angry words. Those two really do go at it. Not many notes to take.

I just finished my customary walk-through in the basement, the hour before curtain. All is quiet on that front. I am standing now off stage left talking with Ivan, our head prop man. Eddie Powell has just come by.

He's not here often in the evenings, but he's here tonight. I guess, Eddie's hoping the issue will get resolved. Hmmmm.

Well, he and Mr. Adler are bound to meet. Mr. Adler has to cross the stage to say good evening to our glamorous star just before the performance. I will keep an eye on this.

Standoff. They are circling each other, like cats. Tonight is not the face-off. And there never was one. All is sweet roses once again. How that happened, I don't know.



The energy in the opera house is heavy, not because there is any particular problem, but rather it's the art we are rehearsing, Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*. Mr. Adler is planning a complete Ring Cycle three years from now. Each year we are introducing one of the famous quartet. This is my first experience with *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. *Götterdämmerung* is an opera about power, having it and not having it. It's about love, yearning for it and losing it. It's about death and resurrection.

*Götterdämmerung* is sold out, four performances. Jess Thomas, whom I first heard when I was a standee in 1960 at the Vienna State Opera during my

youth hosteling days in Europe, is one of our stars. I am a standee again, this time behind the three lines of standees in the War Memorial Opera House. This sensual experience is too wonderful to miss. My evening catchup work is on hold.



We have just finished a run of *Aida* performances. Jon Vickers gloriously singing Radames. Backstage walls are not so glorious; they are a mess. The Makeup Department used Dallas dirt to cover the singers and extras playing Ethiopians. Our Ethiopians looked legit, but the walls and floors, even the elevators backstage, have become mottled brown. Dirt is everywhere! Can you believe we are just about to tour *Aida* to Sacramento?

Meantime, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, who has produced stage designs for the company since 1958, is taking on an additional role. He will both design and direct *La Cenerentola* with Teresa Berganza as Cinderella. They have a three-week rehearsal period before moving on stage. That's long for opera, but more and more we are seeing stage directors requesting more time to rehearse their casts.

Jean-Pierre is an intense, quiet man with a mop of curly hair. He and I have become good friends for quite an unusual reason. During the technical period last summer, he came into my office Ann, would you do me a favor? I am very lonely for my wife. The only time I can reach her in Europe is eleven in the morning San Francisco time. Would you let me use your office? Of course, Jean-Pierre. I've no problem with that. I know this feeling.

The audience has gone wild for *La Cenerentola*. It is delicate, amusing, heart-rending and divinely sung. A very special evening in the theatre.



Max Azinoff, our Controller, Evelyn Crockett, Executive Assistant in the financial office, and I are beginning preparations for the negotiations next

year with the IATSE stagehands and the Musicians Union.

Evelyn is a long-term employee, about as long as Mr. Adler – over twenty years. She's a quiet, lovely lady and very good at recordkeeping. Can you believe she has participated in every union negotiation since she joined the Company? Not only we, but also the unions, rely on her history of facts, including an outline of how the financial numbers have changed over these many years. This historical information gives us a basis to start developing our initial proposals.

Max is a character. Even though he has no interest in opera as an art form, he commands respect. He came to the Opera in 1963, almost as a lark. He had been chief accountant for a large hardware company, Fuller Brush, which was bought out by a conglomerate.

Its headquarters moved elsewhere. Max retired.

He's a member of the venerable Bohemian Club, a prestigious men's club in San Francisco. Over lunch Mr. Miller, our chairman, asked Max if he would consider the Controller position at the Opera.

Max looked at me with an impish smile as he was describing this story. Ann, I thought that idea was the most ridiculous idea I had ever heard. I decided the suggestion was so outrageous I called Mr. Adler and set an appointment. Little did I know what I was getting into!

Now, you need to know that Max is a rough-cut diamond.

He calls a spade a spade. His story continued

I come from an industry that knows nothing about the opera or music business. On the day of my meeting with Mr. Adler, I arrived a few minutes early. An hour later I am still sitting there. An hour later, then another hour later, I am still sitting there. As the third hour was coming to a close, I said to hell with it and left.

Yes, Mr. Adler is notorious for keeping people waiting.

He pulled it on Max.

Mr. Adler called me a day later and apologized. He talked me into coming back in for our meeting. We met promptly. And I am still here.

I like the man.



Mr. Adler listens to Max. Max knows how to get a message across in very difficult circumstances and he does it often with a great sense of humor. It is clear both Max and Mr. Adler have respect for each other. Max also helps Mr. Adler out with the Board. Mr. Adler is the instigator of projects that need funding. We have no one on staff fundraising other than the delightful Peggy Dunlap, who oversees the donor income.



Today our rough-cut diamond with a heart of gold is sitting in my office, waiting.

No, he's not waiting for me. He meets non-American artists at my office and whisks them off for a lunch engagement. Max is a messenger, but his is a message artists aren't really anxious to hear. It's about how much of their fee will be withdrawn from their final check, for tax reasons. Max sweetens the blow by hosting them at lunch.

Max, who is it today?

Luciano Pavarotti.

That will be fun.

No, not because he isn't good company. He is. But he eats two entrées and two desserts. I feel I need to do the same.

Oh, come on Max, can't you just watch the encore?

Max is solid but not heavy. I find it amusing that his tough veneer can be crushed by food. We are laughing over this one.



Fall Season is nearly over. Two productions to go, both being directed by Paul Hager. I have to admire this man's stamina.

Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande*, is up next. I have just had an *ah-ha!*

Mr. Adler, for the most part, hires conductors from the country where the opera originated. German operas have German conductors, Italian operas have Italian conductors and French operas have French conductors. Jean Perrison, the French conductor, is in the pit and we are in a piano dress rehearsal.

Mr. Adler is amusing us, though he's not amused. Perrison's conducting

style is a fluid one. Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande* is fluid, dream-like. The two fit perfectly together to my ear. I guess Mr. Adler agrees or Perrison wouldn't be on the podium year after year, but Adler is frustrated. He's out of his seat, leaving his secretary and the light desk with George, Paul, JP and others, to pace the central aisle  
Ach! He's stirring soup. Ach!  
I watch. Mr. Adler is right. The conducting style is much like stirring soup, the arms go around and around. It's hard to know what is a downbeat and what isn't. Maybe there really isn't one!  
Flow is the name of the game.



Home stretch, our last opera, the Czech composer, Janáček's, *Jenůfa*. It's a new production. The noted European, Leni Bauer-Ecsy, has designed a long rectangular house that seems to go up to the back stage wall, it is so long. Quite desolate!  
Our conductor, Bohumil Gregor, is a fiery one. His temperament matches the music, bordering on violent. We have an amazing cast: Irene Dallis, Ragnar Ulfung and Felicia Weathers.



John Priest and the stage crew are making sure we celebrate our accomplishments this fall by hosting a crab feast at lunchtime on stage. Crab season has just opened in San Francisco. The Props Department is setting up tables, mostly platform unit tops plunked down on saw horses and then covered with newspaper. Now, there are mounds of crab everywhere; you have never seen so many crabs.  
Wine bottles and plastic cups are readied.  
Mr. Adler and Nancy have joined us. So, has Eddie Powell.  
The toasts are underway. And the stories go on.  
Remember the rehearsal when...  
Mr. Adler loves this event. He loves his extended family. He's not given to speech-making much, he's more of a one liner, but today he's digging in and giving us a chuckle.

The crab feast is a wonderful end to an amazingly complex and successful fall season.



1970 is here and so are the meetings to redefine Spring Opera, which means Robert is here. Many a late afternoon and on into the early evening in Mr. Adler's office, we are hammering out details. In fact, last night all of us were at the Adler's home on Buena Vista hill. It's very windy up there, one almost gets blown over walking from the car to house. Inside our energy is hot with creativity as Nancy takes a large pizza out of the oven for us to munch on.

Well, we've made it. Spring Opera has a new name: Spring Opera Theater. The dates of the Season are advanced to late March/April of 1971, a year hence. All performances will be in English and take place at the Curran Theatre, a Broadway-style theatre. The focus is opera as music theatre. Robert as Artistic Advisor has suggested that the orchestra be placed at the back of the stage. The lights for orchestra would be masked by a product called Hexel, which has cells of honeycomb design allowing the sound through. The singers will follow the conductor via closed circuit television sets that will be hung from the balconies and placed in the wings, backstage. The stage will be extended over the orchestra pit to bring the performers in closer connection with the audience. This will give stage directors and designers new challenges for presentation of opera. The repertoire for the first season is set: Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito*, Verdi's *Rigoletto*, Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and a contemporary opera, yet to be determined. William Francisco has been engaged as stage director for *La Clemenza di Tito* and Richard Pearlman for *Don Pasquale*. Robert is hired to design the new stage look and will design all three operas. We are embarking on a whole new adventure. Bill Godward and his fellow board members, Otto Meyer, Jimmie Schwabacher, Peter Cahill, Mrs. Ferguson, William Kent, Peter Zuber and more are off raising the funding to make it happen. They, too, are energized.

This reinvention of Spring Opera Theater (SPOT) has been invigorating. Mr. Adler seems comfortable with new ideas until he isn't, and then he shuts the door on further discussion until...

His young staff – most of us are in our late twenties/early thirties – are energetic, talented and opinionated, not at all afraid of speaking our minds. And yes, we get it when we need to stop pushing. It's all a fascinating game.



Mr. Adler and Nancy have gone to Europe for a month to uncover artists and new directing and design talents for Fall Opera. The San Francisco Symphony has taken over the War Memorial Opera House stage.

Most of our musicians are members of the Symphony. I am very happy with classical music wafting through the speakers into our offices. Max, Evelyn and I have started the union negotiations with representatives of both the stagehands and the Musician's Union. Gerry Spain, negotiator for the musicians, and I are becoming good colleagues.

Today we are waiting for others to arrive  
Ann, I am taking a law degree at Hastings.

Are you planning to become a lawyer?

Good heavens, no.

You should. You think like a lawyer. You are very methodical, clear and not afraid of a battle. Come, join me. I take the classes in the evenings.

Thanks, but no.

I didn't say this to him, but there's no way I could become a lawyer if I wanted to. Reading is not my bag. I know how much reading my father, grandfather and now brother have to do to be successful. I'll stick with opera, thanks.



Several of our staff are studying German with Nora Norden, the singers' German coach. Maybe I would have more luck learning German.

Maybe it is only French that my head can't compute.

I went to three classes and that was it.

The grammar, oh my God, the grammar.

Nora told us tonight that the verb goes at the end of the sentence.

That's the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. My head can't make that kind of switch. It just won't.

Ms. Norden, I am sorry, but I know German is not for me.



My personal life is changing. Robert has asked me to marry him. I had no idea he was thinking about that. I just kept wondering when I might see him next. He comes and goes, comes and goes. On his last visit he took me to a popular German restaurant nestled on the side of Telegraph Hill.

At one point, Robert left the table. The wildest thing happened.

I felt my grandfather Farris, the Senator, come to me, saying  
Hello, Ann.

He all but gave me a hug but couldn't because he wasn't there really, yet he was. And then he floated away.

Robert returned, and his first words were

Would you like to marry me?

I was astounded.

Yes, I said and told him of Grandpoo's strange visit to me.

It was like Grandpoo knew this invitation was coming and supporting it.

I am very happy. I love being with Robert. My heart feels open and fulfilled when he is in my space. I think he cares for me. He is quiet in temperament, a complement to me. A very well-read man, one who bubbles with ideas and we both are passionate about opera. He's a thoughtful man and ambitious. I am happy we will be creating a life together.

Another weird thing happened that evening.

The next morning my father called, sharing

Ann, Dad died last evening.

Oh, good heavens. When?

Around 8:30 p.m. or so.

I didn't tell my father, but he died just around the time he visited me in the restaurant.

Robert is working on a new production of *Madama Butterfly* for the Vancouver Opera. Irving Gutman is directing. They are in the discussion period and Robert and I are in Vancouver. Also on his agenda is asking my father for my hand in marriage. He's really nervous. Mum and I are in her bathroom applying makeup when we hear him talking to Daddy as they walk up the stairs. Strange place for the question! Mum excitedly comments Ann, I think I just heard Robert talk marriage with your father? Is that true? Yes. Oh, I am so happy for you. He's a lovely man.

Yes, my parents are delighted for us and bought into our idea of the wedding taking place in my family's beautiful garden. Well, it's actually



MUM'S GARDEN

Mum along with Pat, our gardener who comes on Sundays, who make it beautiful. We are keeping our fingers crossed that it doesn't rain during the third week of August. It's Vancouver, you know.

At the airport, Robert drew a sketch of my wedding dress while we waited for his New York flight. It has an under-dress in a soft, soft peach and an over-apron of white lace.

Robert, it's beautiful, I love it.

He's gone now, back to New York, preparing the final touches on *Anna Bolena* for Santa Fe.



Mr. Adler is back from the Merola auditions and complaining about how poorly dressed the auditionees were

I want someone on the Merola staff this summer who will help young artists with stage deportment and dressing.

Mr. Adler, I have a suggestion: Maureen Heneghan.

Mr. Adler has her on the speakerphone. He likes what he hears.

It's her very proper English accent that's impressive.

Maureen is here for the summer and staying with me.

Nice to have company with Robert away for two months.



## [ SUMMER 1970 ]

After several reminder calls from Glynn Ross, Mr. Adler is setting a meeting with the big three: Carol Fox, Julius Rudel and Mr. Bing. It will take place in neutral territory, the New York Philharmonic Board Room.

Now, Mr. A (Robert came up with this name; none of the new staff like the name Boss) is making the calls. First to Mr. Bing.

Riki and I are poised with pen and paper in hand.

Rudy, Kurt Adler.

I am coming to New York and would like you to join me, Julius Rudel and Carol Fox at a meeting at the New York Philharmonic to talk

about developing a national organization to serve opera managers' collective issues.

Why is that necessary?

With the creation of the National Endowment for the Arts, funding for opera is now becoming possible. Opera needs an organization whose managers come from across the nation and can speak to their Congressional representatives about the importance of the arts and opera and encourage funding...

They had quite a conversation. Mr. Bing is hesitant but says he will come.

Mr. Adler just returned from a week in New York. Carol Fox and Julius Rudel showed. Mr. Bing sent Robert Herman, his Assistant Manager. Mr. Adler asked Glynn Ross to be present. He brought Robert Collinge, Manager of the Baltimore Opera.

Mr. Adler reported

Bob Herman says the Met has a concern. They feel this new organization will be in competition to Central Opera Service, a program of the Metropolitan Opera Guild staffed by Maria Rich.

I have met Maria. Her husband is a Metropolitan Opera conductor. He was in Vancouver for the Vancouver International Festival conducting the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which Mr. Torel directed. Maria came for the performance week. She is much respected for the archival information she keeps on opera activity throughout North America, and to a lesser extent, Europe.

Mr. Adler assured Bob that this new organization would provide different services, one focused on professional opera managers' issues, both artistic and administrative.

Mr. Adler reports

There is an agreement to support the concept. OPERA America is to become a reality.



I've been in Vancouver for the weekend making wedding arrangements with my parents. Top on our list is a minister to officiate. My first choice,



Tommy Anthony, is not available. We invite Reverend Larmouth to tea on Sunday. It's a lovely day and we are sitting on the upper patio overlooking Mum's late spring garden. The flowers for the summer have been planted and are beginning to show their color. Tea has just been served.

Daddy opens our discussion

Reverend Larmouth, this August, Ann is going to be married and we would like you to officiate. The wedding will be in our garden.

The Reverend just stopped Daddy

That is not possible. Ann cannot be married anywhere but in a church, otherwise she and her husband to be will not be married.

All three of us sat up as my father explored a little more.

It's clear the Reverend will not budge.

I can't believe it, but my father just ushered Dr. Larmouth out the front door. He hadn't even taken a sip of tea!

Thank you, Dr. Larmouth, for coming.

Next day at lunch my father presented this dilemma to his buddies at the Vancouver Club. One of them, Larry Dampier, suggested looking for a minister who will marry divorced individuals. My parents pursued and reported to me in San Francisco

Ann, we have met a minister who officiates at the church where we were married. He has no problem with a wedding in a garden.

I just learned that Mum is delivering all our wedding invitations by hand.

The Canadian Postal Workers are on strike. She had to drive to Blaine, Washington to mail the American invitations. Oh goodness!

Another fortuitous event has happened. Robert has just called Ann, I have been offered a year of teaching at Stanford. The costume professor, a friend from Yale, is going on sabbatical.

Oh, Robert. That's perfect. You will be here during the preparatory months for our new Spring Opera Theater and we will have eight months of living together.

You know, while Robert was away, I met a psychiatrist at an opera event. I liked him and made an appointment. I wanted to talk about my loneliness issue.

Ann, you need to decide if you can handle the lifestyle that Robert is offering you. From what you describe, he will be away a good portion of the year. Are you willing to accept this?

I love Robert. I will just have to try.

I just received a wonderful book from Robert. It's a book he drew along with pictures of Kauai, the island we have chosen for our honeymoon. My loneliness has gone.

I just reported to Robert: I have found a perfect place for us to live. It's the lower flat of a 1910 two-story home on 21st Street, the sunny section of San Francisco. There's lots of space. What about studio space?

Yes, there's a large room for your studio.

Here's what I think you will like the best. It has an undeveloped garden with a view that looks over San Francisco and to the East Bay Hills. Robert has given his approval. I have signed on the dotted line.

Robert and I are married. The week before was one of celebration and preparation. My parents had a lovely cocktail party for us in their garden, so their friends had an opportunity to meet Robert. And one day they hired a large yacht, the *Kitten F*. We cruised with friends by Gambier Island, swimming off log booms.

There was one moment of anxiousness. Not for Robert or me, but Mum. Katherine arrived home from Europe two days before the wedding. She had just completed her responsibilities as a tour leader, her summer job during University.

I picked her up at the airport. It's clear she is claiming her independence and has adopted a hippie dress mode: long curly hair and a tie-dyed long dress in mauves and peach. And she's stumbling along on crutches. She had fallen and hurt her foot.

Mum was appalled when we walked in the door.



ROBERT AND ANN; ROBERT AND ANN WITH NANCY AND KH ADLER  
JOHN CONKLIN, KATHERINE FARRIS AT WEDDING REHEARSAL

Of course, it all worked out.

It was a beautiful wedding, the weather cooperated, and Mum's garden never looked more beautiful. A bank of blue, purple and pink hydrangeas backing the lower patio was our background for the service. Robert and John Conklin, Robert's best man, delineated a sacred space, an altar made from white ribbons on stakes in front of that mass of gentle color.

Two musicians, guitar and flute, played throughout the service.

Robert's parents and his sister Dorothy, Riki, Mr. Adler and Nancy, Maureen, Ghita Hager and others came from California to join my Vancouver friends and family. Yes, my cousin's children came in their pretty party outfits. I loved the energy they brought with them. They reminded me of Thursdays at Nana's when we were their age. And a half-hour before the wedding, Nursie Leith arrived to wish me well.

I had no idea she was still alive. All dressed up with her signature, lots of rouge on her checks. We had a precious moment. I loved her so much growing up. It was a treat to be with her on this special day.

Robert surprised me with our wedding rings. They were made by a goldsmith in Santa Fe and contained both a smooth part and a rough part, alternating around the ring. Quite beautiful.

Uncle John, my godfather, came from New York. He read the telegrams after my father delivered a beautiful speech to the bride, me.

When Robert and I returned to San Francisco after our honeymoon in Hawaii, my parents and I were chatting on the phone. Daddy told me that Mr. Adler came up to him after his speech and said

If I ever should marry again, I will ask you to give the toast to the bride.



Now, we are back, and Fall Season is two weeks away from opening.

Max, Evelyn and I spent most of the summer negotiating with the Musicians Union and IATSE. Mr. Adler is now involved.

There are a few issues where he is holding firm

I cannot agree to the musicians leaving the orchestra pit at the end of the opera before the conductor takes his curtain bow. It is not only

a discourtesy to the performers, conductor and audience but also, I want the musicians to be present to receive their accolades as the conductor receives his. I am paying for the time they are in the pit, performing or not. This issue seems to be a sticking issue, or perhaps Gerry's ploy to get the Opera to agree to their money package. We'll see.

Bill Diedrich from Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro, a prestigious law firm, has joined us. A complex man with a huge heart and an ability to storm a meeting like I have never seen, has taken over the negotiations.

Gerry Spain is loving it. Only problem is we are against a deadline. It's now two days before opening night. The contract expires today.

It never rains but it pours. Regine Crespin, our opening night Tosca, is ill. Dorothy Kirsten to the rescue! Lotfi has spent five hours today getting her into the staging. He just came into my office

Ann, Dorothy is such a pro. She has it down pat. You watch tonight.

It will all happen as intended.

Yea, we are opening. The musicians settled and we are producing eleven operas in three months. The music is divine. The schedule, as always, is crazy.

And I feel safe. Not just in my work, for I always seem to feel safe there.

But personally. I am married to a kind man whose interests are mine.

I don't have to worry about dating. That is behind me.

Mr. Adler's uncanny ability to unearth and engage talent before they are singing in other major opera houses continues. Yes, we also are having our challenges. Jon Vickers was scheduled to sing his first Tristan with Birgitte Nilsson as Isolde. Well, he's just cancelled, a week before opening, stating he doesn't feel ready to sing the role.

Wolfgang Windgassen, a much-respected Wagnerian artist, has just flown in from Germany.

That drama has gone, now it's about artistry. Miss Nilsson and Mr. Windgassen have sung these roles together many times. You can't believe how beautiful each performance is. Our sold-out audience is glued to their seats, enraptured. Standing room is four rows deep.

Riki and I backup those standees. We, too, are taken in with the beauty of this experience.

*Salome* is in rehearsal. There is much excitement and sadness around this production, even though this version premiered here two years ago. It was created for Anja Silja by Wieland Wagner who died unexpectedly before it could be realized in San Francisco. Robert had spent a summer at Beyreuth several years ago, in the master class program overseen by Friedelinde Wagner, his sister. With this experience Mr. Adler asked Robert to supervise the design elements of the *Salome* production in San Francisco. Everything is being done to make it easy for Anja. Well, not everything, and I am the bearer of the news that annoys her. Anja, the City Manager who oversees the Opera House does not allow any parking in the Courtyard by the stage door. I fear if you leave your rental car there, it will be towed. Anja paid no attention to my warning. And guess what, the gods were with us. It wasn't towed.

Anja's *Salome* performance matched all that we had heard and read about. The critic Harold Rosenthal says it best: "Her voice is not beautiful by any stretch of the imagination, but it is clearly projected, and every phrase carries its overtones—psychological not musical—which suggest the child-like degenerate, over-sexed princess in all too clear a manner. Her nervous, almost thin body is never still; she rolls on her stomach and on her back; she crawls, she slithers, she leaps, she kneels. There is no denying that this is one of the great performances of our time."

We are in November and a second set of dress rehearsals for *Tosca*. James Levine is conducting, Placido Domingo singing. Mr. Adler just announced to us sitting around the light table in the dark auditorium. These are two talents!



With the season done, Mr. Adler and Nancy are in Palm Springs for a week of rest. I am taking a day off playing homemaker, painting our living room soft peach. It's exciting to be creating a home. Next purchase will be a sofa bed. Katherine is coming for two weeks at Christmas. We are thrilled. Robert's garden is beginning to bloom. The temperate climate makes it possible to grow flowers year-round. The dirt is now a lawn and we have fresh lettuce. He even has planted artichokes. Fuchsias adorn the side of the house. Each bobbly flower in different colors of mauve, purple, pink, peach and white seem to have a different story to tell. Robert, I am going to create a story using the fuchsias as my characters. Will you illustrate?

Sure.

I wonder if we will ever have any time to make this happen.

Our Christmas tree with its white lights and many-colored baubles sits in the corner by the floor-to-ceiling window looking out on Robert's garden. I am making chestnut stuffing for our turkey. My fingers are getting bloodied. The brittle skins are so hard to remove! Next time, I won't be so authentic!

Ann, it's time to go to Grace Cathedral for Christmas Eve service. Wait, I need to put Band-Aids on!

It's a foggy night, very mysterious, as we walk up the steady grade of stairs leading to the large imposing east doors of Grace Cathedral. They are replicas of the famed Doors of Paradise from the Baptistry in front of the Duomo in Florence.

Robert, Katherine, look. There's a live nativity scene. Look at their beautiful costumes for Joseph, Mary, the Wise Men. They even have a real baby, baby Jesus.

Ann, we need to go. The service is just beginning.

Okay, okay.

As we enter the large Gothic cathedral, it's jammed. We squeeze into three seats in the last row.

The nativity scene has moved in. They are sitting down on the floor of the wide central aisle near us.

Katherine is giggling

Look, the ushers in their black suits are trying to get them to move.  
There are two shows going on, one at the altar and the other  
at the back of church.  
It's quite beautiful, in fact!



1971 has arrived. All our organizational efforts are focused on Spring Opera Theater. Rehearsals begin in the middle of February with openings in mid-March. Bill Godward and the SPOT board have done a great job raising the funds necessary to make this all happen. Mr. Adler decided to invite Center Opera, a new opera company based at Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, to present a collage piece as our contemporary opera in SPOT: *Faust Counter Faust* by John Gessner and Wesley Balk. John Ludwig is the company's manager. John and Wesley were both at Yale at the same time as Robert and me.



Today is a sad one for San Francisco Opera. Robert Watt Miller, Chairman of the San Francisco Opera, passed away last night. Mr. Adler is deeply affected by his death. Mr. Miller admired Mr. Adler and knew how to handle him. They had great respect for one another over these last twenty-five years.

Mr. Adler is assembling a memorial service and has invited Leontyne Price to sing. That's an honor she is happy to fulfill. Mr. Adler and the San Francisco Opera with Robert Watt Miller, President, were the first to present her in an opera house in the United States. In 1957, a black artist was not a common occurrence on the opera stage. A few weeks later that season, Ms. Price sang her first *Aida*, stepping in for an ailing Italian artist. Life in the Opera House is very somber these days.



Mr. Adler has just come in from lunch. Both Riki and I have been summoned by our buzzers. Mr. Adler is exercised  
David Gockley is in town. He did not call to advise me he was coming.



Riki and I look at Mr. Adler in amazement. Neither Richard nor I have met David Gockley but know that he is a young adventurous opera producer who has recently taken over as Manager of the Houston Grand Opera in Texas.

Mr. Adler, how do you know he's here?

I saw him on Van Ness and McAllister as I was driving back from lunch. It is very rude of him not to be in touch.

Riki and I have learned that when Mr. Adler becomes growly, it can be that his supremacy is being challenged. This is the current situation.

Best to divert!

Mr. Adler, I have had a call from Harry Polland and it needs your attention.

Riki and I sit down to begin working with him.

The secretary is calling through on the speakerphone

Mr. Adler, David Gockley is on the line.

Drama over.



Robert is doing some supernumerary research for Richard Perlman, director of *Don Pasquale* in SPOT. He needs supers who aren't afraid of acting. They will make an entrance through a trunk placed over a trap in the stage floor during the overture.

Ann, do you remember the nativity group at the Cathedral?

They call themselves the Cockettes, a hippie group of gays and others who love to explore the extreme in costume. They will be our supers.

The Curran Theatre has a very different look. The stage is extended out over the orchestra pit, the closed-circuit TV monitors are installed all over the theatre, both backstage and front of house. Dennis Russell Davies, one of our conductors, is testing out how he is going to communicate with the artists now that the musicians are placed behind a scrim upstage. There is much tension, for this setup is presenting a new performance discipline for the artists and crew. We have many rehearsals scheduled on the stage to ensure everyone gets comfortable in this new environment. Elisa Ronstadt, my former Yale roommate, is stage managing *Rigoletto*.

Ann, you missed a good moment today. The stress hit the stagehands. They got into a water fight, taking the fire hoses off the backstage wall. You know, I didn't even try to stop it. It broke the tension.

It's Sunday and I am just returning to the Curran from shopping down the street. For some reason, the front door of the theatre is open. Better see what is up. What's that smell? I know, marijuana.

Robert, there's a heavy smell of marijuana.

Are the Cockettes in the theatre?

Yes.

Can you please check?

I closed the front door of the Curran Theatre as he disappeared backstage and into the basement where the Cockettes are awaiting their opportunity to enter as Brunnhilde or Dr. Faust, etc. through the trap door and trunk. Our dress rehearsal of *Don Pasquale* begins in a half hour.

He's back.

Yes, they were. It's handled.

Thank heavens! Mr. Adler is due to arrive shortly.

Isn't it interesting that no one in the theatre smelled it? Or maybe they did and thought it amusing. I have opened all the front doors!

Robert and Bill Francisco have had a wonderful time developing the *La Clemenza di Tito* production. Frederica Von Stade, the beautiful, lithe artist with a gentle soaring voice, is our star. She's a great hit.

The new staging approach is working for the performers, audience and the critics. Spring Opera Theater is on its way. It is very gratifying to have been a part of making this happen.



During this very busy time, Mr. Adler's birthday came. Margaret and Peter Botto, our Box Office Manager, had decided to give him a piglet, Persephone. The reason Riki recently (2018) shared: It seems that Mr. Adler, in discussions with Riki and others – not me – would talk to a mythical pig named Persephone when an answer to a question couldn't



KURT HERBERT ADLER AND PERSEPHONE [PHOTO BY MARGARET NORTON]

be reached. Mr. Adler, turning to his left, would say to the open space, Persephone, what do you think about this...? And then their conversation would continue.

Obviously, both Margaret and Peter had been in a meeting with Mr. Adler when he used Persephone as a way to illuminate some dilemma. They thought it was very amusing and decided to celebrate it. They went to a pig farm and purchase a piglet. When we all gathered in the conference room adjacent to Mr. Adler's office for his birthday celebration, hidden under a cloth was a cage with a piglet. Well, you can imagine the hilarity in the room when the gift was given. The Adlers loved it.

That night we had a performance at the Curran and, of course, we all were there. When Robert and I got home around midnight, the phone was ringing. It was Mr. Adler  
Where is Persephone?

What do you mean?

Persephone is not in the conference room.

I don't know but I will try to find out.

I knew the name of the bar that Peter might have gone to and called.

Sure enough, he was there.

I asked

Do you have any idea where Persephone might be?

Yes, I took him back to the farm. I didn't think it was a good idea to let him be in the conference room all night.

Oh, thanks.

I called the Adlers back and reported.

The next afternoon, they headed for a visit to the farm.



Next up is *Rigoletto*. I am sitting at the back of the auditorium not far from Rose Goldstein as the dress rehearsal begins.

The orchestra is in full blasting form; so is Mr. Adler. He is very agitated.

He's pacing the aisles. Nope, he's heading for me. He's yelling

Who told me to hire these artists?

Stunned by this question, I had to raise my voice for my response to be heard over the orchestra

No one, Mr. Adler, you made that decision!

He has a look of fury.

No one speaks to me like that.

I don't even think twice but blurt out

Oh, yes, they do, I do.

There he goes, storming down the aisle.

A colleague across the aisle asks

Want to go for a drink?

Yup.

We are driving home and I need to share a painful decision

Robert, let me tell you what happened during the dress rehearsal...

That's intense.

The time has come for me to resign from the Opera. As much as

I love the work, I don't love the Adler behavior. Even though I know

he is yelling at himself, this is unacceptable. He isn't going to change.

It's his nature.

Do what you have to do, I have two more shows to get open.

I need to keep focused.

I will tell him in the morning.

Mr. Adler, I have made a decision.

And what may that be?

I am leaving the Opera.

You can't do that, you are the only one around here who will yell at me.

That is exactly why I am leaving.



Ruth Felt, who has been on staff at the UCLA Center for the Performing Arts for several years, is now engaged to take my position. I have spent the last month training her. She will do a wonderful job. She has a quiet personality, and is very smart. I think she will be a good collaborator with Mr. Adler.

I feel relief and regret. I love working at the opera, I love the work I was engaged to perform, I love being around music, I love the friends I have made. I love learning and collaborating with Mr. Adler. He has been an important teacher, offering me the opportunity to grow, including how to stand up to him. Now, it's time for me to be away from the tension that he naturally creates. I hear his feelings before his words. The combination of the two has become tiring on a day-to-day basis. Strange though, I sense Mr. Adler, Nancy and I will remain good friends.



KATHERINE FARRIS, ROBERT DARLING, ANN FARRIS DARLING  
EACH ONE WEARING A SCARF REPRESENTING ONE OF THE WARDS IN SIENA

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# ON THE ROAD



[ CHICAGO 1972 ]

**R**OBERT AND I ARE JOURNEYING TOGETHER. He's busy designing and installing the scenery for productions in different parts of the country. Chicago is our first stop where he and stage director Lotfi Mansouri are re-mounting Verdi's *Don Carlos*, a production that opened in Santa Fe last summer.

Initially, I thought it would be fun to delve into a project "on the road." The one I chose, expanding the existing international dictionary of theatrical terms, became too overwhelming. A portable typewriter doesn't cut it with the logistical complications. There is much too much information. This project needs an office or home with proper technical support.

So, I am a tourist in Chicago. Michigan Avenue, this broad "Magnificent Mile," a more elegant version of New York's Madison Avenue, is window-shopping heaven. A tiny linen store filled with Italian hand-stitched white embroidered towels, packaged sheets, puffy comforters, dainty pillow

slips is my favorite. And museums! Oh, my goodness! This city has spectacular museums. I find myself being drawn back day after day to the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist exhibits at the Art Institute of Chicago. They have their own hall, which is dimly lit except for the art. I can't help wallowing in the vivid colors of these paintings. In Van Gogh's *The Bedroom*, I am in that room; I can feel myself wandering, well maybe not wandering, it's too tiny, but living in that sparsely furnished colorful room.

We are living in an apartment hotel just off Michigan Avenue, close to downtown which includes an amazing grocery store. Each day I drop by to pick fresh fish or meat or vegetables to cook for dinner that night. It is fun just being a wife.

I am not divorced from opera. Robert's rehearsals keep me filled with the glorious voices of Fiorenza Cossotto, the Italian mezzo who is currently storming the operatic world with her powerful voice, not to mention Pilar Lorengar, the Spanish soprano whose broad range of voice has no restrictions, and yes, the amazing Bulgarian bass Nicolai Ghiaurov. However, the first challenge is getting into the opera house stage door. It's so windy on North Wacker Drive that pulling the door requires the strength of a sports competitor. When I achieve that goal, I am literally blown in. Quite an experience!

Lyric Opera of Chicago has a powerhouse of a General Director, Carol Fox. The primary flavor of her opera season is Italian. Maestro Bruno Bartoletti, a quiet, intense man with a very friendly smile, is both her chief artistic advisor and conductor. Pino Donati, an elegant tall Italian, provides business advice. The musical coaches and prompters also hail from Italy as does, most often, the scenery and costumes. You don't hear a great deal of English backstage. Even the daily rehearsal schedule is published in Italian. And, yes, the very nature of Italians means there's lots of audible drama about.



Carol's assistant, Ardis Kranik, a physically round, full-voiced wonderful lady with a great sense of humor, keeps the operation moving. She and I were in frequent telephone contact during my San Francisco Opera days, chatting about union or contract issues.

There is a characteristic difference between San Francisco Opera and Lyric. Lyric is very formal. San Francisco and Toronto are more family-like, more intimate despite the Germanic disciplined leadership. Perhaps the formality in Chicago is dictated by the architecture of the Civic Opera Auditorium. It's cavernous, stretching forever back on the main floor.

Carol is pleased with Robert's work and has invited him to design a new production of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which will open a year hence. Tito Gobbi, the famous and much respected Italian baritone, will direct. Robert is thrilled. Tito is also in Chicago, performing Baron Scarpia in *Tosca*. They have begun their conceptual discussions.

## NEW YORK

Robert has a tiny apartment in Greenwich Village, in a coach house behind Tharon Musser, the lighting designer's home, on Cornelia Street. Every inch of this space is accounted for. While Robert meets with Bill Francisco, the stage director of *Mahagonny* for Spring Opera next March. I am visiting with friends and hanging out in art galleries. When he's not working, we explore New York together. He has different favorite haunts (mostly downtown NYC) than I. It's fun discovering them.

## DENVER

Christmas in Denver. The Denver Lyric Opera scheduled the opening of the world premiere of Dominick Argent's Colonel *Jonathan the Saint* on New Year's Eve! This production never had a chance. Robert's scenery was not built in time, the rehearsals were chaotic, and almost no one showed up on New Year's Eve for the opening. Moral of the story for

a General Director of an opera company: Don't take on what you aren't ready to handle and don't schedule a world premiere on New Year's Eve!

### SAN FRANCISCO

Back in San Francisco for winter and early spring. Robert is up to his ears designing several new productions. He is even taking Italian lessons. We will be in Italy in late spring when he selects the costumes for *Un Ballo in Maschera* in Florence.

I am learning more about myself. If I am very busy, either working or being with friends, or visiting art galleries or sewing or cooking – life goes very well for me. However, sometimes I am very uncomfortable living with myself when I am by myself. I feel overwhelmed by a dark sensation. I know this feeling well. It started when I was a child. And it really shows up when I decide to read. I can't keep on the written page. I go up and out there, above my head – away from words. This makes me very sad. And, the behavior can be interruptive to the flow of my marriage. I am not good company when this feeling takes over. Perhaps what that eye doctor told me ten years ago is true when he commented It could be you have an emotional issue to address. Well, now I am in his camp. Yes, I do believe there are emotional issues blocking a free flow to my life. I am trying another psychiatrist who wears brown suits. Not attractive, especially when you have to look at them for an hour.

Darn, his process doesn't seem to be much help. All I do is talk and that doesn't make me feel better. His philosophy is You will discover what is going on. Well, I am not buying that anymore. My old pattern of escaping, spacing out, going away, going up and out there seems more effective. To be honest, I know it isn't the solution, but it gives more relief than just talking to someone with no progress.

I got a lead today, from a lady I met in a bookstore. She asked  
Have you read any of Jane Robert's *Seth* books?  
No, why are you so interested in them?  
They describe human life in different realities.  
I am not sure what you mean. Is this an example?  
And I explained my going out and up there. Is that another reality?  
Could be! I suggest you read *The Nature of Personal Reality*  
and see what you think.

This book has my attention, many new concepts to consider, including  
how the content of this book came to be written. The author, Jane Roberts,  
is a channel for information coming from another source. I know this  
seems weird, but it's true. She accesses this source after going into a  
meditative state. This blank state, space, allows universal knowledge  
that lies beyond consciousness to flow into her mind. Mrs. Robert  
speaks this information and her husband records it.  
How fascinating!

There's a rather sobering comment in the book  
One can change one's experience by altering beliefs about yourself  
and your physical existence.  
Well, I don't know how to accomplish that. I wish I knew where  
that woman I met in the bookstore lived. I sure would like to talk  
with her about all this.  
I did find it interesting to observe that reading this book was not  
as difficult as others seem to be. Hmm, I wonder why?

Robert and Bill Francisco Spring Opera Theater's production of Bertold  
Brecht's *Mahagonny* has just opened. Now, I know a wife may not have a  
clear perspective, but I think Robert's work on this production was the  
best he has done to date. He has found a new style, simple, clear,  
and supportive to the work. It was great to see that the critics agreed.  
Guess what? I worked briefly for Mr. Adler during the Spring Opera  
Theater season as publicity director while he was interviewing for someone

to fill the position. It was fun. I summoned up all that I learned from Hugh Pickett in Vancouver all those years ago. Get the story out! I got the sports page involved. We had a singer, Gwendolyn Jones, who works out with weights! *The Chronicle* newspaper sports editor was intrigued. The item hit a different market. Who knows if it sold tickets? These three weeks were a good stint for me. I discovered I don't miss the day-to-day at the Opera. Adler has engaged Robert to work with Francis Ford Coppola on an American premiere of an opera based on *The Visit of the Old Lady*. It's scheduled in the Fall Season. And, Robert has another world premiere in San Diego in the late fall, Alva Henderson's *Medea* with Irene Dallis. Ghita Hager is directing. He's busy at his drafting board preparing designs. Operatic music fills our flat. I love that.

## FLORENCE

Robert and I are in Florence, he to select costumes from a rental house for *Un Ballo in Maschera*. That changed quickly. Carol Fox called the day Robert and I arrived in Florence, very excited. She had just come from lunch in Chicago where she had found a donor who committed the funds for new costumes for *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Instead of being in Florence to rent the costumes, Robert will spend the next two and a half weeks designing them. They will be built in Rome.

Katherine, my wonderful sister, who has spent the year in Paris, has joined us. The three of us have set down temporary roots in a small 14th-century Renaissance-style palace, Monna Lisa Pensione, not far from the Duomo. Robert has placed his drawing and painting tools on a table under a tree in their charming garden and is lost in his creative space designing costumes.

Katherine, who has been studying at the Sorbonne, and I are rediscovering Florence. It's fifteen years since I visited when youth hosting through Europe just before Yale. Katherine is much more informed about Florence. For the last several years, she has been shepherding high school

students from Canada as they tour Europe. She knows the details. We are having a great time standing before an artifact while she shares her knowledge. I love that Katherine and I are so bonded with one another. During her first eight years of her life we established a friendship, a closeness, a love for one another that continues to blossom each time we see one another. I value it deeply.

Lunchtime we check in with Robert at the Pensione. The chef makes each meal an event, introducing a different kind of pasta. Today is Capelli d'Angelo, angel hair pasta, with a very light sauce and a delicious green salad to accompany it. Yesterday it was Conchiglie, sea-shaped pasta colored green from spinach. The day before it was Farfalle, bow tie pasta. And, of course, they all have different sauces. I suppose if we had pasta three hundred and fifty-five days of the year, we might tire of it. Not now.

Dominick Argento and his lovely wife are in residence in Florence for six months. He's composing his next opera. At night they are introducing us to restaurants where Italians eat! Yes, you can imagine, it's gourmet delight. Last night they gave us a sightseeing tip: Go to the Forte di Belvedere on the other side of the Arno River. There is a beautiful Henry Moore sculpture exhibit. Late in the afternoon Robert put away his art supplies and sketches. The three of us walked the bridge across the Arno River, a bare trickle this time of year. Hiking up a hill topped with massive walls that have been opened to create entrances, we discover the top is a plateau. Strategically placed about this protected space are twenty or more powerful Henry Moore sculptures, large soft stone grey/black/blue shapes silhouetted against the warm pinks, oranges and off-whites of Florence's historic buildings bathed in the setting sun. Oh, we are in aesthetic heaven!

Tito Gobbi is in residence this week in a villa outside of Florence teaching a master class for young opera baritones in the beginning stages of their careers. The ballroom is the classroom: a long rectangular elegant room filled with a gaggle of heavy Italian antique carved furniture.

One wall is lined with tall windowed doors opening to a patio and a stunning view of the hills around Florence. The sun is still high; the varying greens of nature are vibrant.

Tito is re-enacting his *Rigoletto*, a court jester, a role he has sung with great success in every major opera house. This opera requires a powerful voice and detailed acting skills, both of which Tito more than excels at. The four apprentice baritones have taken over, acting/singing the scene. One of them is very comfortable with Tito's approach. The others are not. I have a sense they may not have enough experience yet to know how to build their character, or they might have imagined a different approach to the character and do not feel comfortable exploring his point of view. Whatever, it's been an interesting late afternoon.

Robert took a Sunday off and the three of us took the train to Siena for the Palio. Dating back centuries, it's one of Siena's most important traditions. Ten horses and riders, bareback and dressed in the historic costumes, represent ten of the seventeen city wards. We had been warned. Get there early.

We did and sat on the ground just inside the temporary fence within Siena's city square. Around us were Italians who shared with us that just before the race, the fence would be rushed with young athletic sorts trying to frighten us away from the fence so they could take our place. We and our Italian friends were going to have none of that. Following their instructions, we ducked when the jumping bodies came at us and hung on to the fence for dear life. We survived, and the race was priceless. The costumes, the horses, the colorful banners depicting each ward went around and around us. I felt very sorry for the horses; their riders pushed them and some jammed into walls. Thousands were screaming. It was extraordinary.

Robert is getting to the home stretch. The designs are taking shape. Amelia, Oscar, Renato, Ricardo, Ulrica, Tom and Sam are now clothed. He's working on the chorus costumes. I think he is enjoying himself, even though there is a lot of stress to do so much work in a short time.

My darkness has reappeared. Last night I had a dream. Nothing seemed to be going right. My confusion, a frustrating gnawing internal turmoil has taken over. It means I have been difficult to be with today. There seems to be nothing I can do about it. I don't know how to live with myself. Now it reminds me of when I was doing poorly in school at age twelve. Everything seemed to be in confusion. Now, I feel like a victim. What is going on?

Robert, I feel better tonight. It is really annoying to have all this inner turmoil when on the outside my life is full of so much that is wonderful.

## ROME

Two weeks have gone by very quickly, and we are in Rome. It's a whirlwind. Tirelli Costume House is building the costumes for *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Housed in a gorgeous white Italian villa with a wide, winding staircase leading from an expansive entrance hallway, we are now sitting in an elegant high-ceilinged room upstairs. The activity is what I expected – frantic. Assistants are running in and out with trays of espresso and samples of fabrics. Pino Donati, Carol Fox's right hand in Italy, is with us watching.

Our next stop is a fabric warehouse with long cavernous aisles of shelves reaching twenty feet up with ladders running alongside. As Robert spies a fabric, an assistant is up the ladder to retrieve the bolt of fabric. Wouldn't you know that Robert just spied a dark blue wool, and of course it is on the top shelf? Long tables are now filled with Robert's selections. He is combing through one after another with his designs nearby. I do admire his ability to know what texture and color will work.

Next stop, the cobbler. We are darting through the dark narrow Roman streets in Pino's car and soon stop on a dime outside a tiny building. Inside, there is an atelier with leather in all colors, soft and beautiful, everywhere. I can see it's hard to organize leather. It doesn't do that. Clearly, it's much happier hanging rather scraggily about. *Un Ballo in*

*Maschera* is a somber show. The palette of leather is somber. Too bad, I would love a pair of period red leather shoes to wear.

Our time in Rome, for the moment, is complete. We will return when the fabric swatches have been attached to the drawings. Robert needs to give final approval.

#### PIRMASENS, GERMANY

Robert has extended family here. And this small German town is an ideal location to purchase costumes for *The Visit of the Old Lady*. The opera is set in the fictional Central-European town of Gullen, sometime in the first part of the 20th Century. The Old Lady grew up in this small town and left in disgrace. She comes back a wealthy woman to take revenge on her former lover. It's the chorus, the townsfolk and other male characters: the mayor, the police chief, the minister, and the trainmen for whom we are shopping.

Today we found a shop, much like Woolworth's. Our goal is *hausfrau*



TRAIN JACKETS FOR *THE VISIT OF THE OLD LADY*



dresses. Robert wants varying patterns and colors to make an interesting palette on stage. The style doesn't much matter, the look he wants is ample in size, hanging down, quite long with little shape. We have bought two outfits in varying sizes for thirty-five women choristers including *hausfrau* hats, some cloche-like, some with a little brim and on and on. Oh, and we are also buying patterned shirts. Yes, and pants for men.

Robert, I think the shop sellers are a bit surprised that I am not trying any of these dresses on. Let's explain.

Robert speaks some German. His listeners are fascinated and have given him a suggestion where he might find authentic trainmen's clothing.

Success. A retired trainman is willing to sell his uniforms. I think the fact that they would be a part of the costumes in an opera in San Francisco piqued his interest.

I had an attack of my dark feelings this morning. I just feel down and unhappy. There doesn't seem to be any reason. What can bring this on so suddenly? I know not. I feel so badly to be in such a gloomy mood! One might say all this is happening because I am not busy, working. That is not the case. I am happy not working. This emotional up and down status is a continual paradox.

We bought four large cheap suitcases in Pirmasens. Three of them we jammed full of the men's clothing and shipped to San Francisco by air cargo. The other suitcase is coming with me. It's crammed with the *hausfrau* dresses. I am carrying the hats, jammed one into another. Quite a sight!

### RETURNING TO SAN FRANCISCO

A day in Rome for Robert to finalize the fabrics at Tirelli's. I shopped for a round of fresh Parmesan cheese, Riki's request to us just before we left San Francisco.

Deplaning at Kennedy Airport in New York I asked

Robert, how are we going to take these hats through customs?  
You are the crazy hat lady.  
He just plunked ten on my head, some straw, some fabric,  
some dark, some light.

The customs officials didn't seem concerned at all with my unusual look.  
We whisked through. Robert is going on to Santa Fe to report to  
Carol Fox. She summers there. I am continuing on to San Francisco.

Mr. Adler, I am back.  
I am lying on my bed. My feet swollen from the long trip are elevated  
on a pillow because they are still puffy.  
We have shopped most of *The Visit of the Old Lady* chorus costumes.  
The women's clothing came as my luggage and there's no duty.  
The rest we shipped and will be here shortly. The Opera will,  
in all likelihood, be charged duty as they are not personal luggage.  
In typical Adler fashion, he said  
Ann, find a way to avoid that charge.

I just had two calls. United Airlines informed me that the shipment of  
suitcases has arrived. And moments later one of Mr. Adler's secretaries called  
We have just received in the morning mail an announcement from  
OPERA America. They have concluded an arrangement with US Customs.  
Any costumes coming into the country either as a purchase or a rental  
come duty free!

## MONTREAL

My father is completing his tenure as President of the Canadian Bar.  
We are here to celebrate with him and to listen to his speech on  
the final night. He is a respected orator.

Last night I was chatting, in French, with the President of the French Bar.  
Can you believe it? I was conversing passably in French.



DOROTHY FARRIS, JOHN FARRIS,  
Background: HAIG FARRIS, KATHERINE FARRIS

This morning my father asked  
Did you have a conversation  
in French with the French  
Bar President?

Yes.

He said that you speak  
French beautifully!

Now, what was that all about?  
Why did my brain work okay?  
Yes, I had a glass of wine but...?

## CHICAGO

Opening night of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. All went well until the middle of the second act. During the scene change, a piece of scenery was turned backwards when the curtain went up. Carol Fox was furious – so was Robert.

## VANCOUVER

My father has just been appointed Chief Justice of the Appeal Court in British Columbia. We are in Vancouver for the swearing-in ceremony. I can't understand why my father is taking this step. He loves an argument, presenting cases in court. Now that part of him will be buried. And, he won't be able to socialize with so many of his friends who are lawyers. Conflict of interest, you know.  
This seems an odd step to me. Well, I hope he's happy.

## SAN FRANCISCO

*The Visit of the Old Lady*, the opera, was not a critical success. However, both Francis and Robert received good notices.

## SAN DIEGO

It's December and the scenery for Alva Henderson's *Medea*, a world premiere is loading in. The General Director and Conductor, Walter Herbert, just asked Ann, would you like to attend the first orchestra reading of *Medea*? I would love to, Maestro, thank you.

We, Alva and I, and all the musicians, seventy plus are jammed into a rehearsal hall. Maestro Herbert has announced We will play the piece through, stopping only for an intermission. I want Alva to hear his piece as a whole. The music is unfolding. Its dramatic roll befits the drama of Medea's life. I am drawn right into it. It keeps building. It's downright powerful. Not only am I affected, so are the musicians. They just gave him a rousing round of applause.

The opera is sold out. Irene Dallis is a frighteningly effective Medea. Robert's work is excellent. *The Los Angeles Times* critic, Martin Bernheimer wrote Henderson is, clearly, an extraordinary talent, a strategist who can cope with sprawling forms, a musician with an obvious flair for the theatrical.

## KANSAS CITY [ JANUARY 1973 ]

We have landed in a city where the corn grows as high as an elephant's eye. The open spaces, green fields, the Nelson Art Gallery and the Country Club Plaza are some of its selling features. We are working for the Kansas City Lyric Opera. Russell Patterson, General Director and Conductor is an enthusiast. He and his board have achieved great respect for their opera season. Robert has been offered the opportunity to direct and design Richard Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*. I am overseeing production and assist in marketing. We've decided that we will make Kansas City our base for nine months. Our San Francisco apartment is sublet again.



SCENE SHOP AT AIRPORT  
ROBERT DARLING, LEE, RICK AND MADELINE BENOIT

We have an adorable little house on Janssen Place in an old section of Kansas City. On one side we overlook a rolling hill of green, green grass dotted with deciduous trees. On the other side is a beautiful boulevard and lovely large homes built at the beginning of the 20th Century.

Two couples, Madeline and Hector and Lee and Rick, have taken us under their wings. The husbands are

both doctors. And a Yale crony, Jim Gohl, is nearby teaching stage design. Together we are exploring Missouri and Kansas.

I am enjoying my work. The production part comes easily; the marketing is a challenge, a good one. Robert is here most of the time. He's deep into planning *The Flying Dutchman*, along with other design work for other companies. The Lyric has rented a warehouse at the airport for the construction of the scenery. Robert spends many hours there and comes home very happy. We are also enjoying more new friends who are subscribers to the Lyric and befriended us.

On Good Friday we observed that the hill adjacent to where we were living was a mass of dandelions. Robert said Great, we are going to make dandelion wine.

Off he went to purchase the makings required, and all day Saturday we picked dandelions. They were put into a vat and left to ferment. The physical result was we had yellow hands. It was fun and several months later we enjoyed dandelion wine with dinner.



ROBERT DARLING AND DANDELIONS

Just when the path is smooth,  
there's a jolt.

This time it's Robert.

Ann, I just had an argument  
with the President of the Board  
of an opera company.

What happened?

I offended him. The result is I  
am not allowed to participate in  
the setup in the theatre of my new  
show for him next November.

Wow, Robert.

Then I remembered Robert  
had shared, a year earlier,

a similar circumstance with another colleague, this time a stage director.

Robert is a soft-spoken man. It's hard to believe he has harsh words.

I know he can push too hard and/or too long for what he wants.

I didn't know that he could go beyond what is reasonable and offend.

I am in Mum mode

Robert, what is done, is done.

It's clear to me now that both of us have inner behaviors needing help.

Robert's willing to go with me to a psychiatrist.

The process is the same. We talk and talk and...

Nothing internally seems to get resolved. I guess we don't know how  
to use the help we have found. Whatever; we have given it up.

*The Flying Dutchman* was well-received. Robert loved both the design  
and directing work. We decided, however, to move back to  
our apartment in San Francisco.

## EDMONTON/ LONDON

Can you believe in late October there's snow in Edmonton? It's true.

Robert's show has opened. It went well and we're off to London. This is



THE SET OF *THE FLYING DUTCHMAN* DESIGNED BY ROBERT DARLING  
KANSAS CITY LYRIC THEATER

the time he was supposed to be opening another show, only he wasn't allowed to show up. The stage director will have to cope with the scenery.

### SAN FRANCISCO

I am back in San Francisco. Robert is off doing a show. I just had a phone call from John Ludwig, now General Manager of Wolf Trap. Ann, would you be interested in being Production Director at Wolf Trap this coming summer?

John, to be honest, I don't know much about Wolf Trap.

It's in Virginia, just across the Potomac River from Washington DC and a project of Catherine Shouse, a woman with amazing vision, political connections and the financial capability to realize her dreams. Several years ago, when the Dulles Airport access road was being built, a segment of her property was appropriated for the construction. Mrs. Shouse donated the segment annexed from her property to the US Park Service. She also paid for the construction of a handsome,

impressive large outdoor theatre, the Filene Center, with the understanding that the National Park Service would manage the facility. The Wolf Trap Foundation, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Shouse, provides not only the programming for the three-month summer season but also there is a summer training program for emerging operatic artists much like those in Santa Fe, Central City, and, of course, the Merola Opera Program in San Francisco.

John, I am coming East to meet Robert in Michigan. I'll stop by en route.

I accepted Wolf Trap this summer. It looks like fun. And I created a *faux pas*. I didn't discuss this decision with Robert before accepting. He is angry. He's right. Most of his work is on the west coast this year. We will be back in separation mode.

#### WOLF TRAP [ JANUARY, 1974 ]

I am working with former colleagues. Gerald Holmes, an Expo crony, is on staff. Wesley Balk, from my Yale days, is teaching and directing the training program of young opera artists. We are presenting a broad spectrum of entertainment this summer: a week with the Metropolitan Opera, Martha Graham Dance Company, many performances of the National Symphony Orchestra, Virgil Fox, the famous "theatrical" organist, Preservation Hall Jazz, The National Theatre of Great Britain, and on and on.

We also are producing Prokofiev's opera *War and Peace* with Sarah Caldwell conducting and directing. John hired Robert to do the costumes. Ralph Hoffman, the Filene Center theatre production manager, and I collaborate well. Our big challenge is Sarah Caldwell, known for her brilliance and her reputation of never staying within budget. As the latter is my responsibility, that's a concern. Ralph had a great idea. Let's go to Boston and watch the final dress rehearsal of *War and Peace*. Her opera company is producing this production first. Right on.



Sarah's dress rehearsal started at 7 p.m. It's now 2:30 a.m., and there's no indication that it will end soon. Midnight hours are double-time dollars for the musicians and stagehands. Ralph just leaned over whispering I know what we are going to do. We will treat her as a presence. I got it immediately. Sarah needs to know that she, her ideas, her intellect, her commitment, her brilliance, her humor, her doggedness, her outrageousness are respected. Our first step is to get her comfortable with us. Then, we have a chance of keeping the production under control. The challenge was substantial for we moved this production from her small Boston theatre with a proscenium arch opening of a little more than thirty feet into the massive Filene Center Stage, a sixty-foot opening. Everything exploded in size and we had to find a way to make it work. Almost daily Sarah has called with a request. Yes, some of them reasonable, and some of them beyond what we can handle. I have evolved a standard answer Sarah, that's a great idea, let me see what I can do. I always return to her. And either I agree that we can realize her idea, or I have an alternative. I never say that awful, frightening word, "no." I seem to be gaining her confidence.

Do you have a moment?

It's Sarah. She has come to my office for a chat.

Ann, I have been invited by Gloria Steinem to conduct the New York Philharmonic in a benefit concert supporting the advocacy of women's rights. I don't know whether to accept it. I never have had a problem being a woman and achieving my goals. Have you?

No, with the exception, perhaps, with the technical staff from La Scala.

I do admire Ms. Steinem but I am ambivalent about being attached to the new feminist movement.

Is it because they seem strident?

Yes. I just don't know what to do.

Sarah has gone off to rehearsal, pondering.

Tonight, is the final dress rehearsal of *War and Peace*. It's going well.  
It's now two minutes to midnight, the scheduled end of the rehearsal.  
Sarah has put down her baton and bellowed my name  
As I walk down through the auditorium to the orchestra pit,  
I see her determined face and am greeted with  
I want two hours overtime.  
This time I have a different answer  
Sorry, Sarah, no.  
Looking at the orchestra personnel manager, I say  
Midnight, we finish.  
Sarah's furious and has stomped out of the orchestra pit.

It's coming on 3 a.m. I am in search of Robert. It's taken us and the  
large production staff two and-a-half-hours to handle the notes  
and prepare for corrections to be made tomorrow.  
Are you nearly done?  
Yes, why?  
Sarah is still in her dressing room. It seems she doesn't want to  
drive herself home.  
Meet you in ten minutes at her dressing room door.

Hi Sarah. Time to go home.  
She's comfortable, ensconced in a large arm chair, smiling.  
Sure.  
We know we have to get her up. Robert puts an arm under one,  
I followed with the other arm. She's up.  
Our drive home is silent. All of us are tired.

*War and Peace* opened tonight. A huge success. Sarah is amazing.

### LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Robert's been in Louisville for the last couple of weeks, reproducing  
*The Flying Dutchman*. I'm here for final rehearsals and the opening.

Robert Driver, Assistant Manager of the Kentucky Opera, and I had tea this afternoon. He's a charming man, with a soft southern accent, who just asked me the strangest question

Why did you turn down the OPERA America job?

What are you talking about? I didn't know the job was open. Tell me what you know.

David Baber, the first Executive Director, has left to become Manager of the Washington National Opera working with George London, the General Director. A search is on for a replacement.

Bob Collinge, General Director of the Baltimore Opera and President of OPERA America reported at the recent Board Meeting that you were not interested in the position.

Robert, I know Bob Collinge. He visited Mr. Adler several times while I was on staff in San Francisco. It didn't seem to me that he was a person to make up this story. Something is strange here, very mystifying indeed!

At dinner I tell Robert this story adding I could be interested in the OPERA America position. It would mean moving to Washington DC. What do you think?

Well, we have been thinking about buying a house. Maybe this is the time. We would be based in one place for a period of time. I enjoyed the little bit we saw of Washington this summer.

So did I! Okay with you if I call Bob Collinge to find out what is up?

Bob took my call immediately.

I understand I have turned down the opportunity of being considered as Executive Director of OPERA America.

There's a dead silence.

Mr. Adler has said that you cannot have the job

Do you know why?

No.

Is it okay with you if I call him?

Yes.

Mr. Adler took my call immediately.

I understand you have said I cannot have the OPERA America job.

Is that true?

Yes.

Why?

Because you belong here at the San Francisco Opera. This opera company is your home.

Mr. Adler, you know I am not coming back.

He's resolved, in Adler fashion, that I will return.

You must come back. This is where you belong.

This conversation is going nowhere.

Look, Mr. Adler, if you give your approval to my accepting the OPERA America job, you and I will have lots of opportunity to work together.

You are on the Board of Directors. We will be able to continue sharing ideas and have a good time. If you say no, I will probably end up at another opera company and the likelihood of much interchange will not be great.

There's silence, a long silence.

Okay, you can have the OPERA America job.

Will you call Bob Collinge to tell him you have changed your mind?

Yes.

I have accepted the position. I am very excited about this next professional step. What I will do with my inner turmoil, I know not. I guess it is just best to keep busy.

# OPERA AMERICA A CREATIVE ADVENTURE



[ 1974 ]

WASHINGTON DC WILL BE OUR BASE NOW. We came directly from Louisville. A rented, furnished apartment, a half-hour commute to the OPERA America office on Vermont Avenue downtown, is our temporary home. The commute is useful. Just like Paris, the street organization is complicated. Many traffic circles with spokes running off them send me in the wrong direction. I have also learned the house we buy needs to be close to downtown where the OPERA America office is located. I don't like commuting.



The OPERA America staff is me and a secretary who seems very competent. In three weeks the four-day Annual Meeting is in San Francisco. Bob Collinge and I are often on the phone, orienting me and working out the agenda for the meeting. Two days for business meetings and two for auditions. Each opera company recommends one or two singers. There are lots of logistics to get in hand.

At the moment, eighteen opera companies make up the membership of OPERA America. There are strict membership guidelines: An opera company must perform at least two operas a year with a minimum of two performances, as well as paying the American Guild of Musical Artists (AGMA) minimum – in other words, professional fees. Membership growth is obviously high on my priority. We need programs and services to entice others to join.



Liaising with government agencies is a new experience. Top on my list is the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA). Their offices are in a sprawling office building offering a spacious view of the Kennedy Center, the long rectangular theatre complex designed by Edward Durrell Stone. It opened three years ago and borders on the Potomac River. Walter Anderson is Director of the Music Program at NEA. He's a tall, handsome man, kind of willowy in physique and very welcoming. Ann, come meet Ralph Rizzolo, Associate Program Director. We will be in San Francisco to attend the open sessions of OPERA America. It is important for us to listen to the discussions to comprehend the major issues facing the opera field. And we have Music Program information to share. Can you arrange to add us to your agenda? And we need a meeting room for our individual discussions with opera managers. Yes, to all.



Three weeks have flown by. I am back in San Francisco staying in our apartment on 21st Street. I haven't seen it for nine months. It feels like an eternity. Now, I am saying goodbye to our first home. It's time. I don't feel like I belong here anymore. Isn't that strange? I loved our home so much.

The OPERA America meeting is going very well. Bob Collinge and I are a team. Perhaps it's more accurate to say he's my mentor and I am absorbing everything I can from him and the discussions around me. Running four-day

meetings is much like putting together a show. This time everyone is sitting down. I am certainly grateful for my varied professional Canadian theatrical experiences, my time with the San Francisco Opera and my two years of wandering with Robert. I do have a broad view of opera in North America and Europe. Some of the Canadian opera companies are members. Mr. Torel and the Canadian Opera joined when OPERA America was founded. Not long after, Irving Gutman brought the Vancouver Opera and the Edmonton Opera into the fold. He's artistic director of both companies.

Tonight Jimmie Schwabacher is hosting a party for the Board of OPERA America at his lovely home in Pacific Heights. Mr. Torel and I began chatting on a comfortable sofa near a gently burning fire.

With the signature cigar in his mouth he confided

Ann, I am retiring.

What? I can't believe it. I thought you would be at the helm of COC for a very long time.

No, that is not the way it is to be. There is a search committee which has a list of potential candidates as my replacement.

Goodness, this is all happening so quickly.

Yes, and I think Lotfi Mansouri would be a good choice for this position. He would bring a breadth of experience from both Europe and North America.

Does it concern you that he hasn't had a General Director position?

No, he is very smart and will learn quickly. I sense he could bring a new energy and effective leadership. In fact, I have given the Search Committee my suggestion. Now, I want your assistance.

How can I be helpful?

I feel sure members of the Search Committee will visit you in Washington. You have a history with our Company and I think they would like to have your suggestions.

If they come, yes, I will suggest Lotfi's name.

And do suggest others, too.

I will, Mr. Torel.

This conversation is giving me a hint on the complexity of my role at OPERA America. I can see that many different points of view will be coming my way. I need to take my experience in the business and mesh it with my ability to stand back and look at what is going on before offering a point of view.



Washington DC, winter, snow and ice. It's been five years since I have experienced real winter. I like it.

And I am very busy. I have a long list of projects to initiate that were generated from the Annual Meeting: a handbook listing member companies' scenery, props and costumes for rental; an annual summary of income and expenses of member opera companies based on their audit, organizing the information according to budget size, below \$500,000, between \$500,000 to \$1 million, and over \$1 million.

And yes, they want a list of operas translated into English. Many smaller opera companies are following the lead of Kansas City and producing opera in English. It is clear that audiences appreciate the opportunity to understand the plot. And sales seem to increase.

And the list continues: a membership directory with contact names not only of top management but also staff, a monthly newsletter containing information on NEA and other government agencies' activities and services affecting nonprofits, along with a summary of activity of other similar service organizations.

I have my work cut out for me.



Robert is back in Washington for Christmas. We are continuing our search for a house and have just ruled out the Capitol Hill district, right behind the imposing Capitol building. The houses seem too jammed together. Last night we had dinner with Jane and Tucker Battle, friends from Vancouver. They have been resident in Washington DC for several years. Tucker has a job with the US government, a highly secretive job. He asked



Have you looked at Logan Circle? It's very elegant, although in a run-down section of Washington, located six blocks from the White House.

The homes were built in the 1800s and are Victorian in style. Nine years ago, Logan Circle was the nexus of the riots following the assassination of Martin Luther King. Many of the homes were damaged and are now abandoned. But urban renewal is beginning. The prices of the homes will be within your financial reach.

We are onto this lead and have found Barbara Rothenberg, the primary real estate agent for Logan Circle. A tiny lady with bright red hair and a passion not only for real estate but also for the restoration of this historic area, she owns one of the beautiful homes on Logan Circle. Step by step she is renovating, bringing it back to its former glory. You should see the detailed carved wooden paneling throughout the main floor. It's beautiful. We spent Sunday afternoon in her living room, a spacious room with fourteen-foot ceilings and tall windows with a commanding view of the Circle. On her coffee table is a handsome book about the history and architecture of Logan Circle. She points out the houses that are on the market, all the while elaborating on the Circle's history.

In the 1860s, Logan Circle was one of the most desirable residential neighborhoods and fashionable addresses in the City. By the turn of the century, the Circle had become the social, intellectual and artistic center of Black Washington. During the 1950s, the neighborhood went into decline. Many of the homes became boarding and rooming houses as well as "tourist" homes. The latter is a euphemism for houses of ill-repute. Let's go walk around the area.

We are intrigued. This challenge seems up our alley. The distinct Victorian architecture draws it all together. Robert and Barbara will explore options in the coming week.

Explore he has, in and out of thirty-five homes in three days, all at different levels of disrepair. He reports excitedly  
I have found one. It's on "O" Street, between 12th and 13th street,

only four blocks and one Circle, (Thomas Circle), from your office.  
I think you will love it. And no commuting will be necessary.  
I am intrigued by the idea already!

Robert's choice is a charming four-story brick 1865 Victorian house, forty-feet deep and twenty-five feet wide. On one side there is a vacant lot and on the other a matching Victorian house. The exteriors of both homes seem in fairly good shape. There's a lane off the vacant lot giving the feeling that the property is even bigger.

Ann, there is great potential for a garden. It is anchored with a beautiful tree which needs help. Currently, this sixty-foot long spread of what could be a back garden is enmeshed by concrete, part of which is a parking lot. Of course, the garden potential intrigues Robert.

When we walk in the front door to view the house, Barbara shares it has been divided into five apartments. There is only one family living in the building now, on the main floor. The seller has another apartment where this family can move. You would not be displacing them. That's good. I don't feel comfortable with that idea.

Upstairs we go. Two one-room apartments on each floor, about twenty-by-twenty feet.

Little remains of the original interior architectural moldings, but the ceilings are ten feet high. Robert and I are tall, we like space, we like the potential of this space.

I feel at home in this space.

Barbara, what is the cost?

Thirty-five thousand dollars.

Robert, what do you think?

We are driving back to our Connecticut Avenue apartment chewing on what we saw.

I love the house.

So do I!

We are neither naïve nor undaunted about the fact that there is so much

work to be done. We sense we could handle a mortgage if we had a decent down payment. A thought just came to me and I am making a call Pie and Mum, Robert and I have seen a house, it's a fixer upper that we would like to buy. Would you lend us \$10,000?

It was amazing. It was as if they were jumping for joy.  
Yes, we would love to do that.

I think they thought we were intending to spend the rest of our lives being itinerant wanderers. The thought of roots and their participation in making that happen gave them a great deal of satisfaction. My mother's father, Grandpa Colledge, had helped them when they bought their first house, and now they are moving into that role.

So, the contract is signed for 1211 O Street, NW. I love that it is four blocks, and one Circle, Thomas Circle, from my office. Divine!

Robert has departed for the West Coast and his work.

We are waiting for the escrow period to complete.



A postal bill is moving through Congress that will affect non-profit organizations. I am learning the process of legislation from my predecessor, David Baber. Today, I spent several hours on Capitol Hill obtaining a copy of the bill as written to date and finding the names of the congressional committees involved. Tomorrow I am writing the opera managers whose Districts match members of the committee making decisions on this postal bill. We need their cooperation. We need them to talk to their Congressman and Senator and outline the issues affecting non-profit groups and more particularly opera. This is a new step for opera managers.

You know I am grateful for my background, spending time with my grandfather as he made decisions for his work in the Canadian Senate. He was very methodical with lots of intellect and passion thrown in. My parents participated in his process, being a sounding board as he considered each issue. Haig and I were bystanders, learning a lot. Both of us treasured our times in Grampoo's library, listening to those

discussions. Now, I am seeing the political business from a different point of view.



I have another mentor, Livingston Biddle. He's Congressional Liaison for NEA on Capitol Hill. Livy, he's called, is a gentleman, urbane and passionate about his work

Ann, it will help if you know the history of the founding of the National Endowment for the Arts.

Senator Claiborne Pell and Congressman John Brademas were the primary sponsors behind its creation. I was working for Senator Pell and the job of drafting the initial legislation creating NEA fell to me.

It took several years before the bill was approved in 1965 by Congress.

Livy, I am going to drop by often to learn more from you.

That would give me great pleasure.

And let me ask you about the current postal bill. These are the steps I have taken. What do you think I might do next?

Become familiar with the work of the Senate and House committees.

Go to their meetings and listen. It will give you an idea of what you will need to prepare when the Senate and House Appropriations Committee meet to discuss the funding for NEA. I took Livy up on this suggestion and learned so much – not only the topics but also the individuals and their politics.



I have also discovered that each discipline program (Dance, Theatre, Music, Architecture, Folk Arts, etc.) at NEA have open panel meetings to discuss the issues of their field. It's a great way to learn more about non-profit arts. I am a regular at these sessions, no matter what discipline. There are many ideas to garner that we in opera are not focusing on. The National Council on the Arts, the governing body of NEA also has open meetings. Its membership is appointed by the President and composed of nationally-known artists, donors and others. The Chairman of the Council, a political appointment, is Nancy Hanks. She is also

the Chairman of the NEA. There is a grace about her. She has an extraordinary ability to bring disparate points of view to resolution. These open sessions are gold. I am watching trends develop, writing notes about what I hear as fast as I can.



The escrow period on 1211 O Street is complete. Robert is on the West Coast, so the final step is up to me. It's February in Washington and cold. Gerald, my friend from Expo 67 who owns a home in Washington and has been through this experience, accompanied me to O Street to check that the house is still in the same condition as the time when we viewed it before making the purchasing agreement.

Well, it isn't. The heating system has stopped working.

Barbara, I just stopped by O Street and the heating system is not functioning.

I will get on it right away.

Gerald, I know this is a harbinger.

And still I am excited.

Robert, I am back from the escrow office. It's official. We are the proud owners of 1211 O Street, NW.

Ann, I am finishing up here, will pack our belongings and ship them from San Francisco and we will move in.

Barbara Rothenberg just called. Ann, you have been assigned to picketing duty this evening. Picketing duty?

Yes, the Logan Circle Community Association is collaborating with the DC police to clean up the drugs and prostitution in the Logan Circle area.



1211 O STREET, NW, WASHINGTON DC

One important step is proving that “tourist” homes, a euphemism for houses of prostitution and drugs, are a drawback to a healthy neighborhood.

So, what’s with picketing?

Two of these “tourist” homes are coming up for re-registration with the DC government. Our job is to draw attention to them, proving they are a nuisance in this residential area. We do that by picketing Wednesday through Saturday in front of the houses as the visitors, men, go in and out. Come tonight to my house around 8 p.m. You will meet members of the Association and other neighbors.

Okay.

Bundle up with warm clothes. Be sure you have boots. It’s cold out there.

This is quite an adventure. We are marching up and down in 32-degree cold winter weather. My sign says

Prostitution is a business; put it in the business district.

My picketing partner is Lewis. He and his wife, Carolyn, own the large white house on Logan Circle adjoining Vermont Avenue. I thought our house needed help. Wow, they are taking on the renovation of a mansion.

Lewis’ sign says

Does your wife know where you are tonight?

There are five groups of us walking up and down in front of two large mansions on the opposite side of the Circle from Lewis’ house as Vermont Avenue continues up the hill and out of Washington.

There seems to be one taxi after another dropping off men – “johns” as they are called. And yes, they have to go through our signs to get to the front stairs. It is quite amusing. Some look at our signs and then duck into the house. Others pretend we don’t exist.

Robert and I have only owned our house for fifteen hours and I have no regret. There is a wonderful camaraderie. And each person seems to have a job connected to the government. Why am I surprised?

I don’t know. But I am.



I have been meeting my counterparts. Ralph Black is the Executive Director of the American Symphony Orchestra League. The ASOL office is at Wolf Trap, courtesy of Mrs. Shouse. I often wondered last summer what went on in that house up on the hill.

Ralph's a go-getter, a salesman.

And then there is Peter Zeisler. He's top dog of Theater Communications Group. Their office is in New York. While he's a quiet man, he can have a strident point of view.



I am making my weekly rounds at NEA. Often I don't have an appointment, I just wander. It's interesting what I discover.

Hey, aren't you the opera lady?

There's a gruff voice calling out from a corner office. He must have an important job.

I guess I am. I am the new Executive Director of OPERA America. There sits before me, peering over his large desk, is an open-faced large framed man

Get in here and sit down.

My, he's impertinent. And it doesn't stop

There is war.

War?

Yes, between the opera companies and the state arts agencies.

Tell me more.

I don't let on that I don't have any idea of the existence of state arts agencies. He seems pleased to have me as his captive audience, to teach and complain.

After the formation of the NEA in 1965, each state began to take the initiative to create an agency to handle arts funding at the state level. So, how does opera fit into this scenario?

The states feel the opera companies are too aggressive in their actions to obtain state funds. These efforts have a negative effect on other arts organizations and artists.

There is war now, opera companies versus state arts agencies.

Well, I can understand why they are aggressive. The art form is expensive. They have to pay singers, orchestra, dancers, chorus, designers along with the costs of scenery, costumes, lighting and on and on. The art form needs funding. But tell me what they are doing.

Some of them are lobbying their state legislators to create line items for the funding of opera outside the state arts agency purview.

Can you explain a line item?

It means they get a legislator to put a special line in the budget for funding opera. You know the members of the boards of directors of opera companies are powerful people from the business sector. They carry weight with legislators. But a line item can put the new and fragile state arts agency movement into potential chaos. Some legislators feel that the line for opera completes their responsibility of funding the arts in their state. Now, you and I know there's more to the arts community than opera. That's why there is war.

I interject

May I ask who you are?

I am Clark Mitzie, Director of the State Arts Agency Program at the NEA. I did not tell him that his concern had not surfaced at the OPERA America meeting in San Francisco a few months earlier.

His passion, his beliefs, are opening my door to understanding a little bit about the push/pull between the large arts institutions versus the individual artists and small arts groups and yes, also state arts agencies.

I have just come in from my Mitzie encounter to find a message to call John Crosby, Founder and General Director of the Santa Fe Opera. He's a quiet, brilliant man not known for loud outbursts. I met him in Santa Fe, when I went for Robert's *Anna Bolena* opening.

Today I am seeing another side.

He is angry, quietly angry.

Ann, the New Mexico Arts Commission has just taken a decision which is contrary to what we had been told would happen. I have talked with some members of the Santa Fe Opera Board who were initiators in the creation of the Commission. They are also angry.



(Well, I guess Clark is right. There is a battle going on.)  
John, let me share what just happened. I had an encounter  
with Clark Mitzie and...

John listened quietly and then shared an idea  
Let's have an OPERA America meeting in Santa Fe this summer.  
Let's invite the State Arts Agency Executive Directors and their Chairman  
along with the General Directors of the OPERA America membership  
and their Board Chairpersons. I will host the meeting at the end of July  
in Santa Fe after all five operas have opened. We need to discuss funding  
of opera at the state level, collectively.

John, that sounds like a great step. I will go and see Clark Mitzie along  
with Walter and Ralph in the Music Program and Livy. And I will send  
out a letter to the Board of OPERA America to see if we can get  
agreement to move ahead on the planning of this meeting.

Yes, from both sides. Yes, we need this meeting. Yes, put the  
details together.

I sense we will get a good number of participants. The topic seems  
to be hot and so is the Santa Fe Opera. It is enjoying great critical acclaim.  
Opera professionals and aficionados flock to Santa Fe  
during the opera season.

This is exciting. I have a first meeting to organize.



These three months have been quite a learning curve. It's exhilarating.  
I don't have many opinions yet. How can I? I don't know enough yet.  
Listening works for me. And I am writing down all that I hear. This locks  
the information into my brain. And now I have useful material to create  
a quarterly newsletter. I love going through my notes and synthesizing  
what I have learned. And I am getting good feedback on the newsletters.  
That's good. My instinct is working.



Robert is back for a few weeks. We are moving into our house today. Our belongings have arrived from San Francisco. Yet, a rather strange thing happened to me as I was walking on O Street towards the house. I said to myself I will not always live in this house. I wonder what that is all about. Well, I don't know. And I don't really care. It's just odd.

Robert and I are delighted. In only two weeks, three neighbors have moved into our little area. John Morris is next door, in the house that matches ours. And across the lane Jeff and Irene have taken up residence. She works for the CIA and Jeff for the Army. Their house fronts on 11th Street.

We are keeping the kitchen in the apartment on the second floor at the back of our house for our temporary kitchen. The rest of the house is being stripped of all the apartment remains and, in some cases, walls are being torn down, especially on the top floor. Two university students looking for a place to stay agreed to barter rent for work. They don't mind living in a war zone. Their sleeping bags go on the floor after the mess is swept up.



ANN AND ROBERT [PHOTO, KATHERINE FARRIS]

In four days, the three of them have demolished four kitchens and most of the interior walls of the house. No, don't be horrified. We are saving any of original moldings left. When I came in after work today, they were very proud. Look at the quick way we are moving the plaster and stuff to the first floor. The fireplace chimney slots are our chute, down three floors.

What a mess!  
But the results are there.  
My job is cooking big dinners  
and cheering them on.

I must say it is nice to walk home.  
Ten minutes at most.  
Yea, no more commuting!  
The top floor will be Robert's  
studio and sitting room.  
With the interior walls  
and ceiling removed,  
the forty-foot open space  
is very enticing. The front room  
on the second floor is our bedroom.

My Montreal brass bed looks very handsome in this space. Yes, the room is unpainted and has one temporary wall. However, the eastern exposure allows lovely warm sun through the tall, elegant windows each morning enticing us to get out of bed and greet the day.



ROBERT DARLING AND TREE

The demolishing team of three made a decision at dinner last night. Tomorrow they are taking sledge hammers and pounding out the concrete in the “garden” behind the house. A tree specialist has arrived with a large narrow needle-like implement with a hose attached. It gets poked into the ground leaving the nutrients behind. This is our first major financial investment into the improvements to our property.

Robert and I visited the bank today to see if we could get a renovation loan. No, sorry we are not convinced that the Logan Circle area will turn around. There is a phrase for this. Banks have red-lined Logan Circle, meaning no funding.

Hmmm. Well, we will just have to do it, piece by piece.  
Robert has left for several weeks. I am on my own. I am glad  
of the distant company of our new neighbors.



Wandering through the NEA offices today, I came upon a young woman with long curly black hair and piercing black eyes sitting at a desk in a cubby hole. Paula Silver is her name. She explained

I have been hired by Nancy Hanks to work with other Federal agencies to upgrade their visual image.

Oh, Paula! Can OPERA America be considered a candidate for your expertise?

God bless Paula. She not only designed our stationery, she also designed the invitation for the Santa Fe meeting. As we chatted, I was amazed to learn that she apprenticed with Louise Nevelson, the famous sculptress.



Representatives of the Canadian Opera search committee, Rodney Anderson, an accountant and Margo Binder, a hard-working volunteer on the Board, were in Washington today. We had lunch. It was fun to reconnect with them. They feel like family. And I did as Mr. Torel asked: I had Lotfi Mansouri on my list of candidates.



I just met with Hugh Southern in New York. I know Hugh. He was our hero consultant at Expo 67, helping the box office staff develop a process to handle the hundreds of thousands of theatre tickets for the World Festival. Hugh is now Executive Director of Theater Development Fund, a non-profit arts organization which focuses on new solutions for financial, production and marketing issues in the non-profit arts world.

Hugh's credibility in New York is high. He conceived and manifested the TKTS booth, the discount ticket booth located in the middle of Times Square.

Hugh had two messages at lunch

Before you jump into developing a new program, whatever it might be, ask around. Has it been done before? If yes, where, and what are

the lessons to be learned. Don't reinvent the wheel.

He used that phrase several times. He feels there is a great deal of unnecessary reinvention happening. Hmmm.

And he offered the use of the TDF office as a base for me when I am working in New York. That's a rich gift. I need a place to gather my wits and make copies and, and, and...

Hugh, I am putting this meeting together in Santa Fe with the state arts agencies and Opera America. I need a moderator to handle this crowd. Got any ideas?

Yes, there is a very capable man, Bob Crawford, who lives in Minneapolis. He could handle this job. Ann, let me warn you, this is going to be a fiery event.

You know, I know that.



Its early spring and the OPERA America Board meeting is taking place in the Board Room of the Metropolitan Opera. Of course, I need to give a report. It's written. Counting on my memory for specifics is not something that always happens.

The Board meeting went well, and I am clearing up.

Ann, what are you doing next?

It's Glynn Ross asking. Remember, he's General Manager of the Seattle Opera, the one who instigated the idea of OPERA America, the one who convinced Mr. Adler of the viability of this organization. I am taking the train back to Washington.

Good, I will go with you. I want to talk to you.

I don't know if you have ever spent time with Glynn Ross. He is a fast talker, like stream of consciousness filled with one idea after another. For three hours, he has not stopped talking. I am madly writing notes. They mostly have to do with working the Hill and the state arts agencies. And he wants me to find a way to help opera companies promote themselves better. He is a follower of Danny Newman, the wiz publicist from Lyric Opera of Chicago, who has a formula for building subscription series.

We have just arrived in Washington. My head is spinning.  
Good bye, Glynn, thank you for this unique opportunity  
to have your thoughts.

I can't believe it, he just went up to the ticket wicket and purchased  
a ticket back to New York tonight. He is not only creative,  
knowledgeable but also hard-working; he never lets up.



My life is taking on a new shape. I am extremely happy in my work.  
I am challenged, I have the freedom to be creative, I am learning,  
I am meeting and working with smart people who are as passionate  
about what they are doing as I am about mine. Our evolving home  
is only a ten-minute walking commute from work.  
And our abode has some improvements to it: a new roof and  
air conditioning. The latter was installed just before the heat and humidity  
of the summer descends. With few walls in our house these days,  
installation of the ducts was easy.

We have decided to leave the beautiful wooden beams on the ceiling  
of the top floor, Robert's studio, exposed. He's built a brick frame around  
the fireplace. The bricks came from houses demolished across the street.  
This space is unique and handsome.



4TH FLOOR CHAOS— ROBERT AND ANN [PHOTOS BY KATHERINE FARRIS]

Our homesteader neighbors are great supports. They are as energetic and resolved as we are to see this neighborhood become a lively and safe place to live. Robert's travel has not diminished. So far, our separateness does not weigh heavily on me, as long as he finds a way to come back within a month.

We are thrilled with the results of our picketing. A renewal license for one of the "tourist" homes came up at City Hall. It was denied. CBS covered our story and to my amazement, eight of us carrying our signs were featured on the Six O'Clock National News with Walter Cronkite. Needless to say, I did not call my parents to watch. I am sure they would have worried.



Robert's back and thrilled. One of the DC parks is offering leaf and grass clippings free for the taking.

Ann, I am going to build a mound of them in the backyard.

What do you mean by mound?

Oh, perhaps ten feet square and four feet high. I will cover them with plastic and let them compost for a year. We will have fabulous soil next year for our garden.

He wasn't kidding. It looks like Planet Mars out there. Desolate, except for the shiny plastic.

By the way, the prostitution business has moved to the business district, about three blocks south to Thomas Circle. While not a big change in location it's an important step towards Logan Circle gentrification.

The girls and I are becoming acquaintances. I see them as I walk to and from the office. When I am wearing my colorful patchwork long skirt, I can count on one of them asking

Can I buy your skirt? I think it would help my business.

We both laugh.

No, sorry, I love wearing it.

I wonder what effect it has on those I work with.



The appropriations process that marches through Congress and approves funding levels for each agency every year is in process. Nancy Hanks has engaged Anne Murphy as an associate to Livingston Biddle in the Congressional Liaison office to handle the details for NEA. This physically small, madly Irish lady with an outspoken tongue has no fear in giving me guidance. We are becoming good colleagues.



ANNE MURPHY

Ann, is OPERA America planning to bring a panel of opera personalities, both artists and managers, to testify on behalf of NEA? Yes, and we have our time slot before Congressman Sydney Yates' Appropriations Committee. I have also sent a letter to the OPERA America membership to both meet and write their Representative or Senator in support of NEA.

Yesterday, I listened to Nancy Hanks presenting the NEA

budget before Congressman Yate's committee. She is a good speaker. The room was jammed, in fact standing room only. Nancy and the Congressman seem to respect one another. Congressman Yates, with a swipe of white hair and a wry smile, asks probing questions and does make amusing comments. He seems to have the respect of his colleagues, be they Democrat or Republican. Norm Dicks from Washington State is well prepared. I wonder if Glynn Ross sat down and talked with him. John Murtha from Pennsylvania is quiet. I'm not sure where he stands. It's fascinating watching each man's questioning technique. No, there aren't any women on this Committee.



I keep my pen busy on my page recording the proceedings for my newsletter. The NEA budget grew from sixty-four million to eighty million dollars this year. I think we have been a tiny part of making this happen.



My attention is now on the upcoming OPERA America/ State Arts Agency two-day meeting in Santa Fe. We have had a positive response from both the opera and the state arts communities. Even Carol Fox, the indomitable leader of the Lyric Opera of Chicago, is participating. She warned me

Ann, I hate these kinds of meetings. Nothing ever seems to get done. But I will be in Santa Fe, so yes, I will come. I can't promise to stay the two days. The much-respected facilitator, Bob Crawford from Minneapolis, has just cancelled. He's on his way into surgery for a back operation. And we are three weeks away. Gosh, as "war" is anticipated by the states' representatives, we need someone impartial who can handle these clashing temperaments. Hmm.

I called Peter Zeisler at Theater Communications Group. He seems to have nerves of steel. After much persuasion, thank heavens, he accepted.

Seventy of us are assembled in a meeting room at the Hilton Hotel in downtown Santa Fe. There's a cross-section of personalities, successful business and government leaders who are on boards of the opera companies or state arts agencies and, of course, opera managers and directors of state arts agencies.

Peter seems ready. This afternoon is the getting to know you – both participants and issues. As each participant is introducing him or herself, it is becoming clear there are two points of view. Those who are glad for the opportunity to meet and explore ways to cooperate and work out the issues, and those that are here to grouse. One of the latter is a state arts agency board member. He is furious and lets us know emphatically I very much resent the effort in our state of our two opera companies bypassing our state arts agency and working directly with the legislators

to achieve a line item in the state budget for opera. As a result, the agency's funding has been diluted. We have even been told by one legislator that the line item for opera completes the state's responsibility for the arts. That's outrageous.

Another state arts agency director just added

We need the opera companies with their board clout to help us.

We need to build a collective effort to assure ongoing funding for all arts disciplines in our state.

An opera board member from a southern state is also very clear

I have tried to gain support of our arts agency. They tell me we are a large institution, we can look after ourselves. The role of the agency, they say, is to look after the smaller arts organizations.

Yes, different points of view abound. The energy in the room is very heavy.

Carol Fox, dressed in her characteristic black dress with long sleeves adorned by an elegant turquoise necklace cascading down the front of her dress, is rising to speak. It's clear she has reached her limit of patience. Frustration is oozing out of her every pore as she begins This meeting is a total waste. No one is listening to each other.

All you do is gripe. No wonder opera wants to go on its own and...

Carol just finished and has left the room. There is dead silence.

John Crosby just whispered to me

Don't worry. They are coming to the opera tonight. At the party afterwards, I have good libations. The ice will begin to break.

Carol is not here today. Her gift was her outburst. Her frustration said it for most in the room. Now this disparate group feels more relaxed. At John's party, discussions began. Solutions to some of the issues are evolving.

The first steps toward collaboration have been taken, not only at the state level but also from the federal perspective. Even Clark Mitzi agreed there was progress!



Robert and I are on a two-week vacation. It's August and hot in Washington, but it's a golden time for us. We have assigned a week to work on the house. I am painting our bedroom, even though one wall is partially missing. The color is soft yellow. It will enhance the sun in the early morning. Robert is building shelves on a twelve-foot wall between his study and studio. He needs to have a place to unpack his research stuff, which is now stacked in boxes. We are enjoying this quiet time together.

Lake George in upper New York State is the location of our second week of vacation. Robert is doing visual and historic research to supplement the dramatic concept he and Alva Henderson are evolving for Alva's next opera, *The Last of the Mohicans*. It premieres next year in Wilmington, Delaware. The designs need to be in the shop this fall.

Our days are wandering up river and down dale. Robert is sketching and taking photos. I luxuriate in the sun.

It's been a busy six months at OPERA America. We did manage to assemble two booklets: one listing English translations of operas and the other a list of scenery and costumes available for rental from member opera companies. At the meeting in Santa Fe, I was given the go-ahead on the format we have evolved for our financial summary of the member companies. I am also pleased that our membership is growing. Yes, my secretary and I have accomplished quite a lot.

The activity I enjoy most is preparing the newsletter from the many notes I record each day. It's exhilarating getting them all together with a particular point of view. The information becomes more real to me and it seems helpful to the membership. That's satisfying.



The American Symphony League has hired Gretchen Ralph as Congressional Liaison for Orchestras on Capitol Hill. Gretchen's from Syracuse. She was President of the Syracuse Symphony Board and very

successful at lobbying the New York State Legislature in support of the New York State Arts Council.

She and I are developing a working relationship. I sense she feels her experience outshines mine. Yes, that's true but not intimidating. So far, I feel I am doing a credible job.



The re-authorization for the National Endowment for the Arts is up next. Gaining approval is essential if the agency is to continue receiving Federal funds each year. I have a new set of congressional leaders to approach. Representatives John Brademas (D) representing Indiana, along with Congressman Albert Quie (R), from Minnesota are responsible for guiding these deliberations in the House of Representatives. These two very articulate men have good control of their committee as does Senator Claiborne Pell (D) and Senator Jacob Javits (R), who head up the Senate Re-Authorization Committee. At first the staffs of these committees were quite standoffish. Our relationship is changing. Like me, they are passionate about their work.

I have a lineup of opera heavies, chosen not only for their position but also for their location in the country, to testify. Our speakers – Anthony Bliss, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera. Robert Herman from Greater Miami Opera, Charles (Chuck) Fullmer, Manager of the Minnesota Opera, Glynn Ross from Seattle Opera and beloved Sarah Caldwell from the Opera Company of Boston – are representing our point of view with cogent content.

I am sitting next to Sarah who has seemingly fallen asleep.

I am not concerned.

What a giggle. John Brademas just looked at me from his pulpit, winking and asking

Mrs. Darling, would you please wake Miss Caldwell? It is time for her to testify. Sarah heard him, of course. She's opened her eyes and is meandering her large bulk to the testifying table.

Sarah speaks from her heart, not from notes. I had given her the points we wanted covered. She's doing it with precision and meaning, lacing them with her personal experiences gaining attention of all. Yes, Sarah is a presence!

By the way, the National Endowment for the Arts was re-authorized.



Sometimes Robert and I have to learn the hard way. We thought we had made a good financial decision. Wrong. As homesteaders we had to make our house impervious to a break-in. People on drugs need money and sometimes they get it by selling goods, goods they steal. After one break-in, we installed iron gates on the tall, twelve-foot windows at the back of the house on the first floor. And we put iron bars on all the basement windows, except one which we boarded up with plywood. We are going to make a door there as access to the back garden from the yet to be built laundry room. Why spend money on bars? I'll tell you why.

Last night I was sound asleep only to be awakened by a loud crash. I jumped up, grabbed the phone and dove into Robert's clothes closet, dialing 911.

Please come to 1211 O Street, NW. Our house is being broken into. Next, I called John, our neighbor. A sleepy voice answered "Hello"

John, I am being broken into. Can you come and let the police in? I have called them.

On my way.

The police were there as John opened his door. They went to my basement and caught the burglar. John and I have boarded the window up again.

I guess we'll have to install bars.

I think we deserve this brandy we are gulping down.



The Annual Meeting is in Miami this year, in mid-December. Bob Herman, General Director of the Miami Opera is our gracious host, arranging for our stay at the Key Biscayne Hotel. I can't believe it is only a year since



ROBERT HERMAN, ANN DARLING—MIAMI 1975 [PHOTO BY PHIL BRODATZ]

I started with OPERA America.

Bob Collinge is retiring as President, a position he has held for five years, since OPERA America's founding days. To my great delight, John Crosby has agreed to take on the responsibility of President. We collaborated well during the State Arts Agency drama. I know he has a somewhat aloof personality. It doesn't seem to hinder our relationship. I know I can work well with him. And conveniently, John is resident in New York during the winter. His town house serves both as an office and his home.

Bob, do you think the Board would consider increasing the OPERA America staff by one? With all of the projects we are undertaking, another hand would make it a great deal easier.

Develop a budget for the coming year and include this as an item. We will discuss it in Miami.

Our hotel is on a tiny island, Key Biscayne, adjacent to Miami. The feel is tropical surrounded by broad-leaved plants and shrubs.

Warm sun and gentle breezes waft through the hotel. Our rooms are in small houses that open into gracious gardens or the sandy beach. A lovely quiet place to be. It seems we are the only guests.

Just as we are beginning our meetings, I ran into Bill Fisher, a successful business man from Marshalltown, Iowa, with a passion for opera. He is not only a member of the Metropolitan Opera Board of Directors but also the creator of the Gramma Fisher Foundation. Bill has come to sell his concept of shared new productions that he will fund. Sharing doesn't come easy for some General Directors. They all want to make their own artistic statement. But they also need financial backing. This week will be interesting.

I am discovering Bill is a straight-forward guy, says what's on his mind. Ann, I hear OPERA America has financial troubles.

What? This was news to me.

He continued on his way.

Hmmm, there must be something behind this that comes from truth.

I am sure we have not overspent the budget, so what was up?

Hey, Ed

Ed Corn, he's now Manager for Mr. Adler at the San Francisco Opera.

I know Mr. Adler would have told him about this financial situation if it is true.

Ed, is something afoot with OPERA America's finances?

Yes. The Board is beginning to realize we are not capitalized sufficiently to accomplish our projects in the long term.

Gosh, Ed. I feel badly that I didn't see this. I know how to build a budget and live within it. Long-term year projections and global financial looks are not yet part of my strengths.

Ann, this is not your problem. It's for the Board to address.

My lack does not seem to worry the OA Board. They were just sorry

I heard it from another source. Michael Bronson, Technical Director at the Metropolitan Opera and representing the Met at OPERA America and on our Board will collaborate with me on long-term financial matters.

I am pleased with this setup. I like Michael a great deal. He's quiet, skilled,

financially conservative. We seem to work well together. He and John Crosby will be my advisers. I like this a lot.



ANN FARRIS, BOBBE PILK

The Board wants me to assemble more workshops. The meeting with the State Arts Agencies had a positive effect.

This time put your focus on self-help: Financial Management, Marketing, Development. This makes sense. The management of opera companies, with the exception of a few, is young: in their thirties and early forties. Many of them were artists, performers, stage directors and

designers. They are thirsty to learn the current trends in the management side of the business. By the way, Lotfi Mansouri did succeed Mr. Torel at the Canadian Opera. He now represents Canada on our Board and is an enthusiastic supporter of workshops.

And the Board did approve the staff position I requested. After quite a search, Roberta Pilk is now my project assistant. A smart, funny, go-getter urchin, Bobbe has been on staff at Arts Development Services out of Minneapolis working for Brad Morrison. They are consultants helping floundering arts organizations get back on track and be successful. Her energy and talents are a welcomed asset in our tiny office.



Jeff, our neighbor, is on the phone. He and Irene keep an eye on our house when Robert and I are away.

Ann, when you were in New York, late one afternoon I looked out of our kitchen window to see a gold Cadillac backed into your garden next to Robert's huge mound of mulch that is cooking under the plastic. Two people emerged out of the car with shovels and garbage bags



which they filled and started stuffing into their trunk.  
Oh my God, Jeff, what happened?  
I went around the lane and asked them  
Do the Darlings know that you are helping yourself to their mulch?  
There was no response. I said  
I suggest you dump that mulch back where it belongs.  
And I left, memorizing their license plate number.  
When I got back into the kitchen, I called 911 and told the operator  
I have a mulch thief to report.  
What? What is that?  
I briefly explained, giving them the license plate number.  
A police car was dispatched.  
While I was on the phone, I watched the gold Cadillac drive away.  
Perhaps it was my army uniform that intimidated them.  
And there still was a hole where they had removed the mulch.  
When the police arrived and saw the results, they checked with the police  
station and were given the address attached to the license plate number.  
They asked  
Will you accompany us?  
Yes,  
To our great surprise, we went to the Gold Coast, you know that  
high-end black neighborhood up 16th street, knocked on the door  
and the two culprits answered. My first comment was  
If you had only returned the mulch, this would not have happened.  
They claimed they had no idea what I was talking about. The police asked  
to see the garden. Sure enough, mulch was spread all over.  
They were cited.  
What a story.  
I was howling with laughter.  
Thanks, Jeff. I guess Robert will decide the mulch  
is cooked enough now for our use.  
Logan Circle and its continuing stories!



My focus right now is money: funds to present a Financial Management Seminar for the Opera America membership in Santa Fe this summer. Yesterday I met with Philip Jessup, a staff member of the Donner Foundation in New York. He's a quiet, thoughtful man, young, my age, mid-thirties. He's encouraged me to make a proposal.

Marsha Thompson, the much-respected official at the Ford Foundation, suggested Len Vignola as our financial consultant for this seminar in Santa Fe. I met him today and sense he would do a good job for us. He's very organized and passionate about financial management.

Thank goodness he has a sense of humor.

My impartial advisors, Hugh Southern and his associate Vincent Marron, concur. My proposal to the Donner Foundation is going in tomorrow.



Robert has a good friend, Frank Oz. As kids in Oakland, they were involved in a puppet troupe. Frank's now a part of the Muppets and created the character of Miss Piggy. He is saving OPERA America a bundle. Although he lives in New York, he is seldom there.

Generously, he offered us the use of his apartment.

I will let Jimmie, the doorman, know that you have a key.

That's such a boon. Hotels in New York are sky high in cost.

And it's fun to stay in his apartment. It's whimsical. I love it. The kitchen is alive with plants that hang from the ceiling. Some of the greenery hits the top of my head as I wander through the space. To keep them healthy they are lit by special lights – day and night. His bedroom has a beautiful wooden canopy bed with white curtains surrounding it. Quite magical. I feel certain when I climb into bed that I am going to be transported to Oz.



Just heard from Phillip Jessup that our seminar is funded. And more good news, the Donner Foundation will fund a seminar for marketing and fundraising in the two coming summers. This is very exciting.

I mentioned the Donner Foundation funding during my regular Sunday

evening chat with my parents. My father surprised me when he said When I was President of the Canadian Bar Association, I submitted a request to the Donner Foundation in Canada for a grant to look at the effects of the emerging computer industry and how it is going to transform the process of law. They funded this request. What a coincidence!



This year is 1976, two hundred years since the forming of the United States creating its independence from Britain. Many celebrations are underway, including the premier of *The Last of the Mohicans*. The renovation of the historic theatre – the Grand Opera House in Wilmington, Delaware – is almost complete. It's been a huge project, a labor of love for Wilmington, but they are pulling it off.

The opera went well. Robert Jacobson wrote in Opera News: "Henderson obviously has an exultant talent for opera. His instincts come right from the heart in creating arias, duets, and ensembles with a pulsing sense of melody and stirring emotional commitment. Cora's dramatic farewell forms the basis of a richly layered, thrilling outburst with principals and chorus." After so many years of work by Alva, Robert and Wilmington, this was a great accomplishment.



I am back in Santa Fe. Little did I know fifteen years ago, when my friend Barbie and I were driving across the vast United States on Route 66 and first visited and fell in love with Santa Fe, that I would return so often. This time I have booked a dormitory and large meeting rooms at St. John's College for five days to accommodate the sessions and living space for our financial seminar. It's a beautiful campus in the hills above Santa Fe with spectacular views. Many of the opera managers and staff members are taking advantage of the inexpensive housing. It's a smart move, not only from a financial point of view. There are many late-night conversations going on. We need that. We need to be working closely

together as we grow. And we are growing. The membership in OPERA America has doubled. We are now thirty and more coming. This financial management class is filled. Forty people. Len has a way of grabbing our attention. He makes financial issues seem simple – kind of. And of course, we are going to the opera, remembering to bring our warm coats. The Santa Fe Opera's performing facility is outdoors. Yes, the stage has a roof and so does a tiny bit of the auditorium, but the winds can blow through. We don't mind, we are dressed appropriately. We are just happy watching the high quality of opera that John Crosby produces. And he is our gracious host, opening up his ranch for a party after a performance. We will be back for two more summers, thanks to the Donner Foundation.



Two wonderful surprises. Our friend Gary Fifield has accepted the position of Manager at the Washington National Opera. While Robert and I have made many friends in Washington, it will be great to have an opera colleague who's a good friend nearby. We have started a tradition: Sunday night dinners, whether Robert is in town or not.

And John Ludwig has moved to Washington, DC. He's become Executive Director of the National Opera Institute (NOI), an organization created in 1969 by Roger Stevens, a successful real estate mogul, first director of the Arts Endowment and now Chairman of the Kennedy Center. He has a passion for opera. George London, the famous baritone, was its first director. When Roger created the National Opera Institute, he assembled a board of individuals with capabilities to either raise the funds for the organization's projects or provide professional guidance to the organization. Mr. Adler was one of the first NOI Board members. John Ludwig is a good appointment. He has experience with large and small opera companies and with traditional and experimental opera. He tells me

Ann, I want to redesign the internship program for emerging administrators, technical staff and stage directors. At the moment,

these interns are most often treated as staff and there is little coaching or training other than on-the-job training.

Great. I would love to help out on this.

And I am going to assemble workshops to discuss the future of opera to determine what the opera field envisions.

Great.

I know John and I will have fun collaborating. We have known each other for fifteen years, starting at Yale. We know how to work together.



Robert's and my relationship is changing. I am back being alone a great deal, living the life of a single woman. This pain of loneliness is no longer new to me. And I have accepted there is nothing to be done. I can't spend my life traveling around the country with him. What concerns me most is that our relationship isn't maturing. I find I need a period of adjustment when Robert comes back: time to move from my single woman mode to being married. Isn't that strange? Robert seems impatient with that. He kind of resents my independence. Eventually we work through our period of re-adjustment.



A delightful solution to being alone every night has shifted.

It just happened during our OPERA America Annual Meeting this year in San Diego. Christopher Hunt, the new Executive Director of Wolf Trap was complaining

Ann, I can't talk Paula Silver into joining my staff as marketing director. Paula is now in New York marketing movies.

The salary I can offer her won't give her the flexibility of having an apartment in Washington and New York. She wants to be in New York on weekends.

Christopher, I have an idea. Paula could stay with us. I know Robert likes Paula and he knows I don't like being alone so much. I am sure it could work out. You talk that idea over with Paula and I will with Robert.

The Annual Meeting is going well. We are raising the dues. I have such admiration for John Crosby and Michael Bronson. They have labored hard over how best to introduce this need. Those efforts have paid off. Their proposal had little controversy. Our membership is growing. Soon we will be forty companies. John Crosby said to me the other day Thank goodness for the Metropolitan Opera and the Saturday broadcasts sponsored by Texaco. Without this exposure, opera would not have had such a jump start. We just have to find ways to keep opera available.

In San Diego I had two missteps. The San Diego Opera planned a jaunt to Tijuana for an evening on the town. I reminded everyone to remember their identification. Guess who forgot? Christopher Hunt and me. And that was serious. Both of us are in the US on green cards, those invaluable identifications that make us legal here. When our bus was returning from Tijuana, I realized my error. John Crosby and I were sitting together. Whispering, I said John, I forgot my green card. He said nothing. He leaned across the aisle and whispered to Michael. Then he whispered to me Stand between Michael and me when the officer comes. We will try to hide you. (Rather amusing for I am taller than both of them.) Poor Christopher. They have taken him off. As the officers dealing with him were pre-occupied, they didn't do a thorough check of the rest of us. We waited, and Christopher is now sitting at the front of the bus. How stupid of me to have forgotten. Oh, well.

The other goof is more serious. This was a personal misstep. I felt my heart beating strongly around the presence of a man attending this large meeting. I even created a silent name for him: Mr. Wonderful. My feelings became overwhelming. I had to tell him. Yea, I know that is strange, but it's the truth. I asked Would you have time for tea? Yes, of course.

He was most accommodating. I am sure he thought it was about business.  
We met in the hotel restaurant. After some pleasantries I said  
I am finding myself very attracted to you.  
He got it immediately.  
Has this happened to you since you were married?  
No.  
Well, I can assure you that nothing is going to happen now.  
He was very pleasant but firm.  
And we soon parted.

This morning I woke up with a new awareness. I am married.  
There is an issue of integrity here. His clear stance has helped me see the  
inappropriateness of my actions. I am very grateful and embarrassed.



Paula is in residence. She has the tiny guest room on the top floor,  
just off Robert's studio where each morning she can feast her eyes on  
our beautiful tree that we salvaged from the cement. It's fun having her  
as a roommate. She abounds with a new idea a day  
Ann, let's start an early morning exercise routine. How about running  
around Logan Circle?

I pulled a muscle on our first morning. The doctor asked  
Did you warm up before running?  
No  
We are warming up and running again.  
Yes, 1211 O Street is filled with wonderful, outrageous and bubbling energy.  
I am glad when she returns from her New York weekends.



Richard Balthazar, another "urban pioneer" neighbor approached me  
asking to be our secretary.  
This was a surprise given his background.  
He's a former professor of Russian and last year was stage interpreter

with the Bolshoi Opera for their runs  
at the Metropolitan Opera and Kennedy Center.  
However, a career in the arts administration is his goal.  
He happily agrees to learn shorthand to take minutes of meetings.  
We are very fortunate.  
He and Bobbe are jewels



The open sessions of the various panel meetings at the NEA are still an important new idea resource. At the moment, the Music Program Policy Panel is meeting. This program covers symphony, chamber music, jazz, composers and opera.  
We have two stellar representatives on this panel, John Crosby and David Gockley. By the way, John has added another leadership position to his daily work. He's Director of the Manhattan School of Music in New York overseeing the many aspects of training opera and classical music artists. So, he brings not only professional focus to the panel meetings but also the academic. And David is the entrepreneur. Yes, he works in the non-profit arena transforming the Houston Grand Opera into a national opera company, but he knows how to leverage their work into the commercial sector. He also has a passion for American musical theatre. The academic types balk at opera and musical theatre being connected. John and David clearly see the connection.

I am waiting for the two of them in the Watergate Hotel dining room. When they are in town, we have dinner so I can bring them up to date with OPERA America business. The location is convenient, two blocks from the Endowment offices.

Good evening, gentlemen.

They are all churned up and hardly notice me as they banter between them. It's clear something happened today that has upset them. Remember, John Crosby and David Gockley are quiet people. They don't rant and rave. They are intense but quiet.

Ann, it is clear the membership of this panel is primarily administrators



and composers working in classical music. They don't comprehend the issues of producing opera. They think opera is only about musicians, composers. They have no idea of the complexity of our art form. And they don't seem to care. Let's order dinner and we will tell you what happened.

It's been an intense evening. John has just made a recommendation David, we have to have a separate program at NEA for opera.

David nods

I agree, and we need to include musical theatre.

All is quiet right now. I think they are amazed at the conclusion they have come to.

The quiet is transforming into controlled excitement.

Yes, let's go for it. Let's make this recommendation tomorrow.

John has my pad of paper. He's jotting down notes. I ask

Who's going to propose this idea tomorrow morning at the Policy Panel meeting?

Neither man is speaking. It's a long silence. John has just said David, you will do it.

David has countered

No, you will do it.

This is fun. I wonder where we are going to end up. I know neither man enjoys public speaking.

Okay, I will do it.

That's David speaking.

See you in the morning, gentlemen. I can be there, it's an open session.

New policy ideas come up in the open session.

I just left a message for Bobbe and Richard

Thought you might like to come to the Music Program Policy Panel meeting tomorrow morning. I know it's a Saturday, but something exciting might happen that will affect us.



We are all gathered.

Ann, I am sick.

That's David speaking. It just before 8 a.m.

What do you need?

Orange juice!

Bobbi is out the door to the Safeway across the street.

The New Business agenda discussion has just begun. We have had to sit quite a while as classical music issues were discussed. David is now speaking Ladies and gentlemen, John and I are asking that opera be given a separate program at the National Endowment for the Arts.

And we want musical theatre included in this program. The opera field...

You could have heard a pin drop in the room.

Now David is finished and there is a barrage

NO, NO, NO. Opera must stay within the Music Program.

Everyone in this room is in agreement except the two opera renegades

The discussion is charged. David is in top form, making the case as he gulps down orange juice. John is in there, reading off his list from last night. David has asked

We request this idea be forwarded to Nancy Hanks,  
Chairperson of the Agency.

Nancy does not support this request. Her reason: If opera and musical theatre have a separate program, other music genres, jazz, etc. will ask for a separate program.

Her decision does not daunt us. We are continuing to plant the seeds.

Within the opera community, there does not seem to be any resistance.

David has energized the musical theatre world. Hal Prince, the renowned Broadway producer and stage director is on the National Council of the Arts, the governing body of NEA. He is beginning to promote the idea with his colleagues on the Council. Stuart Ostrow is following suit with his colleagues in the musical theatre field in New York.

We may have to wait a while, but we are preparing.



I have been invited to become a member of the Federal-State Partnership Program panel at the NEA. Clark Mitze is now in California, director of that state's arts agency. The new director, Hank Putsch made the invitation. We want a representative of the professional arts disciplines who can bring a different and useful point of view to the table.

I know several of the panelists as they were at the Santa Fe meeting. And Anthony Turney is on the panel. I don't think I mentioned him before. He's Director of the Southern Arts Federation, an organization involving the states from the south. He can be quite audacious.

Not long ago he came, unannounced, to my office saying

You and I are going to figure out how to tour opera in the south.

I must say we have enjoyed collaborating on ideas. Now we meet in Washington at panel meetings.



I just received a call from Marty Lavar, staff member in the office of Congressman Albert Quie from Minnesota, inviting me to an early morning meeting. His office oversees the re-authorization of the NEA. I wonder what is on his agenda.

Ann, Congressman Quie and Brademas and others on the Hill have been carrying the brunt of moving the re-authorization of the NEA through Committee and Floor votes. We need more support from the arts constituency. You and Gretchen Ralph do not speak for the entire professional arts field. We need you to get a collective voice together with one point of view. We need statistics from the professional arts field that confirm the need of NEA funding and the effect this funding gives.

A bigger case has to be made for the NEA. Two lone persons, you and Gretchen Ralph, cannot provide what is required.

Back to the drawing boards once again. My first call is John Crosby.

I have just met with Marty Lavar and...

John concurs.

Yes, this is urgent. I had a call from Peter Zeisler at TCG yesterday. He is saying the same thing. Seems to me we need a meeting of the five professional arts disciplines: opera, symphony, museums, dance and theatre. I am willing to host a meeting in Santa Fe. Send a memo to the OPERA America Board of Directors to let them know what you learned and my suggestion.

The Board has concurred. A memo is now going to the membership to inform them of what is afoot. The meeting is scheduled in four months in Santa Fe, after our Development Seminar week at St. John's College.

I just spent a morning with Anne Murphy. She's taken over as Congressional Liaison at NEA. Livy has gone back to the Hill as director of the Senate Subcommittee on Education, Arts and Humanities.

Anne, here's what is afoot...

She agrees, this could very helpful to the Arts Endowment.

It's an appropriate step. Have John Crosby write Nancy Hanks to inform her and invite her as a guest at your deliberations.

That letter has gone out.

I have started talking with each arts discipline. The symphony world – Gretchen Ralph, Ralph Black, Atwill Gilman from Denver on the ASOL Board and others – do not want to collaborate. They don't see the need. They feel it will dilute their power on the Hill. At least they are honest. The art museum leadership does not see why they would collaborate with performing arts. I am challenged to find leaders of dance/ballet organizations who have the time or interest in what we are proposing. The dance world is not at all organized as a national group working on common issues. It's only regional theatres through TCG who are on this bandwagon.

I just spent a morning with McNeil (Mac) Lowry at the Ford Foundation in New York. He developed the arts and humanities program at the Foundation in 1957, overseeing the distribution of over \$320 million to performing arts organizations, artistic institutions, and individual artists

during these last twenty years. He's known as the daddy of the dance world. And for good reason! He developed a ground-breaking program at the Foundation to encourage and fund the regional development of professional dance.

Mac, here's what we are up to... Can you help me identify who I need to talk with in the dance world?

First off, you need to know that most dance companies are led by former dancers. All their effort is channeled to choreographing and building their company. They have not yet been exposed to the need for their participation on the national level. I agree that the idea of professional arts organizations working together on the national level is essential. I will inform the dance world why it is important they are represented at this meeting.

You know, Mac reminds me of Thornton Wilder, who I had the great privilege of working with at Williamstown Summer Theater. They both are enthusiasts. They even look alike with round faces, and round, no, not fat, just round bodies and not very tall. And they are wonderful to be with: so open, so friendly, so successful. Mac gave me names to contact. I just called Barbara Weisberger, founder of the Pennsylvania Ballet. Ann, I had a call from Mac telling me I had to meet with you. I am very busy putting together a new ballet. Can we meet at the end of the day? Yes, by all means.

I will go to Philadelphia next week to explain the details.

The symphony world is keeping to its separatist point of view and we are six weeks away from our meeting date. I just had an idea. Carol Fox in Chicago can help me.

Carol, I would like a meeting with you. I have an issue that I think you can help us on. I will arrange my schedule to fit yours.

The sooner, the better.

Ann, I would be happy to meet.

You know I am glad I had the opportunity of spending so much time in Chicago with Robert. Carol and I got to know one another, and ever since that connection has paid off. It's nice and very useful to have her respect.

Carol has invited Ardis to join our discussion. They are dressed in their uniform, black dresses with long sleeves and beautiful jewelry. Carol, here's the situation. As you know OPERA America is hosting, thanks to John Crosby, a meeting of the representatives of the arts institutions later this summer in Santa Fe. The symphony world is balking at participating. I sense if we could get John Edwards, Manager of the Chicago Symphony, supporting the idea there would be a turnaround in their attitude. He seems to be the titular head of the symphony world. The Symphony managers seem to take their cue from him. Would you be willing to talk to John and let him know what is happening in Santa Fe and take it from there? I have brought lots of backup information for you. Ann, as John Crosby supports this step, yes. I will be glad to approach John Edwards. I will set up a lunch.

God bless Carol!!!! She may not be one to participate in groups, but when the chips are down and there is a chance to make a difference, she's right in there. She convinced John Edwards of a collaborative approach amongst the professional arts institutions. The symphony world will be represented.

We are down to one month and art museums are still equivocating. I just had an off the wall idea. I am going to invite a science museum to the discussions.

They're thrilled to be included.

Peter Zeisler is horrified that I made this invitation. Well, art museums are not co-operating.

Santa Fe is its beautiful self. It's been a busy time. We've just completed the development seminar at St. John's. That's the last of three Donner Foundation funded self-help seminars. I wonder what will be next.

The meeting of the arts institutions' representatives is about to begin. All five disciplines are represented, each with two managers, an artist and a Board Member as well as the three service organizations representatives, Peter Zeisler, Ralph Black and me.

Nancy Hanks, Florence Lowe, her press officer, Anne Murphy have come from NEA. Marty Lavor and Greg Fuscso, he works in Senator Javits office, along with other staff members from the Hill are also joining us. And our mediator, Bob Crawford, is with us this time. His back is better. Thanks heavens!

We have taken over a rehearsal hall at the Santa Fe Opera. Its doors are open to a panoramic view of the rolling hills of the New Mexico terrain. It's great we have this outdoor space. The tension rolls out of it. This is more challenging than the state arts agencies and opera leaders' confrontation of a few years ago. There are more points of view and territorial imperatives.

John and I are sitting at the end of the long table, having fun writing notes to one another as the proceedings continue. We've done our job getting the meeting together. Tonight, everyone is going to the opera and John is hosting one of his fabulous parties. Tensions will continue to release. I muse, how can this diverse group disagree on the concept of coming to Capitol Hill with a collective view point? In fact, we are a small number of organizations. If we want impact, we need this collaboration.

I think opera managers have a greater understanding of what it takes to be collaborative. This art form combines all the arts disciplines. They are used to working with many points of view, coalescing ideas. Hmmm.

The American Arts Alliance is born! Everyone finally bought in.



Robert has just accepted the Artistic Director position with Central City Opera House Association. This much-respected summer opera season in Central City, Colorado takes place in a one-hundred-year-old opera house built by Welsh miners. The company has a long-established

apprentice program. Beverly Sills is a graduate.  
I sense Robert will do a very good job for them.  
It is also good for us. Yes, he will be away the same amount,  
but he will be using more parts of his talent. Robert does see the big  
picture. Not many do. Now, he has an opportunity to explore his ideas  
beyond design and directing. And it means he can participate in the  
OPERA America meetings, which means more time for us together.



We have a new President of the United States being installed, Jimmy Carter.  
I just received a call from Livingston Biddle asking me to lunch. Hmmmm,  
wonder what this is about?

Ann, I am putting my name before the President's Search Committee  
identifying the new Chairman of the NEA and I want opera's support.  
I will be glad to take your request to the OPERA America Board.  
And by the way, the opera field is looking for a separate program  
for opera and musical theatre at the Endowment. You know opera  
is not a pure music form, it embraces all the arts. We need a program  
with panels who understand these many disciplines and their needs.  
No commitments were made today. However, we both are informed  
of some facts.



An early spring OPERA America Board Meeting has just concluded  
at the Metropolitan Opera Board room. During our discussion,  
the Board endorsed the nomination of Livingston Biddle.

Henry Holt, resident conductor of the Seattle Opera, came as Glynn's  
replacement to this meeting. As our meeting concluded, he asked  
Ann, where are you going now?

Uptown, why?

Can I share a taxi with you?

Sure. Henry and Glynn are made to work together. They complement  
as they support each other. Henry's passion is arts education, particularly  
the development of opera education in the schools. To achieve this goal,



he has become an effective arts education lobbyist at the Washington State Capital in Olympia.

I am laughing to myself: Like Glynn, he takes advantage of every moment. I wonder what's up today.

No sooner is the taxi door closed than Henry starts

Ann, OPERA America must have a program to develop more opera education programs throughout the school systems in the cities where opera companies exist. In Seattle, we work in collaboration with music teachers from Grades One to Six. Together we have developed an opera curriculum program. Now, we have several years of experience and it's a great success. I know there are a few other opera companies exploring this arena. I want OPERA America to convene a meeting of these opera education movers and shakers. We need to share ideas and our achievements. Would you put together a meeting?

Henry, it's a fabulous idea.

Glynn agrees and says the Seattle Opera would host. I know this is short notice, but do you think you could get a meeting together for late spring?

I will send a note to the OPERA Board for approval. If yes,

I will see if we can find a little money to make it happen.

This fifteen-minute taxi ride was packed full.

I do find it a wonderful challenge to be in on the ground floor of an organization. There is nothing to change because little exists.

We just have to create it. It's fun.

The Board concurred. I found some money and thirteen opera companies signed up.

This meeting has a new twist for me. The agenda is not my responsibility.

Henry and his able assistant, Joanne Menashe, are on top of that.

I am an observer. Can't be a participant, I have no experience in this field.

Creativity is abounding.

Henry just told us they have learned by trial and error.

At first, we offered the product. There were few takers. Then, we developed a program to excite the teachers, getting them involved in developing

the product for the schools. It took a year. We didn't push. Word of mouth took over and others came knocking on our door. Teachers seem to appreciate our willingness to bring them in as partners. In our second year, collectively, we and the teachers developed opera programs for youngsters. We are now at the point where children are writing, composing and producing an opera. You will see an example this afternoon at a school.

If ever there was an example of what opera can do for the growth of a child, this is it.

The children told us with great pride how they developed the plot for their opera. It came from their history lesson about early settlers in the Seattle area.

And we asked our parents to help make the scenery and costumes. They did!

And yes, some children learned to play a musical instrument: the xylophone, the drums and the flute. Others sang the roles as they acted. It was thrilling.

Perhaps the best was watching the delight these children had in what they were accomplishing.

"A petition has been created."

We ask the Board of Directors of OPERA America to endorse an arts education program and to allow me to find the funding for a director in the Washington, DC office, along with funds for programs.

The Education Program is approved by the OPERA America board. We have raised the funds to make it happen and Bobbe Wedlan has joined us in Washington as our first Education Program Director, bringing her much welcomed experience from the Kansas City Lyric Opera.



The American Arts Alliance is up and running. A Board representing the five arts disciplines is in place and our executive director, Jim Backus,

hired. He has a state arts agency background and is known to be effective working with disparate groups of people. Well, he has a great opportunity to work his magic here.

And OPERA America is engaging a staff person to collaborate both with Jim Backus and his researcher Fraser Barron. We need to give more time than I have to work with the opera constituency in becoming more effective at lobbying, not only in Washington, but also at the local and state level. Theresa Burt, a member of Senator Ted Kennedy's staff, is filling this role. I did laugh. Before we settled on engaging her, she pulled her lobbying strings. One day my phone rang  
This is Ted Kennedy speaking.  
Good afternoon. Lovely to hear from you.  
I am calling to tell you how effective Teresa Burt is. One of her responsibilities involved organizing Indian tribes for legislation we were moving through. If she can organize this disparate group, I am sure she will work well with opera boards...

Teresa is hired. She's smart, gentle yet firm, a professional with an amazing sense of humor. Now she is busy rallying the opera troops across the country. How can they not march to her tune?



Over these last few years we have made some headway with our house. But it's been slow. The banks continue to redline Logan Circle. Our kitchen is still makeshift on the second floor. The sense of temporariness is beginning to wear on me. Perhaps this comes from a recent fact from Robert. He told that me he didn't love me when he married me. That has been quite unsettling. Perhaps it's because I don't feel satisfied with my relationship with Robert. Our relationship just doesn't mature. Is this what the rest of my life is going to be? I need advice and am going to give another psychiatrist a try.



Livingston Biddle has ascended to the Chairmanship of the NEA, engaging Mary Ann Tighe as Deputy Director of Programs, a new position at the Agency. At first, we were dismayed. She doesn't have an extensive arts background. However, now that we are coming to know her, it's clear she is a bright woman with enormous interest in the arts. And she has many political smarts. I have invited her to lunch. Mary Ann, the opera community wants a separate program at NEA. Being folded into the music program means the specific needs of opera are not being addressed. Opera is not a pure music form, like symphony, chamber music, jazz. Rather, it embraces many different arts disciplines. We need a program and advisory panels that work in the business. And we would like to include musical theatre.



It feels like this new program is gaining momentum within the Agency. How do I know? Yesterday I was walking through the NEA offices. I dropped by Jim Ireland's office. He's now the Assistant Director of the Music Program. Ann, I have an interest in becoming the first director of the Opera and Musical Theater Program. That sounds like progress to me!

Jim Ireland and I just spent an afternoon together. He has many positive characteristics: intelligent, hardworking, enthusiastic and funny. He can also be outspoken and hard to discuss an issue when convinced about his point of view. It was the latter that emerged this afternoon. Ann, if I should become Director of an Opera and Musical Theater Program, I will lobby to include music education. A warning flag went up inside me. Yes, I know that the opera community is working diligently with the education community, but they don't see funding for education coming through NEA. Jim, I have a concern. The opera community wants an opportunity for NEA to focus on the business of producing opera and musical theatre

along with the development of new works. Funding for arts education, as important as it is, would dilute this effort.

The two of us became quite polarized. I left the Agency all churned up. A walk seemed in order. A long walk, up New Hampshire Avenue, around Dupont Circle – it's a match to Logan Circle – across P Street to Logan Circle and home. That couple mile trek cooled me off.

Sensing it important that John know the gist of this conversation I called Ann, I agree with you. Let me take care of this.

Jim hasn't brought the topic up again.

Mary Ann and Livy called me in for a meeting today.

We are moving forward with the idea of creating an opera and musical theatre program. We want to be sure that this step is what both arts disciplines want. We have asked Jim Ireland to assemble a meeting with representation from the many different players in the opera and musical theatre community.

Thanks. This is great news.

I can't believe it's the fall of 1978. I have been with OPERA America for four years. The time has flown by. So much has happened.

Now we are assembled at the Board Room of the Metropolitan Opera to discuss the potential of opera and musical theatre working together.

This large square space colored in tans, browns and green today is configured into theatre-style arrangement. The room is jammed.

A sense of anticipation is in the air and yes, there are concerns being expressed I want assurance that opera will not be the dominant focus.

That musical theatre will have equal say.

I fear that all the funding will go to basic operating support.

I want to be sure that new works are given a major focus. And on...

The first day is over. Tomorrow we reconvene.

Robert Tobin, a board member of the Santa Fe Opera, hosted a dinner party this evening for the meeting's participants at his beautiful home on Park Avenue. I spent the evening chatting with many of the musical

theatre guests. They seem not only committed to the idea but also very excited about the potential of the cross fertilization of opera and musical theatre for future evolution of the art. The feeling is Let's get to it. We can do a lot together.

I have just come back to Frank Oz's apartment. The phone has just rung. It must be Robert. He went to a performance at the Brooklyn Academy this evening. No, it's not – it's Haig, my brother. There is one thing about Haig you can count on. Once he has a phone number, he never loses it. A year earlier he and I happened to be in New York at the same time. He came to Frank's for a drink one evening. Frank's phone number must be stored in his phone book. But why is Haig calling at this hour? It is nearly midnight.

Good, I found you. Your father wants to speak to you.

Immediately I said to myself

Good lord, I wonder what have I done?

A very serious tone of voice comes through the phone.

I want to read you a letter I have just sent to the Prime Minister of Canada. Oh my God, it's his resignation as Chief Justice of the Appeals Court in British Columbia.

What is going on? What prompted this?

It seems my father had an inappropriate liaison with a woman of the night in Vancouver. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police discovered this.

It is always amazing to me how I react under stress. The first thing that came out of my mouth was

Well, I hope you had a good time.

And we both laughed.

Now we are sad and distant. There wasn't much to say except that

I am sorry for him and Mum.

I commented

I cannot come to Vancouver at this moment but will come as soon as I can.

I am sitting on Frank's bed, the wonderful canopied bed.

Frank's apartment to me is all about make-believe. This phone call

seems to fall into this category.

No, it's all real. Life does seem to be about building up and falling down.

Who will know more? My sister-in-law.

Mary, it's Ann. What's going on at 1403?

All I know, Ann, is that Haig came rushing in a few hours earlier to pick up something, saying

There is trouble afoot at 1403.

Perhaps Katherine knows more.

Katherine, what do you know about Daddy?

She's in tears.

Ann, Daddy was the top story on the Ten O'Clock CBC news an hour earlier...

I want to go to Vancouver. I don't have the airfare.

I will ask my travel agent first thing in the morning to prepay your ticket and book your travel.

Robert has just come in. We realize, no question, overnight my parent's lives have transformed. My father's continued midnight liaisons have finally caught him up short. Wow!

This morning, I am sitting in the corner at the back at the Opera and Musical Theater meeting at the Met. Although there is much going on around me, I am quiet, maybe more accurate to say I am numb.

I didn't get much sleep last night.

Yes, I called my travel agent, Katherine's ticket is arranged.

My mind keeps focusing on the paradox of life. Here at the Met we are building a new idea into life, and in my personal life, aspects of it are tumbling down.

Our meeting is over. Many recommendations have been made to Mary Ann Tighe. The most important one is agreement. The opera and musical theatre representatives do want to collaborate together at the NEA. It is an exciting moment. The next hurdle is approval by the National Council of the Arts.

That final moment is here. It's Sunday morning and the last session of the National Council meeting is an open session. Livingston Biddle and Mary Ann Tighe's recommendation of the evolution of an Opera and Musical Theater Program is being brought to the table for a vote. Our primary spokesperson Hal Prince has flown overnight on the Concorde, that fast-flying plane, to be here for the meeting. He is in final rehearsals for the premiere of *Sweeney Todd* in London. My staff and I are glued to our chairs. Robert is away doing a show. Gary Fifiield is also in attendance. Billy Taylor, the famous jazz artist, is against the concept and threatens that if it is established, jazz will ask for its own program. Others are with him. I am sitting on my hands. Here's the vote.  
We made it by one.

Thank you, Hal, thank you for making that special effort to come to this meeting. Thank you, thank you and good luck with *Sweeney Todd*. Hal is off in a limousine to the airport and a Concorde trip back to London. We are ever so grateful to him. Without him this would not have been a reality!

Jim Ireland has become the Director, putting together the new program. He and Mary Ann Tighe have assembled a stellar panel, including Mr. Adler who was a vocal proponent for this program. The joining of opera and musical theatre takes him back to his early professional years in Europe and his work with Berthold Brecht and Kurt Weil. Musical theatre, be it *Three Penny Opera* or *Sweeny Todd*, is simply a more popular version of opera. We all are grappling with the same issues of producing music theatre.

Today in the open panel meeting the discussion focused on the title of the program

What if we call it the Music Theater Program?

What if it's named the Opera and Musical Theater Program?

What if we shorten it to Opera/Musical Theater Program?



Mr. Adler has just spoken

What if we call it the Opera-Musical Theater Program?

If we have a slash it can indicate confrontation, a dash means a harmonious interrelationship.

A typical comment from Adler. He sees the minutiae.

And so the program is named: Opera-Musical Theater Program.

Now the panelists are devoting their attention to developing guidelines.

What fascinates me is the cross-fertilization of ideas. Stuart Ostrow is an important heavy in these discussions. He is all about experimentation.

David Gockley is with him. They are suggesting there be funding for new music theatre approaches which are neither typical of opera or the traditional American musical theatre style.

It will lead to new energy in both art forms.

This is healthy and stunning to watch.



The banks are lifting their redlining of Logan Circle. Robert and I have found an architect who respects the Victorian nature of our house.

He will prepare detailed renovation plans so we can apply for a loan.

In the bottom level will be a small rental apartment.



I am beginning to feel tired. I have been in a five-year non-stop creative period. While I love my work, I am running out of energy and I am lonely.

My work with the psychiatrist is pointing out the strain this is causing.

Robert is spending at least five months of the year working on Central City Opera and then he has other engagements. We hardly see each other.

I need space to sort this out. I will talk with John Crosby in Santa Fe this summer before the Board Meeting.



Hugh Southern gave me a tip the other day, recommending I enroll in the newly initiated four-month course at The Institute for Not-For-Profit

Management at Columbia University. He has just completed the course and felt he learned a great deal.

During these last five months I have been in New York every other Friday and some weekends, learning new management techniques, labor relations perspectives and long-range planning. This training has an additional gift. It has allowed me to leave OPERA America with a five-year organizational plan.



Our bank loan is confirmed. We can start renovation. Yea.

While I have loved working for OPERA America and am proud of what I accomplished it is time for a change. And for that to occur I need time for myself. My sessions with my psychiatrist, Dr. Messoro, have opened my perspective on myself. I want more balance in my life. I know it will always be a “push/pull” situation with my marriage because of Robert’s career and mine – same business but so different. I am hoping that by spending time this summer resting, for I am very tired, overseeing the renovation and visiting Robert in Central City will begin to open doors for me and us. It’s difficult when the person I love is seldom around. It was difficult when I heard him say he didn’t love me when we got married. It’s difficult to know if more of a partnership is possible. Time will tell.

# NEW CHALLENGES



[ 1980 ]

**T**IME HAS JUST FLOWN BY. Our house is transformed, not finished, but we have a kitchen with new appliances, a luxurious bathroom on the second floor, walls are installed throughout the house and the interior is painted, by me, in Williamsburg colors: deep blue, soft grey, rich pink/cherry red. Each room is attractive and makes physical life ever so much more agreeable. And our one-bedroom apartment is complete and rented in the basement. For eight months I focused on this project, loving every moment. Our home is a delight to live in. This meant we were ready to host our families. At Christmas, my parents, Haig and Mary and their two early teenagers, Jason and Lara, along with Katherine join us. It was a joyous family ten days, saddened only by the illness that Mary's mother was experiencing in Vancouver. In the Spring, Robert's parents will come.





*Standing: JOHN FARRIS—LEFT, ROBERT DARLING—RIGHT*  
*Sitting: DOROTHY FARRIS, HAIG FARRIS, MARY FARRIS, ANN FARRIS DARLING, KATHERINE FARRIS*  
*Front Row: JASON FARRIS, LARA FARRIS*

With the arrival of 1980, Gordon Hilker enticed me back into the World's Fair business. He has been up to his ears, writing themes for three of them. New Orleans in 1982, Knoxville in 1984 and Vancouver in 1986.

Ann, I want you to apply for the position of Producer of Entertainment for the 1984 World's Exposition in Knoxville. I wasn't even tempted. Leaving our renovated home, moving to Knoxville, giving up my freedom to see something of Robert was not a path I wanted to go down. I did agree to collaborate with him and David Haber as a consultant, laying out an entertainment plan for Knoxville. We meet monthly in this southern town.

As we began to outline the program ideas, my role becomes developing the staff and production requirements, along with the World Festival

operating budgets. It is stimulating returning to the energy of a World Exposition; creativity abounds, not to mention the satisfaction of looking at the project from both a global and local perspective. In the evenings, Gordon often holds court. He's such a raconteur. Tonight, he was drawing comparisons of the three World Expositions in North America over the next six years. I am most worried about New Orleans. They began this project underfunded and I fear that will catch up with them. Vancouver is in good shape. They have funding (\$850 million) from the British Columbia provincial government and Knoxville will be able to pull it off; they have the corporate support they need.



Robert just called  
Ann, Peter Kellogg has resigned.  
He's been the manager at Central City for several years. That's unexpected.  
Robert, what do you think if I put my hat into the ring? Would you like to work with me?  
Yes, I would.  
Do you think the Central City Opera Board might have an interest?  
Hard to know.



[ JANUARY 1981 ]

I have been hired as Managing Director. I interviewed with two people, the Board Chairman, E. Atwill Gilman, whom I know. He was a very involved Board Member of the American Symphony Orchestra League when I was at OPERA America. The President, Marshall Friedman, is new to me. I like him, he's sharp and I am told successful in his business. I think we can develop a good working relationship.



You may wonder about Central City. It has a Wild West history. In the last half of the 19th Century, gold was found in the Rocky Mountains, not too far from Denver. The town of Central City was a hub and was soon flooded with a population of 10,000, mostly Welsh miners. They loved music and wanted an opera house. In 1878, a 550-seat opera house opened.

The balcony seats were constructed as benches, so the miners could pop in for a performance dressed in their work clothes. The entertainment fare was extensive: opera and vaudeville, including Buffalo Bill and the P.T. Barnum Circus.



CENTRAL CITY OPERA HOUSE

After the gold rush died, the City became a ghost town with just a few hardy souls remaining. In the early part of the 20th Century, some enterprising people from Denver created the Central City Opera House Association to produce a summer season of opera. Over the last fifty years or more they have acquired the opera house, two hotels – the Teller House and Chain of Mines – a stable and many of the Victorian homes built for miners in the surrounding hills.

The primary focus of the programming over the years has been opera, but they also continued offering a smattering of dance, theatre and jazz. Producing opera successfully in Central City hinges on two core programming elements: the engagement of young American opera artists ready to test their mettle with new repertoire and an apprentice program, which not only trains young singers in their *métier*, but also provides a chorus for the opera performances in the evenings. Beverly Sills was an apprentice at Central City Opera.

Tourists who love wandering up the street past the Teller House are drawn into the bar by the honky tonk piano music. They are always surprised to find that decades ago an artist painted on the floor his version of the poem, "Face on the Barroom Floor." A couple of years ago Robert commissioned Henry Mollicone to write a thirty-minute opera, *The Face on the Barroom Floor*, which the apprentices perform at 4 p.m. in the bar. It's been a great hit.

Robert invited John Moriarty to join him. John wears many hats: conductor, musical coach and Director of the Training Program. They collaborate very well together, spending several weeks in December and January going around the country auditioning for the twenty apprentices. Robert has also initiated a series, Composers at Central. Short new pieces are staged and performed in the stables with the audience sitting casually on bleachers. On Sundays, he has added a recital series which follows a brunch in the Victorian Salon of the Teller House. You can see the apprentices have many opportunities for performing. That's one reason they love coming to Central City.

And a jazz festival follows the opera season. Then a theatre company or dance company, like Bella Lewitzky's troupe, complete the summer offerings.



Robert and I have rented our house in Washington and are staying in a furnished apartment close to the office in downtown Denver. We much prefer spending time in Central City and its Wild West environment, so most weekends we are off, driving forty minutes into those beautiful Rocky Mountains. Slowly I am meeting some of the Central City residents. Pancho Gates, a Central City legend, is an artist who has been working for many years with the Company. He and his wife, Agnes, own one of those decorative Victorian homes. It's jammed with art and overlooks the canyon leading into Blackhawk, a tiny town a couple miles below Central City. Pancho's fondest memories of the Company come from the 1950s and '60s when Donald Oenslager, the New York stage designer, (and Robert's and my design professor at Yale), was working here. My focus is the budget. With the company carrying a deficit, my goal

is to keep the expenses contained. After running the numbers, Robert saw the handwriting on the wall. We have to reduce the number of productions for this coming summer. Today we presented our budget to the Executive Committee. They agree it's realistic. Robert and I have weathered our first challenge.



Life is about surprises and we just had one. A visit from Nat Merrill, a much-respected stage director working frequently at the Metropolitan Opera. The purpose of his visit was to announce I am starting a new opera company in Denver. This announcement took us back some, as did it our Board. I did some digging. My contact told me "New money" in Denver is behind Nat. They don't want to associate with "old money" who are the primary supporters of the Central City Opera House Association.



Despite this bump, I am enjoying my work and its challenges. My responsibilities extend beyond the theatrical and into historic properties. At the moment, I am focused on finding two staff members. We need a manager to oversee the historic properties for the summer. Ann, I am your man. That's Glen Dutcher talking. He's a tall, lanky individual with an easy-going nature. His references confirm You can count on him. He is strong on the practical side, can fix anything that goes wrong. And he gets along with everyone. Sounds like our man to me. Glen, you know opera personalities can be dramatic and these homes where they will be living are old. Can you handle the drama? I can. I sense Glen will make them comfortable.



I am very pleased with my restaurant manager choice. He has managed two restaurants in Denver and seems keen to take on the challenge of the Teller House restaurant and Face Bar. Not only willing, he is not daunted by the antiquated kitchen and its ancient equipment and he's come up with menus that are imaginative and sound delicious. So, we are set.

Marketing is my biggest learning curve. Yes, I took the classes I organized for OPERA America and at Columbia University, but now is the down and dirty. I have found a woman who has the experience we need. I think she is sometimes frustrated with my questions, though.



CENTRAL CITY, LARA FARRIS, ROBERT DARLING, ANN DARLING



Time has flown by. The season is up and running.  
We are selling well, staying within budget.  
I had an interesting reaction on opening night. One of the Board Members came up to me at the first intermission and said  
The show is absolutely wonderful, congratulations.  
I had a hard time with that comment. Not because I don't believe that the show isn't good, but because, you see, I have a superstition.  
Let's get to the final curtain before congratulations.  
Well, we got there, and all went well.



A strange thing did happen today. Marshall Friedman, our Board President, asked me to lunch. It wasn't his invitation that was strange, it was his message. Ann, I am resigning as president of Central City Opera. My business needs my full attention. Charlie Leisure has agreed to take on this responsibility.

There is something not kosher about all of this. I sense there must be more behind his decision. Is he displeased with my work and not willing to tell me? Hmmm. I am also concerned with his replacement. Charlie is an amiable individual, passionate about opera. He manages one of the large television stations in Denver. He is, like me, someone who makes things work. But I wonder if he has clout with the old Denver crowd? I know you would say, but At Gilman, your chairman, represents old Denver. Right. But At isn't a businessman. I think there is trouble here.



The historic properties are more fragile than I thought. They are deteriorating at an alarming rate, giving Glen many repair jobs. Something has to be done with them. Listen to this story. Robert and I were having dinner when the phone rang. It was our restaurant manager Ann, please come immediately. There's been an accident. Part of the ceiling of the Teller House dining room has fallen on the lap of a guest.

Living across the street from the hotel, I was there in a flash.  
The man, a doctor, told me he was okay. Just in shock.  
We were lucky. But luck might not be always with us. Something needs  
to be done if we are to keep the restaurant running in the summers.



The season was an artistic success. We filled houses and the ancillary  
program was strong. We met our budget projections. My experience  
of being a manager is positive.

I love Central City, love working on the challenges it gives us. I am not  
so keen on Denver. The air quality is poor, very poor, as bad or worse  
than Los Angeles. I am a runner. It doesn't feel healthy to run here!  
And as to Robert and me, all in all, Robert and I have weathered  
the summer together quite well.

There was one occasion when all was not wine and roses. It happened at  
dinner. Robert and I were just finishing when he became agitated saying  
Ann, you didn't get done...(the specifics I don't remember)

You're right. I ran out of time.

He continued, pushing, pushing. I saw, for the first time, an icy look,  
a feeling of hate emanating from him. It sent a chill through my body.  
There was no space for discussion. He was too angry.

This is the first time I experienced, first hand, Robert's shortcoming,  
the one that has caused him grief in his career. He just doesn't get  
when it is no longer appropriate to push.



Robert and I just met with Charlie, telling him

We think Central City Opera needs a long-range plan to outline  
a way to renovate the historic properties, retire the debt and layout  
an artistic growth plan.

We are delighted with his response

I agree. And my station will pay for the consultants to help us  
develop this plan.

Matt and Gail Taylor, future planning consultants, have been recommended to us. They offer a Design Shop, a two-day workshop in their Boulder workspace bringing together thirty people from different points of view within the Central City Opera family, along with others. The process will result in a twenty-year plan.



GAIL AND MATT TAYLOR AND ANN FARRIS

Robert, I think we just met two people who will have a major impact on our lives. I like how they are thinking. Charlie also liked the Taylors. The planning process is approved by the Executive Committee. The Design Shop is set for a Friday/Saturday in early December. We have board members, audience members, artists, a representative from the town of Central City, along with

Jim Ireland, who is now working at the Houston Grand Opera. We know Jim will bring a healthy perspective to our deliberations.



Robert and I are in San Francisco for a part of the OPERA America Annual Meeting. Our Design Shop happens this Friday and Saturday, so we need to return to Denver, missing the last two days of the conference. But we had to come. This is the last week of Mr. Adler's tenure as General Director of the San Francisco Opera. It's a momentous occasion.

It's hard for us.

Mr. Adler, we are so sorry to miss your final performance of Carmen.

He looked at us with fire in his eyes

You must be here.

Such a typical Adler comment.



The Design Shop is in full swing. What I am appreciating most is being pushed by the process to think beyond today and into the future. It is also giving me a sense of each person's level of commitment to the Central City Opera House Association. At the outset, the process gave focus on the negatives, allowing an opportunity for expressions of concern. I saw how frightened Marshall Friedman was about the company's viability and future. Hmmm. I'll bet that's why he abandoned ship in the middle of the year. And this process is giving me a perspective on how single-focused Robert is and how that focus undermines achieving what he wants.

I am not absolved either. Gail Taylor pointed out one of my shortcomings. Ann, have you observed that you are an enabler, picking up the pieces from others? That behavior does not always serve. Sometimes it's important to let a person fall short so he or she can learn the lesson. The pain might be great enough to make them interested in changing. She's right.

I am glad this process allowed the negative to be expressed.

It gave perspective to the remainder of the two-day workshop.

The twenty-year plan is outlined. Many ideas, along with constructive negotiations, have resulted in an exciting blueprint.

Even the naysayers joined in.



It's a new year and I am finalizing the budget for next year, beginning work on the exciting challenge of defining the long-range plan. Richard Balthazar has just arrived in Denver to work with us. Robert and John are conducting more apprentice auditions on the East Coast. Meanwhile, I am beginning the search for a more permanent residence in Denver.

A new Board member, whom I hardly know but who attended the planning meeting, called

Are you free this afternoon?

Yes, I am.

I would like to come over and talk with you.

By all means!

He came right to the point

I have been sent by the Executive Committee. We feel you are being too aggressive in organizing the implementation process of the long-range plan. We have decided to remove the responsibility of evolving the plan from you. It will be a board activity.

That was disturbing news. And as he was talking, I wondered why is he the messenger?

Isn't that the responsibility of At Gilman, the Chairman, or Charlie Leisure, the President?

I just expressed to this visitor

You know, I don't feel comfortable with this news. I need to think about it.

Is there room for any discussion?

No, this is our decision. Do you have anything more to say?

Not at the moment. I will get back to you.

How soon?

Within a day!

Here is my phone number.

He's gone and I am without feeling, too stunned. I guess this is how "old Denver" behaves. Dictums! You know, this situation has shades of the Vancouver International Festival, only this time I am the recipient. I need someone to talk to. Matt and Gail Taylor! A drive to Boulder and a chat with them will help me get my head around this.

I just walked into the Taylor office. Gail said

I passed you on the street. You didn't notice me. I saw how troubled you seemed. Is this why you are here?

Yes, here's what just happened... Obviously the Executive Committee doesn't have confidence in me. It's odd that neither At Gilman nor Charlie Leisure had the strength to tell me face to face. I know that Marshall

Friedman must have been a part of that decision. He hired me, he might have at least been the messenger.

You know, what hurts most? It's the lack of respect.

Well, the facts are now before me. And without their respect how can I continue? I would just become their lackey.

That's not my nature. It will only go from bad to worse.

It's clear they want to micro-manage. That doesn't interest me.

You know, I am really angry, mostly at their lack of respect, but also at my lack of recognizing their duplicity.

Thanks Gail and Matt for listening.

I just called Robert in New York.

Ann, please don't resign. It can be worked out.

I don't believe it can.

It's a rainy Saturday morning. I just called the board messenger and resigned.

Hugh Southern and Vincent Marron from Theater Development Fund are in town. They are helping a Denver group shape a service like the TKTS discount ticket booth in New York. The three of us are having dinner in Central City. I told them the situation. Hugh said You need to take care of yourself. You need to have this leaked to the press. Obviously, these people can't be trusted to make that announcement.

Hmm, who can I ask? Oh, I know. Ann McAdams.

She is a friend and works with the press.



Monday morning. This morning I had a call from Ana Steele at the National Endowment for the Arts

Ann, I have heard you have just resigned from Central City.

Would you be interested in interviewing as Director of the Opera-Musical Theater Program?

Heavens, Ana, is Ed Corn not in the position?  
He has just accepted a position with the Metropolitan Opera.  
Oh, well, yes, that could interest me very much.  
Could you come this week for an interview?  
I will talk with At Gilman and get back to you.  
Ana knows At. He's a good friend of Nancy Hanks.

I am in Washington and just had my interview. The new director of NEA is Frank Hodsoll, a Reagan political appointment. I am surprised. He has no background with the arts, his last position was Deputy US Special Representative for Non-Proliferation. Hmmm.  
Frank, I could be very interested. As Ana probably told you, I was a part of the creation of the Opera-Musical Theater Program and do have a sense of the needs of this industry. However, I need time to think about it.  
Frank commented  
It might interest you to know that I am talking with Hugh Southern. He is considering the role of Deputy Director of Programs.



Both Robert and I are back in Denver. My responsibilities will be completed in a month.  
At Gilman just left after delivering some very black news  
Robert, we have decided to release you from your contract.  
John Moriarty will take over as Artistic Director. And Ann, we have decided that we will not engage a manager to replace you.

Robert and I are in another level of shock. The Board has made a one-hundred-eighty-degree switch from the collaborative plans built in the Design Shop. Well, that is their prerogative. I have a sense that this switch was led by Marshall Friedman. His unexpected departure as Board President in the middle of the season last summer, his reaction at the Design Shop, where he clearly stated he doubted Central City Opera had a future, all seem to add up to something rather disturbing. Did he really



not believe in the two of us? Was he too hesitant to come forth and share his concerns with us? I don't know but...

I feel very sad for Robert. He loved the work, and the audiences and critics seemed to agree that his work was good. To have it suddenly ripped from him is painful – painful for both of us. And yes, our relationship is strained. I know Robert is blaming me for this but can't express it.

I have gone into Mum mode. What is, is! We need to move on.



We are home, back in Washington. Hugh is on board as the Deputy Director of Programs at NEA. I have accepted the Director of the Opera-Musical Theater Program position.



CHAIRMAN OF NEA, FRANK HODSOLL, WITH HIS PROGRAM DIRECTORS AND LEADERSHIP STAFF.

*Front Row:* C. McMULLEN, A. DARLING, R. LEVINE, A. STEELE,  
F. HODSOLL, H. SOUTHERN, R. BERENSON, B. ANDREWS, K. MOORE

*Back Row, third from left:* A. GNAM—WASHINGTON, DC 1982

[PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN]

# WRONG JOB FOR THE RIGHT REASON



[ 1982 ]

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS (NEA) administrative offices have moved downtown in Washington to the Old Post Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue. Ten years ago, this building was slated for demolition. Thanks to the initiative and lobbying of Nancy Hanks and Bill Lacy, then Program Director of the Architecture Program at the Arts Endowment and many others, this historic building is now the home of both the NEA and NEH (Humanities).

I love walking to work. This twenty-minute saunter both allows me to leave the heaviness of Robert's energy at home, and returning home gives me time to digest the workday and then let it go.

Program Directors at NEA are administrators, managing the development of the guidelines for funding, reviewing the applications, inviting leaders in their respective art disciplines to participate in recommending funding in response to the applications, and then handling the award process.

Program Directors are innovators as well, sensing trends and needs of the art forms, initiating program ideas as well as unearthing creative talent to serve on advisory panels. Four years ago, the originators of the Opera-Musical Theater Program (OMT) devised two categories for funding: Institutional Support and New American Works (NAW).

In a way, I feel like I have come home. The granting process is familiar and several of my colleagues are old timers with the Agency: Bess Lomax Hawes, Director of the Folk Arts Program and Brian O'Doherty, Director of the Media Program along with Ana Steele, Associate Deputy Chairman of Programs and John Clark who oversees all the details involving the National Council. My friend Anthony Turney, brought in by Livingston Biddle, has been elevated to Deputy Director of the State Arts Agency Program. There are many new faces, Nigel Redden, heading the Dance Program, Ed Martenson leading the Theater Program and Adrien Gnam, the Music Program. We are an energetic bunch.

And I have been blessed with a wonderful staff and interns.



ELSA JACOBSEN, AN INTERN, GERT AND IN THE BACKGROUND TWO OTHER STALWARTS



It isn't all roses. There are several Reagan political staff appointments, including a new Associate Deputy Chairman, Ruth Berenson. A graduate of Smith College with a doctorate in art history from Radcliffe, Ruth has been an art editor for the *National Review*, a right-wing magazine founded by William F. Buckley. She's very outspoken, not always pleasant to be around. It's not her politics, right-wing, that are bothersome; it's her habit of being judgmental about issues she knows nothing about. Ruth is gunning for the Opera-Musical Theater Program.

I took her to lunch yesterday to find out why.

When I posed my question, it was clear she was waiting for this question.

And she relished the opportunity to tell me

We are convinced that opera and musical theatre should not be joined together. Opera is high art; musical theatre is not.

Who is we?

My right-wing colleagues.

Ruth, I don't sense this is all that is bothering you.

You are right. We feel our points of view have not been taken into account during these last twenty years at NEA. NEA should be funding high art and high art only. I see it as my responsibility to ensure that our points of view are heard and incorporated.

Wow! Am I glad I took her for lunch. Knowledge in this instance does help. She isn't yelling at me so much, but I don't trust that.

I will keep an "eye out."



My attention is turned to thick black binders, three or more inches thick that are stacked high in my office and contain funding applications from opera and musical theatre non-profit organizations. They require a great deal of reading, a skill that is not my best. It takes a great deal of effort, which means I tire easily and can't keep focused. I have two tricks to help me out. From my high school days, I discovered getting up and moving

around helps. My new solution is ice cream! There is an ice cream parlor in the lower level of the Old Post Office Building. After eating my waffle cone stuffed with chocolate ripple, I feel better and I can read longer. Odd!



The Ford Foundation has invited Robert and Richard Rodzinski to undertake a study. Both of them are enjoying themselves. And Robert and I have found a new outlet to explore: the World Future Society. Their annual meeting here in Washington just completed. It was a relief to share time with explorers shaping a new future for the planet. A board member, Barbara Marx Hubbard, sponsors classes for novices in the “future” field here in Washington. Robert and I have signed up. We are being energized as we learn. Tonight: techniques on how to function in a conscious way. This translates to: You have to be aware that each decision you take has an impact not only on yourself but also on others. Wow, have I learned that lesson in the last couple of years.



A couple of years ago, Mr. Adler was appointed to the National Council, the governing body of the National Endowment for the Arts. We catch up each time he's here. Today he had extraordinary news. Nancy and I are having our second baby. What? How exciting.



Robert has begun working with the Taylors who are moving their business from Boulder to the East Coast offering Design Shops to government agencies and international corporations. Robert's extraordinary intellect and ability to absorb anything he reads, along with his artistic talents, seems to blend well with their work. I am happy for him. The core of our relationship remains rocky.



I am observing myself as I am reading the New American Works applications for the upcoming panel meeting. It's so weird. I can't stay focused without enormous pressure. I must have a psychological problem. Time to revisit Dr. Messore, the psychiatrist who helped me sort out stuff a few years ago.

We face each other in very comfortable leather chairs.

No desk and no brown suits!

Dr. Messore, I am stumbling with my reading. I can't keep my attention span on the content and my comprehension abilities are poor.

This puts me into confusion which leads me into an old behavior which I call it "going up and out there." In fact, I am out of my physical body.

There, I avoid the frustration, confusion and pain, but can't read. What makes me feel better is ice cream – sometimes four cones in a day.

Dr. Messore is sitting very quietly, we both are. I can see his mind churning.

Ann, could it be possible that you are dyslexic?

Why would you think that?

I have a child who has been expressing the same symptoms and we have discovered that he's dyslexic. If you are interested in being tested, here is the contact information.

It's a very rainy day, I am on Massachusetts Avenue, NW, approaching a large brick mansion, a Victorian structure, with a series of small turrets. The sign says it's a Center for Dyslexics. Oh, darn, the interior is very dreary: dark woods, chopped up spaces, really uncomfortable! Well, I am uncomfortable about a lot of things right now and this space is making it even worse. The tests are being administered by a woman who doesn't smile. To make matters even worse, she is dressed in dark brown.

I didn't do well on the tests, a myriad of them! Now, I have to wait in a dark hall with tiny, and I mean it'sy bitsy, windows for the results.

All I can see is the pouring rain as I wait and wait and wait.

An hour has gone by, now another half hour. This is impossible!

The dreary woman has just asked me to return to her drearier space.  
Ann, you are dyslexic, heavily dyslexic.  
I take a breath.  
Fine, what can I do about it?  
Her answer is short and painful  
Nothing. Learn to live with your disability.  
I am furious and rising out of my chair, I glower back, spitting out  
Madam, that is not the way I live my life.  
I just stormed out of her office. It's pouring rain. I don't care. I am walking  
home. How can there be nothing I can do? There must be something.  
I am not going to live with this pain and confusion for the rest of my life!  
I am going to prove that woman wrong!

There is one good thing about this situation. At least now I have a name  
for what hinders my ability to read. But you know what? I am embarrassed.  
I have a disability, at least that's what she said. I can't tell anyone.  
Well, yes, I can tell Robert. He won't tell anyone but...

Dr. Messoro gave me the name of a specialist helping dyslexic children  
learn to read. After three appointments she said  
You have taught yourself the skills we believe are necessary for dyslexics,  
you can sound out words, read words and have a good vocabulary.  
I can't help you. I am sorry.  
She was at least nice. And she gave me the name of a national dyslexic  
organization, the Lorton Society.  
Perhaps you might find more information from them.

I have just received a package of books from the Lorton Society.  
They are written in fine print, very off-putting. I know I won't read them.



The OMT New Works Panel Meeting has just concluded. Our twenty  
panelists: Composers, stage directors, patrons, managers of opera, musical  
theatre and music theatre companies labored hard under the chairmanship



of Carlisle Floyd, the celebrated American composer. They had done their homework and are recommending several new commissions in both opera and musical theatre. It is amazing to see how much has been accomplished since John Crosby and David Gockley made the decision to push for this program. New works are being commissioned but perhaps what is more exciting is watching the interchange amongst these creative talents on the panel as they begin to understand one another's point of view. Their discussions are animated and respectful, talking to one another on an equal basis.

Ruth Berenson is a fly on the wall during these meetings. I hope her perspective is expanding.



You know I think my dyslexia problem is my eyes.

I just went to a bookstore and saw a notice on the bulletin board advertising classes on the Bates Method of Seeing and have signed up. The classes are easy. They focus on strengthening my eye muscles. I am having fun moving my eyes up and down, to the side and on the diagonal. They aren't far off the Donald Duck exercises I did as a kid. The Washington subway stops are a great place to practice. The decor on the walls is repetitive, a perfect target to move my eyes up and down and to the side. Are there results? Yes! My eyes are feeling less stressed. But my comprehension isn't improving. However, I don't seem to want ice cream as much. These exercises must be making some kind of difference.



It's National Council meeting time again. Frank Hodsoll is hosting a party at his home in Virginia and I am Mr. Adler's chauffeur. Driving along the tree-lined Potomac River in Virginia, I just about caused an accident when Mr. Adler said

Ann, Nancy and I are wondering if you would be interested in being a Godmother to Roman, our new baby.

Oh, my goodness, I would *love* to be a Godmother to Roman.

We are also asking Robert and Richard Rodzinski.  
Nancy and I want Roman to have godparents who knew me well.  
I looked at him and laughed  
Well, that's an understatement. I will certainly make sure  
that Roman has a sense of you.  
We both are smiling.



PRIEST, KURT HERBERT ADLER, RICHARD RODZINSKI,  
NANCY ADLER WITH ROMAN, ANN DARLING, ROBERT DARLING



Ronald Reagan has just appointed new members to the National Council of the Arts. One is Sam Lipman, a music critic as well as Editor of the *National Review*, working with William Buckley. Oh boy, here we go again. Hugh, I am concerned.  
Let me do some research.

Ann, I have discovered that Sam is a pianist and thirty years earlier he auditioned for Mr. Adler as a rehearsal pianist at the Opera in San Francisco.  
Thanks, I'll check this out.

I can hear Mr. Adler's mind ticking when I call him.  
Ann, I don't remember him. I have auditioned hundreds  
of rehearsal pianists in my life.  
Never mind. How about you and me taking Sam for dinner  
the night before his first National Council meeting?  
By all means! You make the invitation.

The dinner went very well. Sam was entertaining and complimentary  
to Mr. Adler. There was no discussion about the Opera-Musical  
Theater Program.



The National Council meeting is just about to start. The Opera-Musical  
Theater Program is the first on the agenda to make its report. I have invited  
two panel members to join me; Robert Herman, General Director  
of the Greater Miami Opera and Chairman of the Opera-Musical Theater  
Institutional Funding Panel, along with Stuart Ostrow, a Broadway  
producer and founder of Musical Theatre Lab, a nonprofit professional  
workshop for original musical theatre. He is on the OMT New Works  
Program Panel. All three of us will be making reports.  
Sam Lipman just took me aside and threw a spanner into the works  
when he said  
Ann, I want you to know that what is about to take place is not personal.  
And marched away. So, the battle is about to begin.

I just relayed that message to Bob and Stuart. They ask  
What does he mean?  
I have no idea.  
We don't have any time to strategize as Frank Hodsoll  
has called the meeting to order.

OMT Program is up first. My report seemed to go fine. Bob has completed  
his. All seems copacetic. Stuart had no sooner started to speak when Sam  
interrupted. This man is like the Vesuvius volcano. He is spilling, no,

pouring out his violent distaste for the program and, in particular, musical theatre. His attack is venomous.

Why isn't Frank Hodsoll in his role as Chairman jumping in here? Stuart is on his feet

Mr. Lipman, what you are saying shows your lack of knowledge of musical theatre.

Everything is quiet now.

Our presentation is over. Stuart just looked at me and said

Don't you ever invite me down here again! I have never been so disrespected.

He's right. It is one thing to disagree with a point of view, but it's another to be spoken to in such a mean-spirited manner.

If I thought Ruth Berenson was a challenge, this personality is lethal.



My work load is piling up.

Hugh, I need an Assistant Program Director. The work is multiplying.

Yes, you do. I will see what's possible.

I have chosen Janet Brenner. She began her career as an opera singer and switched to management. Her knowledge, breadth of experience and great passion for both opera and musical theatre makes her the perfect fit.



Frank Hodsoll and I have just completed my annual review.

Methodically, we discussed the many aspects of my position: leadership skills, the development of the guidelines, the recommendations of panel members, the panel assessment process of the incoming applications, special programs and much more. He had little to say that was critical.

At the conclusion, however, he dropped a bomb

Ann, at the end of next year I may ask you to leave.

I looked at him. Then, I knew. I didn't have to ask why.

He is being pressured by Sam Lipman to make a change.

I left his office saying to myself

If Sam is going to run me out of my job, so be it. Meantime, I am going to do what I feel is appropriate to keep the Opera-Musical Theater Program intact.



There is more negative energy these days. I wonder if Frank Hodsoll set this one up. A colleague came to me and said

It's rumored that the Theatre Program will absorb musical theatre.

Thanks for being the messenger.

You know, in my heart, I feel sure the Theater Program is not the best home for musical theatre. Theatre specialists look at musical theatrical from an intellectual point of view. Most of them don't have the natural link to music. It would be like putting opera back into the music program where all the focus is on music. Opera and musical theatre integrate all the art forms.

I have made a decision. I am going to let that piece of gossip remain just that, gossip.



The phone has just rung.

It's Christopher Wootten, Director of Entertainment for the 1986 World Exposition.

Ann, we want you to consider the position of Producer of the World Festival for Expo 86. You have extensive World Exposition experience, you are Canadian and from Vancouver. You are the perfect candidate. You know, I really don't have an interest. I am involved in a huge challenge at NEA and my responsibility lies here.

Ann, we know you are coming to Vancouver. Will you stop by and see us?

Hmmmm. He's done his homework. I wonder how he found out I am going to Alaska to meet with representatives of the Alaska Opera.

On my way back, I am stopping in Vancouver to visit with my parents.

His request kind of piques my interest

Yes, Christopher, I will.



I had several hours today with Christopher and Jeff McNair, Director of Operations. They are quiet and effective promoters. Here's what I learned. The Exposition theme is communication and transportation which also celebrates the hundred years ago connection of Eastern and Western Canada by railroad.

Patrick Reid is Commissioner General and expects close to forty countries to participate.

And Jimmie Pattison, a very successful self-made man, is Chairman of the Board.

I commented

I don't know Jimmie, but my father once told me that Jimmie Pattison is the smartest man I have ever met.

Can I see a list of the Board?

I am relieved to see there is one I know, Peter Brown – his family and mine grew up together. I know he cares about the arts!

The name World Festival at this World Exposition refers to the cultural program only. It is contained within the Entertainment Division, which also includes Folk Life, Street Entertainment, Popular Entertainment and Special Events. It's fascinating to see the explosion of the arts at this World Exposition.

Perhaps, most important, the financing for this undertaking is in place. The British Columbia government is backing it. And the budget for the World Festival is \$8.5 million.



I have come away intrigued but not convinced. Fortunately, I have time on my hands.

Jeff and Christopher cannot make an offer. Negotiations with the construction unions building the Site are not going well.

The Board of Directors has put a hold on all hiring.

Thank heavens.

It's funny. I have no qualms about whether I can do the job. What is holding me back is a sense of responsibility to OMT at the NEA as well as leaving Robert. It's a two and a half-year commitment. While Robert and I are used to long periods of being alone, this pushes the envelope.

Gordon Hilker took me to lunch at the Vancouver Hotel and we had a long conversation. The white tablecloth became whiter as we completed eating and our dishes are removed. Somehow this whiteness said the unknown. As we parted, Gordon commented

Ann, this position is perfect for you. You are ready. Take it!

Flying back to Washington DC, OMT is foremost in my thoughts.

We fought hard to create this Program. I don't want to see it crumble.

If, however, Frank Hodson is serious about releasing me, now four months away, maybe it's time to look after myself. Funnily enough,

I haven't thought about that issue since he told me. But now it is something to consider. Frank will replace me with someone Lipman wants, an opera intellectual, most likely. And I don't know what that person might do.

Fortunately, I have a knowledgeable assistant, Janet Brenner, who's persuasive in a very quiet way and knows a lot about both art forms.

I would bet money that she would get my replacement to listen and have him or her become a proponent for musical theatre. And if push comes to shove, no doubt David Gockley, Hal Prince, Mr. Adler and others will take up the gauntlet.

Robert, I have been offered the Producer position for the World Festival at Expo 86.

I was surprised. He was very excited for me.

Today, however, Robert is concerned

Ann, I sense our marriage will not survive if we are apart for two and a half years.

I don't have an answer for that.

Last night, I woke up, sat bolt upright in bed and said to myself  
If the position is offered, I will accept it.  
I told Robert at breakfast. He's upset but also can see my intent is clear.

Christopher called  
The Board has lifted the hiring freeze and I am extending you this offer.

Took some negotiating, for the financial offer is less than  
what I am making at NEA. They upped the ante. I am going.

I just shared my decision with Hugh Southern  
Go, Ann, go. It's the right place for you.  
When I told Frank Hodsoll, I sensed he was relieved.  
When I shared my decision with my staff, I felt their genuine  
disappointment. They, like me, are worried about the survival of  
the Opera-Musical Theatre Program.

Last night Hugh Southern, Ana Steele and John Clark took  
Robert and me to dinner, a happy and sad occasion. Happy to celebrate  
my new challenge. Sad, because I am leaving these wonderful people,  
and because Robert is so sad. Life is so paradoxical;  
the light and the dark are in full bloom now.





## 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 TARASOV



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

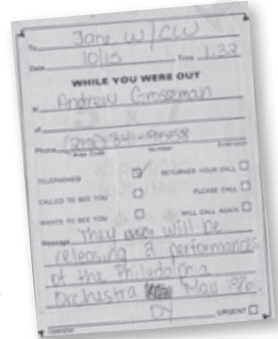
How do we begin to get this organized?

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 a 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 *Mahabharata*** – 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, *Mahabharata*, 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 Crompton 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, *Orestea* 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. Hmmmm.

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 Rustaveli 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 Crip-ton would be interested in organizing a United States tour after the World Festival premiere week. Good, we know Mr. Crip-ton. 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 Rustavelli.

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 Rustavelli.



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

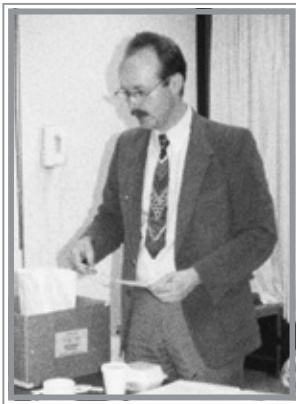


[ MID-MARCH 1985 ]



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 Borzulescu, 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 Crip-ton 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.

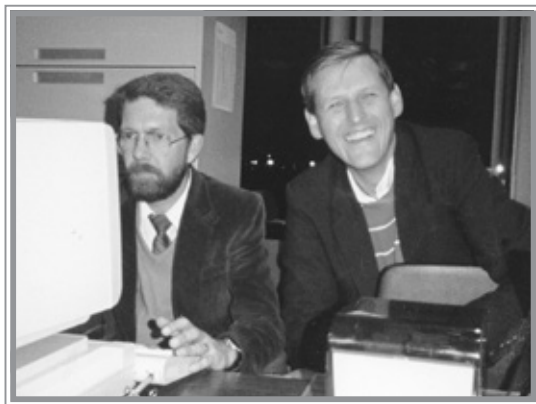
I am concerned about his answer...

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?

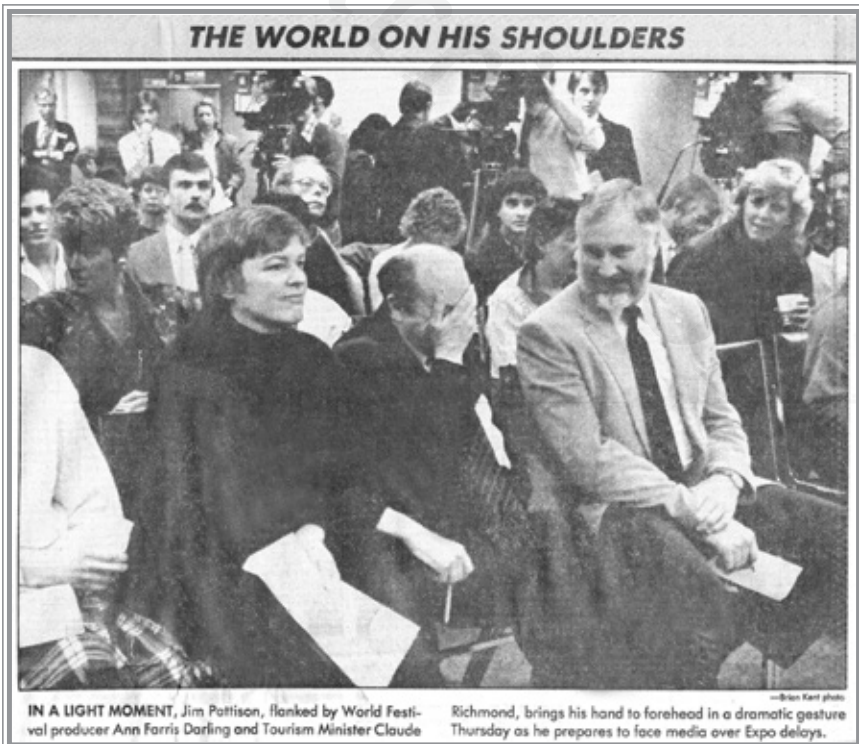
Yes, I need \$20 million out of the Expo budget. You have \$10 million. Is there any recourse?

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.

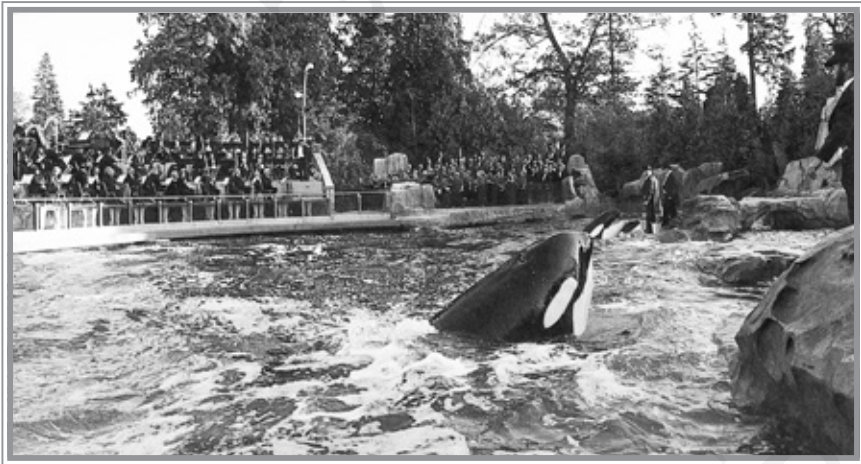
Jimmie Pattison, La Scala does not constitute a Festival. It is all or nothing.

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 Cripston, 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-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

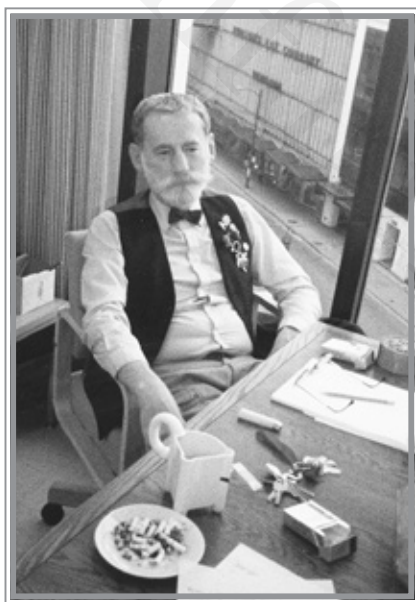
There's an additional event I want to schedule. It will take place the morning after each opening night.

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.



DOUG HUGHES

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.

My only sadness – perhaps more a bruised ego – is talking: My signature is not on the contract. Upper Expo management took that privilege. No, I am not going to make any issue of it. I am just glad La Scala is coming. The challenge is before us. We have 40,000 operatic seats to sell and a Coliseum to transform, along with an additional forty-four other attractions to present from May to mid-October.

**LA SCALA**

**SEE \* THE \* LEGEND \* ON \* OUR \* STAGE**

**THE GREATEST OPERA COMPANY IN THE WORLD!**  
Like nothing to other or the Montreux Festival, La Scala of Milan sets the standard for excellence the world over. The greatest opera company in the world has been a legend for more than 200 years. Now La Scala brings to Vancouver the most unusual and lavish production ever conceived for Verdi's stunning I Lombardi.

**VERDI'S SPECTACULAR I LOMBARDI**  
The English text of this great Italian opera is projected above the stage, making this spellbinding tale of love, treachery, family feuding and religious persecution as easy to follow as a Broadway musical. Whether you have a passion for opera or you just love a spectacular show, the adventures of the wily chief Lombard can will dazzle your eyes, your ears, your mind and your heart.

**COLISEUM TO OPERA HOUSE: AMAZING TRANSFORMATION**  
An epic stage, towering sets, stunning lighting and sound engineered by Renzetti's trusted acoustical expert will transform the Pacific Coliseum into a unique opera house. Only a limited number of prime seats have been selected for I Lombardi, to give every one the best possible location in their price range.

**THE POWER AND GLORY OF MAGNIFICENT VOICES**  
Only the very best singers are chosen to grace La Scala's legendary stage. The celebrated soloists coming to Vancouver are the finest of Europe's demanding soloists. And you'll be spellbound by the power of La Scala's mammoth 150-member chorus.

**CAST:**  
Soprano: Elena de Caceres  
Pugano: Paolo Bonolis  
Vittorio: Paolo Bonolis  
Giovanni: Paolo Bonolis  
Piero: Paolo Bonolis  
Piero di Montebello: Paolo Bonolis  
Aldobrandino: Paolo Bonolis  
Corno: Paolo Bonolis  
Sofia: Paolo Bonolis

**MEMORIES TO LAST A LIFETIME**  
It's been 10 years since La Scala last appeared in North America, and only Vancouver is being honoured with its presence in 2004. Like Hallelujah's concert, such a phenomenon occurs only once in a lifetime. Be sure you can tell your grandchildren you were there when it happened! AUGUST 24, 26, 28, 31, SEPTEMBER 2, 4.

LA SCALA BROCHURE



Susan Mathieson and I need to resolve the top price for the La Scala ticket. I talked with several colleagues in New York along with David Haber and Gordon Hilker. Their advice is unanimous. Go for a \$75 top. Jimmie is the final say on this one. To my surprise he said Yes, I agree. Go for \$75. During our meeting, Jimmie added

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. Hmmmmmm. 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 BALLE, *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.

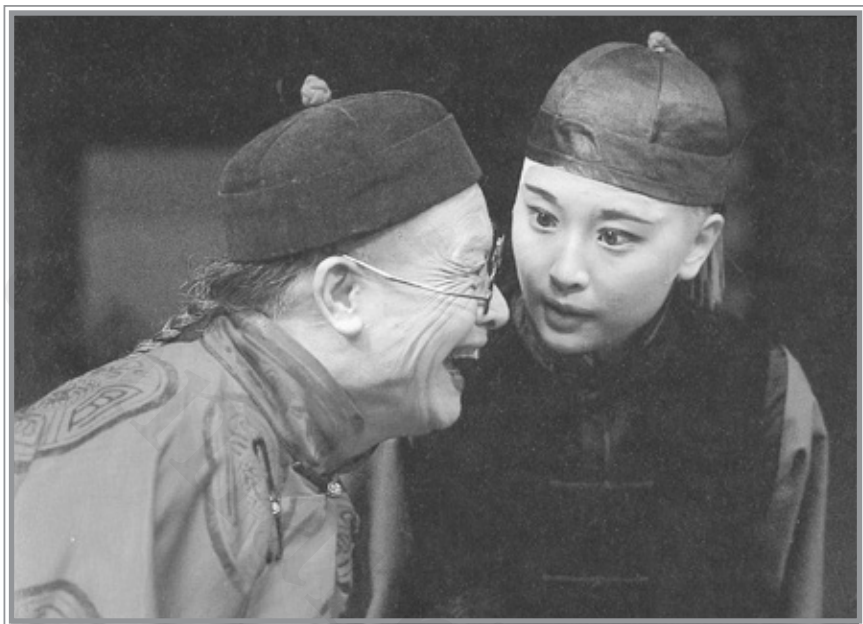


I just came back from an unexpected lunch and an offer from the Chairman of the Board of the Lincoln Center Festival in New York. He's in Vancouver for a meeting  
Ann, we would like to offer you the opportunity of being the Executive Director of the Lincoln Center Festival next year.  
Oh, what an honor. 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.

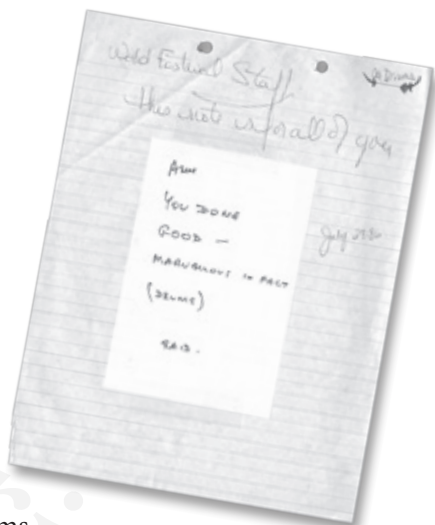
Now, these kids know what kind of an impact their artistry offers.

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."

# NEW TERRITORIES



[ 1986 ]

**E**VERY DETAIL ON OAHU, this blissful island, keeps falling into place. My home is a tiny light-filled, open-windowed house bathed in warm sun tempered by soft blowing ocean breezes. Sitting half-way up Wilhelmina Rise, it towers above the Diamond Head Crater, an 18th century dormant volcano. My view is 180 degrees, spectacular, with differing



ANN'S HOME, HONOLULU, HAWAII—1987

shades of blue, light in the sky and deeper blue sparkling from the ocean.

I am in heaven.

After three intense World Festival years

I am relishing my time alone, walking the beaches, sunbathing and swimming every

afternoon around 4 p.m. In tandem with this bucolic life Linda, Nan, Cynthia, John and Luz, are welcoming me like a long-lost friend and willingly offering different ways for me to explore life.



CYNTHIA DEHAY, NAN HACKETT PENNER AND LUZ HAAK

Ann, take a look at this book, *The Course in Miracles*. The chapters are short, an exercise is offered with each and the information is channeled.

The book looks important with its navy-blue cover and gold lettering. Each morning I peruse the Table of Contents for a topic. Yesterday it was the ego, today it's forgiveness. That's up for me right now. I am having a hard time forgiving Robert. He isn't accepting our new reality of leading separate lives and will not sign the divorce papers. Not that my father didn't warn me! But still, it's very frustrating. *The Course in Miracles* suggests visualizing, taking time to be quiet within.

With eyes closed, I see Robert sitting on his drafting stool, focused on a drawing with the divorce papers to the side.

It's clear he's not looking at them.

Now the book suggests

Find a light in him.

He seems pretty dark to me. Oh no, look, there is a tiny light in his heart.  
Now, expand that light.  
I can do that! It's gold and is as large as his heart. That's amazing.  
I hope he felt it.  
Robert, I do forgive you.

This simple exercise took some heat off my frustration.



My work with Nancy and Aurora, is diverse. Today, in a class with ten others, the topic is grounding. I am a neophyte: To me grounding is taking a pestle and grinding brittle rosemary into fine herbs to accent my chicken. What does it have to do with humans?  
Aurora, being channeled by Nancy, explained  
Grounding is the experience of being very present in the moment. This tool connects you to the center of the earth. It's an important conscious act to take. When you are grounded, your ability to see, feel, hear, sense and be clear about that which is happening around you, to you and within you becomes enhanced.

This all sounds weird until Nancy offers an exercise using the Lone Ranger music, you know the one that sounds like horses running across a field: *dadalump, dadalump, dadalump, bump, bump...* It's hilarious, we are two-legged horses bending our knees up and down, up and down to the rhythm. My feet are firmly on the ground. The music makes me want to gallop across an open plain. It's fun, I could go on all day. I bet most people don't know that this popular theme comes from a classical composer, Rossini, and his *William Tell Overture*.  
Nancy just asked  
Whoa, bring your horse into the paddock and disembark.  
I know I am grounded.

I just astounded my classmates when I said  
I am often ungrounded.

You, that doesn't seem correct!

It's because I am good at hiding it. When I am uncomfortable in a situation, often I go up and out there beyond the top of my head, all the while pretending I am very much present. This behavior began when I was a youngster. You see, I naturally see the whole picture, spoken and unspoken, not just the verbal situation. Sometimes that unspoken information is uncomfortable. Going up and out there allows me to really check out the reality of what was going on.

You mean you are choosing to go out there?

Sometimes! More often now it's an instantaneous reaction.

Nancy suggested

You have a new challenge now.

Train yourself to ground rather than to avoid. Not to say it isn't useful to use "up and out there" mode. Rather make it a conscious choice to ground and/or go "up and out there."

Hmmmm.



NANCY AND ERROL RUBIN



Nancy and I have begun private sessions. She is prodding.

Ann, we are looking for emotional reactions or behavior that might be a part of impacting why you have difficulty reading.

Well, refined sugar is one component.

True. The refined sugar was throwing the natural function of your physical energy into chaos. While an emotion may happen sometimes as a result of the sugar, sugar is not an emotion.

Are emotions a kind of energy?

Yes.

Hmmm.





My childhood friend Romilly, Sherry's younger sister, is living on Maui. I have joined her and her companion Roz, who have rented a house half-way up Mount Haleakala, a now quiet volcanic mountain on the island.

In the morning, the house is surrounded with swirling white fog blown about by a brisk and cold wind. When it lifts, we move into a peaceful view of the Maui coastline with houses that are just dots. The blue green ocean stretches out beyond them. These changing climates fascinate me and certainly don't fit my definition of Hawaii!

Rom and Roz are transformational seekers, been at it for years.

Now, they are helping me, suggesting

Read this book, *The Way of the Peaceful Warrior*. It's gentle, amusing and a powerful introduction to personal transformation.

What's it about? Remember, I am not much of a reader.

It's a story of a young athlete encountering a wise man, "Socrates," at a gas station. Together they are exploring a "course for life" so the young athlete can connect to his dreams and aspirations.

I can't put this book down. The athlete's journey seems to be mine. He is sensing something is missing in his life. I know I am missing something. I can't comprehend what I read and I don't know why. Socrates is clear: There is both light and dark to face in the exploration process.



Rom and Roz keep me on my toes, explaining lingo I don't understand. At this moment the word "processing" is stumping me. The two of them are chuckling at my personal transformation neophyte expense Sorry. It's a relatively new term to describe a person's process of taking on an unresolved emotional issue and exploring it until it feels resolved. What do you mean?

Processing is an unveiling of a situation. The deeper you go, the more you

feel. It may mean that you need to express your anger. Sometimes all it takes is identifying it and experiencing what anger feels like. You know, most of us grew up not expressing our anger. Some people are afraid of anger and bury it. What usually happens is it keeps returning. I certainly don't want to stay in that state. No, you won't, especially if you dig deeper into why you are angry. Often it comes from an unresolved childhood issue. Hmmm.



ROZ RITTER AND ROMILLY GRAUER

Well, I guess my discussion about anger was just a precursor. Today, Nancy asked Ann, do you think it's possible you have some unexpressed anger? On the contrary, Nancy, when I am angry, others know, perhaps too much. Well, I sense some anger is hidden away coming from years back. Are you willing to explore what that might be? Yes. What do you suggest? Use part of your afternoon swim for this exercise. Go underwater and yell as loud as you can. What? I don't want to make a scene for no reason. No one can hear you when you are underwater. Try it. If you do this exercise over a period of time it might give you a hook to your unexpressed anger. Hmmm.

And when you are done, turn over on your back and float. Look up at the blue, blue sky and say I forgive myself, and I forgive anyone else involved, even though you don't know what the situation is.

It's the forgiveness part that got me to do the screaming this afternoon. I made sure I was far from others. I didn't want to be embarrassed. At first, I thought I would choke, opening my mouth underwater. Not at all! When I let my screams rip I guess the force of my scream frightened the water away. Annoyingly, screaming just gave me a rough throat but I loved the forgiveness part. Floating on the buoyant warm salt water, looking up at the blue never-ending sky, was so peaceful. I was left with a hopeful sensation.



My new friends helped me celebrate my 50th birthday. Linda hosted the party, suggesting Let's do a potluck. This is a new concept for me. I felt it more appropriate that I do the cooking; after all I have just moved here. We pored through a cookbook Mum had given me with recipes using alternative sources of sugar to create desserts. Linda joined me with cooking a turkey – turning it upside down!



LINDA VON GELDERN



ANN, 50TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

That was a new approach. My goodness, the meat was moist and tasty. She decorated her house with balloons, streamers and flowers, spectacular flowers: Birds of Paradise with their bright orange beak and green head plumage were displayed in a tall elegant vase. Her long porch overlooking a ravine of rangy tall coconut palm trees is surrounded by the many-leaved monstera plants and a display of ginger with its small yellow-green flowers. Just before the party she presented me with a *lei* of tiny white tuberose and adorable pink roses interspersed – the perfect complement to my pink pantsuit. The party was heartwarming. The deserts with sugar alternatives were only 50-50.



Took a big step today, bought a computer. Haig has been pushing me – all through Expo. At that time it seemed too much to handle. Well, now I have the time but don't feel quite ready yet to tackle this challenge. I'd rather explore playing the piano. I want to see why, as a child, I couldn't learn to play music the way a composer intended. Nancy suggested Jan Hansen as my teacher. She isn't anything like past piano teachers. She's easy going and encouraging as she outlines what she wants from me. I have chosen Robert Schumann's *Kinderszenen* (Scenes from Childhood) for my first foray. Somehow the topic and the gentle music fit my current personal exploration.

A couple hours a day I sit before a rented but in-tune funky upright piano. My dexterity is not all that bad, but I continue to struggle to make beautiful sounds. Getting the rhythm is not natural to me. I keep hoping that the block that stops my brain and body from flowing will soon lift. It must tie to dyslexia. Jan suggested I join her and her husband at tap dancing classes. I thought, yes! That sounds like so much fun. So, I bought the shoes with the cleats on the toes and heels, pulled out leotards and a flowing skirt and headed to class. Well, when my body felt like cooperating it did and when it didn't – well! But I loved going. Our teacher was a former Broadway hoofer and full of fun. He didn't care that my feet kept getting tangled up.



I asked Nan, my artist friend, can you help me out with a definition of the word, spiritual?

I am confused.

Nan has many unique talents, two of which are being very grounded and verbally very articulate

Ann, this controversial word has different meanings. For some people, spirituality relates to a religious belief like Catholicism. Our context is more broadly-focused. We are looking at the ultimate nature and purpose of our life on this planet. It implies a connection to a reality greater than oneself often referred to as the Divine.

Hmmm. I find it relieving not to be clouded with religious dogma.

It makes sense that I can communicate directly with the Divine.

That feels good.

Am I correct that Aurora's comments are coming from the spiritual realm?

Yes, her existence is as an energy in the spiritual realm. She is providing a context for our existence on this planet as physical beings.

Hmmm.

Many of the energies who come through a channel have previously lived on Planet Earth.



Romilly called from Maui.

I have been meaning to mention Alice Ann Parker to you. Give her a call. She is a painter, video artist and also channels. You might find it useful to work with another "Being."

I am realizing that expression, "Being" is a frequently-used description for those energies who come through a channel.

AA, as Alice Ann calls herself, lives in a beautiful home on the north end of Oahu. Billowing white diaphanous curtains float in and out all the windows from the gentle winds. It feels like magicland.

Menos, the "Being" she channels, and I are exploring what I think

are my dyslexic issues.

What can you tell me about the confusion I have when the dyslexic condition appears?

What are your symptoms?

Confusion, when information comes at me and I don't understand, I go into confusion trying to make sense of it all. It can cause physical pain that stretches across my eyes. I have a trick to avoid it, I go up and out of my body, above my head.

Ann, it might be that you are synesthetic.

What does that mean?

You may be experiencing one or more of your senses – see, hear, taste, touch or smell – at the same time. Intermingling of your senses can cause confusion if you are not aware of this talent.

How does that happen?

You hear something and simultaneously you taste it. It's the clashing that causes the confusion.

How can I explore to see if this is true?

Go to an art museum. Stand in front of a painting and watch what happens as you ask yourself: What am I hearing from the painting?

How does the painting taste? What is the feel of the painting?

What am I seeing in this painting? What is the touch sensation of the painting? See if you can do this exercise with ease.

I am a frequent visitor at the Academy of Art, an indoor/outdoor museum in downtown Honolulu. No longer do I observe a painting's structure or topic, etc. Now, I ask myself sense questions. My responses are fast

I see pain in this painting

I smell charred wood

I hear a hissing

I taste cotton batten

I touch humanity in pain

I am not at a loss for words here, once I separate out each sense.

When I look at the painting without this process, often there is sensory overload. The sensations come too fast. Everything becomes a mish-mash!

Wow. No wonder I get confused. My new technique, grounding, is helping settle the confusion battle going on inside.



My old world has just telephoned. It's Marian Lever from the San Francisco Opera announcing that Terry McEwen wants to speak to me. Terry was Mr. Adler's choice as his replacement as General Director.

Ann, would you be interested in becoming Administrative Director of the San Francisco Opera?

Can you believe? I had no second thoughts?

Thanks for the offer, but no. I am beginning my process of assessing my next professional steps. Working for an opera company, even though I love the San Francisco Opera, is not one of the options. You and I both know that the position is at least a sixty-hour-a-week-job in the off-season and more during the season. As much as I deeply love working in opera, this is not the moment. I need personal time now. I am exploring why I have dyslexia and what I can do about it. My next professional steps will need to leave me more space for personal exploration.

Thank heavens, Terry knows me well enough. He accepts no as a no.

It is a day later. The phone is ringing again.

Hello.

This is Tully Friedman, President of the Board of the San Francisco Opera.

I am told that you are the only one who can handle Terry McEwen.

I laughed and said

Thank you. Yes, I am good at working with challenging talents and personalities. And yes, Terry is one of them: brilliant and individualistic. Well, we need someone who will respect him and help him get the work done. We have just lost our Administrative Director and are looking for a replacement.

What is racing through my mind is how different the company must be now. Mr. Adler's domineering management style has been replaced by

Terry's *laissez faire* approach. He's fortunate to have the well-oiled Adler staff. But I am sure it's been difficult for all of them in this changed environment. Perhaps it's even rudderless.

Ann, can you explain why you won't consider the position?

Yes. I have a personal challenge, dyslexia, which I want to see if I can master. Working as manager of the San Francisco Opera would not give me the personal time I need.

Thank heavens, he seems satisfied with my response. Well, it's the truth. He continued, however. Can I ask a favor?

Certainly.

Would you get on a plane ASAP to San Francisco to help me think through how to solve this challenge?

Yes, on the condition you will not try to convince me to change my mind. That's a deal.

You know, I think he will keep his word. And there is a part of me that is happy to give back to Terry. He is the reason I connected with Mr. Adler. Terry introduced me to him during the Bolshoi engagement at Expo 67.

Yes, I am happy to do this. And this is my fee.

I am going to take my new laptop. Maybe I can find a technician in the Bay Area who will give me a basic lesson on how to get up and running.



Inn at the Opera, a recently renovated apartment building right across from the Opera House, is my base. I giggle as I enter. This Inn is a renovated apartment building where Riki Rodzinski picked up some of the most hideous sandwiches for lunch from the "corner store."

Tully picked me up in his snappy car and we are off for dinner and a chat. He explains



The jewel of the company continues to be the Fall Season. Terry has done away with Spring Opera, replacing it with an extension of the Main Season, a mini Festival, which occurs in June. He has placed Western Opera Theatre under an administrative umbrella: The Opera Center.

He has created another level of training, The Adler Fellows.

My goodness, there are a lot of changes.

What about the Merola Program?

It is operating as it has in the past.

The board is satisfied with the artistic choices Terry is making.

He does understand that the bottom line – income and expenses – must match, though the financial management leadership needs shoring up. I am handling this. What's important is we need to find someone who can administer the company.

I am curious, what is your business?

I am one of two managing general partners at Hellman & Friedman, a company establishing private equity partnerships.

Hmmm. Has a job description been developed for the manager position?

Not yet. However, we have invited Korn Ferry, an executive search firm, to assist us. We would like you to develop a draft of the job description.

Fine. Tully, Terry is lucky. The production staff is stellar. They know how to produce opera. I have worked with many of them including John Priest, Production Director, Pierre Cayard, Scenic Shop Head, and Jerry Sherk, Stage Manager. This team can almost operate independently as long as they have the artistic decisions early enough to make the necessary preparations.

That's true, but we are very concerned about keeping the production budget in control. It's a primary focus.

My three days have been filled with exploration. Chatting with the staff, I am learning more about the current situation. It seems there are two salient challenges when working with Terry. He operates on a different internal clock: arriving at the Opera between noon and 1 p.m., often working into the wee hours of the morning. This means there is little time during regular working hours when decisions can be made.

And Terry is new to the process of producing opera. His extraordinary skill at identifying talent and casting in the record industry did not provide him with the opportunity of learning the complicated procedures and intricacies of getting a show on the stage.

It's nice to see that Terry and Tully seem to have a relationship of mutual respect. They are both very smart, have great senses of humor and enjoy each other's company beyond the business of opera. When their conversation veers off to stocks and bonds, Terry seems comfortable in that arena.

My time in San Francisco is complete. The job description is done. I am honest with Tully. Korn Ferry will need to dig deep to find the right person. There are not many who will have tolerance for Terry's unusual style of management. The person you choose needs to be someone who can withstand the seeming chaos Terry creates by being different and marching to his own tune. You need someone who can get answers! Most important, it needs to be someone who is beyond the need of judging Terry. Do you have someone to suggest? I was taken aback with that question. Gosh, the only person who jumps to mind that I know who would not be judgmental is Anthony Turney. The downside is he doesn't have an opera management background. Tully then asked Would you consult for two weeks a month until the ideal candidate is found? Yes, as this isn't a permanent arrangement I would be glad to.

Just before leaving San Francisco, I found a techie. He installed First Choice on my Toshiba, a simple software and gave me some basics about starting the computer. Gosh, there's a lot to learn here.



Back in Honolulu I am grateful for those three days in San Francisco. It gave me a sense of what my next professional steps might be. I excel at organizing, taking a project and making it happen, getting people working together. My experience with the Taylor planning process in Colorado has convinced me that there are collaborative ways to work with boards, management and staff. I need to learn some new approaches. Central City taught me that a plan is only as good as its realization. I sense my own personal growth is as important at this point as new management techniques.



An entrepreneurial speech coach in Honolulu, Pam Chambers, is masterminding a monthly breakfast meeting, Winner's Circle, at The Honolulu Club. She programs speakers who are champions of "outside the box" points of view in the business, medical and spiritual worlds. Fifty or more business people gather monthly to network and listen.

This morning David Neenan is describing a workshop, *Business and You*, that he facilitates. A successful businessman in Colorado, he explains I train people to be more effective in the business environment by offering tools for the participants to understand themselves and how they work. The next class is in October. I have signed up. I will be finished in San Francisco by then.



More ideas are emerging for my next professional steps, generated as a result of my two weeks a month in San Francisco. Communication is a major issue. Currently in San Francisco, the Adler staff is in one camp. And as Terry is not focusing on administrative and production matters, Members of the Board, by default, have taken on active management roles. Some of these well-intentioned businessmen are ruthless in their communication styles. Not that ruthlessness is new at the Opera; Adler could assume that role very quickly on any given day.

The problem now is that these gentlemen know little about the opera business. Their lack of knowledge makes the staff uncomfortable. They sense these new ideas will not produce the desired product and a stand-off results. This is all fodder for my future focus.



*The San Francisco Chronicle* carried an article on an upcoming day-long Saturday seminar exploring new directions in management. Willis Harmon, a futurist with the Stanford Research Institute and co-founder of the Institute for Noetic Sciences, is a speaker. Years ago, I discovered he loves opera and invited him to participate on a panel at the Opera-Musical Theater Program at NEA. Time did not permit. But the little I know about this man confirms he thinks outside the box. I have signed up. Marilyn Ferguson, author of *The Aquarian Conspiracy*, will also be a speaker.

We are meeting in the cold, damp Palace of Fine Arts Theater which is only half full. Despite the chilly environment, my pen is running across my page. There are so many ideas about a new world, a changed world. Willis Harmon is predicting

There will be a shift not only in the scientific community but also in traditional world views.

He likens this period in history to the end of the Roman Empire, or the end of the Middle Ages, saying the transformation will be that great.

Then, he added a surprising footnote

Scientific inquiry will be matched with metaphysical inquiry.

Hmmm. My decision to live in Hawaii makes more and more sense to me.

Mr. Harmon continues

These changes will mean a more holistic approach, a shift from external authority to inner knowing.

How fascinating. My inner knowing is telling me to stop, take stock of me and then move forward. Now, Harmon is promoting this for business.

He completed his remarks with a theme that Aurora keeps saying

We humans create our own reality.

I don't get it. Why would I create dyslexia?



I read in the *Chronicle* newspaper that there's a new book out, *The E-Myth*, written by Michael Gerber about businesses that fail. He suggests this occurs because the founders/entrepreneurs are specialists in specific fields which inspire them to start a business, but they don't have the knowledge of how to successfully run a business.

That could be me. I have no experience of starting and running a for-profit venture. I will explore. Fortunately, the E-Myth offices are in the Bay Area.



I am keeping my tap dancing going in San Francisco. There's a studio on Market Street in an old warehouse, not far from the Opera House. Early in the evening, I join thirty or more talented tappers. In the back line of class I hoof about, deciding it's not worth worrying about the fact that my feet do what they want to do. I just have fun. Being amongst so many dancers is just a great lark. They are all preparing for shows or auditions. Nobody seemed to care that I am anything but proficient. And I ate up the music. Walking back to my apartment, I feel so full of the fun one has dancing. I must say, though, I am relieved that I was away from Honolulu when our tap class had its term show!

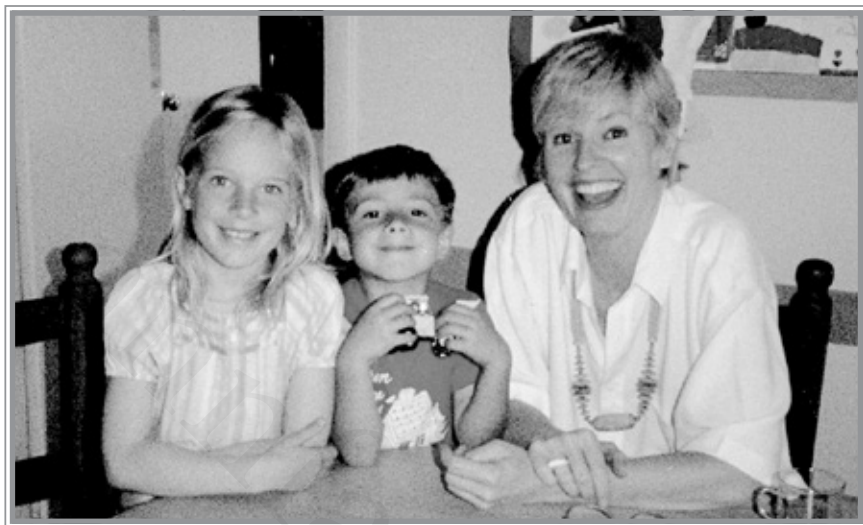


I have been visiting the Adlers in Marin, across the Golden Gate Bridge. Sabrina and Roman are growing so fast. They love swimming and so do I. Splashing in their pool is a great way for us to get to know one another.

I find it sad that Mr. Adler and Terry are not on speaking terms. Much to the credit of both, neither brings up each other in my presence.



My piano practicing continues, even when I am in San Francisco. My apartment is near the Opera. At night, after the artists and coaches are long gone, I use one of the tiny practice rooms back stage on



SABRINA AND ROMAN ADLER, ANN FARRIS

the 5th floor. Tonight, as I was leaving, I discovered John Pritchard, Music Director and Principal Conductor of the Opera Company, standing outside my practice room door. With a quizzical smile and in his very proper English accent he commented I wondered who was practicing. The two of us laughed heartily. I am sure he was glad that I wasn't one of the coach accompanists.

Tully asked me to attend a Board Executive Committee meeting. At one point, he became very angry at my point of view. In fact, he was downright rude. I was amazed. It was just a point of view. I don't think it merited that outburst. It made me angry. I just left a message for him at his office to call me. He did, very quickly. Tully, I am not comfortable with the way I was treated by you in the meeting this afternoon. Ann, you were wrong. Even if I was wrong, I didn't deserve to be yelled at.

To his credit he apologized.  
I am forewarned now of another side of him.

Tully just reported. We have interviewed many candidates  
and have chosen Anthony Turney.  
I must say, I was surprised.

My time has been well-spent in San Francisco. My decision to say no  
to Terry's invitation was correct. Exploring a new professional journey  
in management approaches is on target. My personal transformation  
work and life in Hawaii will give me the support I need to get my new  
professional work up and running. Sorting out the inner me might be  
as important as finding my professional path. I sense the channel  
in Toronto, two years ago, gave me sage advice. Your dyslexia  
is both physically and psychologically-based.

Now, I am off to New York for Janet Brenner and Richard Maltby's  
marriage. Then, to Washington. It's a sad time. I am moving my  
belongings out of our home on O Street. Some are being shipped to  
Hawaii, furniture from my Farris grandparents' home is going to Toronto.  
God bless Sue Harvey who is now working for the  
Opera/Ballet House project in Toronto.  
She has flown down and will drive with me in a rented van  
to Katherine's who is storing these goodies.



FAREWELL PARTY FOR ANN



# PROFESSIONAL RELOOK, PERSONAL GROWTH, SPIRITUAL DISCOVERIES



[ 1987 ]

**M**Y PROFESSIONAL FOCUS is being given a swift forward kick by my participation in *Business and You*. There is one predominant theme: synergy – teamwork to reach the end result. Central City, of course, pops into mind. There, the Board had no interest in exploring how my relationship with them could be synergistic. I want to learn how to make that possible and am fascinated.

I am finding it helpful to hear how the workshop evolved.

David Neenan explains

It was the brain child of Marshall Thurber, who was championing two forward-thinking Americans: Buckminster Fuller and William Deming.

I know about Fuller: He designed the geodesic dome, the American Pavilion, at Expo 67 and Robert and I took a two-day workshop with Buckminster Fuller when we were living in Colorado. I am wondering how this relates to synergy. David offers an answer

Marshall incorporated Fuller's global principles of cooperation and abundance.

Deming is unknown to me. David explains  
He was an American working in Japan. He championed a collaborative rather than top-down leadership approach to the Japanese corporate sector. Marshall Thurber's contribution to this workshop emanates from the human potential movement.

There is so much new information to grasp, it's easy to become overwhelmed. Thank God, David has taught us a couple of simple tricks. Keep colored markers by your side to differentiate the topics and color code information. When you feel a particular concept is important draw the shape of a key in the margin.

I wish someone had given me these tools when I was in school. Words may not have been so difficult. I am also observing that my senses are running at high speed. When I take the time to check in with my senses, I ask myself: How do I see this information, what does it taste like, etc. Using this technique, I am discovering that I gain insight into what I am learning. However, there is one tool David offers that does not work: the theory that Mozart's music is good for the process of learning. Not for me. My attention goes to the music.

The workshop is not all lecture, thank heavens. Experiential opportunities abound. I had an eye-opening moment with an exercise testing my current management style. I fell into a hole, metaphorically, using my top-down leadership style.

Hmmm. It's going to take practice. The process of keeping the intent/integrity of the project/idea using a win/win approach is my desired goal.

There has been no rest for the weary during this three-day class. My business belief systems were challenged in all areas. I am on a new

management style learning curve. Fortunately, I am not alone and there are more opportunities to repeat the class as a volunteer. Several of us are glad to volunteer, with both the preplanning and staffing upcoming workshops. The opportunity to hear the information over and over again really helps.

The Business and You approach is providing me with many ideas for my consultancy business. Now I am translating them into a concrete plan for my burgeoning company. My weekly calls with Michael Gerber's staff help me gain perspective on my approach. It's a fascinating time.



On the odd occasion, my body, mind and spirit ache for a classical music evening. I tried to convince some friends to join me at a Honolulu Symphony concert. No luck. Turns out they were fortunate. By the end of the first half of the concert, I was going nuts. The conductor did not have control of the orchestra. I left, sad and annoyed.

In describing my disappointment to some friends today, my pent-up anger came pouring out as I shared  
The conductor was impossible. He was waving his hands with no sense of intent. No wonder the musicians were lost. The musical result was disastrous. What a disgrace and...

My friends stopped my tirade asking

Are you aware of the amount of negative energy you are giving out about this man? It's very judgmental.

Yes, I know, he deserves it.

Well, it's fine to give feedback. But if it is harmful to another, leaving that individual no space to be as a person, let alone change, then you are harming both them and yourself.

Okay, explain more.

We are suggesting you look at this situation from a spiritual point of view. Your energy, your dark comments, your distaste of this man,

he energetically picks it up, even though he doesn't know you.

It's an innuendo or meanness or harsh criticism that harms another that we are talking about.

Okay, so how would I express what I need to share?

Your job is to find a way to share your experience without personal vengeance. Assessment is fine. Whether he will or not change is another matter, but if your energy is so critical, judgmental, then he has no space to change.

Hmmmm.

By the way, are you aware, that when you judge another it often means that this is a trait you have yourself? Maybe there is a lesson here for you.

Hmmmm. I have never focused on how I do it, I just do it. It seems to have stood me in good stead. I feel nervous at the thought of changing.

We aren't suggesting you change your talent of knowing. We are suggesting you change the way you share what you know.

Hmmm.

Okay, I am going to turn this into a project. I am going to make myself a questionnaire to use to assess a show or a symphony concert.

I want to learn how to express my point of view without judgment.

Occasionally, one or more of my friends are willing to come to the theatre with me. After a performance, we go for tea and share our responses to my questions. In our discussion, I am learning to be less confrontational. I can see this new behavior can transfer to my work.



My inner work with Nancy continues. Always there are new concepts to explore. Today it was connecting with my inner child. She explained that each of us has an inner child who has needs as well as information to share. Sometimes, as an adult, when I am not getting what I want, it could be because my inner child is subverting me. Perhaps he or she wants his or her point of view to be considered, not that it has to be accepted.

Okay, give me an example

It might be that you are working at the computer learning its intricacies and you have an internal push saying let's forget it and go swimming.

That's probably your inner child.

Oh, yes, I know that feeling.

Okay. You could make a deal with her. Something like, I need another half-hour and then we can go swimming. Is that okay?

Yes, if you keep to that agreement. I want to play more.

I am beginning to realize that play time has not always been on top of my agenda. My life in Hawaii is showing me balance is important.



Marshall Thurber was here this weekend with a new class,

*The Future of Business.*

The topic: What do we value?

He distributed an amazing list of values, some of which went to the top of my list: courage, compassion, fidelity, joy, win/win. However, I had to face that I also embody elements of aggressiveness, envy and scarcity.

It's experiences like this that are wonderful fodder for my consultancy program, which now consists of three components: a one-day Needs Assessment Workshop, offering an opportunity for many stakeholders in an organization to state their point of view. This day will be followed, in the near future, by a two-and-a-half-day Future Focus Workshop, the concept of which I learned from the Taylors in Boulder. We will bring together some of these players from the Needs Assessment, along with outsiders, to evolve a plan. It's here I will introduce the values concept. And finally a Management Resource Program, a week-long residency for six to nine months where I will work with members of the board, the artistic director, general manager and staff, to both evolve the plan and begin the process of integrating an organizational structure with job descriptions that realize the plan.



At the end of my session with Nancy yesterday, Aurora came in saying Ann, congratulations, you are awakening buried parts of your soul.

Thank you. I don't know much about my soul.

Your soul comes with you each time you are born. It's an expression of the feminine, the Goddess within you. And it is your connection to the Divine.

Aurora, that word Divine makes me a bit anxious.

Why?

It feels so far beyond what I understand.

Perhaps this will help. From the Divine comes mankind.

The Divine is the controlling force in the Universe. Your soul is your link to this energy. Nothing occurs in the living of your life that is not intricately linked with your soul.

Are you saying that the buried parts of my soul need reawakening?

Yes. It wants to integrate as you grow. Part of that growth is identifying your dark emotions.

Hmmmm.



Just had a call from Alice Ann.

Come to a class on dreams. I am teaching skills that allow you to analyze them.

Great. I am having plenty of them these days.

Her process is simple: Record the dream, identify the main characters or key words, and link them. Then respond to some simple questions ending with: How does the dream seem relevant to my daily life?

I have evolved a technique to record my dream before it disappears into the ether. A clipboard with paper and pen placed under its metal hook are a permanent fixture by my bed. All I have to do is lean over, get it and write. No lights, no getting up to go to the bathroom first. The less I move, the more likely I will catch those fleeting details.

It's been helpful to discover that the many people in my dreams are most likely representing an aspect of me that wants attention.

Hmmmm.



Oh, sad, heartbreaking news. Riki Rodzinski called

Ann, Mr. Adler just died.

What?

He arrived home after giving a lecture in Berkeley. Walking into the house, he collapsed and died.

Oh, Richard!

The two of us are silent, a silence that told us that each of us have tears pouring out of our misted eyes. What could we say? Not much.

I caught my breath

Riki, I guess it's better it was sudden. I am so glad you are the messenger.

He went on to explain, there's more to this story

Earlier today Terry McEwen announced his retirement as General Director from the San Francisco Opera.

What? In one day, two opera leaders departing!



I just came in from the beach, taking a swim for Mr. Adler. For seventeen years he was a major presence in my life. We had our moments, that's for sure. But we had mutual respect. I already miss him.

As to Terry, I am surprised. Yes, I knew he had health issues, but...

Just as I was going to finish that thought the phone rang

It's Terry

Ann, have you heard the news?

I have heard you are retiring and Mr. A died today.

Can you believe he had the last word? I announced my retirement this morning, and he upstaged me by dying this afternoon.

Oh, my God, the hurt Terry felt from his estrangement with Mr. A is so deep that even with death, this wound opens up.

Terry, I feel sad for you and sad about Mr. Adler's death. And I hope you feel in your heart that you produced some excellent productions. Your casting is your heritage.

The sun is now a deep orange, it's late afternoon and my phone is ringing again.

It's Tully Friedman.

Ann, have you heard the news?

I've heard that Terry has resigned, and Mr. Adler died.

Yes, that's true. Now I need to find the new General Director of the Opera and quickly. What should I do?

Put together a search committee, probably coming from the Board.

Take the time to assess what the Company needs. The staff, Board and its audiences deserve that effort.

Do you have names to suggest?

Gosh. Here are a few that pop in: David Gockley, Brian McMaster and talk with Sandor Gorlinsky, an artist's agent in London, for European suggestions. He's been around a long time, is very wise. Adler liked him.

Thanks.

Good luck, Tully.

What an intense day this has been. The end of two eras of opera in San Francisco! It was quite a ride.



Pam Chambers at Winner's Circle presented a talk this morning by Dr. Roberto Kaplan, a Doctor of Optometry. His theme: A physical eye defect might best be treated at the same time as inner personal imbalances.

Like others, he is suggesting a look at the whole person.

I feel certain that part of my dyslexia lies in my eyes. They can hurt, feeling like they are pulled from the center near my nose to the outside of my face. That's exhausting. The stretching stops me from seeing and I don't know why this happens.

I am signing up for his weekend workshop.

It was a complex time. Some answers, more questions. It seems my eyes and anger are tied together. If I only knew why I am angry, I feel sure much of the confusion would lift. Dr. Kaplan has left Hawaii, but his work has not. I have purchased his three-week course on cassette: *Beyond Twenty-Two Vision*.



Day one, today, was easy. A meditation and a physical exercise.  
Day two, an exercise is added. I have hung a ball, tennis-ball-size from the ceiling. Swinging it, I lie on the floor and let my eyes follow.  
Day three. An exercise is added. I am stretching my eyes along a rope and then bringing them back. They end up being crossed.  
Day four. An exercise is added. In comes the emotional work.  
What am I feeling as I do the exercises?  
You know, it now takes me a half hour to do this program and I am only one week into it. This is a commitment.

Two and half weeks have flown by. I love listening to Roberto's voice. It's quiet and distinctive. He has an accent, emanating from his youth in South Africa. His tone of voice is very round.

My intense "eye" work seems to encourage many dreams at night. It's like my eyes are opening my imagination. Last night I awoke with what I thought was a dream. No, it wasn't. Oh, my God, no.  
It was a re-awakening of a memory, a very disturbing memory.  
I am a little girl walking a gang plank all dressed up in my navy blue reefer coat with little gold buttons, a white felt hat, white shoes and socks. It's very dark, cold and very scary. The ocean is banging, slap, slap, against the barnacled piles holding up the dock. The steamship is bouncing up and down. I am terrified. I can see the dark water through the slits on the gang plank. It feels mean. My father and I are taking the overnight boat to Victoria. He has law business there tomorrow morning.  
This is my first trip away from home. I am three years old.  
Ann, on the boat we stay in a stateroom.  
Why does it have a big step to get in here?  
Sometimes the waters can be rough, and this step stops anything from rolling out of the stateroom door.  
Ohhhh, that sounds scary.  
The seas are calm tonight, there is no worry.  
Why is one bed on top of another?  
They are called bunks. That way two people can sleep in this small space.

I want to sleep on the top.  
Sure, I will lift you up there.  
It's really dark. I just awoke. I am screaming. My father is doing  
something to me. It's not nice. It's in my private parts.

He stopped. I know my screaming stopped him.  
I am really afraid and alone. What shall I do?

I didn't have to write down that dream. I remember it all now. I am soaking  
wet and very cold, even in Hawaii. All the details are coming pouring  
through. My eyes are very stretched and painful. I don't want to look at this.



Today I am with Nancy  
I feel sore, sad and very scared.  
Do you remember what happened next?  
I remember waking up the next morning in terror  
and with a terrible earache  
Daddy, I am sick. I have a terrible earache. The pain is so awful.  
We got off the boat and walked to a large hotel, the Empress.  
The doctor came and pronounced, after poking a silver cone-like thing  
in my ear, which made me cry  
She has a major ear infection. I would get her back to Vancouver  
as soon as possible.

My father booked us on the afternoon boat.  
I remember telling him  
I don't want to go into one of those small rooms with bunks.  
I will sit where I can see out.  
Ann, you are such a good girl for not complaining.

Nancy asked  
What did you tell your mother?  
When my earache had gone, Mum asked

What happened on the boat?

I told her.

She had an awful scrunched look on her face. I remember now, so clearly, what she told me.

Ann, when things don't go the way you think they should, the best thing to do is to forget all about it.

My response was

I guess I could forget it if I had some ice cream.

And Nancy, can you believe? When I awoke two mornings ago after the night of the dream here in Honolulu, I had a terrible earache.

Talk about being re-enforced with past information.

Now we know why Nancy sensed anger. We have work to do.

Thank you, Roberto Kaplan. Your eye exercises and your instruction to link emotions to your exercises is transforming my life. Thank you, thank you.



I am swimming a lot these days, screaming under water. There is so much anger buried in there. And the dutiful student that I am, I lie on my back and forgive myself and my father.

I am surmising that my anger relates to my dyslexia. The anger makes me feel "blind." That stops me from having any interest in reading.

I can see life is about choices. I am glad I am choosing to release this anger. I feel sure it will make a difference in my life.



This morning at Winner's Circle, Jay Jackman, a psychiatrist in Honolulu, was sitting next to me. He's a very amusing man. He knows nothing of my recent discovery, so I was surprised when he made this suggestion Ann, I have just the class for you, an exercise program.

Jay, I do the Jane Fonda tape each morning. I am not sure I need it.

This class is different. It combines physical exercise with emotional releasing

and spiritual practices. We meet each morning, six days a week from 4 a.m. to 7 a.m.

What?

Yes, I am serious. It's run by Gabriel Butchart. She's a sports therapy physiotherapist. Several months ago, she was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and given a few months to live. She didn't accept this piece of information and went searching for solutions. She discovered a healing center in California, the leadership of which approached the healing of illness from the physical, emotional and spiritual points of view.

In six months, she went into remission, much to the amazement of her doctors in Honolulu. Part of her ongoing regime to hold her good health is a rigorous exercise program. Several of us have volunteered to participate. It has now become an exercise program for the hearty. You are one. Come join us.

I am rolling out of bed at 3:40 each morning, pulling on my exercise togs, driving my car down Wilhelmina Rise and into the park adjacent to the Diamond Head volcano remains. There sits an isolated Quonset hut, left over from World War II days. We are twenty brave souls. It may be dark outside, inside it's intense, with bright lights and invigorating music. Up and down and up and down we step on benches, with weights in our hands, arms up, arms down. The pace gets faster. I thought I was in good shape. Not so. Forty minutes later, benches are done, and we move on. Sometimes we run many miles down to the ocean as dawn is coming over horizon. It's so beautiful. I am developing a very toned body. Jay is correct. This is not your typical exercise program, we also meditate. And one day a month is anger day. Gabriel has the space filled with pillows. Our bench work gets us all steamed up, perfect state to release anger. Pillows are there to pound, to punch, to scream into. It's a noisy time. This morning our Quonset hut door burst open as we are at our height of noise. In came four firemen with hatchets, looking very fierce. Our noise stopped immediately. Gabriel went over to them and explained what was going on. It seems our rage was being heard at the firehouse, even though we were

in the middle of a large park. Gabriel assured them all was fine saying  
In the future, I will let you know when anger day is approaching.

The last Saturday of each month of Gabriel's exercise class is devoted  
to a special event.

A couple of months ago we climbed the back of a mountain in the dark,  
reaching the pinnacle just as dawn arose. It was cold, scary but reaching  
the top was spectacular. We were just silent.

Yesterday we met in a park in Honolulu for trust falls. It took trust,  
believe me. Each one of us took a turn climbing ten feet up into a tree,  
falling backwards into the linked arms of our colleagues.



I must say it has been hard getting used to that word, incest. It's mighty  
difficult to say, let alone think about it. And in a way, it's hard to let go  
the tension and anger I have around it. Part of me would just prefer  
to avoid it. It's a paradox.

However, my spiritual work does help. Over the weekend,  
Aurora and Nancy offered a class with a new tool: chakras.

Aurora explained

Humans have invisible energies, called chakras, housed in and outside  
your body. The body has seven primary invisible energy centers.  
Each one has a color.

We did a meditation to locate the inner centers. The first chakra was easy,  
it's at the base of the spine. Mine seems quite healthy, I could see it: a rich  
red color. However, when we moved to the second chakra, the emotional  
chakra, the color was muddy, dirty, almost brown with a tinge of that awful,  
gritty orange color. It is supposed to be bright orange. Well, it figures,  
that's where my deep-seated anger hides. It's not just in my eyes.

I am training myself to explore my different chakras when an emotion  
emerges. Where is that emotion sitting? And Nancy taught us a useful  
way to move the dark energy out of the chakra. Once identified, I take  
my hand metaphorically and pull out the dark emotion and drop it

into an imagined red fire. That gets rid of it! Then, there's a useful addition. I let the residue float up into blue light for cleansing and on to yellow light to transform. It's very satisfactory when this process is completed. I have *no* interest in holding onto anger or any dark emotion.



Nan, an accomplished artist, lives in Lanikai, not far from Linda, on the opposite side of the island from Honolulu. She and I have become good friends. Ann, I think you might enjoy painting. Come on, Nan. Not me. That's my sister Katherine's talent. I think it would be another way of releasing all that pent-up emotion. Here's a list of supplies. I expect you at 10 a.m. on Thursday.

Shopping for the supplies was fun. After my exercise class and a quick breakfast, I drove over the winding Pali Highway, through the early twisting fog to the other side of the island. Her studio has a breathtaking view of the light green/blue Pacific Ocean and Mokulus – tiny islands with no vegetation. A large drafting board is setup for me in one corner. Ann, take out your new brushes and paints and get yourself some water. Okay, I am ready. Now, what do I do? I don't know. Paint and see what happens. I looked at her incredulously. Come on! She was intractable. What could I do? I began mixing colors and dabbing them on paper. Dabbing isn't correct. I made large swaths of color all over it. It was amazing fun. Two hours flew by. Ann, let's put your work up on the wall. It's quite startling to see something from a distance after working on it so intimately. Wow! Good work; let's go for a swim.



NAN HACKETT PENNER

Now, I look forward to Thursday mornings, and especially today. I exclaimed breathlessly today as I walked in the studio Nan, it was anger day at Gabriel's class. I am really mad. Good, come outside with me. She grabbed a 3'x'8' canvas which she placed on the wide gentle sloped concrete walk just outside her studio. Handing me a hose, she said Use red, black, green, blue, yellow paints. Paint your anger in color. When you are done, hose off the canvas and start again. I don't know how many canvasses I did, I was working so feverishly. A couple of them seemed like works of art! But I followed instructions and hosed them away. Why hold on to anger?

Last Saturday was talent day at Gabriel's class. I was stuck with what to do. My piano playing is hardly ready for public consumption. Suddenly an idea emerged: My roommate Karima has an electronic piano.

Karima, may I use it?

Yes, and I will help you rehearse.

We had so much fun. I am dexterous enough to kind of play Schumann. However, it isn't musical. I knew I could hide this lack if I turned on the special features on this piano: drums, violins, and then symbols. Total destruction of Schumann, but both of us thought it hilariously funny. So did the class. They loved it. I was amazed at how hard I had to concentrate when being funny. I wanted to laugh at myself too.



Nancy, Robert has still not signed off on the divorce papers.

She had a surprising response

Perhaps there is an energetic reason.

Perhaps you are a part of why he is holding off.

Gosh, I know he doesn't want the divorce.

No, I am talking spiritually. Perhaps there is something he is sensing that he doesn't understand that is coming from you which makes him think you aren't ready for this divorce.

I can't imagine what that could be.

The two of us went exploring and guess what Nancy intuited?

Ann, could it be you are holding onto your marriage to eliminate the potential of another intimate relationship from coming in?

How can I be doing that?

What if you start calling yourself Ann Farris instead of Ann Farris Darling?

Oh, Nancy, I know you are correct. Wow.

The divorce papers have arrived, signed by Robert.



David Neenan is back for another *Business and You* weekend with a new resource book, *The Strategy of a Dolphin*, written by Dudley Lynch



and a colleague Paul L. Kordis.

The concepts are intriguing. The authors are challenging their readers to adopt dolphin behavior, natural abilities to think constructively and creatively, to enable us to effectively cope and make choices in the rapidly changing times. It's amusing their fish symbology, which extends to sharks – the scary animals who are out to achieve a personal win at whatever the cost – and carps, who cower in flight or freeze behavior. It seems dolphins have no problem behaving as a shark or a carp when the situation calls for it.

We have a book group formed to discuss and better understand the ideas which are complementary to the *Business and You* concepts.



A brief visit to Vancouver for my goddaughter, Shona's, afternoon wedding brought a surprising piece of information from Mum. After dinner at home, Mum asked me to join her in the library I have something I want to talk with you about. My heart went into my mouth. As a teenager, generally, when we were asked to meetings in the library, we had done something wrong.

Not tonight. Mum had surprising information  
Ann, I have been thinking about your dyslexia. I know I have  
some information that is important to this research.

Goodness, what?

I caused your dyslexia.

I gulped

How can that be?

When you were in utero during the third trimester, I discovered  
your father was having affairs with other women. I was devastated  
and very upset, very angry. I am convinced my emotional upheaval  
caused your dyslexia.

I said nothing. She continued

It was a very difficult time for me. I kept asking myself, do I stay

in this marriage or not? My dilemma was I loved your father very deeply. How could I let that go? So, I decided I would stick by him no matter what. Well, you certainly did that. But I am hard-pressed to see how that could have caused my dyslexia.

I know it did. I just know it.

Mum continued

My choice to stay with your father put me into constant inner questioning. You and I both know he continued with liaisons. He didn't change. Sometimes I got very angry.

Mum, I know about your anger, I heard it in the middle of the night when he came in late. I must say I was terrified that the two of you would separate and I would be abandoned.

Well, I wondered so many times: Am I doing the right thing, staying with him? Each time my answer was yes, knowing full well your father would not get a hold of this behavior.

As she continued talking, I thought I might bring up my recent rediscovery of the incest. I decided, no. This was Mum's night.

Besides, Mum had more to say

There is another decision we made which I keep wondering about. In Grade One at Crofton House, Mrs. Scott, your first-year teacher, recommended that we hold you back a year. Your brain didn't seem to be able to compute the hieroglyphics that the alphabet offered when combined to create words. Mrs. Scott felt you were trying to compete with your cousin Wendy, who was reading very well. That's odd. I never felt I was in competition with Wendy.

Well, we decided not to accept Mrs. Scott's suggestion.

You were already seven and old to be in Grade One.

Many a time I wondered if we made the correct decision.

She continued

When you told us four years ago, when you were working for Expo 86 and living in Vancouver, about your discovery of your dyslexia, we also wondered if the shock of you being put into boarding school at Crofton

as you began Grade One could have been the cause.

Oh, I remember that experience. I was in total confusion. Overnight, you were gone. I was told my father was very ill in Ottawa and you were rushing on the train to be with him. As the weeks went by and you didn't return, I decided I was an orphan and had to look after myself. When you came to get me just before Christmas, I had given up all hope. You know that your father was on the brink of death in a reaction to the vaccines he was given before being sent overseas.

Yes, but that to me was not an excuse. Later, when you and Daddy took your trips East to Ottawa and New York, I was nervous. I was never sure you would return. That's why I made all those signs and posted them on the front porch for your return. I wanted to make sure you knew we needed you here!

They were amazing signs. What else do you remember?

I remember you helping me.

In what way?

You taught me how to sound out words.

That's correct. You had a favorite book about cats. I remember our first day as though it were yesterday. I asked you: What are the letters?

You responded correctly C, A, T. Then you got stumped. You couldn't make the sounds. We started with C: *kuh, kuh, kuh*. One time you said Mummy, you sound so silly.

We both had a giggle. A much-needed giggle, given the tension of the sharing this evening.

Our conversation turned to my marriage.

Ann, when you made the decision to leave Robert,

I was surprised you weren't being a dutiful wife.

Now, I see I was measuring you against me.

I stayed with your father, why weren't you staying with Robert?

Mum, I was not happy in my marriage, I had done the best I could to make it work and so had Robert. I needed space to discover myself and more about the dyslexia. It's like the dyslexia is a life's mission.

Mum had another surprise sitting in her chair in the library,  
facing me in what was my father's chair  
I find myself yelling at your father's empty chair shouting  
Why did you leave me so soon? That was not fair.  
We sat quietly.  
Do you think that is all right to do?  
Mum, indeed I do. The one thing I have learned in Hawaii  
is how to yell and get out anger. It is very healthy.  
We rose, two hours must have passed, and gave each other a long hug.  
Both of us were more at peace when we walked upstairs to our bedrooms.  
In one night, Mum's brave sharing changed our relationship.



David Neenan's back again in Hawaii with more materials,  
workbooks from Dudley Lynch. They are assessments which  
enable us to learn how we think.  
I am a right-brain thinker and my mode of behavior is  
"I see, therefore, I adapt."  
Well, not always. According to their analysis,  
I have a lively interest in developing and promoting new ideas,  
but only if they make sense in the context of my current values or beliefs.  
True enough.

These materials are giving me many ideas for my consulting business.  
If I can talk the managers into paying for these reasonably priced testing  
instruments, all the participants in an organization will learn a great deal  
about themselves and why they work together the way they do.  
David Neenan had an insightful comment after we completed  
one of these exercises  
Ann, there is one thing about you. You take time to find your way,  
but you do get there.



It's summer 1989. I have been here on Oahu for almost two and a half years. Gabriel's class is over, been over for several months. Shanta, who lives nearby, and I keep up some of the physical activity by tromping the Wilhelmina Rise hills in the dark, waiting for the deep red morning sun to creep into the horizon. Bench exercises complete this ritual.

This morning I shared with Shanta

It's time for me to make a living. My coffers are very low.

What are you going to do?

Move back to the Mainland. I don't know where to go: New York, Chicago, San Francisco or Los Angeles. How to choose?

Have you heard of Astrocartography?

No.

It's a form of astrology that identifies the placement of planets over Earth at the time of your birth. Each planet has individual characteristics and that energy is usually found in the cities affected.

Hmm, sounds fascinating. Let's order them.

Shanta, look! The Moon was directly over Oahu when I was born.

The characteristic I can expect to find in Oahu is emotional. That certainly has been my experience. Maybe this map can help me. Let's see what planet was over the cities I am considering when I was born.

Hey, Shanta, Pluto is over New York. It's the planet about change.

I choose New York. Revving up into a work mode after two and a half years of inner work and planning for my next professional steps will require an environment which continues to foster change. Professionally, I have a product I am excited to offer. My company has a name, Global Art and Business. Getting up and running is my next challenge.



My rented piano is returned. I have sold most of my belongings, including my car and my brass bed. Today I stopped by a bookstore and found several New Age magazines to peruse on the plane. I hope there will be advertisements for places in New York where I can continue my emotional and spiritual growth.

Many friends came to a potluck picnic by the ocean to say goodbye.  
As the sun was going down, Gabriel encouraged me  
Ann, stand in the center of this human circle of your friends.  
Take in their beautiful powerful energy – a memory to garner  
when moments get tough.  
This special feeling was as sweet as the perfume of the ginger flowers  
on the *lei* that hung around my neck. I have so much to be thankful for.

Do I know any more about dyslexia? Yes. I know that part of  
the confusion comes from synesthesia and a clashing of my senses.  
I also know that my experience of dyslexia is emotionally based  
and makes concentration more difficult. My reading comprehension  
is still problematic.

I do wonder if Mum is correct, that her raging anger at my father's  
disloyalty when she was in her third trimester with me could have  
caused my dyslexia. Who knows? There's more to learn in that area.  
My emotional work, I know, has only just begun. The variety of approaches  
I have learned have taught me how to read signs emanating from my  
body, mind and spirit. If I sense a block, I know there is something  
to learn and I know how to use my chakras for assistance.

I am leaving Hawaii relieved. Yes, I know there is more personal work to do.  
My challenge now is to balance professional and personal work.

# NEW YORK IS ENERGIZING UNTIL...



[ 1989 ]

**M**OST WOULDN'T AGREE that returning to New York City in late August is perfect timing. Well, for me, it is. Transitioning from the tranquility and warmth of Hawaii to the New York energy is comfortable. The hot weather diffuses the differences. Another blessing is a lovely place to hang my hat. Cheech McCormick is in Tuxedo for the summer and has loaned me her spacious apartment on Sutton Place South. After a few phone calls setting up appointments to former business colleagues, I am feeling the energy of being back in New York.

Tonight, I am on a jammed subway with its hustle and bustle on my way to the New York Open Center, a holistic meeting place on Spring Street in Soho. I found their advertisement in the stash of New Age magazines I read en route to New York. It has me intrigued.

A tiny bookstore window announces my arrival. Its unassuming door leads me into an old four-story narrow warehouse with tall brick lobby

walls, the lower part of which is covered by bulletin boards crammed with tons of announcements. Stacked in a wire frame at the end of the hall is an impressive catalogue, one hundred pages, announcing many types of classes: spiritual theory, yoga, eating holistically and on and on. Eschewing the old clunking freight elevator, I mount a very wide staircase with well-worn wooden steps to my introductory class on the second floor, front room. This space has elegant, tall windows with chairs set for fifty. I'll just sit here next to a friendly-looking gentleman.

Good evening, my name is Ann Farris.

Hi, my name is Alan Seale. What brings you here?

I have just returned from Hawaii and am checking out places in New York that have a spiritual focus.

Well, you have come to the right place. What do you do?

I work in opera and am about to start a consultancy business in planning and organizational development. And you?

I am an opera coach.

Well, if that isn't amazing. However, we don't talk opera.

Rather, Alan gives me a rundown on the Open Center

It was founded by a lawyer, Walter Beebe, and a visionary, Ralph White.

They have an impressive Council of Advisers that includes

Michael Murphy, the founder of Esalen, Dr. Fritjof Capra, the advanced-thinking physicist, and Dr. Jean Houston.

Oh, I took a class from her in Washington DC several years ago.

A very creative woman!

As the class finished Alan asked

Would you like to have breakfast?

I would love to.



Janet and Richard Maltby, with baby Jordan in tow, and I had lunch today.

The three of them are just back from London. They seem so happy.

Jordan is adorable, round-faced and smiling. Richard is very busy collaborating with the French creative team on *Miss Saigon*.

I brought them up with my news including



I am looking for an apartment to sublet, do you have any ideas?  
Richard was quick to respond  
Stay with us.  
Janet's eyes lit up  
Richard is returning to London. I don't like being alone with Jordan.  
You and I have shared before; we know we get along. Come stay  
with us in the Village.



I am busy selling my planning and management system.  
A former colleague living in Canada called  
We are challenged with getting different arts groups talking with  
one another on a major project. Would you come and implement  
your Needs Assessment Workshop in a month's time?  
Yes!  
My first gig. I am excited.

Had lunch with another former colleague. He's Managing Director  
of a major dance institution in New York. I described my work.  
He's intrigued and will talk with his Artistic Director, the founder.

Today, I took the subway uptown to the dance company.  
The artistic director was polite and distant as I shared  
The Future Focus workshop is a weekend retreat and offers  
an opportunity for you, your dancers, staff, choreographers, board  
members, designers, and others who are major players to collaborate,  
building the outline of a twenty-year future look for the company.  
The Management Resource Program is an ongoing process.  
I would come to your offices one week a month and collaborate with  
you and others to further define the plan and begin the implementation.  
We will evaluate your management structure and see what changes  
might be made so your administrative staff functions more effectively.  
We talked for almost an hour. When I left his office,  
I wasn't convinced he was convinced.

Then, Providence happened! Before leaving, I went into their library to make notes. A few moments later, the Artistic Director appeared and sat next to me

Tell me more about you. I know you have been working mostly in opera, but tell me more

He seemed interested in my litany as I outlined my administrative and producing experience. When I shared my Central City Opera House Association experience and the rude awakening by the treatment of the Board, his ears perked up.

Tell me more

They decided unilaterally to opt out of the long-range plan that had been built collaboratively. They sent a messenger who was on the Board but had never been involved with me to tell me I would no longer be a part of the realization of the long-range plan. I asked myself, why was the messenger not the Board President or Chairman? This behavior didn't work for me. I moved on and became Director of the Opera-Musical Theater Program at NEA. During which I learned I am dyslexic. Not long after, I was invited to produce the World Festival for the 1986 World Exposition. At the Festival's conclusion I turned my focus to learning more about my dyslexia. Hawaii became my base to begin this process.

Did you go on a spiritual journey?

You can imagine how surprised I was with that question.

Yes, I did. Didn't have any idea about spirituality when I arrived, but that was what happened.

My ramblings seemed to be the clue he needed to be comfortable with me. We chatted for another hour.

I just heard from my colleague at the dance company Ann, the Future Focus Workshop is on. Not only have we found the money to hire you, we have booked Arden House in New Jersey, now owned by Columbia University, for our Future Focus Workshop retreat.

And we want you to work with us a week a month, following the retreat, to lead us through the Management Resource Program.

That is wonderful news, thank you.



I am volunteering at New York Open Center. It has two advantages: meeting people on a spiritual path and offers tuition-free access to some of the workshops offered.

Yesterday, I mentioned to the volunteer coordinator I have a Future Focus Workshop which I want to test with individuals. Feel free to put up a sign and see if there are takers. Thanks.

Four people are interested.

To accommodate schedules, I have divided the two-and-a-half-day workshop into five segments. The process is going well, so well, the Program Director of the Center made a surprise offer. Would you like to present this workshop as part of the regular programming at the Center? I have been given favorable feedback from the volunteers.

This is a nice surprise. Yes, thanks.

I have renamed my class the Next Step Workshop. It will be offered in the Spring Open Center Catalogue, four months away.



The Needs Assessment Workshop in Canada, involving forty movers and shakers in the arts world, was a good challenge. There were large egos in the room choosing to be antagonistically silent. The rest seemed glad to have a chance to lay out the complex issues. Nearing the end of the day when recommendations were being offered, the egos relented and entered the discussion.

I am pleased with my work.

However, I have a new personal challenge, my computer skills need to grow. I need more ease with the technology so I can synthesize the information faster.



I have my own digs now. My home is a sublet, a garret, much like the artist home/studio in the opera *La Bohème*. It's in the West Village, has a big skylight and a view overlooking a garden and a tree. Only one drawback! It's a five-story walk-up. Doesn't bother me, but my friends don't like dropping by. Too much effort!

An angel in the form of Paula Silver, now Greenburg, has appeared. Her marketing skills are currently focused on running a successful company primarily in the movie business. She generously asked one of her staff members to design a Global Art and Business brochure for me. It's very handsome and I am ever so grateful. Sadly, Los Angeles is calling her. She and her family are moving. I am sorry. I do so enjoy her company.



PAULA SILVER GREENBERG WITH JESSICA—1983



The Future Focus Workshop at Arden House went well. The first evening, the Artistic Director sat at the back of the room observing. As the participants headed to bed for the night, he surprised me Ann, I had no idea so many people care so much for the Company

and have so many ideas.

The next day he became an active participant and the remaining two days flew by. A sense of community began to emerge. Board members shared as we were all saying goodbye

Ann, you have opened our eyes. Thanks.

My Management Resource Program with the Dance Company is underway. The sessions with all the staff as a collective are using the Brain Technology tools, focusing their attention on themselves and how they work. I was surprised how much they love exploring their values and how they relate or not to the Company's values.

When the issue of changing old habits comes forth, some go with the flow and predictably others are holding on.

I spend at least two hours three times each month with

the Artistic Director, turning the ideas into a plan. He's honest

Ann, I am challenged by making administrative changes. I will try.



Networking is really important. I keep my ears open, listening for meetings involving a collection of arts managers. That's a prime place to introduce myself to new contacts. Yesterday, at a meeting assembled by a foundation, I ran into the man who briefly stole my heart nearly twenty years ago.

Remember him? Over the years we have run into each other.

He has always been friendly and polite. Yesterday he nearly took my breath away when he asked

I would like to know one thing. Were you in Hawaii on a spiritual journey? Yes.

Twice in the last six months this question has been asked.

I was even more surprised by his comment

I thought so.

I knew this man was special. As we both hurried off to our respective meeting rooms, I wondered what he was meaning by spiritual journey.



There's one aspect of Hawaii that I really miss – being in the outdoors. I tried the Sierra Club walks, but they are too short. Now I have joined a hiking group which undertakes day-long adventures across the Hudson River to New Jersey or to remote areas just north of New York City. Sunday mornings I am at the Port Authority bus terminal finding the appropriate bus to New Jersey. It's winter now. That doesn't matter: In fact, the cold is invigorating as we tromp in the woods. Today's hike was amazing. At noon, we reached a "mountain" top and discovered a landing strip about the size of a football field. At least, we decided it had to be a landing field. It was tarmac, yes, hard, smooth, black tarmac. Here's the mystery. When we walked around the perimeter, we found neither a path nor road, other than the narrow hiking trail that landed us here. How was it made? What is its purpose? We hypothesized it's for extra-terrestrial landings!



My Next Step Workshop at the New York Open Center was well-received. Forty people signed up for the introductory evening and twelve attended the weekend workshop. The management is keeping this class in their schedule. I love the work, offering others an opportunity to view the future and discover the values they want to experience their life through.



The Maltbys are my base. We have a great time together. They seem totally cool with me arriving at any time of the day. Richard is busy with one Broadway or Off-Broadway show after another. Predictably, some go well, others not. He seems to thrive with chaos around him. The busier it is in the house, the better he likes it. He has a tiny office down the hall on the second floor, but more often he is sitting in the living room with his laptop as we are all chattering. I enjoy listening to his theatrical reports. They keep me connected with the production process. I like that.





THE MALTBYs [left to right]: JORDAN, JANET, CHARLOTTE, RICHARD, EMILY

As wonderfully well as my life seems to be going, I am frustrated. My emotions still need attention. I am surprised. I guess I somehow thought that after almost three years of inner work I would be complete with my past. Well, it is just not the case. Historical anger can still interrupt my day. I was with a chiropractor today, a friend I met in Hawaii, who knows of my emotional challenges. He had good advice Ann, I have been told *The Courage to Heal* by Laura Davis is very helpful for people overcoming incest. Take a look at it. He is correct. One of the exercises recommends sharing with a good friend the fact that the incest happened. Hmm, I have been careful to keep this a guarded secret. Only some of my Hawaii friends know. But as I learned in Hawaii, if there's hesitancy it could mean that risking what seems fearful will help. I sense this disclosure is important. I am feeling a lot of fear about telling this truth. It grips my eyes and I can't see. What's worse,

I find myself stammering. Yes, this incident is still eating at me.  
I just asked Janet  
Would you come for tea? I have a very painful secret to share.  
She's a good listener and doesn't make judgments.

God bless Janet. She's six months pregnant and still she is willing to wobble up the five flights to my apartment.  
This is very embarrassing but here's the story... I am so full of shame.  
I keep asking myself, why would that be? It wasn't me who perpetrated the act.  
Janet's listening, and her compassion gave me space to cry, really cry.  
I thought I would feel better after she left. No, my body, mind and spirit are very heavy. My anger is forefront. Anger hurts, you know, in my arms, in my eyes. I have been pounding my pillow all weekend to release it.  
It's exhausting but seems to help. Walking uptown and back, oblivious of the New York traffic with the pouring cold rain tumbling down on my umbrella, helped.  
I kept thanking Janet as I tromped. Her presence and willingness to listen made this relief possible. Our friendship deepened that Friday afternoon.



I seldom go to the opera, for two reasons: I am pre-occupied with my work, as well as being careful to mind my money. Yes, I have a steady stream of clients, but marketing costs a lot.  
So, it was fun when Anne Murphy called today, asking  
What are you doing tonight?  
Nothing particular, working on marketing. Why, what's up?  
Want to go to the opening of the Metropolitan Opera? My date just cancelled.  
Wow, I would love to.  
Do you have a dress to wear?  
A beautiful one. My dark midnight blue sequin dress from Hong Kong, the one I wore on opening night at Expo 86. If it was good enough for Prince Charles and Princess Di, it should be okay for the Met.



Great!

Meet me at the Met, front steps at 5:30 p.m. We are invited for cocktails.

The end of September in New York is a gracious time. It's not too hot, the humidity has decreased, there's a feeling of happiness in the air.

Well, I feel joyful. This is a special treat. I splurged and took a taxi from my downtown apartment to Lincoln Center.

Anne and I were just told

Madam, the cocktail party is on the upper two lobby floors.

There are many men in black tie and women outfitted in gorgeous dresses made of brocades and chiffons. I am having fun chatting with whomever

I run into. A man just came up to me and said

You are the best dressed woman here tonight!

Somewhat taken aback, given the couturier wardrobes peopling this crowd, I murmured

Thank you so much.

Where did you buy your dress?

Hong Kong, several years ago.

And I explained the story and the reason. As I was talking,

I had a hit that he was involved with the fashion industry.

May I ask? Who are you?

I am President of one of the garment industry unions and on the Board of the Metropolitan Opera.

I gave him a brief mention of my work in opera. We must have talked for fifteen minutes. Then the bell rang, indicating the performance was about to begin.

Last night was a welcomed diversion. Great fun!



Riki Rodzinski was here from Fort Worth on Van Cliburn Foundation business. He gave me an introduction to a Lake Placid friend, Naj Wikoff, who oversees the cultural and community events at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Naj is just back from Moscow where the

Global Forum of Spiritual and Parliamentary Leaders had its second world summit at the invitation of Mikhail Gorbachev.

What's the Global Forum?

It was initiated in the 1980s by our Dean, the Very Reverend James Park Morton, along with Akio Matsumura, who was involved with the United Nations. The organization's goal is to increase the respect amongst the many different faiths. Two meetings have come and gone, one in Oxford and another in Moscow. This conclave included not only religious and political leaders, but also those from business, science, medical fields and the performing arts – primarily artists, all with a commitment to global peace. At the Moscow meeting, the artists felt their points of view were marginalized by the religious participants. They are resolved to have respect at the next meeting, in Japan. We don't yet know how we are going to accomplish this goal. Naj, perhaps I can help. What if I facilitate a Needs Assessment Workshop with some of the artists who are in New York to discover what steps need to be taken?

Murray Bruce, a filmmaker who was in Moscow at the Global Forum meeting, and his wife Gail, a gallery owner and artist agent, hosted the Needs Assessment Workshop. This group decided the next step is a three-day workshop bringing together artists living in different parts of the world working for global peace. I have volunteered to participate on the Steering Committee. My focus is identifying a facilitator. I need someone who has experience with a large gathering of a volatile crowd. I called David Neenan to see if he would. Ann, your offer is not for me. My experience with artists is they do not respect the collaborative process. I sense I would not be successful. Here are some names for you to approach. We have chosen one and are developing a process.

Well, David was a harbinger. We were successful in assembling an extraordinary collection of seventy accomplished artists from twenty or more different nations, all with a passion for global peace.

Robert Redford graciously hosted us at Sundance. However, on the first night the artists rebelled. They wouldn't buy into process, they didn't want any structure *at all*. We were marginalized and quickly.

That was a blow.

Reflecting on what happened, Naj wistfully commented  
Seeds have been scattered to the wind. Let's hope they find fertile soil  
and enough water and sun to flourish. The most significant outcome  
was the many collaborations and friendships that evolved.

For us, the organizers, it was a learning experience.



I was at Carnegie Hall the other night sitting in the balcony listening to  
Dennis Russell Davies conducting the American Composers Orchestra.

I find it fascinating to listen to new works. Some I enjoy, others not.

Last night I got a clear message using my synesthetic technique,  
asking each of my senses the question

Eyes: How do you see this piece of music?

Like small broken pieces of lead that are falling, falling, falling.

Smell: How do you smell this piece of music?

Pungent and rotten.

Taste: How do you taste this piece of music?

It tastes like shit!

That was a shocking piece of clarity.

It's fun and illuminating to engage my senses to help me  
clarify my thoughts.



[ 1991 ]

It's now two years since I have returned to New York. Something is not  
working for me. It doesn't have to do with my work – I love what I do –  
and mostly, so do my clients. But there is a dark, foreboding element in  
my life. I can't get a handle on it. I am using Aurora and Nancy's chakra

clearing techniques regularly and sometimes that helps.

But there is more to uncover.

A recent Open Center class exploring more with my inner child opened a door into my discomfort. I had never considered that our inner child as well as our adult selves have male and female qualities. That little piece of information has been so helpful. In my daily meditation as I focus on an emotional issue, I ask whether it's the male aspect of my child's behavior (generally impatience) or the female aspect (wanting more love and consideration) that is upsetting my equilibrium. The answers are illuminating.

This focus has led me to discover that it's the male part of me who is taking responsibility to be sure I am safe. It's the female adult who is pursuing emotional and spiritual change. I sense the wounded female child and adult needs the most attention.



Nancy is no longer channeling Aurora. I miss our contact through the phone and access to universal wisdom. So, I was thrilled when a friend suggested Robert Shapiro Ann, he lives in Sedona and has just published a book, *The Explorer Race*, reporting information from Zoosh. We talk once a month.

Zoosh, this whole issue of confusion, going up and out there, still both haunts and fascinates me. Did I initiate it after the incest?

Yes, it was a protective step.

But now, I have unraveled much of the confusion. At least I think I have, and still I am unable to comprehend with any agility what I read.

Zoosh tells me

The information you need will unfold.

You know, Aurora used to say that. Your unwillingness to give me the answer is quite annoying. I want to get on with my life and leave all this emotional stuff behind.

His reply grated on me

You have more to learn. That is why you are not yet ready to accept

more information. This much we will say. Your dyslexia is present in your life so you can learn and grow. Part of that growth is transforming the emotions involved. You need to keep exploring. I am musing on his comments. The confusion and the dyslexic state are synonymous. I am beginning to see that I probably create the confusion to avoid the pain of my emotions. That is certainly me creating my reality. It was a safety mechanism. As a youngster, the incest was not only upsetting, it was confusing. Why would my father who supposedly loved me, take advantage of me? And I guess my mother's mechanism of dealing with this kind of shock by burying the reality seemed confusing. I was too young to separate out this conflicting information, so I became confused. Now I am unraveling it. I wonder what I still need to learn? I would like to have decent skills to comprehend what I read. Zoosh's final comment in this recent reading was encouraging me to learn more skills at being at peace within myself. Eventually the information I need will unfold.



A year ago, Janet Maltby asked me to meet with Tony Stimac, the innovative leader of Musical Theater Works. Janet is on the Musical Theater Work's board and knows there are some administrative challenges and resulting decisions coming up. Musical Theater Works location is downtown, across the street from the Public Theater. Its building is a sprawling six-floor square warehouse with many large rooms transformed into several "black boxes" for theatre presentations as well as rehearsal rooms and offices. This place bustles with business. I spent a day with Tony, helping him think through next steps. He was thrilled with the work and said: Any time you would like to use one of the studios, please feel free to ask.

I talked to him today  
Can we barter? A studio for a Friday night, and all-day Saturday and Sunday for my Next Step Workshop. I will offer a free

two-and-a-half-day class to a person from your organization  
It's a great idea. I will be the first to take your class.  
They are giving me a top floor studio with large windows.  
It's a great space. The class goes very well in this environment.



The man with whom I misstepped twenty or so years ago  
had his secretary call and set an appointment with me.  
Dressed in my yellow tailored wool coat that reaches to mid-calf  
and gives me a jaunty professional look, I head uptown.  
When I enter, he rises, giving me a hug and a quick peck on the cheek.  
Then, our eyes connected. This man really looks at you, bores into you.  
When his eyes take that pose, I know he wants to know,  
whatever it is he wants to know.

He's driving the conversation. He does that. Perhaps it's because I drove  
the conversation twenty years ago that got me into a mess with him?  
Who knows? This time our meeting is intimate in a different way. I am  
disappointed. He's not interested in my work. Rather, he's grilling me about  
my life in Hawaii, my exploration of dyslexia, my spiritual journey. He's  
listening with every ounce of him and just made a surprising comment  
I wish I could take that kind of break myself.

For some bizarre reason, that statement gave me courage!

Courage to apologize

I am so sorry for my inappropriate comment to you in San Diego.

There is just silence. He isn't dismissing it. He's looking me straight  
in the eye and watching, giving me time to experience what I just said.

And then, he comments

I accept your apology.

Those four words spoken with such care and softness are pouring over  
me, dripping down me. Oh, I feel so much better.

We are now both more comfortable. He's talking about himself, his family  
responsibilities, kids and his wife. Then he zeroed in on dyslexia.

I have a son with dyslexia. What have you found out?  
Well, for me it is based in my emotions, as well as the physical.  
How are you resolving it?  
I have gone off refined sugar and the internal rushing in my body  
has slowed down. And I am unveiling my hidden emotions.  
There are plenty of them and for good reason. You know,  
it's hard to face emotional facts sometimes.  
Can I ask you a personal question?  
Listen, after how I behaved with you all those years ago,  
you can ask any question.  
Are you a victim of incest?  
Oh my God, my heart has stopped. So many thoughts are tumbling  
through me. How could he possibly know? Of course he knows;  
he is so intuitive. No wonder I was so attracted to this man. Wow,  
I know I have to tell the truth. I know I am safe with him, I can be honest.  
Yes.  
He looked at me with those penetrating eyes and in a very quiet voice said  
I thought so.  
Now my body is numb. He gets me. I wonder why?  
I want to cry but I won't.  
Our time is up. I feel much relieved.



My work is taking me to Canada a fair amount these days. In Vancouver I have been hired on a year-long project to offer the Needs Assessment, Future Focus Workshop and the Management Resource System. It's very satisfying working with a pro-active manager who has no fear of dipping his toes into new approaches as he offers leadership and growth space to his staff. We are down to the nitty gritty of developing the plan and doing staff training. Dudley Lynch's booklets are invaluable here.

En route to Vancouver this month, I stopped in Ottawa for a national arts conference. There was much discussion about a cultural leader's project being sponsored by the University of Waterloo's Center for Cultural

Management. They are looking for participants in Vancouver, Halifax, Windsor and Edmonton. I am intrigued. I have just discovered that in two months' time the workshop is scheduled just before my week with my client in Vancouver. I have signed on.



PARTICIPANT AND ANN IN THE NEEDS ASSESSMENT PROCESS

This workshop is invigorating. It's based on an envisioning concept developed by Warren Zeigler. In a sense, the approach is similar to the Taylors' work. The difference is the process. Zeigler begins the three-day workshop by having us draw images of what form cultural leadership will take in twenty years.

For some, their images are words, but most are symbols or expressions in color. Now, thirty images are up on walls around the room.

Some are very dark and foreboding, others are fanciful.

Zeigler has given us the next step

Wander around the room to see what images seem to relate to what you are expressing in your image. If you feel a connection with another image, ask the creator questions about their artistic output. If there is synchronicity with the design and the ideas, join up with that individual.



I have bonded with four women who are also on the spiritual path. We are now translating our images into statements about arts leadership in 2013.

And as I will be back in Vancouver a week a month for the next seven months for my work project, I will have an opportunity to continue collaborating with my team.



It's nine p.m. in New York. The telephone just rang.

As soon as I heard his voice, I knew who it was. No, I didn't know his name, but he's been in some of the classes that I have been taking at the Open Center. He's one of those persons who talks to you and you don't want to reciprocate! His first words tonight were Ann, I have a message for you.

Why on earth would I want to hear a message from him?

He continued

Will you receive this message?

I didn't know what to say. It sounded downright weird.

But then I became curious. Oh well, how can it hurt?

Yes, I will.

The message is: You are to write a book, it is to be your story,

You are to write it now and it will be a bestseller.

I laughed. I had to be honest

You know that is amusing. I have been thinking about writing what I am learning.

Good, will you start tomorrow?

I don't know about that, but I will consider the idea.

You must start tomorrow, you must.

This guy sounds frantic. What's wrong with him?

Well, I can't say I will but...

You must.

Why? Where did this message come from?

From my meditation. For the last three-days your message is the only one I have been receiving. The message used your name.

I didn't know your name. Then it occurred me, she must be someone I met at the Open Center. I went to the registration desk and asked Do you know Ann Farris?

Yes, she did and gave me your contact information. You see, this is a message you have to listen to. It has your name on it. Okay, I will do something tomorrow.

I sat down at my trusty Toshiba computer this morning and started. I am discovering that writing isn't easy. It doesn't feel comfortable. I can't do this. But I said I would try. Okay, I will get on my bed and draw with my magic markers something that is about the book. Maybe I will get a focus. You know, the funniest thing happened. I drew a stick picture of me facing a psychiatrist and made a caption Seek Help. Then, I had the inspiration to use my synesthetic technique, expressing through my senses my message. I draw and then ask my senses for a response to discover what I want to say. Just a few words and I have it! That's fun! Now I have the clue on how to create my book. The topic is what it feels like to be dyslexic.



I had a call today from Carl Shaver. He's a much respected consultant who has been introducing corporate management practices and fundraising techniques to arts organizations. He asked me to join him at lunch next week.

Meantime, I am off to Washington DC for discussions at the National Endowment for the Arts. They have a request out for proposals from management and planning consultants. I am interested in applying and need some details. Always better to go to the source, I find. Anne Murphy has invited me to stay. She just called asking How about I ask Robert for dinner? Would you like to see him? Yes, very much. It would be lovely if we could be friends.

There are just the three of us. It's a stilted evening, cordial and distant.

This morning, a cold winter morning, frost is on the windows.  
Anne and I are just getting up and preparing a late breakfast.  
She always has so much food in her house. It's jammed everywhere.  
A guest would not starve for weeks.  
The phone just rang. It's Robert asking  
Would you like to go for a walk?  
Today?  
Yes.  
That would be very nice.  
I will pick you up at 1 p.m.

Anne, do you think Robert is deciding we can be friends?  
Wouldn't that be nice?

It's a grey, cold winter afternoon. I am bundled up as we trundle  
through the park chatting. He wants to know more about my work  
and I am interested in his.

I felt relieved when we parted. It was a challenge to feel comfortable with  
him. I sense he felt that way about me. But hey, I am happy to make any  
effort to maintain a friendship. Robert is a nice man.

Robert called again this morning  
Could we meet again?  
Yes, sure. I have a meeting at the NEA at 11:30 a.m. How about 1 p.m.?  
They have takeout restaurants in the basement of the Old Post Office  
Building. We could pick up something and sit at a table in the rotunda.  
Then, I have a three o'clock meeting at the Canadian Embassy.

We met for lunch and ate at one of those tables, jammed in  
amongst many others, Robert suggested  
When we are finished would it be okay if we go for a walk?  
Sure.

It is cold out here and noisy with the traffic roaring by us.  
Ann, let's sit here.  
He points to a cold stone bench. Oh dear, I'll manage.  
And then it began. Anger, rage, torment came pouring out!  
I have never seen him so riled. His focus: my shortcomings in our marriage.  
He was angry.  
Thank heavens I have done as much inner work as I have. I know enough  
not to interrupt but to let it flow out. And it did, like a rushing river.  
As much as I knew about the importance of being a good listener,  
it was very hard to hear it.  
I certainly didn't have anything to say. We parted.



I had lunch today with Carl Shaver. I wasn't feeling great.  
I am still moving through the pain of my experience with Robert.  
I even considered calling up and asking to reschedule, but then decided no.  
Carl took me to his club. I must say I like the man. He's a statesman type.  
No wonder Boards of Directors feel comfortable with him.  
He easily speaks their language. He had a question  
Would you like to join my firm?  
That was certainly furthest from my thought.  
I couldn't imagine how that could work. What would happen  
to Global Art and Business? Even though I don't like marketing,  
how could I abandon it now?  
We explored some, but I said no.  
Not sure it was the best response, a dolphin solution for me,  
but that's what I did.



Whenever I have a free few hours, I am working on my book.  
I have amassed lots of magic marker colors and am drawing. I love it.  
Using my senses to describe each incident is working.  
I just called Richard, the man whose meditation gave him my message.

He's the only one that knows this book is being birthed.

Richard, I have completed a draft of my book. Would you be willing to read it and give me feedback? It wouldn't take you long, it's mostly drawings.

Ann, I am an office manager in a law firm. I know nothing about books.

Richard, you got me into this, the least you can do is read it.

Oh, all right.

Richard was very moved by my book. He gave me encouragement.

I asked another, a volunteer at the Open Center who's also a literary agent

Would you be willing to look at a draft of a book I just completed?

It's about my experience of being dyslexic.

Yes, drop it off at my office at Columbus Circle.

That was very nervous making. I kind of felt what Robert might have felt like when he had others see his designs on stage. Are they going to like it?

The agent was very encouraging and had suggestions, the most important being

Let it sit for a while. I think you have more to say.

I agree with her.



[ 1994 ]

I have been living in New York for five years now, have had forty different arts organizations as clients in both the US and Canada. Despite this fact, I am not yet at a point where I have financial stability. There are empty pockets days. God bless Haig and Katherine. They have helped me through some tough money moments. One thing I am proud of is a balanced lifestyle. I work hard and I make time for inner work. I am still bedeviled with anger. It lies under my skin. I use my chakra clearings to release it but then more comes. It's a paradox. I am enriched with my work and I am bedeviled with anger. It takes its toll. I sense it is time for a move to a warmer climate where I can be on the earth more often.

An Astrocartography map prepared for this period of time in my astrological chart suggests all roads point to northeast Texas.

I asked Zoosh for advice. He corroborated  
Northeast Texas.

Richard Maltby's assistant and I just poured through an atlas to discover that Dallas and Fort Worth are in northeast Texas. I thought to myself The Van Cliburn Foundation and my dear friend Richard Rodzinski and his family are in Fort Worth.

Riki, I am thinking of moving to Fort Worth.

What? You get on a plane, come down and check it out. You can stay with us.

Riki was certainly firm about that.

Okay.

And if you are going to do this, there is only one place for you to live, the Caravan of Dreams. I will tell you more when you arrive.

Richard didn't tell me that his wife, Beth, is pregnant. Poor dear, she is going through morning sickness. God bless her, she drove me all over Fort Worth, so I could get a feeling of the City.

You know I like what I see. I took a long walk on the Trinity River this morning. It winds through the City. And I stopped by to visit the Caravan of Dreams. Kathelin Gray, the woman who runs it, is in New York. How funny is that? But I was given a tour. It's beautiful. Built in the 1980s, it's a project that emanated from a group of people living in New Mexico. One of them, Ed Bass, hails from Fort Worth. This same group created the Biosphere in Arizona.

The Caravan has three components: a handsomely designed nightclub, a two-hundred-plus seated theatre and an artist's residence for about twelve. It also has a rooftop garden and a geodesic dome with hundreds of cacti and succulent plants. An amazing place! I do hope I can live here.

I just met Kathelin in New York at the café at the Russian Baths. She has invited me to reside at the Caravan.



This last week has been one of reflection.

Will this move be supportive to my continued exploration of my dual purpose: building my business and healing my dyslexia? I know my product is good. The feedback is excellent. I think I can run Global Art and Business from Texas. I am on the road half the year.

Texas is in the middle of the country. It will be convenient.

Am I ready to let go my connection with The New York Open Center?

It has been a mainstay for my continued spiritual exploration.

Yes, I am ready. I feel satiated with workshops. Time for a breather, though I will miss my friends.

It means leaving behind the Maltbys. Our time together has been rich.

Their children have offered me companionship and fun. I will miss them a lot. But I will be back. I am continuing to give my Next Step Workshop at Musical Theater Works. I can reconnect then.

One thing is fact: I haven't found the solution to my confusion/dyslexia.

I still have barriers that hold me from comprehending what I read with ease. Maybe there are solutions to be found while living in another environment.

My decision is made. My life is about exploration.

I am moving to Fort Worth.



CARAVAN OF DREAMS, FORT WORTH, TX



# FORT WORTH- CLOSING A BUSINESS



[ 1995 ]

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I EXPECTED from Fort Worth: probably two miracles. My company would take off and my deep desire to solve my dyslexia would be unveiled. Neither happened but...

Thank heavens, there is one facet of my personality that helps me: No matter how bad it all seems, I can find within a cheery demeanor, a supportive spirit, to present to the world. It gives me the drive and encouragement to keep exploring.

My personal living of life is in great shape. The Caravan of Dreams is the Cadillac version of a shared space – beautifully appointed large bed/sitting rooms with thick carpets, tall windows, bathrooms with marble counters. We have an expansive, well-equipped kitchen, a gracious dining room seating fifty when desired, and an eclectic bunch of a dozen or so residents, including an editor with the *Fort Worth Star Telegram*, a botanist, a high school student, a visual artist from Europe

and Van Cliburn Foundation staff members. Our complex is overseen by Kathelin Gray, a soft-spoken artist who has a magnetic charm. Visiting guests include the Van Cliburn young virtuosos who join us for periods of time. The grand piano in the music room sends beautiful sounds throughout the complex.



DINNER AT THE CARAVAN—*Left: BETH RODZINSKI, ALEXANDER RODZINSKI, Center: TWO UNKNOWN; Right: JULIANA RODZINSKI, ANN FARRIS, KATHELIN GRAY*

The botanist, Lindsay Woodruff, introduced me to a weekly event, Wednesday Night Dinner hosted by Paul and Susan Schmidt, professional gardeners who moved to Fort Worth ten years ago. Knowing no one, they invited those they met during the week to a potluck dinner. This eclectic group expanded. Now, ten years later some Wednesdays we number twenty, expanding to forty on occasion. We eat handsomely and meet wonderful people each with a unique story.

I am fulfilling contracts in both Canada and on the West Coast, returning to New York for the Next Step Workshop. My work palette moves along. To get a handle on Fort Worth, I joined the Chamber of Commerce. The interviewer turned out to be one of my previous clients, Diana Dugan



WEDNESDAY NIGHT DINNER, ANN FARRIS, PAUL SCHMIDT

from the Indianapolis Opera. A go-getter with red hair, she suggested Ann, try the weekly breakfast club, Network of Executive Women (NEW). They are an active group of professional women who support each other's businesses.

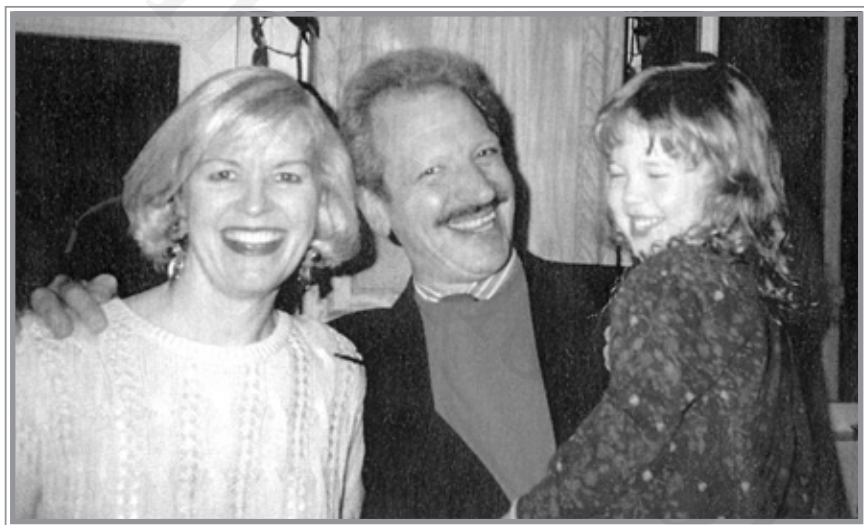
She's correct. These smart women, with the most beautiful lilting Texan speaking voices, are curious and entrepreneurial. Many of them are taking my Next Step Workshop and find it valuable. I am always surprised how much participants love the process of evaluating and redefining their values.



AN EVENING AT THE CARAVAN OF DREAMS:  
QUITA COYAN, UNKNOWN, JEWEL BERGER, LINDSAY WOODRUFF—1995

The Rodzinskis are my base, embracing me into their life as Beth awaits the birth of her second child. Riki is Riki. Intense, funny, always coming

up with a new thought or idea and wonderful to be around when he's around. He is totally enraptured with his leadership role at Van Cliburn Foundation, overseeing the competitions, developing an educational program for schools along with a concert program of beautiful music throughout the year. He has evolved himself. I am impressed. Juliana, their adorable nearly four-year old daughter and I have become best friends. She loves to play, and I love playing with her. Mad keen for ballet, she invites me to her recitals in a large theatre where she's adorable in her pink tutu, being so serious.



ANN FARRIS, RICHARD RODZINSKI ON HIS 50TH BIRTHDAY, JULIANA RODZINSKI



With all of this, my life doesn't feel like it's going anywhere. It's a merry-go-round. I keep circling back to this deep unrest within me. Something is not right. It's emotional confusion. But why? I know so much about myself and yet there's no clarity or freedom. What I didn't know – or perhaps better stated, didn't remember – was a deal I struck with my father when I was an adolescent. That awareness comes later.





LUCILLE HELTON AND LARUE EPPLER

I just presented a truncated (one-day) version of my planning workshop to women who are high achievers in North Texas. These motivated individuals are fun to facilitate and loved the process. At lunch I sat next to Lucille Helton, one of the high achievers and a model of enthusiasm and energy. She shared

I am the principal of Hill School, a private school which focuses on children with learning challenges.

Lucille, I am dyslexic.

The lunch flew by.

I was audacious enough to say to her

I think we might do some interesting

work together. She looked at me quizzically, but time had run out.



An adventurous Summer Program planner at the University of Texas has engaged me to run two Next Step Workshops: one for adults and one for teenagers. I hadn't expected this latter invitation.

Sixteen energetic youths have signed up for the week-long program.

They love the process, dreaming about their future. They flow with ideas and their drawings are amazing. One of the students sees himself as a successful chef and brought a large chocolate cake with tons of colorful gooey icing for our party on the final day. He was so proud.

I love working with the kids.



Lucille invited me to tour her school. It's impressive, a cheery place to be, with lots of space. And the students seem happy in their environment, some sitting on the floor, some leaning against a wall doing their schoolwork. There is no feeling of franticness in this environment.

Lucille is an explorer. She and her husband took my Next Step Workshop and loved it.

Then I got a call

Ann, I would like you to offer this class to our Grade Eight students during their last term at the school. It will be excellent preparation for them as they take their next step, moving to a regular school.

Thank you. I am very pleased with this offer. I would love to do it.

Ann, I think it's best if we divide the students into two sections.

They will have more individual attention.

And she continued

I want this workshop to be in a different environment, a neutral space, away from the school campus. I want them in an environment that will enable a free flow of ideas about their future.

Wonderful. I am going to ask a colleague, LaRue Eppler, who has taken the class, to support the process. She has a son near the age of your students and will be able to feel an affinity with them.

Good. I will have two teachers there also.

This is exciting. Thanks.

Lucille found a parent whose business has several very large spaces.

Ideal for the class. We are all set.

It has been a fascinating experiment. The students loved the envisioning process, drawing a positive future for themselves. They grabbed onto the idea of evaluating and redefining their values – those they want to live by. I sensed they felt hopeful they might be able to take charge of themselves if they start living by what they value: fun, respect, responsibility, and more.

The segment of turning their drawings into a plan was more challenging, writing words is not their favorite thing. One of my handouts, dividing twenty years into chronological segments, helps. LaRue and I are standing by, giving a hand to those struggling. With a little individual support, they are evolving a path to reach their vision.

At lunch one of the students came up to me

Ann, I like it that you are dyslexic. You understand us. Do you think we can ever get over it?

Oh, I don't know. I can tell you I am on the path to see if I can find that solution. But I don't think you have to solve your dyslexia to have success in life. I have enjoyed my work and have been successful. The challenge is finding what you love to do.

I wanted to add, but didn't, at some point comprehending this challenge seems also to be about having the guts to face the dark side of yourself, to see how you subvert what you want. But this was not the moment.

LaRue and I did experience a jolt on the first day. We were saddened to see that more than one-third of these students are on drugs administered at the appropriate hour by one of the teachers supervising.

I couldn't help thinking that, if we accept what many of my spiritual teachers have proclaimed, that we create our own reality, and if we believe what Zoosh has to say, that dyslexics are operating from a different reality, a reality that others do not have access to, then I wonder, could it be that drugs are taking them away from their natural beingness? Could it be that their challenge is to learn, like I am, how to handle this different reality in a way that supports ourselves and others? Could it be that learning to express what isn't working is important? Could it be that our dyslexia is a teaching tool for our parents and others? I don't know, but I sense that drugs are not the answer in the long-term.



My phone sessions with Zoosh continue to be a great help. Zoosh, I want to understand why there are moments when I feel I am right and state it with real conviction, only to discover I am not. Ann, your behavior is typical of dyslexics. You see the situation from a different point of view, in a spatial context. This is one of the gifts of dyslexia. Remember your society is based on the premise of cause and effect, the foundation of scientific theories. You have a gift beyond cause and effect. And it can seem chaotic, like the chaos that occurs during creation. Remember, chaos is a precursor to creation.

Zoosh continued

A dyslexic's view of life can seem chaotic. This is the gift that is not understood. A dyslexic person sees not only that which other persons see, but also sees that "which is" – meaning negative space. When dyslexics express what they see in this negative space, the information is often negated since most other people do not have access to that information. Okay, I need a bit more information here.

Let me put it this way. Your totality goes beyond that which is at your physical boundaries. I am not talking about auric fields, the energy field that surrounds the physical body. I am talking about the entire space that you take up. A person who has dyslexia looks at another and will see what is around them, just as significantly as the person in physical matter. Remember, you have spatial reference.

You know, I feel very comfortable with what you suggest.

That's because a dyslexic has a natural skill: gift of spatial reference.

Remember, dyslexia is beneficial, not a disease interpreted as something that has to be handled.

Zoosh you make me laugh.

Why?

Your definition of disease is an opportunity to look at things from a different direction. Not many would agree with you.

Doctors are not trained to notice what is around their patient, in the foreground, in the background, in the present, immediate area. They don't notice that. If they did, they would have different approaches. Disease is



simply a message. Remember dyslexic people, as they are called, not only have brilliant minds, but also have the capacity to make motions that actually make a difference in cause and effect. Motions like motion or emotions. After we hung up the phone, I found myself wondering, do you suppose that releasing my anger changes more than just me?



Speaking of anger, in one of my readings with Zoosh, I asked about my anger. Is it buried anger that is still confounding me?

Yes, this lifetime you committed to clearing anger. You have done a great job of moving this current life's anger and rage off. It is the past lives that need clearing. Here's an approach that might seem dramatic but would set the pendulum in motion towards clearing it.

Go to the Goodwill, pick up some china, the delicate kind. Pick up a golf club or something similar. Then go into the woods, where you are far from anybody, layout several green garbage bags, lay the china on it, cover it with more garbage bags and pound the china.

Gosh, that seems a bit dramatic.

Yes, it is. But it can achieve much. You will get in touch with anger at a level that will enable you to release it. You don't have to know what it's about. Just pound!

As it happened, I am housesitting in Glen Rose, Texas, far south of Fort Worth. After a stop at the Goodwill, I have the goods required and will do this exercise there.

Today is the day. I feel very nervous, I can feel anger swelling, yes swirling up in me. It's more than anger, it's rage. I have done enough inner work not to be concerned about knowing the incident. It's the buried feelings I want to move out.

I don't know Glen Rose well. Yes, I have been before, I have a friend here. But I know it has vast areas of open space with clumps of forests about.

It's the latter I have chosen. My garbage bags are laid out, the china is hidden. At first, I am scared of causing a noise, not the act. Then, anger takes over and I start hammering. *Crunch, shatter!* That feels so good. The metal of the golf club gives a resounding sound, even though the garbage bags are protecting it. I continue, discovering the sound of shattering china is downright satisfying. Now, I am panting, sweat pouring off me. The garbage bags are beginning to rip. I stop. I know I am done. Plunking down I burst into sobs, wrenching sobs. Sobs of relief.

As I feel a quietness coming into my body, I lie down on the earth forgiving myself and all those involved and fall asleep. When I awaken, I clean up the garbage bags and the crushed china, put it all into one garbage bag. I thank the forest for the protection, I apologize to any animals about for the disturbance and head off.

Fortunately, I am living a quiet life. The house I am looking after has a beautiful view, which offers me a perspective. I feel cleansed and so relieved.

It took a couple days of resting, but now I can feel the true value of that experience. I know what rage feels like now. I know that it is just one of the dark emotions to experience. I am not afraid of it anymore.



I have been hired to produce all three components of my management process with a large corporation in Fort Worth. It's a six-month contract. My employer is committed to organizational change. Between the two of us, and the willingness of the hundred or more individuals in the company, we are making important steps to assist this company in streamlining its daily efforts. It's a wonderful experience. However, the participant numbers are dwindling at my Next Step Workshop in New York. I am discontinuing these classes.



Several months ago, I met a man who serves on the Board of the Mid-Cities Chapter of the American Society for Training and Development. He's an old pro with much training experience with many large companies and seemed impressed with my work. He's on the phone Ann, I have nominated you for the annual Professional Excellence Award within the Mid-Cities Chapter area.

The ceremony took place in the Caravan Theater. Talk about serendipity. I have a tiny plaque. Silly, but that seems to give me hope.



It's time to take action. I need advice on how to leverage my company. I don't have enthusiasm for it any more. A colleague at NEW, my Wednesday morning network meeting, suggested Go to the Small Business Administration office at the Department of Commerce. In Fort Worth they have a program assisting small business owners with management issues. Perhaps they can help you gain insight into what is happening. The counselors are volunteers who have been successful in their business and are interested in helping others.

I am apprehensive. What kind of counselor will I be given? Well, my worries quickly vanished when I was introduced to a man whose very presence told me I had lucked out. He looked me straight in the eye and asked pertinent questions, making no comments. Then he simply requested Please complete this questionnaire. We will meet in two weeks when we will talk. I am relieved. He isn't one of those with instant solutions that don't seem to jibe with what I feel.

My responses are complete. And we are meeting this morning. Ann, you are very thorough in your responses. I am impressed that you understand yourself and your business so well. Here's what I think has happened. Your heart has gone out of your business.

I looked at him in amazement and had no trouble responding.

I know you are right. Hmmm. You are very perceptive. How could you know this?

For the last twenty years I worked for Bell Helicopter. My job was travelling around the world, working with helicopter firms that had management issues. I have seen many different situations.

This collective experience gave me the insight on whether to help someone revitalize his or her company and when it was best to recommend shutting down the endeavor. Do you have the guts to do the latter?

Well, I know you are correct. It's been seven years with Global Art and Business. Outside of the marketing aspect, it has been an amazing and rewarding experience. Yes, I can let it go.

What will you do?

I would enjoy returning into an arts leadership position.

Okay, target one and we will prepare you.

Despite the detailed preparation the two of us undertook, I was not chosen as the candidate for two positions in both Eastern Canada and Eastern US. I hate to admit this to myself, but I know the reason. There is a part of me, right now, that is giving off anger. I can't help it. I hate this feeling, but for some reason, I just can't move it off.

Yesterday I was sharing with another consultant that I am closing down Global Art and Business. He commented

Sometimes we create a business simply to learn what the business has to teach us. It's not a conscious act, but in the end, it does seem to be the fact.

Well, I have learned so much. On the positive side, I learned I can take an idea, create and make it happen. On the negative side, I can see that I subvert myself. I don't know why I can't stop it. I have six months with scattered commitments to fulfill with Global Art and Business.



Taking advantage of my free time during these six months, I have segments of time to do personal work. A friend, Janice Raoul, asked me this question

Have you worked with past lives to clear emotional issues? Remember, we are living many lives in this life simultaneously, our past, our present and our future.

I did some of that clearing in Hawaii. And I have had firsthand experience of how it works telling her the story of learning about my 18th century relationship with my old flame while I was working on the World Festival for Expo 86. With that information, we were able to transform our relationship. Thanks for the idea. I think you are onto something here. I do have one concern. How can I authenticate what comes up? What about a pendulum? Purchase a pendulum kit.

Isn't that how ancient wise men and women found water?

Yes. It's a way of intuitively knowing.

Well, my intuitive sense has been strong all my life. I can walk into a room and know who is thinking what and who to stay away from.

I can intuit what another will say. While this talent at times can bombard me, I feel fortunate to have it. You know what I call it?

No.

My knowingness. I think you are telling me I can hone this skill using a pendulum.

Yes, and it will lead you to another step, you just watch. I have a pendulum to recommend. It is assembled by the Sig Lonegren.

There are good instructions included.

Thanks.

I have a new regime. At night when I go to bed, I ask for a dream relating to a past life issue that needs to be cleared out. I make sure I have a clipboard and pencil right by my bed, so I get the details down on paper. You know, sometimes I hardly even open my eyes in the middle of the night; I just write. It's scribbly when I look at it in the morning, but the information is there.

After my daily Gabriel bench exercises and my breakfast, I sit down

at my desk to process my dream, to obtain its message. In New York, at the Open Center, I learned a more sophisticated process of analyzing dreams from Stanley Kripner. When I have unearthed that message, I have the focus for my past life work that particular day.

Using the pendulum, I start asking questions

What era was this?

How old was I?

Was I male or female?

Which inner personality of this person is being affected? Was it the male or female part of me who needed help or caused the situation?

Now, to the nitty gritty – to discover what might have been going on in this life.

Was I married? If yes, was I a responsible partner? If no, why not?

And on and on and on.

I authenticate with the pendulum.

And I write it all down as I go along.

It's here I am finding anger. And gulp, it is here I am experiencing excruciating physical pain that comes from guilt and horror at what I did at that time. There is a theme – sexual. Sometimes I was the victim and sometimes the perpetrator. I am not surprised with victim, but I am amazed to discover perpetrator. This has to be faced, named and removed.

When I sense – and the pendulum concurs – that I have the issue, I move on to determine what healing process is appropriate. Most often I am healing an emotion. I use Aurora's technique of working with my chakra(s), pulling out the emotion from the chakra, dropping it into a fire, watching it sizzle and fry. I imagine dropping the remains into blue light. They transform into a gold, healed light. Then, I am done.

Sometimes the healing tool is very different – like coloring or writing a story to gain insight.

Then I ask more questions to get more information until I know the issue of the day is handled.



LINDSEY WOODRUFF

I am diligent. I work from 9 a.m. to noon, take off an hour for lunch and continue through the afternoon. This is my work for the moment.

I feel changes happening in my body, but there's no completion.

I have kept very detailed notes.

I sense I am creating a process.

It might be useful to others.

Late in the afternoon, Lindsey and I walk by the Trinity River.

She shares the challenges

of her day and I share

what I have learned.

She is a wonderful friend.

I know most of the time she has no idea what I am talking about,

but she seems very happy to give me the space to share.

Two months have passed. Yes, I have been working presenting workshops, but most of my time has been on past lives. Today, I sensed I am done with this healing focus. The pendulum concurs.

I wonder if I can read more easily? I am going to take the pendulum and go to the Public Library – it's just across the street – and find a book to read.

This is fun, hilarious, actually.

I am wandering up and down

the aisle allowing my pendulum to swing answering my question

Is the book on this shelf?

No,

No,

No,

Yes.

I am in front of a shelf of Danielle Steel books. I have never read one.  
I like this title: *Wings*. The pendulum concurs.

I took the book home, sat down, read it in twenty-four hours  
and had a good time. This is progress! I have returned the book  
and again my pendulum has taken me to the Danielle Steel shelf.  
This time the pendulum and I have chosen *Accident*.

I am having a different experience reading this book.  
When something unpleasant is happening in the book, at least  
unpleasant to me, my interest in reading shuts down. Okay, now why?  
My body is filled with fear because characters in the book are behaving  
in a dysfunctional manner and my body can't tolerate the pain.  
Back to the processing drawing boards. I am focusing on where  
a similar situation is happening or did happen in my life and  
process it through. Then, I go for a walk. When I return my body,  
mind and spirit are ready to continue reading this book.  
Well, I know now, there is no question my emotions are playing a part  
in my not wanting to read. Isn't it wonderful I have created a way  
to help myself through this situation?



I am becoming irritated with the pendulum. It takes so much time.  
Yesterday as I was working with it, I found myself blurting out  
God, isn't there another way for me to authenticate what  
I am learning with the pendulum? Hmmm.

[ TWO WEEKS LATER ]

My feet are moving when I am using the pendulum. How odd!  
Guess what! There is a meaning.  
My feet are becoming my pendulum.  
When my feet sit on my heels, it's a yes, when they move to my toes,  
it's a no and when they don't move, it's not the right question.



How amazing! This new approach came in a week!  
I lost my pendulum today. I searched everywhere for it. Someone  
is playing a trick on me. I guess I am to use my feet from now on.



I just finished my last Global Art and Business contract in Toronto.  
It went very well. Nice way to complete seven years of work.  
To make ends meet, I am doing temp work as an office manager  
in a doctor's office. In my free time, I am gathering together  
all my notes from my inner process with past lives and  
am creating a workbook to share with others. This is fun.  
Soon, I will have to move out of the Caravan. It is being turned into  
a bed and breakfast. I have no idea where to go or what to do. I sense  
my next professional steps are not in Fort Worth. I have loved being here  
but without a work focus, I don't see the advisability of remaining here.



Ann,  
Beth Rodzinski is on the line.  
Ann, you have to be out of the Caravan in two days.  
Right.  
Have you decided where you are going?  
No.  
We both had a good laugh. This behavior is very untypical of me.  
I love Beth. She knows how to play her role.  
In a very authoritative tone she asks  
What are your options?  
New York or San Francisco  
Pick one.  
San Francisco.  
Pack your boxes, bring them over and store them.  
Yes, ma'am.

*"Ms. Farris certainly knows how to present complex ideas."*  
—Ken Follett, author and president of the British Dyslexia Institute

# the Other Side of **DYSLEXIA**



Written and illustrated by  
**ANN FARRIS**

# BETWIXT AND BETWEEN- A BEAUTIFUL BUT SAD FAREWELL



[ 1998 ]

**A**RRIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO, employment is my immediate challenge. As there's nothing in the opera world which suits my talents, I have signed up with two temporary employment agencies: Adecco and OfficeTeam, a division of Robert Half International. They are keeping me busy. And I am paying the rent.

Exploring arts management positions elsewhere, there are no takers. Some feel I am too progressive. Others claim I don't fit their needs. It's baffling.



Our family is being challenged these days. My dear sister Katherine just called. Shirley, her partner, who has been struggling with deep depression caused by a brain aberration, took her life today. Such a shock! Katherine's deep grief weighs heavily on me. There is nothing I can do for her except be long distant support. That's hard.



Despite all the sadness, I am relieved to be free of Global Art and Business. And I am glad San Francisco is my base. The dark blue Pacific Ocean, the morning fog, the sunshine that follows (usually), the stiff breezes, the clear air give me the feeling of being home.

Nothing can get stale in this air.

And old friends, two from my Yale Drama School days – Jane Kimbrough and Elisa Ronstadt Elliott are here – living busy lives in this beautiful city, as is Margaret Norton and others from my San Francisco Opera days. Kristina, whom I met in New York and is now living in Marin, is very generous and expanding my acquaintances with women exploring a spiritual path. I am grateful for all of these friendships. And I have a spacious place to live, an early 20th-century flat with elegant twelve-foot ceilings and many windows owned by Joan Arhelger, a lighting designer at the Opera. Mostly, I am resting. I am tired, even changed my morning exercise routine from Gabriel's bench work to yoga. The slower, meditative pace seems to suit my body.

My sixtieth birthday looms. It seems impossible that ten years have passed since I moved to Hawaii and my fiftieth birthday when life seemed so hopeful. What a paradox. While sixty seems old, I don't feel that way. I just feel trapped. I have no energy to give to a future, nor do I see it. A celebration seems useless.

Kristina moved me off this dime as we were riding the cable car up Nob Hill. Let's do a party! We'll ask each person to bring a flower that bespeaks you and celebrate.

The party was so much fun and very moving. Sixteen new and old friends, as well as former colleagues, generously moved me into this next decade of life.



I dug out John Priest, a former San Francisco Opera colleague. He's overseeing the renovation of the War Memorial Opera House dictated by the results of the 1989 Earthquake. The Opera offices are in temporary locations. John's buried by large books, detailed plans of each floor of the Opera House. The confusion on his desk is unlike him.

Ann, I will be retiring when this renovation is completed.

Are you looking forward to it?

No.

You know, Margaret Norton feels she may retire in the next couple of years. How about I offer you both a one-day version of my Next Step Workshop?

Let me check with Mary.

She's his dynamic wife.

I'll see if I can find any other stragglers.

We have just completed the workshop. Joan joined us. She is moving on from the Opera and looking for her next steps. We spent the day at a large wooden table in the Priests' dining room, which looks out to greenery on three sides, providing an enriching environment. It was a good day. They all have a plan.

Margaret is energized and suggests

Let's keep this group going. How about dinner once a month to report on our progress?

The group nods in approval.

I agree, with one alteration.

I give up my role as facilitator. I have just as many challenges as the rest of you.



Our planning Saturday gave me the push to market my recently assembled book, *Empowering Self*, a workbook I evolved while undertaking my past life inner work in Fort Worth. It's a "how to" book offering a process on transforming a troubling issue into one of understanding, transformation and acceptance.

Within a few weeks I had a reply from a writer's agent, Chris Van Buren, at Waterhouse Publishing.

I am not interested in this book but want to see your next book when it is written.

I followed up

Mr. Van Buren may I ask what you meant by your comment?

I think you are onto something which you do not yet comprehend.

Once you have matured spiritually, I sense another book will come.

You know, he's right. I know very little about what I know.



Monday to Friday, I am working a temp job, secretary, filing clerk, receptionist – whatever. My job locations change almost daily. Strange, but I love it. I like to see how companies organize themselves. On the weekends, I hike. With Kristina, our guide, and two of her friends, Leslie and Mary, we traverse the beautiful Marin hills climbing high up and plunking ourselves down in a grassy spot to relax. Lunches out of our backpacks, we munch, while watching the swirling fog, or just bask in the hot sun listening to the rolling Pacific Ocean waves beat upon the shore below us. It's a perfect place to contemplate the nature of reality.



A nice offer came. Heather from OfficeTeam is on the line Ann, would you like to work as a temp on the Robert Half administrative team?

I don't think twice before responding

Sure, I'd love to.

This could be a good step. I sense the corporate world is my next employer.

Robert Half is a leader in the job placement industry, offering work opportunities in several fields: accounting, legal, technology.

It sounds interesting. This stability would be nice.

My boss is Wayne Beaubien, Manager of the San Francisco office. He's quiet, perceptive and good at handling the emotional dynamics and professional requirements of the fifty excitable recruiters. We have hit it off. Ann, this office is jumping with activity. The dotcom business is escalating and there are more jobs than people to fill them. You will oversee ten administrative assistants.

Our office space is jammed. We're told a new space is coming. Meantime, several of us are perched on stools using temporary boards installed against windows as desks. It's amusing watching the tops of heads and feet of the passersby ten stories below.



My dyslexic exploration continues with Zoosh through Robert Shapiro. Today I asked Zoosh, what is dyslexia all about? Dyslexia is a gift, not a disease. In part, it's a test that calls for finding the value in it, not the tests you pass in school. This non-specific gift is a sign that many miss. You may learn tools to make reading easier, but the experience will remain, not go away. Why has the percentage of individuals increased so much in the last fifty years? It becomes prevalent in areas where there is resistance to it. What you say may be true, but it's frustrating that I don't have the tools to make reading easier. I need these skills. Ann, remember: When dyslexia starts showing up, it means the culture is being challenged to find the good in it, rather than the difficulty. That goes for you as well. Well, the good, as far as I can see, is the spatial experiences I have – my ability to know so quickly what is going on or what is possible. The difficulty is the time it can take me sometimes to express what I see and know and the fact that I don't comprehend well what I read. Ann, you are clearly defining the duality. That is the first step to understanding dyslexia.



Cynthia, a friend from Hawaii, has moved here. She had an idea Why don't you explore Speaking Circles? This class has changed my way of expressing myself to others. The technique was evolved by Lee Glickstein, a former comedian. He went through a transition period in his life when his audience fell away. It took travelling on trains in Europe with a Eurail pass to finally get the reason – he wasn't listening to his audience. Lee's colleague, Doreen Hamilton, teaches the technique in San Francisco. Try it.

I am enjoying these classes learning how to express my emotional feelings and at the same feeling comfortable allowing others, unknown to me, to receive my information. This “controlled” environment, which respects privacy is teaching me how to allow an audience to feel safe in what I am saying. It's challenging but very relieving to feel more authentic with what I have to say about myself and my dyslexia.



My position at Robert Half has changed. I am a full-time employee, as office manager. The office has relocated to 50 California, smack in the center of the business sector. The space is huge, feels like it's a basketball court in size. And delightfully, it has floor-to-ceiling windows. My desk overlooks the San Francisco Bay, the Bay Bridge and Treasure Island. In the morning, the sun comes streaming in. During the foggy season I feel like I am floating in a puff of air as the fog swirls in, up, down and around. Our office has few walls, just open space. I love that. If I had roller skates, it would be a blast. The desks are in units, three or four desks joined at the hip and at the front. There are no barriers. We look right at one another. Everything everyone says is heard by those nearby. The old timers aren't too happy with this, though. Its downside is no space to store anything. The desks are narrow, room for a computer and little more. All our paper work goes on the floor, much to the dismay of the supervisors. The saving grace is the chairs. State of the art: They go up, they go down,



they tilt, they go to the side, the arms work on their own and so does the back. As office manager, I get to play with them a lot, helping people learn the best position so they avoid carpal tunnel.

Yesterday, the CEO, Max Messmer, a tall, handsome man, was in our San Francisco office and dropped by our pod to say hello. I had to comment Thanks for these chairs, they are divine.

He looked at me with a smile

I am so glad to hear it. When Keith (Waddell, Chief Financial Officer) brought the work order for one million dollars to me, he asked Are you really going to sign this?

Yes, I am. And I am glad they make your life easier. I hope the same is true for all the recruiters in offices throughout the country.

Yes, it's fun working at RHI. It's upbeat. There are really bright people about, both as recruiters and the support staff. Management is always bringing new ideas and approaches to the process of staffing. You know, it's kind of like being back at Crofton House. Everything is very structured. If I had a wish, it would be that they give more attention to the support staff. These individuals labor hard and don't receive much compensation nor attention. I am taking this opportunity to introduce my enrichment tools that I taught to staffs at arts organizations. They seem to work just as well here.

Yes, I am over-qualified and underpaid, but I don't seem to have the interest or energy to do anything else. Does seem odd, but it is the truth!



My talks with Zoosh continue to fascinate and enrich me.

Zoosh, let's talk about the gifts of dyslexia. I know one is higher than average intelligence.

That is intended. What is unnoticed is a dyslexic's capacity of recognizing true communication. True communication means what is felt from the other person is just as important as what is said. If there is a contradiction between what is felt and what is said, it's most often because what is felt

is true, and what is said is either untrue, unconscious, or not in alignment with what is felt. Since dyslexic people feel this very profoundly, if the feelings of the speaker to the dyslexic person are out of balance with the words, a dyslexic will usually react to the feelings. And this misunderstanding has tended to create misdiagnosis.

Dyslexics hear feelings louder than words.

Oh, Zoosh, that is me. My downside is being reactive to the spoken comment when I know it isn't the truth. Sometimes, I want to just scream at another.

That is why it's important for you to understand your feelings.

Remember, however, part of you can take control of that yourself.

Yes, I know that.

But you will feel better when the gifts of dyslexia are what everyone focuses on.

Zoosh, I am curious. How far back in history does the appearance of dyslexia go?

Six thousand years ago. It shows up on the planet where there is resistance to it.

You mean, the population has lost touch with respect to the feelings of others?

Yes, as societies find special things for people to do with this gift, the condition happens less often in that society. Or sometimes a society, understanding its worth, begins to depend on that gift being around.

Then, it will show up with some regularity.

How can I not be fascinated with what he says!

Thanks, Zoosh. I will be back to you.



And so goes my life. I have two worlds. My spiritual/dyslexic exploration and my paid work. Our office is very busy. The late 1990s in San Francisco are bustling. The dotcoms are taking off. They need staff. The San Francisco office has become one of the most successful in the Robert Half

International Global system. I do laugh, though. The recruiters think they work long hours. They have no idea what long hours are.

I sometimes want to suggest: How about trying opera?

By the way, it's sad to say, not one person in this office has any interest in attending opera or classical music concerts. Sometimes I can talk one into going with me – but only if I tell them we can get standing room and pay \$10. They have the financial resources to pay for a ticket, but...



Leslie talked me into taking belly dancing. I wanted to try clowning, but she backed out, so it's belly dancing. Buying the outfits was fun. Doing the routines is difficult.

Zoosh, can you help me understand why I am having such a problem with belly dance? Sometime my body will flow and others not. It was the same with tap dancing and tennis – in fact, any form of movement that asks for precision. Does this relate to my dyslexia?

Yes. You have to remember that dyslexic people do not comfortably separate anything. They tend to experience everything in whole systems. This means that if you are dancing you have to have the feelings that go with dancing as well. You can't just discipline yourself and say: time to dance. You are going to want to dance when you want to dance. But if your body feelings don't want to dance, you are not going to be able to dance very well.

He then turned philosophical

That is why dyslexics have a bit of a challenge in your society.

You see the door frame louder than the door. That is because it is a whole system. You dyslexics can see the whole system, not just the parts. He is correct. This is how I see everything. And I love it.



The International Dyslexia Association met in San Francisco last weekend. It was a very discouraging event. None of their sessions addressed

my issue: reading comprehension. None gave credence to how feelings affect a dyslexic. None talked about the downside of refined sugar. None mentioned Brain Gym, which ten years ago helped me get focused and grounded and which I continue to use. Their only interest seems to be the brain and how it functions vis a vis dyslexia. That is only part of the equation. This huge mass of do-gooders live in tunnel vision.

One thing I did learn. If there isn't a study to prove an outcome, they will not listen.

Maybe this is something I could take on.

Zoosh responded to my idea

Ann, as you describe the intent of your study, it seems the focus is on proving, not on the issues. I want you to rethink your desire, this time with your heart. Remember, dyslexics who are trying to serve are heart people first. There is a reason dyslexic people are very smart. They don't have to go through all the mental challenges that other people do. Instead, they have physical challenges. Dyslexics learning has to do with the application of heart to their life and releasing of the mind. Remember, dyslexics know what is so and what isn't, on the basis of how they feel.

I think I will wait before taking on a study.



I have finally found an MD, Rosemary Rau Levine, whose practice expands beyond the traditional. She is also a psychiatrist and co-founded one of the first pharmacies using natural remedies. In addition, she integrates Rudolf Steiner's approach, anthroposophy, as she assesses each client. This makes me feel very comfortable because there is a focus on an individual from the physical, psychological and spiritual points of view. Of course, Rosemary uses muscle testing to confirm her diagnosis. I know I am in good hands now.



Living on the West Coast makes it easy to visit Mum in Vancouver. Now in her late eighties and choosing to complete her life in our family home, she no longer has the physical energy to be the gracious hostess. Her lifestyle is quieter. Fortunately, she has loyal housekeepers. Her garden is her joy. In the summer, she spends many hours deadheading her beautiful flower beds, extending their life late into the fall. It's not that Mum is a stay-at-home. Not at all! She has a full social life with her pal, Tom Brown. He squires her off to dinner, the symphony and events at the University. It's a lovely friendship to observe.



Well, I had a shock: My belly dance teacher did not choose me to be a part of her upcoming show. I was really sad. Like a little kid I asked Why am I not included?  
Because when I say go left you go right!  
In a very angry tone, I replied  
Well, I am dyslexic.  
Her response  
Well, that explains it.

Needless to say, I left that class and found another with Magna Baptiste who had won many belly dance awards in the world. I explained my situation and she responded  
Everyone is welcome in the class.  
I joined, she was correct and for several years I had wonderful fun wearing my belly dance skirt with jangles, maneuvering my scarf with lots more jangles.  
Occasionally Magna would say  
Ann, we are going the other direction!  
And I would make the change.



I asked for a new challenge at RHI: to become a recruiter. It took some persuasion, but I have joined Office Team Perm, a new division at RHI.

My boss, a beautiful dynamo, is thirty years younger than me. The dotcom business is racing ahead, and the nascent organizations need administrative help. First step is learning the Robert Half recruiting system. RHI trains, my God, do they train. It is very intense and most of the time my body responds. It's when information needs to flow really quickly that my brain doesn't want to keep up.

I was complaining to Zoosh the other day  
All my life I have had trouble remembering people's names.  
Is this tied to the dyslexia?  
In part, yes. Remember you are stressing your brain to a fast response. That is not natural for a dyslexic. You need to feel the answer. And sometimes, when you can't remember a person's name, it may be because you don't have a good feeling for that person. You remember a person by how you feel about them, not by their name.

Well, in this job I need instant recall.  
I am not daunted. I have a system to remember the names of those I am helping find employment. Forget the computer, it's too slow. I am going the old-fashioned way, with a list that I keep in a loose-leaf binder. It's divided into categories: executive assistant, administrative assistant, receptionist and on and on. On one line is their salary range, on another, their talents. While it means extra hours to keep my system updated and organized, it works just fine. When my colleagues ask for potential candidates, I run down my list of names and my feet tell me: yes, no, yes, no. God bless my feet, they know how to respond within a second. I have not been shy since joining RHI about being dyslexic. Now, other dyslexic recruiters are curious and are coming to me, secretly Ann, how do you handle the fast pace of retrieving information about your candidates?  
Come, let's go into an interview room.  
I share my magic list. No, not about my feet.  
I don't think they have this kind of resource – yet.  
When we part, they say to me

Please don't tell anyone I asked you.

No, I won't, don't worry.

Life is a roller coaster at RHI. Right now, it's going down! Yes, that's what it is. The dot com bust is crumbling around my ears. And 9/11, the horrific catastrophe in New York, is shattering everyone's lives. OfficeTeam Perm is no more. There are no jobs to fill. It's like overnight our bonanza has crashed to the ground. Brett Good, who took over from Wayne, is now our office manager. He's a doll. I have a place to be and it's not on the street. I am back on the admin side, doing work that is far from my strength, but I am glad to be employed.



Damn, dyslexia is really rearing its ugly head. My job is working with numbers on the computer. Argh! Numbers don't agree with me, in fact they really don't like me.

Come on guys, don't keep confusing my head. I have to do this.

We need to pay the rent.

I feel sorry for my workmates. I have to ask for help so often.

God bless Wendy. She has patience and I mean patience.

She sorts out my messes and doesn't complain.

To help myself, I have joined 24 Hour Fitness and go at lunch.

My head really needs to rest from this.



Isn't it surprising how when you are really busy you can add more!

Well, that's exactly what I have done. I have taken out my shelved book.

Remember the one I wrote in New York, six years ago?

Rosemary, my doctor encouraged me

Ann, you must finish this book. You know so much about dyslexia that the mainstream is not choosing to accept as possible. You are a credible woman, with a strong academic background and a successful career

in the theatre. Finish that book. Others need to know what it feels like to be dyslexic and they need different solutions to help themselves or others.

That was just the kick in “the you know what” that I needed. All free moments I am at the dining table at home drawing or on my computer writing. I love drawing what I feel. My Yale crony, Jane Kimbrough, is my first reader and editor. She knows what I have been experiencing. When my descriptions seemed oblique, she helps me find the words I need.

The funniest thing happened yesterday. I was drawing birds, bright red, vibrant green, deep blue. In this trio, my red bird came out dyslexic. Yes, that’s what it did! Its head is backwards. It’s so funny. I laughed, my sides split I laughed so hard. This bird will be the cover of my book. It says it all.

In Speaking Circle class tonight, I describe the experience of drawing my red bird. And yes, laughing so hard I could hardly tell my story.

It’s hard to give a seven-minute speech and be caught up with laughter.

And then, oh my goodness, out of my mouth came.

Dyslexia! God, it’s fun!

Doreen stopped me. She never does that

Ann, that’s the title of your book.

I am quiet, quiet. Yes, yes, that’s a great idea. *Dyslexia. God, it’s fun.*

That title lasted only a few months. Agents and publishers told me the word God in a title is the death knell of a book.



The time has come to share with others what I know about dyslexia. I have developed a class for adult dyslexics and am offering it on five Thursday evenings. To unearth participants, I am giving introductory classes at Whole Foods, Elephant Pharmacy in Berkeley and Pharmaca in both San Francisco and Marin. Sharing the fact that I have discovered useful tools seems to intrigue dyslexics. I am pleased, for they are signing up. Training in the Speaking Circle method of connecting with



an audience has transformed my ability to interest others. These dyslexics treat this class as a serious exploration, loving it for different reasons. Top on the list is being with other dyslexics, sharing their stories, knowing what they have to say makes sense to us all. And they seem intrigued with my suggestions: eliminating refined sugar, Brain Gym exercises, learning more about their senses, coloring to move them away from confusion, the chakras, our mysterious energy centers. One thing we all have in common is confusion. It's confounding, you know. One or more of these tools seems to help them un-layer confusion. One of the participants in a class exclaimed  
Ann, now I understand about sugar and the effects, I am in a quandary. I love to drink wine and that is sugar.

I told him

I had the same reaction when that idea was suggested to me. However, I will tell you that once I eliminated refined sugar, my body no longer could tolerate liquor. One large sip and I fall sound asleep. That's not much fun!

I leave the class feeling joyful. I am doing something valuable, even if my work at the computer at Robert Half isn't.



My book has a new title *Dyslexia, an Unfolding*. Enquiry letters have gone to agents and publishers. Several have requested the book. No bites yet. The Annual Newsletter from the Yale School of Drama has given me an idea. In the current issue Al Zukerman, who was a playwright in my time at Yale, describes how he transformed his career into a successful literary agent, founding his own agency, Writer's House, with a stable of writers including Ken Follett and Stephen Hawking.

Hmmmm.

I am going to write him to see if he would look at my book, even if he doesn't remember me.

I just got an e-mail from him.

No, I don't remember you, but yes, send the book.

I happened to be home today with a cold. Al called  
Ann, your book is quite interesting. I have a suggestion.

Yes?

You need to add a chapter to draw all your ideas together.

I didn't think of that. Thanks.

He was amused

Ann, that's my job.

I just finished drawing and writing my concluding thoughts. It's taken several months to get it the way I want it. The revision has gone to Al.

Here's his response

I like what you have done. I am sending your book to a publisher who handles self-help books. And I have just discovered that one of my writers, Ken Follett, is President of the British Dyslexia Association.

I am sending your book to him.

This is progress, is it not?

Al just got back to me

The publisher has a suggestion. You need another chapter.

A "how to" chapter.

And Ken Follett responded

Ms. Farris certainly knows how to present complex ideas.

I like that feedback. Thanks.

My evenings and weekends are now devoted to developing the self-help chapter. You know, there is something special about undertaking this book. Each time I add something, I learn more about myself and my process. It's ever-evolving. I love that.

My book has gone back to Al.

He just called

Your self-help suggestions look good. I have one more publisher I know that might have an interest. The book has gone.

An e-mail just arrived from Al  
Sorry, the publisher isn't interested, and I believe I have done all I can  
for your book. My career is focused on literary publishing, not self-help.  
I suggest you consider self-publishing. And here is a contact  
in California who might help you.

I am beginning to think he is correct. I get nibbles from publishers  
and then they go away.

I just explored the self-publishing process. It's expensive. But I am fed up  
with rejection. Time for action! I will see if Wells Fargo, my bank, will  
lend me the money.

Oh dear, there is a sea of bank officers, male, all dressed in their black  
suits, white shirts and red ties. They will not care.

Hey, over in the corner, near the window, I spy a blonde, middle-aged  
lady buried behind the black-clothed doomsayers. Her effervescence  
shines. Her desk backs against a floor-to-ceiling window.

The sun is streaming in on her blonde hair, which is glistening.

I feel certain she is the angel I need.

I surprised myself. I sounded rather impudent as I burst out with

I want to publish my book and need a loan.

What is your book about?

Dyslexia.

I have written a book, too.

What is your book about?

Cats. Sit down and let's talk.

Yup, she's an angel. I have just submitted a loan request for \$20,000. Gosh,  
that's a lot of money, but it's what I need. The bank officer, Judy Basolo,  
just took out the paper, asked me the questions and zip zap the paperwork  
is done in forty-five minutes. Thank heavens, she likes to laugh.

And you know, I think she cares about my book.

We'll see if the decision makers in their black suits agree.

The title on my book doesn't work. Perhaps Liz, my belly dance friend, might have an idea. She's read my book, is creative and thinks outside the box.

For an hour on the telephone, we threw around ideas, back and forth, forth and back. Then

Ann, what about *The Other Side of Dyslexia*?

Perfect!! Yes, my book looks at dyslexia in a very different way from those brain-focused specialists. In fact, this book is really about what it feels like to be dyslexic.

My loan is approved. I am on my way. I will have my book for the International Dyslexic Conference in Philadelphia in November.



This evening I called to chat with Mum. Katherine answered. She and Kit Pearson, her lovely new partner, had just arrived to take Mum for dinner. However, Mum has a different idea, Katherine reports. She has decided not to get up today. It seems she means it. Kit and I are going to get dinner and bring it in. I'll call you later.

Strange, I know she was out for dinner on Monday evening with Tom. Last night Haig and Mary took her to the golf club for dinner. Haig reported it was a bucolic summer evening and Mum was in good form. However, on the way home a strange thing happened.

She asked Haig

Dear, are my affairs in order?

Yes, Mum, they are.

The phone just rang. It's Mum. Well, she may not be going out for dinner but she's intent on communicating

Ann, I want us all to sing: *Everything's up to Date in Kansas City*.

Katherine and Kit are on other phones.

What a hoot. Sure, Mum.

You know, this is still a favorite song of Mum's and mine.

We used to laugh so hard, when I was young,  
and doing the dishes with her,  
after we reached the high note.  
Everything's up to date...

Thanks, dear.

The phone went dead.

Hmmmmm.

Ann...

It's Katherine.

I don't know what's going on with Mum. She wouldn't touch the dinner we brought in. Instead, she asked us to sing hymns with her. We did, for an hour. I think I will stay in Vancouver an extra day.

This doesn't all add up.

It's a day later.

Ann, I think you better get up here. Mum is still in bed, hasn't eaten for nearly two days. I called Dr. Greenwood. He said

Katherine, your mother may be deciding to go.

Wow. Okay, I'll come tomorrow.

This is so weird. Just a month ago I was in Vancouver for Mum's 92nd birthday. Katherine and I had dinner with her and Tom at Ferguson Point in Stanley Park. It was one of those nights with a beautiful, slow-setting red sunset. Mum looked simply ravishing that night. Her skin seemed translucent, so pure. She was in good form, adding *bon mots* as we all chatted. She knows how to keep a conversation going.



These last six days have been a heartfelt time for all of us.

When I arrived, I learned Mum fainted when getting up for a visit to the bathroom. She's hurt her back.

The family is all about. Even Lara has come from Vancouver Island.

Nora, our devoted housekeeper, stayed up with Mum all night last night.

Anna's here now, our weekend housekeeper. She's a practical nurse.

Nora and Anna want to stay up with Mum tonight. Katherine and I are going to sleep. We figure we better. We don't know what is up and probably will need our wits about us tomorrow morning.

Dr. Greenwood's here with all of us gathered around Mum's bed. Dorothy, I suggest we take you to the hospital to see what is wrong with your back.

No. I will stay here.

Well, I want you to know that at any moment you may change your mind. I won't.

Dr. Greenwood just looked at all of us: Haig, Katherine, Mary, Lara, Nora, Anna, and Zephyr, Katherine's poodle that Mum adores. Are you willing to take this on?

Yes, even Zephyr nodded.

I can't get hospice till Monday. That means you will be on your own for two days. Your mother's condition could change very quickly, and you may need to, in like manner.

There is one rule. There is no looking back during this process.

I interjected

How could there be?

Ann, I want to be sure you understand there will be moments when you need to act. Afterwards, there will be no regrets, no matter what!

I understand. Thank you.

And Dorothy, I am going to leave a prescription for some morphine.

If the pain in the back becomes too great, just ask for it.

Mary has just suggested

What if we start with Tylenol? We had the experience with my mother that morphine takes away the ability of the person to be present.

Dr. Greenwood agreed.

We are getting organized. Katherine has a hospital bed being delivered. I am picking up medical supplies. Mary has taken over providing good meals. Lara is staying close to Mum, as are Nora and Anna while we get organized. Haig and Jason are handling the logistics. Bob and Sarah

are minding the grandchildren. Kit is minding the dogs.

Katherine suggested

What if we get a temp nurse for overnight?

Great idea. Okay, I'll call.

Haig just asked

Mum, would you like me to play classical music?

Yes, dear. I would love that.

Mum's room is filled with Bruch's Violin Concerto with Joshua Bell – a favorite of Mum's. Now, Kathleen Battle is singing Mozart and Strauss arias.

Katherine, look. Mum is conducting.

Of course, Mum heard.

You are correct, I am. That conductor is taking the music at too fast a tempo.

Katherine and I just smile. That's so Mum.

Lara just had an idea

Ann, tonight I want to read Dorothy the 23rd Psalm.

When I had a sleepover with her as a little girl she always read me the 23rd Psalm before going to bed.

Lara's suggestion got us all thinking. What can we read or say to Mum?

We are so lucky. The weather is beautiful. Warm, not too warm and sunny, sunny. Mum's large bedroom is like a tree fort with perhaps too many occupants, but oozing love and concern for Mum as she makes her departure. The many trees that surround Mum's room allow a little of the glorious sun and blue sky to penetrate it.

Mum seems very content to be here.

I just opened the front door to welcome the temp nurse. What a shock.

There stood a young woman, maybe twenty, in a T-shirt that said

*I am ready for a date tonight*

And on her feet are Barbie Doll shoes, you know the ones with pink pom-poms.

Oh dear. I guess we won't sleep much tonight.

Even though it's the weekend, I had a call today from the production house where my book is in the final preparation stage. We need your revisions by Tuesday to meet our printing deadline. As the production house was already a month and a half behind the committed schedule, I know I need to get my revisions back to them. I want the book for the dyslexic conference in November. Thank heavens, I brought the galleys with me. Katherine, would you proof my book? Dear sweet sister that she is, she has agreed.

Owen, aged three and Jane, five – two of Mum's grandchildren – came this morning. They stood by her bed and held her hand and said Dorothy, I love you. Mum gave each a kiss saying the same to them I love you, too Tears are in all of our eyes. They have gone home with Sarah.

Friends, young and old, of Mum's are dropping by to say farewell to her including housekeepers, brave young women from the Philippines who came to Canada to support their families back home. They lived in the house with Mum for three or more years. She taught them English and showed them how to manage an English-style household. She even taught them how to cook chocolate chip cookies. But more importantly, she gave them care and love while they were so far from their loved ones in the Philippines. Today, they are silent and a wonderful presence in the room. Tom can't come to say goodbye. He no longer can manage stairs. Katherine and I call him to keep him abreast of what is happening. He's in as much shock as we are. Haig just had a great idea. Mum can say goodbye to Tom on Haig's cell. Thank goodness these new machines have been invented. Bill Graham just called from Ottawa, as did Sherry on Vancouver Island, to share a few last moments with Mum. Christopher came by to say farewell. Now, she is in a state of quiet. Gosh, it's now six days since she has eaten.



Hospice arrived this morning. A gently authoritative organizer walked into Mum's bedroom and said

Goodness, there is a cast of thousands here.

She was right. Mum has gathered thousands around her. They all love her.

We are relieved to have professional help we trust. Now we can just be with Mum, stroke her arm, share quietly with her, hold her hand.

One of the nurses had a lovely idea. Rather than these hospital gowns, doesn't your mother have her own nightgowns?

Indeed.

I can cut them up the back, and they will be easy to get on and soft to feel.

Two days have passed. Katherine and I have been sleeping on her bed, adjacent to the hospital bed. Lara has been sleeping in the bedroom across the hall from Mum's room.

The morning nurse has arrived and has just bathed Mum.

She has on one of her beautiful, embroidered nightgowns and looks so peaceful. The frantic activity is done. We are just quiet with her.

I think your mother is going to leave us soon.

Katherine, Lara, Nora and I are with her. She is breathing in shallow breaths. The trees are offering their gentle support, the morning sun is shining through. Mum just took her last breath. Her skin is glowing. I have never seen her look so beautiful.

It's strange at 1403. We are like zombies without jobs. And we have no more tears to shed. We are quiet. It's odd. What shall we do?

Each of us is wandering, not talking.

At lunch Haig suggested

Let's walk the neighborhood. Remember Mum lived eighty-five years within a ten-block radius.

We chorus yes.

Mary has produced another feast for dinner. Lara's two children and Bob have arrived from Vancouver Island. We number fourteen around the dining room table. The early evening sun is creeping under the opened outdoor awning, filling the dining room with a warmth that gives us all comfort. The large, brown mahogany table with candles burning is laden with a golden roast chicken, a green summer salad, steaming corn on the cob and fresh baguettes with seeds all over them.

Mary scores again!

Where's Dorothy's chair?

It's Lauchlan speaking, three-year old Lauchlan who has just arrived.

He loved Mum.

Katherine drew one up next to him.

I am out of my chair. I think we need some piece of clothing that says Mum and race upstairs. Her bedroom seems strangely empty, everything is now back in place now. There's her mink fur stole, a relic from the 1950s. I know it seems silly, it's a hot summer night. But it says Mum.

I will put it on the back of "Mum's chair" next to Lauchlan.

We are telling stories. Mum and Pie stories. We all have them.

The sun is disappearing now. We've finished our fresh, juicy blueberries with heavy cream and are becoming quiet.

Lauchlan just moved. He's climbing onto "Mum's chair." Haig is asking Lauchlan, what are you doing?

I am sitting on Dorothy's lap.

There's not a sound in this room. Once again, our eyes are filled to the brim with tears.

Jason just offered

I am going to start the obituary.

What a relief! Someone has taken action. I can function now.





MUM ON HER 90TH BIRTHDAY, LARA FARRIS McDONALD, KATHERINE FARRIS, BOB McDONALD

My book, *The Other Side of Dyslexia*, is out. So much has been going on I haven't seemed to want to put the energy into selling it. That felt odd, but that's what happened.



This last year has flown by. At first Haig, Katherine and I thought we would hold onto our family home for a year and then put it on the market. Then Haig realized, no, without Mum the house is no longer our home. Katherine and I concurred. We put it on the market.

We had one last Christmas around that wonderful big mahogany table. Eighteen of us jammed in. Haig sat in Daddy's chair, Diana – tall, elegant Diana, Mary's sister – sat in Mum's, serving the vegetables from the polished silver entrée dishes. As we took our seats, Haig gave a salute to our parents saying how much we missed them. Then, we did what Farris' love to do: eat Christmas dinner and tell stories.

On New Year's Eve I said goodbye to 1403. I wandered each room on all four floors, sat on a favorite chair or stool, said goodbye, and then smudged the room with sage, purifying it. When midnight came, I felt complete.

New Year's Day is a sunny, bright and very cold day, I am ready to let the house go.



My days at Robert Half are over. My parent's estate has made that possible, for which I am truly grateful. I also feel deep gratitude to Robert Half. I have been with them for eight years. The managers and staff have treated me with great respect, as well as providing an opportunity to use some of my talents. Of course, I am grateful also for the employment.

# NEW INSIGHTS



[ 2004 ]

**D**ARN, THIS WILL BE A DEAD LOSS MORNING!  
I am volunteering for The Learning Disabilities Association's California Branch Annual Meeting here in the San Francisco Bay Area. My assignment is overseeing the room where Nancy Bell, of Lindamood Bell, is a speaker. Her company helps people with learning challenges. I have heard her before. The presentations are very dry, and the information never seems relevant to me. I know the basics about dyslexia. It is aggravating to be pigeonholed as a dyslexic with no real solution.

This room is packed. Attendees keep crowding in as Ms. Bell begins her presentation. Now that latecomers are settled, I have time to notice that she is drawing two circles, one in red and one in blue, on the pad of paper on the tripod. The red circle she titles, dyslexia, adding three common phrases to describe it, sounding out words, reading words, good vocabulary. Yup, I can do all of those.

What's she writing above the blue circle? Hyperlexia? What's that?  
Let's see what goes inside the circle. Visualizing and verbalizing!  
That's Greek to me!! Time to write down what she says as fast as I can!  
It might be important.  
Ms. Bell just shared  
The reason some people can't comprehend is because of their  
poor ability to visualize and then verbalize what they see.  
She just stated  
The cat has a pink tail that wiggles.  
Sounds silly to me!  
Now, she is asking for us to visualize this statement.  
I have a few words, a round cat, a long tail.

Ms. Bell just gave me a jolt: People with hyperlexia see those words  
and can decode them but don't see the details of the images  
that the word or combination of words make.  
Yes, yes, yes, that is me! I see the words but only the outline of a pink-  
tailed cat, not the details. Oh, my goodness, that could be me, my issue!  
Now, she is sharing for us gathered another shock  
That can be the reason you are not comprehending what you read.  
Wow, now I have something meaningful to explore.

Ms. Bell?  
She is packing up.  
Could I be hyperlexic even though I was diagnosed dyslexic  
twenty years ago?  
Yes. I suggest you consider being retested.  
Her characteristic dry, uninvolved manner slightly unnerves me  
and shatters my excitement as she asks  
Where do you live?  
San Francisco.  
There is a Lindamood-Bell office in San Francisco.  
She's gone. I follow, much like her, without any feelings.

Driving home, I keep asking: Is it possible there is an answer to my confusion? Is there a chance I might comprehend what I read? It isn't that I don't comprehend all that I read, but words, words, words eventually just become a blur and it's because I don't comprehend. My mind, feelings and senses are blank. My body is giving me a message. Fear. I feel frightened. I am very frightened. My body is shuddering! Gosh, why, why, why?

I feel fear of repeating. Fear of hearing, once again, a solution that doesn't address my issues.

A gnawing voice inside says: *Ann, don't be silly. All those adventures have made your dyslexic life less annoying.*

Yes, true, it's just I wish there were a way to end the confusion. *Remember what Zoosh said: You may learn lots to make reading easier, but the experience will remain.*

Grumpf!

Whoops, I almost missed the turn off to the Bay Bridge, the one that is being repaired after the 1989 Earthquake.

Oh, look, there are the tall cranes building the new Bay Bridge into San Francisco. I love these bird-like sculptures with long legs, always in a different formation, lifting a strange looking piece into place. Wouldn't it be fun to spend a day with them? I would create different designs in the air and ask someone to photograph them.

Thanks, birds; I feel better. My fear is gone. I am enjoying the glorious day. The sun is bright, the sky is bright light blue, the Bay water is bright dark blue dotted with white sails, all accentuated by the orange Golden Gate. Spectacular! San Francisco, you make me plain happy. You signify hope!

Whoops! Better pay attention. Drivers are crisscrossing to exit. The cars are pinched, everything is pinched, even my thoughts, down to the pertinent question,

Am I ready to hear what Lindamood-Bell has to tell me?

Gulp. No, I don't think I am.



I have just learned the man with whom I mis-stepped thirty years ago has been living in San Francisco and is divorced. I will write a letter and say hi.

It's odd, but now I am motivated to call Lindamood-Bell.



What a relief! The Lindamood-Bell office isn't grungy and dark like the dyslexia testing office in Washington DC twenty years ago. That was so depressing!

My nerves are a bit jangled. They are not helped by that woman, the one working on her computer on the other sofa. Something is clearly odd about her. She keeps chattering. She seems angry. No one is paying any attention to her. I am not comfortable here.

Oh, look at that adorable child. Can't be more than eight. Strange, he can hardly walk into the waiting room. He's blinking like he just woke up. No, No. The mother on the computer is offering him Halloween candy! The worst! How can she not know the negative effects of refined sugar? Lindamood-Bell needs to consider talking about diet with its clients. And they should have a rule that parents can't sit in the waiting room for hours while their children are working with counselors if they are going to be disruptive. Yes, I know I am jittery, but still.

Hello, my name is Jodie. Please come with me.

My jangled thoughts are grateful to be interrupted. We enter a small room furnished like a little girl's room with a round table, a tiny blue checkered tablecloth, four white painted chairs and warm incandescent light.

Jodie is friendly, very friendly. I feel better already. She seems keen to learn my story

I discovered I am dyslexic twenty years ago. After listening to Ms. Bell at the conference last week I think hyperlexia is the condition I have.

Jodi starts drawing the same two circles Ms. Bell had done.

I go into fear and, oh dear, I am no longer with her. My brain just



chugged on somewhere else. She sees it  
Ann, most who come to Lindamood-Bell, be they adults and children,  
are fearful at first.  
Would you read out loud this short paragraph? I gulp inwardly  
and tell my body to stay focused.

Yea, I got through it just fine. I think I did very well.  
Can you tell me what you learned in that paragraph?

I report.

Please, read the paragraph again.

I do so.

She asks again. Please report on the content.

I am bemused. Why is she asking me for this twice?

I have already reported the information! I comply.

Jodie lowers the boom!

Ann, you are only reporting half of the information that you read.

Nonsense, I thought.

We examine sentence by sentence. She's correct. She conjectures  
I might not be visualizing all the words when reading, which could  
explain why I am not able to report the details back to her. In an instant,  
the concept of visualizing and verbalizing became clear. I have to be  
able to visualize the word in order to say what I saw.

Jodie, I want to know more about my condition;  
please schedule a full set of tests.

Jodie warns me

Bring snacks. The tests could take five hours.

It's D-Day. I am being tested. But I am prepared. Brain Gym exercises  
have grounded me, and I have healthy snacks.

Each hour brings a different test and a different clinician.

I feel comfortable with these women who seem well-prepared  
and show concern for me. The vocabulary test went well; deciphering  
word opposites didn't seem overwhelming, sounding out words was kind  
of fun, oral reading was a breeze. I use the five-minute break each hour

to wolf down cheese and chocolate without refined sugar or leave the premises to move my car – only two-hour parking is available. We are near the finishing line, the fifth hour. Enter the comprehension test. I don't have the answers. I just don't get it. Yup, this is where my weakness lies. My enthusiasm plummets. One more exercise, a writing test. I am so tired I don't know what I am penning. I really don't care.

Freed and mentally exhausted, 24 Hour Fitness is my destination. The elliptical machine – legs moving up and down, up and down – renew my spirit. Physical movement always makes me feel better. Lindamood-Bell is a new adventure. Was today a beginning or an ending? I will know in ten days. Meantime, I am off to Denver and the Annual International Dyslexic Conference.



There are pluses and minuses in Denver. For the first time at this IDA conference, I was invited to speak at a breakout session. Twenty people showed up, interested in alternative approaches. After the IDA conference, I was invited to the NAASLN conference, an association which serves adults with special learning needs. They were very enthusiastic about what I had to say. Strangely, neither organization had any session on hyperlexia. When I brought it up, I was met with blank stares!



Hi Jodie, I have to admit I am a bit nervous this morning. Ann, it is normal. You have taken a big step in being tested. She opens her red folder with my Pre-Testing Summary results. I like that she is very organized and methodical as we review the scores of each test. I am really glad we are sitting in the little girl's room. It's comfortable here. Your phonetic awareness is at the highest it can go. Your oral reading is at the Grade 12 level.

That feels good.

Your reading skills are above average, at the 75% level.

Your recall ability from reading is at a Grade Six Level.

That doesn't sound very good.

Your auditory processing is very weak. Your comprehension skills are at 16%, Grade Three level.

Grade Three comprehension skills!

I feel myself go numb.

The reason?

Your brain doesn't automatically visualize. Your challenge is hyperlexia.

Jodie sits quietly, giving me space just to be.

I am sixty-eight years old with Grade Three reading comprehension skills.

Doesn't make me feel so great! Now I have a choice. Do I stay as I am, or do I commit to changing the status quo? I turn to Jodie

What's involved?

We have a process that retrains the brain so it will visualize.

We recommend five days a week, four hours a day for roughly seven weeks. The more intensive, the more effective. The cost is \$10,000.

I gulp at these facts.

I want to comprehend. I sign up.



I am in an Ann organizing mode. My bedroom is tidied, I have bought "legal" cookies and chocolate, cheese and pears for snacks, packed my colored markers. And done lots of Brain Gym to ground! I am ready. Tomorrow I begin retraining my brain.

The phone just rang, it was he. The man who made my heart sing thirty years ago.

Hi, Ann. Sorry to take so long to catch up.

The call was brief. He said he would call again, the week after Thanksgiving. That's ten days away. The ball is in his court.

I sure hope he feels like bouncing it my way.

## WEEK ONE

The counselor is holding a card with the word tiger in big black letters.

I am being asked to describe it.

Black squiggles, straight and angled lines.

Why isn't that what you want?

What is the word saying?

A Tiger.

Describe it.

It's an animal, a large animal.

More? Its fur is in stripes of yellow, brown and white.

I hate looking at words. I no more want to look at words than fly to the moon. No, I would like to fly to the moon. But it hurts to look at words. Words, words, words. What do they mean, why do they exist, why do I have to deal with words? They are just words, words, words. They mean nothing! I learn differently. I sense what is happening. I know through feelings. Words trap me. I say too much, or I say too little or I say the wrong thing. Words, words, words. Why me? Why do I have this problem? Why?

You want me to tell you my picture of the word? I don't have one.

You tell me your picture. Maybe I will get it the next time.

Why don't I want to? Why? Why? Why? It is so strange, everything is different. I see squiggles and lines. They ask for an image. It's not easy to do that. And no sooner have I the image than they give me another word and ask for an image. It's a teeter-totter. Words, images, words. Yipes! I don't like words. I don't like telling what I see. I don't like what I see right now. What I see and what I know is not what they want to hear. It hurts to look at words, it hurts in my head, it hurts in my arms, it hurts in my eyes, it hurts everywhere.

Thank God, a break. My red marker will help.

My page of paper is smeared with red, red, no words, screaming,  
red, red, red.

Oh, my God, I am pouting. I am behaving like a child.

*Ann, listen up, it's you/me, we at nine years. I am trying to warn you. I tried at school to understand those lines, those squiggles. It didn't work. What makes you think it will work now? Growl, growl! This imaging thing makes me so, so angry. My insides are screaming with pain. My upper arms hurt.*

Oh, my little Ann. I was so confused about what was happening. I felt like a child. But now, I know. You are speaking. Oh my gosh! No wonder it is all so strange. You are speaking. My dear little Ann, I need your help. Please! I want to understand what I/we read. Please, please.

I feel certain we can do it.

*I feel awful, I hurt. It all seems hopeless. I don't want to do anything.*

*I certainly don't want to image.*

Gosh, I understand. It is much harder than I expected! Yet, I want us to succeed. To do that, I need your help. Please, please?

*What's it worth to you?*

What do you want?

*A deal?*

What's the deal?

*You keep talking to me.*

I promise. Thank you, thank you. I promise.

Maybe we can be a better person.

The word is Elephant. It's grey, has fat legs, it's huge, it has crinkly skin, floppy ears, a long trunk. Now, do you get it? That's an elephant.

Don't you get it?

Do you know how hard it is to describe that?

Thank God, a break. I need air. My car, my car. I need to move it, air, air, air, water, water, water. Thank you, Ann at nine.

Those squiggle lines say: crab. I know a crab. I see a Crab.  
Where are the words to describe it?  
A many-legged grey shell.  
Darn, they want more  
White background.  
More? White sand.  
More? Grainy.  
More?  
On the beach, of course.  
Is there a smell?  
Yes, it's fishy and, when I was a kid I chased crabs at Crescent Beach.  
That's how I know they are grey before they are cooked.

*They don't want my story. How can they not? I love telling stories  
and I am good at it. Darn.*

I know, I agree. But those are their hints to us on how to make imaging  
easier. Ann at nine you were wonderful. We came up with images!  
Thank you for helping.

Good thing the first day is done, done, done. My head is so tired.  
Give me 24 Hour Fitness and the elliptical bicycle! I need a positive  
frame of mind. Why didn't my Brain Gym balance stay all morning?  
I started off feeling grounded and ready to learn. It all fell apart.  
Tomorrow I will do Brain Gym's cross crawl at the break.

*Why did you agree to learn imaging? It is so much work. It hurts in my head.*

I want to change. I want to solve the mystery of not comprehending.  
What upset you when being told no stories?

*I don't know. I don't know.*

Our chakras will help.

*Yes, yes, they takes us where we know. Ask our feet, ask our feet.*

Look at that, it's the throat chakra, where we speak out our creativity.

That's odd. In the last while, I have allowed my creativity to flow.

What can that mean?

*I know, I know. It's a message for me. Mum didn't like my stories.  
She said I was being obstreperous, chattering away with my thoughts.  
She stamped on my creativity. I hated that.*  
Well, now, we can unleash it completely. It seems to me  
imaging should help.

Thank God, Week One was short. We have Thanksgiving weekend  
to recuperate!



## WEEKS TWO TO SEVEN

What is up today? Memory? Remembering a sequence of images? Gulp.  
*Ann, Ann. We can't remember. I don't want to be embarrassed and fail.  
Remember, Crofton House? Failing and fading into the floor. That hurt!*  
The clinicians say we can remember if we image. Will you try?  
*No, no, it's too hard, impossible.*  
Why?  
*Because imaging hurts my arms and really hurts my head.*  
I agree. I feel that, too. But sorry, this time I am going to overrule.  
I am going to try. Please help me. The words say a robin on a tree branch  
high above the ground is chirping.  
Why do you have a stack of different colored felt squares? To help me  
with memory? They present an image? Not sure I understand but...  
A robin, how do I picture a robin? A bird with a red breast,  
pointed beak and long brown tail.  
Hey, they buy that!  
What color do I want?  
Nine-year old Ann, you pick the felt to represents that image.  
*Red.*  
Okay, I am putting it right here, to the left of the table. Remember  
this red felt says robin. Now, on a tree branch.  
Gosh, I see two, tiny web-shaped feet curled around a tiny brown stick  
attached to the trunk holding our robin to the tree.

Yea, they buy that image. What color felt do you want?

*Brown.*

On to the next.

The branch is ten feet, about, above the ground.

Yay, success. What color felt?

*Black*

One to go. We are doing a fabulous job,

Our robin is singing in short chirps.

We scored again! What color?

*Orange.*

Why orange? How does orange represent chirping?

*I don't know, but it does.*

Okay, okay! Now, we need to remember the images from each felt.

We need to repeat the sentence. Help me!!!!

*Okay, okay.*

Hey, we remembered two images out of four. The felts were helpful.

Next time we will do better. Little one, thank you for helping me.

*I like picking the felts. The color and softness made me feel better.*

That is your job from now on. Whew, a break. Let's eat legal chocolate.

We deserve a treat!

I am on my way to 24 Hour to chill out.

*I didn't like the replacement clinicians today. One wasn't clear in what she wanted. She was so confusing.*

I think she was a beginner.

*Why are they giving us beginners? I don't like that. And the other fidgets.*

*I can't learn around fidgeting.*

I agree. They made it difficult for us. No wonder I no longer could image at hour four.

Thank you, Ann at nine, thank you. I know it's painful.

Yet, you hung in there. You were great and I love you.





And so, the next six weeks went, more of the same with me struggling to image. They wouldn't let me tell my stories, they wouldn't let me use the word because. They were strict. I was in rebellion.

I began to notice that as my skill in imaging progressed, so did the inner Ann progress, moving from age nine-ten and now eleven, then up to fourteen.

At the end of week three, we, my inner child and I, progressed to Grade Six reading comprehension. I found that encouraging. I shared with Jodi during my weekly meeting to discuss my progress. I know my emotional behavior is disruptive, hindering my ability to learn.

Their response didn't surprise me  
If you hadn't said it, we were going to!

You know I didn't want to tell them it is my nine, ten-year and now eleven-year old who has been speaking most of the time.  
She has to grow if we are to be successful and image.  
If that means emotional behavior, so be it.

Through this painful seven weeks, I kept hoping. Yes, for a call from my old friend. Hoping he will be wonderful and a wonder and call. He didn't! He has a name now, Mr. Standoff. I don't get why he doesn't divine I need his attention to help me through this pain and imaging struggle.  
He always understands what I am saying.

The Elliptical machine at 24-Hour Fitness is my savior. I gain insight in my inner child/adolescent battling behavior. Now she is claiming her power, seeing she can stop my forward movement.  
She knows I need her cooperation if there is going to be growth.

As we progressed, a paradox appeared. I am beginning to have fun feeling masterful and hopeful as I image, providing word summaries and main

ideas. But there is a growing fear lurking. I fear the new lifestyle  
I am creating: it being okay to sit and read a book, comprehending as I go.  
Seems silly, but it's true.

### END OF WEEK SEVEN

Alix, Week Seven has ended. Wow. I am proud to have moved through  
imaging words, to phrases, to sentences, to paragraphs, to half-pages  
and now articles from the *New York Times*.

I must say I am glad *not* to be imaging another snake.

*We did it, we did it! Remember me, Ann at fourteen.*

Indeed, I do. Yes, the collective efforts of the Anns were a major part  
of our success! You were important collaborators.

*Yay, yay!*

I am feeling strange. I am exhausted. I want my sense of humor to return.  
These seven weeks blackened my laughter to a dot.

The final test showed I progressed to Grade Nine reading comprehension  
level. Three friends have volunteered to help me hold this skill.

They came into Lindamood-Bell to be trained on the system. I giggled.

The biggest piece of advice that Jodi gave was

Do not help her.

Make her brain work to get the image.

# NEW TOOLS AND TWO HEARTBREAKS



[ 2005 ]

**B**ACK TO SAN FRANCISCO from ten days in New York where chilling out with friends in art galleries, in conversation, and at performances was a great diversion after the painful intensity of training my brain to image. Sadly, my body still aches – no downright hurts – from that experience. My wonderful spirit feels damaged. Why on earth is such a process necessary? I should be over the pain of the Lindamood-Bell experience. I am not! And to make matters worse, I don't feel any joy at the thought of reading. And can you believe? Mr. Standoff hasn't called.



I am scheduled today to show up for the beginning of a four-day Brain Gym class. My fourteen-year-old is now a doubter.  
*What makes others think that Svetlana Masgutova from Poland has answers? Let's just snuggle under the covers and return to dreamland.*

Ann, Ann, wake up, wake up, you still have time to get to your Brain Gym class.

My intuition, my wonderful personal power center, is urging me to move my big body out of my cozy bed.

*No, I won't.*

What if I treat us to a Starbucks Grande Chai Latte extra-hot?

*Okay, but do we have a deal: If this class has any suggestion of being cruel to our body, we leave?*

Yes.



So many new faces! All women. Must be fifty of us!

Great, there is a seat in the back row and near the windows.

These black chairs are very comfortable, the backs curve inward and have big holes. Why the holes? I guess the designer felt our backs need to breathe.

I am not late. The introductions are just beginning. I can feel my fourteen-year old checking out the participants. She wants to know if we are safe here. Seems like there are three groups of participants: parents of children with challenges, physiotherapists and Brain Gym specialists.

I am sure we are safe.

Good morning, my name is Ann Farris. I am a dyslexic/hyperlexic.

Why is everyone looking so surprised?

Oh, my goodness: Even this crowd of specialists aren't aware of hyperlexia!

Ms. Masgutova is nodding to me

Ann, please explain hyperlexia.

It's a condition that describes an individual who does not comprehend while reading, because they are unable to image the words they are reading.

*Well, I have a purpose. Perhaps I can help them understand a bit about people like me.*

Now it's Svetlana Masgutova's turn to talk. This small-framed lady in her mid-forties with black hair and piercing black eyes is speaking English

with a lilting Russian accent. I love that sound and the memories it brings me of my work with the Bolshoi Opera and Kirov Ballet. By her very presence, she commands and receives total attention. I like that.



SVETLANA MASGUTOVA

How interesting! Svetlana was introduced in North America by Brain Gym. She read Dr. Paul Dennison's book, *Switching On*, and saw a linkage with Brain Gym's development of Edu-Kinesthetics. His unique process – merging brain research, learning theory, and body awareness – seemed to connect with her work on the body's reflexes. Now, I understand why Brain Gym is presenting her. Nice also, this class gives me credits towards a Brain Gym certification.

Svetlana is now into the meat of her presentation

A reflex is an automatic, instinctive, unlearned reaction to a stimulus, like sucking.

That's helpful. I had no idea how to define it.

Reflexes normally develop and mature while we are in utero and during the first three years of our lives.

I wonder if my reflexes developed in the expected fashion?

Reflexes are genetic and influence all aspects of learning.

If reflexes do not mature in the appropriate timing, development of other skills may be held back.

Okay, that makes sense.

If they are operable but not yet integrated into the whole-body system, other skills may be affected.

This woman is fascinating and making it all so simple to understand.

Thank heavens, she's a storyteller. I am imagining some while she goes along.

My work integrates abnormal or inactive reflexes, which allow the body to access normal movement patterns. These patterns are important to enable growth and progression to higher development levels, which result in integrating all parts of the brain.

Here we go again. The brain, the brain, always the brain!

*Wouldn't you know the brain is involved with reflexes! I get so frustrated with the focus on the brain. How come the emotions are never considered?*

People with learning challenges are operating primarily from their brain stem, the part of the brain located at the lower back part of the head.

Its focus is security and survival of an individual.

That's interesting. The base of my head, at the back where the brain stem lives, often feels sore. Well, it's true my child and adolescent didn't feel secure.

*You are right about that!*

The challenge is training the brain, so it can go beyond survival and security and into a developmental level.

I am sure she is correct. When I feel secure, the world is my banana.

Everything works. What's she saying now?

Emotional stability changes when reflexes become balanced.

Oh, my goodness. Emotions are part of her scheme. What if my reflexes aren't balanced? That might explain some of my struggle.

*This is important stuff. We need to pay attention.*

Svetlana continues

Through a study in 2004 in Russia involving eight hundred fifty children from the ages of one to twelve with different challenges including aggressive behavior, autism, dyslexia and cerebral palsy, ten percent of the mothers of these children experienced emotional trauma during their pregnancies and transferred this trauma to their child in utero, causing some of the reflexes not to develop normally.

I can hardly breathe. Thank goodness for the hole in the back of my chair.

I have a space to fall into and chill out. That's me! That's me.

Svetlana may have an answer for me.

Mum, thank you, thank you! How could I have doubted you? You were so sure you caused my dyslexia when you were pregnant with me, convinced your emotional upset during your third trimester was the reason. I didn't believe you. Now, it may be true. You may be correct!



These last four days have been intensive. Svetlana had us experimenting with the two different kinds of reflexes, dynamic and postural. Dynamic means a healthy reaction to a specific stimulus, like touching a baby in the upper part of its palm resulting in it automatically clutching its hand. In Svetlana's study, there were five reflexes in this category that were not usually integrated for dyslexics.

Postural reflexes are static; preparing the body to be ready to get into specific positions. In Svetlana's study seven Postural Reflexes were not integrated for dyslexics. We were assigned to explore one, the Bonding Reflex. It is activated during the first forty-five minutes to one-hour after birth and continues developing for the next eight to ten months. I am sure this reflex is not switched on in me. My mother chose to have an anesthetic while I was being birthed. She told me she didn't see me until several hours had passed. I am sure, given what she had gone through emotionally during her pregnancy, she wasn't in much of a hurry to see me.

Svetlana continues. Children with an undeveloped Bonding Reflex reject their own feelings.

All of this and more makes complete sense to me.

I just had a private session with Svetlana. There are twenty-three reflexes that are not functioning normally. She was so encouraging. In eighteen months, with continued focus on stating your goal, exploring what emotions are involved, and doing the exercises, you will reach reflex balance.

*I believe her. That is really good news.*

Now, let's do some work. What is your goal for our session?  
Less confusion, more clarity. While she and a colleague make movement corrections, they question me about my emotional behavior. This is deep work. So deep, at the end I choose to stay put for an hour to let the integration process begin quietly.



Svetlana has gone. And we have just uncovered the tip of the iceberg on the process. I have joined three support groups to practice Brain Gym and The Masgutova Method.

Valerie, the super-mum with the video camera at Svetlana's class, has gathered several of us together in another spacious room that Diane, the silent one, has arranged at the San Ramon Hospital. This time the view is gorgeous – rolling hills of Northern California with a receding sun dropping into the horizon – a beautiful space in which to learn.

*Ann, the forty-minute drive is long but worth it. We would never have learned this stuff on our own.*



My days are full for I am also continuing my efforts to master imaging. Elisa, my former Yale roommate, dressed in her pretty pink knit sweater, and I are seated around at her kitchen table reviewing the Lindamood-Bell process. My fourteen-year old is giving the instructions.

*I will read a sentence, eventually a paragraph and then give you images of what I picture. When you agree that my image matches the definition of the word, sentence or paragraph, I will try to give you a word summary and then the main idea. Remember don't give me your images.*

*I need to push to find them.*

Okay. We need a resource.

That's a typical Elisa comment. She's up and retrieves a dictionary, a very thick Webster's, and places it on the table. This may come in handy. Elisa, I have brought along Dr. Paul Dennison's book *Switching On*.

As I am studying Brain Gym and need to learn the details contained within, I thought it would be smart to use this book as my tool for



improving my imaging.

Great idea. I am very interested in Brain Gym.

I, or rather my fourteen-year-old, start reading the Introduction.

*American education is in a state of crisis. Learning disabilities abound in every school. Tens of millions of functional illiterates have been passed through the system, and their numbers are growing fast.*

Ann, slow down. You are rushing like you want to get done with this.

I look at her and laugh

You are right. That is how I feel. If I read fast, maybe the information will drop into my head and I will have an image.

Start again.

Elisa stops me after every sentence to image. She is very skilled at this, after having spent years teaching stage and performance skills to tiny tots and adolescents. I am happy being here.

Finally, we finish one paragraph. It took me several tries to satisfy her with my word summary. For some reason, the main idea is easier.

Elisa, I am tired.

We look at the clock. An hour has passed. It hadn't been awful, just hard work.

We set our appointment for a week hence and I depart.

*Ann, I like doing imaging with Elisa. She gives us space to be.*



I am full to the brim doing my best to keep my life balanced. Yoga, 24 Hour Fitness workouts, hiking, symphony, opera and parties fit that bill. I love going to parties, meeting new people. One night, I am surprised. In fact, stunned! Mr. Standoff is there. Oh my God! My heart is thumping so loud, it must be blasting the room!

What shall I do?

The wise woman in me suggests

Sit down, Ann, gain composure. And observe.

He has gained a few pounds, not the svelte gentleman of years of yore.

His face is rounder and sweeter than ever. He seems happy, talking with others. Not surprising. He's a talker.

I can't put off connecting with him any longer. I have to be with him. It is what I have been waiting for. I inch myself through the groups of people chattering with one another in the dim pink light of the room, easing my way into his view.

Hi.

He's looking at me like he doesn't know me. Maybe my blonde hair is confusing him? Gosh, he really doesn't recognize me.

Now, oh, now he knows

Ann Farris! grabbing hold of me, nestling me in his arms.

He has no words, nor do I.

Oh my God, I am in his arms. He wants me in his arms.

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! He's so strong. I can hardly breathe. I love this.

A dream being fulfilled!

How amazing, he is lavishing kisses all over my face, sloppy wonderful kisses. I feel strong and fragile, lost in his energy, his space, his impetus.

I am melting, melting. This man is happy to see me.

Actions sure speak louder than words.

No, please don't let go! Whew! He's not, he is just changing our position turning me around still clenching my right hand. I feel so safe with him!

Oh, he is caressing my hand. Oh, oh, oh, I am so happy, blissfully happy.

Shall I return the pleasure? Of course! He has a chubby hand,

lots to stroke. I like knowing him this way!

Who's he talking to? Oh, my goodness, it's a friend.

Do you know how special this woman is?

Yes. I know her well and she is very special.

I don't care what they say. I just want to feel the warmth of his caress as he tightens his hold on me. The warm light of the room makes it all perfect.

Taking out his Blackberry, he says

I want your number.

Darn, no more caressing, but good, he wants my number.

We laugh and giggle as he struggles with it.

Eventually my number is recorded. I blurt out

I don't feel it's my place to call you.

That's nonsense. Call me when you want.  
I am not so sure about that but didn't say it.  
He makes a comment that prompts me to say  
You are so smart, I just love being with you.  
I don't like that.  
Wow, that was fast abrupt feedback. Clear he didn't like that.  
You are also very funny.  
He is very pleased. Look at his face shine! He knows I mean it.  
Oh, it is so wonderful to be with him.

What happened? He's gone, gone, gone, walking to the other side of the room. What did I do? No, goodbye, no, see you, no nothing. He just walked away to the other side of the room and is staying by himself. Oh my God that hurts! I feel so empty.  
Guess my comment about him being smart offended him!  
Or, perhaps the intensity of our energy together frightened him.  
I don't know, but I do know there is something special between us.  
Damn. I need to get out of here. I am confused.



A few days later his secretary calls, a sure sign he is making space for himself. We set a date, a couple weeks even later.  
I am very excited and e-mail my news to a confidant, Tomas.  
He always has sound advice  
I see you both exploring friendship as a route into balanced communication.  
Once you begin to develop a sense of who you are and feel comfortable communicating through the heat, you may find movement into more connection. If not, you can choose to enjoy whatever transpires as a playful gift from the Universe.

Today is the day. I show up first. It's a quiet restaurant with many windows and dark wooden banquettes, each with a sizable table and white tablecloths. He arrives a few moments later. We're shown to our banquette, off by ourselves. As he is sliding into his seat he asks

What's up in your life?

I know he is choosing a safe way to get us going. No doubt he has a sense of embarrassment from his explosion of emotion with me a few weeks earlier. Little does he know I loved it, until he walked away!

But this approach gives us space.

Returning to San Francisco eight years ago, I am continuing to focus on solving my dyslexia...

I really don't care what we talk about. I am just so happy to be with him. Everything feels right. There is no posturing, just glorious time together. He is a great listener.

I ask

What about you?

He brought me up-to-date. We laugh and commiserate.

Of course, as life goes, not all had been roses.

As the time to part nears, he asks

Are you seeing someone?

No.

Are you living on your own?

No, I am sharing.

Quickly, he asks, with a man?

No.

He seems relieved to hear that.

Parting he gives me a kiss, a peck on the cheek, like an old friend.

Then, comes a quick kiss on the lips and he's gone. I wonder what that last kiss meant. Does he have any interest in me? I know not.

I walk to my car, numb. I loved every moment with him. His energy permeates me and makes me so happy. I just pray he calls.

Another e-mail from Tomas, responding to mine where I shared my happiness and perplexion (yes, that is an Annism). The message is clear. People come into your life for a reason, a season or a lifetime. When you know which one it is, you will know what to do with that person.

I want a lifetime.



Rosemary, my faithful doctor, is concerned about my intensity for Mr. Standoff

Ann, romantic love is beautiful, but carried too far, is unwise.

The intensity can be too much for the body. See if you can transform your deep feelings into universal love.

Perplexed, a few hours later I Google “universal love” for a definition.

A quality of boundless and gentle love, a delicate light experienced as the presence of softness, sweetness and generosity. It is love for everything and everyone – universal love, A. Hameed Ali reports. Hmmm. Not yet for me. I have just one focus: Mr. Standoff.



My reading sessions with Elisa continue. She has many suggestions.

The funniest one, a green rubber turtle perhaps a foot in diameter filled with air!!! Turtles are almost round, you know. I couldn't imagine what she wanted me to do with a turtle!

Ann, how about setting it on your lap? It might help with grounding.

I look at her and laugh. It is both a game and a tool.

My fourteen-year old is in heaven.

*A blanke!*

Turtle and I become bosom buddies as I nestle it comfortably on my thighs while we read Dr. Paul Dennison's book, *Switching On*.

I am getting better at staying with the content of the material as I unearth a pattern. When frustration hits, usually near the end of our hour, I resort to going up and out there, bringing in Mr. Standoff with the hope of rescue. Elisa and I agree to stop.

I know I need to break this pattern. How?

My disruptive behavior is fodder for a Brain Gym and/or Reflex balance.

Arriving home, I write down the disruptive issue and let it sit for day.

Re-energized, the next day I develop a goal to correct the issue at hand, explore what emotions are involved and implement the appropriate

Brain Gym or Masgutova Method movement corrections. Step-by-step  
I sense changes are happening.



Today, working in a Brain Gym class, I discovered that I am unable to crawl when on my tummy. My left side will *not* activate and move. It took two classmates to move my left arm and leg so it would get a feeling for what it needs to do. It is going to take some time to be able to do this on my own.



Memorial Day weekend, time for a visit with Romilly, now back living in Santa Cruz. I love driving Highway One, drinking in the blue, expansive ocean with its white caps, stopping at the strawberry farm for a tray of newly-picked, organic red juicy strawberries.

Romilly and Kai have a large wooden kitchen table comfortably seating ten, around which we chew our dinner and one idea after another.

Kai, in her wry manner asks

Are you still yearning after Mr. Standoff?

Oh, Kai, yes I am.

I am glad those days are over for me.

Kai is in her mid-eighties.

I bring Romilly up to date with the Masgutova Method.

Then, we focus on Mr. Standoff. She suggests

Ann, look at these deep feelings, your yearning, as a gift. The yearning is asking you to look behind it. What do you find?

I sense it might be deep grief.

Perhaps it might come from the lack of bonding.

Yes, I didn't bond with Mum at birth. My bond with my father got cruelly broken, and now Mr. Standoff's eschewing any bonding with me. Hmmmm!

Romilly continues

Remember, when we are conceived, we are bonded in every aspect.

Well, that wasn't really the case for me: My dyslexia was already in action from Mum's great fear of what would happen to her and me.

You are right, so your life lessons had already begun at birth and probably had to do with the breaking of your bond – to your mother. It's a part of the path of life.

Rom, this lesson is hard. I think you are suggesting that my yearning for Mr. Standoff relates to my bonding disconnect early in life.

She continues

Could it be that your yearning for Mr. Standoff is allowing you to re-experience the pain of separation so you can heal it? We have a challenge to fulfill our deepest yearnings. This may be your way of handling it.

Hmmmmmm. She gets it at a level I have yet to reach.

Driving home, the fast way – Highway 17 through the hills from the Pacific Ocean to the San Jose valley – I have a sudden and very clear *ah-ha*, so earthshaking I shout

A part of my yearning is Mum's yearning for my father, not mine.

She dropped this on me when I was in utero. Oh my God, this is true.

Now I am screaming

This deep, painful feeling has been locked in my psyche since utero.

Oh, my God!

Ann, watch out, Highway 17 is a windy road.

Hold your *ah-ha* till we reach 280.

I feel my body go entirely empty: no feeling, nothing.

Some of this yearning is not mine!

Finally, a straight road! I can drive the highway, robot-style, here and not here. Mile after mile goes by. All is quiet.

As the Bay Bridge comes into view I feel deep gratitude for my *ah-ha*.

I continue to 24 Hour Fitness. The routine motion, back and forth, of my legs on the elliptical machine, give me space to say

Yes, there certainly is a reason Mr. Standoff is back in my life.

He is here to help me see that two yearnings are hooked together: my fantasy pattern of wanting something, which I feel certain I can't have and my mother's yearning for my father. Wow and hmmmmmm. So, now I get that lesson! Mr. Standoff, now won't you just come in?



The summer San Francisco Opera season is in progress. Tonight, it's *The Marriage of Figaro*. A magical evening with glorious voices, imaginative acting performances and a creative staging that heightens the mystery and humor. It is also a night when I pull together several pieces. The plot is convoluted. A chambermaid and a Count's valet are planning their wedding. The Count decides to pursue the chambermaid. The Countess is being pursued by a young page. The potential of infidelity abounds as each character sets up one situation after another to expose each other's nefarious plots, all of this bathed in the beautiful Mozart music.

As the singers sing their love for one another, I send my love to Mr. Standoff. As the performance continues singing along, I stand back and look at infidelity. I am really angry at the Count; he's my father. What right does he have to be unfaithful to the Countess/my mother! As the Countess and page play their scene, I see myself and my infidelity with married men. Yipes, nobody is perfect. I relax into the music, musing how much I am learning about myself, about relationship, about being in my body, about letting go of control, about the excitement of feeling so much love for Mr. Standoff and still waiting. And yes, even about it being okay that Mr. Standoff and I may not work out. At the opera's conclusion, I am laughing at myself. This opera is life!



Svetlana's back with a four-day Birthing and Facial Reflexes Workshop. She has a real sense of the theatrical and knows how to grab an audience, starting the class with a video of a baby in utero, beginning in the first few weeks continuing through to the birth. As the video progresses, Svetlana indicates when the baby first begins a reflex movement. It is fascinating!



There, before me, one after another, are tiny versions of some of the reflex moments I have been doing for the last six months.

Next up, Svetlana models the reflex movements during the birthing process. Then, it's our turn. Down on the floor I go into Child's pose with my head tucked under. Slowly I lift my back so it humps up. I reverse and my back sinks as I lift my head. I shift to kneeling with my two arms supporting me and my head straight forward. Now comes the final stages:

I turn, lie on my side waiting to be pushed by mother.

This last step puts me to wondering

How did I get out of that birthing track? Mum was drugged.

She couldn't have been pushing. Well, I am here, and have been for almost seven decades!

For the first time ever, I am interested in the birthing process.

I say to another

If it were still possible for me, I might be interested in having a child.

Quite a change!



It's end of summer. The flat area of Santa Cruz is dry, not the redwood-lined hills I am now driving through. I so appreciate my times with Romilly and Kai on their farm. This weekend I need space and ask Kai, give me a job.

How about weeding the vegetable patch?

Great, and there are results. I feel like Mr. McGregor with my hoe, even though I don't see a rabbit!

Today Kai has a bigger challenge for me

I want to plant a tree by the pond. Would you be willing to dig an opening three feet deep and two feet wide?

Sweating and toiling brings results. I am proud of them.

Rom, Kai and I dragged the fifteen-foot tree to my hole.

The roots fit perfectly, dirt is replaced and watered.

A good day's work. And I am feeling whole!

I go to bed quieter than I have in a long time. Just as I am closing my eyes,  
I am drawn to ask  
What is my soul's deepest desire in life?  
In the middle of the night I awake with a very clear answer  
Help others find their soul's purpose. I take a very deep breath,  
write down the answer and drift back into dreamland.



As I am driving back to San Francisco, out of my grief comes anger.  
I am furious with Mr. Standoff.  
You are a “pill!” Why didn’t you follow through with your initial  
positive reaction to me? You are really cruel!  
Yipes! My anger changes tack, focusing on me  
How could I have fallen for the possibility?  
Why is life so cruel? And so many thoughts come tumbling in:  
Why has it taken me so long to understand how holding so much anger  
is holding me back from comprehending what I read? Why do I have  
so many challenges? Why do I have to endure so much pain? Why me?  
I am angry, angry, angry!



The inevitable happens. Oh God, does it ever! I run into Mr. Standoff  
on Union Street. He’s with a group of friends, unknown to me.  
I see him first. Gosh, he looks pained and a little stooped. Not like him.  
Then, he recognizes me and says  
Your hair looks wonderful, the gold shines.  
I sense it makes him happy.  
He introduces me to the lady by his side and then quietly shares  
I am seeing her.  
I repeat to myself  
I am seeing her. Yes, I know what he means. I just had to say it again.  
She is hanging onto his arm in that wonderful state of early love,  
vague and vulnerable.

I am stunned. Everything inside me stops.  
I gain enough composure to move into good behavior mode,  
my pleasant self, hoping my shock is masked.  
His lady is distracted by another. Mr. Standoff and I fall into our easy way  
of chatting about nothing for a few brief moments. The undercurrent  
is about everything. His lady turns back to him.  
They leave, he comments, over his shoulder  
Keep in touch.  
I don't know about that, I murmur to myself.  
The facts are before me, he has chosen another.

The fog has intensified. The wind is blowing. The streets are dark,  
even though it is only 6 p.m. I am on automatic pilot driving home.  
Fortunately, a parking space opens up and I dart in.  
I know what I need. A long walk! Layering woolen sweaters and my parka  
to shelter my numb body, I head out into the juicy dense fog.  
Water is dripping, it is so foggy. Up one hill, down another, up another  
hill, down another. I can hardly see the different-colored Victorian houses  
that line the streets, the fog is so intense, and my news is so numbing.  
A street light emerging high above me in the greyness seems like a ghost  
out there to scare me. I pay no attention. I can't be scared tonight.  
The worst has already happened. The truth is out.

I give myself some solace. The way he looks at me tells me he sees deep  
inside me. On some level, he cares deeply about me. Tears start pouring  
down; three hours pass. Finally, I am ready to go home and sleep.



At a Speaking Circles class last night, one of the participants commented  
The heart that breaks is but opening again.  
That may be true but the pain, oh the pain. Grief aches in my body.  
Driving home I sense a reflex correction might help.  
What am I healing? Anger? Rage? Grief? No, my feet tell me  
those are not it! How odd!

Disappointment comes into my thoughts. True enough, I am very disappointed. My feet concur. Yes, emphatically, yes.

How come? Disappointment seems so superficial. Anyone can get over a disappointment. It's no big deal. Okay, I am being directed to develop a goal. Go for it!

As I begin to correct the affected reflexes, my insides start churning. This feeling is new. My power center, third chakra, my digestive system is in turmoil! It takes focus: looking at four reflexes plus the final stage of the birthing process to make the corrections to reach my goal. I am at peace. My God, this correction is huge. I know this is just the beginning. I am tired, climb into bed and sleep the rest of the day.



This afternoon in Berkeley, as I climb up a few stairs to the apartment for my Brain Gym get together, I notice I am short of breath. That's odd, I have been working out regularly.

Later, I drive hurriedly to San Ramon for our monthly Masgutova Method support group meeting. At the break, getting up to visit the lady's room, I become dizzy.

Ann, are you okay?

I think so. That movement correction we did seems to have had an effect.

Later in the evening, back in San Francisco, parking is hard to find, in fact five blocks away from home. I have two very steep hills to traverse by foot. It's grey dark. The street lights give a gentle illumination through the misty fog.

Gosh, why is this hill hard to walk tonight?

I have no choice but to walk slowly.

In fact, I can only walk twenty steps and need to stop. I sit on one door stoop after another, enjoying the view of beautiful Victorian architecture. No one is around, the streets and house lights are soft, and the large trees are gently swaying. Finally, I reach the pinnacle, one downhill and one flat block to go. I am fine. Thank heavens.

Joan is home. I report  
Strange, I have shortness of breath tonight.  
Neither of us give any thought to my comment. I am in such good  
physical shape, it must be a silly aberration!

In the morning, my intuition tells me to check my pulses.  
Goodness me! 30 instead of 70! I call my clinic. Rosemary is not working  
today. I talk with another who recommends  
Go directly to Emergency.  
I head off to St. Francis Hospital in my car, feeling totally calm.  
Nearing the hospital, I call out to the heavens  
Mum, I am healing you as I am healing myself.  
I thought, how odd. No, it's not odd. Both of us have experienced  
agonizing pain and disappointment from men we loved.  
Leaving my car in the hospital garage I notice it has a 7 p.m. curfew.  
No problem. I will be long gone. Slowly, ever so slowly  
I walk to Emergency and share with the admitting attendant  
I have shortness of breath.  
She gets me a chair and takes my pulse.  
It's 30. How did I reach the hospital?  
I drove.  
She is amazed  
Most people with a slow heart rate can't stand up.  
Oh, I exercise a great deal. She comments  
If ever there is need for a testimony about why someone should exercise,  
this is certainly a good example.

After examining me, the on-call doctor in Emergency says  
I want to prepare you for the fact that you may have to  
have a pacemaker inserted.  
Goodness, I think, as they hook me up to one machine after another.

I am one of the first patients in the newly renovated Emergency Department  
at St. Francis Hospital. The staff is still getting acquainted with all

the new toys/equipment and seem to be enjoying all they have been given. The Emergency Room manager – a tall stately woman – brings order to this newness. She has no truck with inefficiency. I can't help but say You certainly are bossy.

Right, only way to be around here and get done what needs to be done!

Lying there, watching all the machines go *blurp, blurp*,

I muse on this fact.

This support staff is very much like stage management staff in opera, ready to handle any issue to keep the show on track, in this case, lives. Nurses and doctors step up their pace of visits to my cubicle checking the monitors and installing more. My blood pressure is still reasonable, but my heart rate is 28. I muse on the resident doctor's comment.

A pacemaker!

The white curtain defining my space is pulled back and a relatively young man, Dr. Peter Teng, enters. Introducing himself as a heart surgeon he comes quickly to the issue at hand

Can you describe what has happened in the last 24 hours?

I explain. He responds

It may be that you have a heart block. Simply put, the heart has three parts: top, bottom and middle. The middle acts like an electrical circuit, enabling the top and bottom of the heart to communicate. I think the middle has, for some reason, degenerated over time, resulting in the signal between the top and bottom to operate very slowly.

I think to myself

Well, the top part of my heart is mine and the bottom is Mum's.

I question Dr. Teng, desiring to know a little bit more about him.

I want to feel comfortable with him.

Do you know Dr. Valmassi or Dr. Prieto in the St. Francis Sport Center unit?

Yes, Dr. Prieto. I observed him doing a hip replacement.

It was amazing to see how different it is to operate on a hip from a heart.

I like our discussion, brief as it is. It gives me an insight into Dr. Teng's curiosity and my perception that he is a doctor interested in continuing the process of learning and changing. Now, I feel quite comfortable with him.

He takes the conversation back to the matter at hand,  
confirming I need a pacemaker.  
You are in a very serious condition.  
I feel very calm with this statement. He asks  
Have you contacted anyone?  
No, gosh, I guess I should.  
He confirms  
Let others know what is going on and have them help you  
make a decision.  
He has a caveat  
Don't wait too long.

The nurse gives me my cell. I leave messages for Meredith, Joan  
and my sister Katherine in Canada. Haig and Mary are in Europe.  
The Emergency floor medical staff keeps stopping by, explaining more  
details, underscoring the importance of my making a decision soon.  
Meredith is the first to get back to me  
Ann, I have no experience with pacemakers. Just don't make the decision  
until it feels right.  
That's wise counsel, good advice!

Another doctor comes in and sits by my bed, becoming quite pushy.  
She is responsible for getting me to make a decision. Fortunately,  
Joan calls at that moment. She has remembered that our friend,  
Tom Munn, an opera colleague, has a pacemaker and had telephoned him.  
Ann, he is waiting for your call. Here's his number.  
I scribble it on a piece of paper and dial the number.  
Ann, what is your pulse?  
Between 29 and 31. It has just gone up to 31. I am excited about that.  
Perhaps my heart is correcting itself.  
Have they offered any other solution?  
No.  
See if they think drugs would solve this problem.  
Okay.

At the end of our conversation he says  
Ann, it does sound like you need a pacemaker.  
The supervising doctor is still by my bed, almost tapping her foot,  
awaiting my decision. I ask my few questions and then give the go ahead.

Not long after both Joan and Dr. Teng arrive. He confirms that drugs  
will not alleviate the situation and gives me a few more details  
The pacemaker will be set to 60 heart beats per minute. In all likelihood,  
your battery will only need to be replaced every ten years.  
That seems reasonable. I remember having dinner with Mum and Tom  
the night he had a battery replaced so I gathered it wasn't a big deal.  
You can probably return to yoga in a month. By the way, do you  
want to be awake during the operation?  
Good heavens, *no*.

It's 5 p.m. Joan rushes off to see if she can get in touch with my friends  
joining me at the Opera. My car will just have to stay overnight  
in the parking lot.  
Along comes an amiable man to push my bed to the operating room.  
I feel no anxiety. It's fun being maneuvered down the halls, onto the elevator  
and up to some undetermined floor. I just wish our journey would be  
accompanied by the "Ride of the Valkyries!"  
Emerging from the elevator, we are greeted by four attendants  
in the prescribed green uniforms with masks over their faces.  
Suddenly I remember. I haven't called Meredith back to report.  
My cell is lying beside me. I leave a short message  
I am on my way into surgery.

The surgery room is a great visual disappointment. It feels like  
a basement room, no windows and monochromatic in color. This can't be  
the operating room; it doesn't look like one. It isn't glamorous.  
Talk about being conditioned by the media.  
The attendants are accommodating and matter of fact. Very gently,  
I am switched to the operating table. I see a man, also in green,



working at a long table against a wall. There are an amazing number of surgical instruments about him. My concentration is disrupted by the anesthesiologist introducing himself as he adds some serum into my IV. I am gone, gone, gone!

The next thing I know, I am in the Critical Care Center with a male nurse watching over me. There's a large clock on the wall. It's 8 p.m.

I am missing the simulcast of *Rigoletto*.

I seem fine. Too bad I am not there.

Dr. Teng drops by to see me

The operation went extremely well. I don't anticipate any problems at all. And something rather wonderful happened. By chance, a cosmetology doctor dropped by.

I pondered that statement, interesting to think "drop bys" happen during surgery.

Dr. Teng continues reporting: and then I ask him

Do you have any tips you want to share while I stitch up my patient?

Sure enough, he did! Dr. Teng seemed thrilled. Yes, he is one who loves to learn and grow. How lucky I am that he is my surgeon and heart doctor.

The night in Critical Care is very tedious. I can't sleep much because I am so hungry, and I have a headache. The male nurse has unfortunate news I am sorry the orders say you are not to eat because you must have a sonogram of your liver in the morning. There is some concern you might have hepatitis. One of the blood tests taken earlier in the day gave this indication.

Add my hunger and headache to the usual commotion and chatter of the nurses throughout the night, I hardly sleep.

The day breaks and it's sunny. I am starved and decide to make a fuss. If I can't have the sonogram soon, let me come in on Monday.

To my great delight they agree, and food is delivered:

rubbery scrambled eggs (but hey, protein) a croissant and tons of orange juice. Within ten minutes, my headache is gone. Thank goodness.

Rosemary, my doctor, calls. She has just talked with the doctor on call  
He gave a positive report on your condition.

While I felt that all was in good shape, it was nice to have her  
corroborate my feeling.

Rosemary continues

Let's talk about you. I feel certain you have looked at this situation  
from both an emotional and spiritual point of view.

Yes, I have. Here is where I am at

I learned ten days ago that Mr. Standoff has chosen another.

I thought I was coping quite well until the day before yesterday.

I decided to do a reflex correction and the issue that came up  
for correction was disappointment. I was surprised. It seemed like  
such a surface emotion. Turns out I was wrong. It was very intense.

I continued with my story of how I ended up in the hospital,  
describing how I called out to Mum

I am healing both you and me.

Then I told her about Dr. Teng's simple description of my heart  
and its three sections.

Rosemary, I know Mum's energy was lodged in the bottom  
and mine in the top of my heart.

Together we begin working on this scenario, getting me more clarity.

Rosemary suggests

No doubt when your mother learned your father was no longer  
uniquely hers, she must have experienced deep disappointment.

And you were in her womb. Do you feel your mother's disappointment  
was transferred to you?

Yes, I certainly do.

And I told her a story that my sister Katherine had reported,  
of how Mum stuffed disappointment. When Mum was handling all the  
*sturm und drang* around our father's resignation from the Supreme Court,  
Katherine and she were standing by the stove, cooking Sunday night dinner.  
Katherine asked her

Mum, how do you withstand all this?

Mum picked up a lid on a pot and slammed it down, saying  
I stuff it.

Rosemary, I realize not only did she bury her disappointment but also,  
I picked up her behavior of burying disappointment.

Mum was truly heartbroken and now it has happened to me.

Rosemary comments

Perhaps your heart was just not strong enough to handle  
two heartbreaks of such depth.

I feel very calm and quiet as I hear her words. I know she is correct.

And Rosemary, I believe that the near stopping of my heart has finally  
disconnected me energetically from my mother's anger, disappointment,  
frustration, fear, rejection, jealousy, yearning, abandonment,  
and heartbreak. She is gone from the lower part of my heart. That I know.  
I am grateful to have the opportunity to start again.

At the end of our long telephone conversation, Rosemary asks  
Have you given your pacemaker a name?

No.

I go very quiet to feel the pacemaker. Eventually I respond

It is a shiny star. I must say, I feel fortunate that science has a solution  
for my kind of situation.

I am discharged with the admonition not to get the bandage wet  
for a week.

When I get home there is a large bouquet of flowers from  
Susan and Tom Munn. I burst into tears.

My recovery period is quiet and without pain. Yes, the area around  
my pacemaker is tender to touch, but I don't need medication.

My focus is becoming friends with my shiny star.

Each day one of my chums comes to visit, bringing lots of goodies,  
filling the refrigerator and adorning the house with gorgeous flowers.

Mostly, I sleep or reflect. It certainly seems my body asked for a dramatic  
change. And it got it. The upside is an interest in reading. Being so quiet,

imaging seems easier. I have no interest, however, in setting goals and making movement corrections.

My follow-up appointment with Dr. Teng a week later gives me an insight. First to my physical condition. He hooks me up to a machine for a report which says

95% of the time I am relying on the pacemaker.

Goodness, I guess I did need it.

I share with him my heartbreak story which Rosemary had helped me articulate. He listens intently. When I finish, he comments

You are my first patient.

I looked at him quizzically. He explains

*The New York Times* reported a study about a year ago, undertaken at Johns Hopkins University, involving women between the ages of 30 and 90, who suddenly have a heart issue.

Doctors thought it was a heart attack. But no, this study shows that women who had no family history with heart issues, who were in good shape but had an emotional shock resulting in a heart upset, were experiencing a medical heartbreak. I am amazed.

There is documentation for what Rosemary and I found.



My weekly reading sessions with Elisa are on again and going very well.

I am imaging and feeling confident. Elisa's notes say

We ripped through a lot of material. Ann reads with ease and was able to summarize and get the main idea easily. So heartening to see where she has come.

Not long after I realize

It's not about trying to change me. It's about learning skills that enhance what I have, namely a very right-brain-dominated system.

I can image, but it's not top on my agenda.



There still are some reflexes that need correction. Today, my goal is to increase inner peace. One of the suggested corrections is listening to music. I am drawn to Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio* featuring Reri Grist.

Ah, I was in love and so happy knowing nothing of the pain of love.

I swore to be true to my beloved and gave him my whole heart.

But how quickly my joy vanished! Separation was my unhappy lot!

And I add

To have loved as deeply as I have is such a gift. I sense I now understand the importance of moving to unconditional love.



ANN FARRIS IN THE BLACK AND WHITE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA ARCHIVE PHOTO GALLERY,  
DIANE B. WILSEY CENTER FOR OPERA, VETERANS BUILDING  
[PHOTO BY JACK SCHAFER, ACT 3 PARTNERS]

# THERE'S A FLOW TO IT ALL



[ 2018 ]

**T**WELVE YEARS HAVE PASSED, and three themes characterize my life: opera, personal growth, and art. My focus on dyslexia/hyperlexia is diminishing. No, I haven't mastered all the issues; I don't suppose I am supposed to. Rather I am accepting, which means I am not overly-focused on improving my reading skills. No, they are not the best, even though I have the skills to image. But you know what, it's a lot of effort and it's a very slow process for me. Twenty years ago, Zoosh stated to me You may learn lots to make reading easier, but the experience will remain. He's right-on. So, rather than fighting this fact, now I go with it and let it take me where it goes. In fact, sometimes, I surprise myself with an ease of comprehension, other times, not.



My spiritual life continues to be an important ingredient. For the last several years the channel Susan Moreschi has connected me to Grace for universal knowledge. Grace, it seems, is aligned in the ether with the Lazaris energy brought through by Jach Pursel. I am also exploring the Lazaris materials and have attended a few workshops. Periodically, I also work with Steve Parrish who brings through Elanor, another energy connected to Lazaris. Why do I continue this exploration? It's fascinating to learn different points of view on how to grow and integrate my life. I do see how my behavior creates my reality on all levels: emotional, physical, spiritual and intellectual.

John Moreschi, Susan's husband, has attended each Lazaris workshop since 1974. At the outset, John began to create a kind of dictionary, primarily by topic and based on Lazaris' teachings. Now, forty plus years later this "dictionary" is an amazing compilation of spiritual information. John has graciously allowed me to have a copy. Each morning my routine includes writing in my diary and picking at random, a Lazaris quotation for the day. Recently, this one came to the fore

The nature of the soul is the substance of all being.

I have been somewhat baffled by the role of my soul in my life and didn't realize how core to all aspects of my life is my soul. This statement gave me an important insight. It wants me to unearth why I am here.

Well, I am doing that, but this must be a push to do more.

Another day I chose a Lazaris comment about our Shadow. It said The Shadow holds sacred everything I won't take responsibility for until I am ready to deal with it.

Hmmmm. So, probably it's my Shadow that must be bugging me to do more inner work.

Sometimes I simply don't understand a Lazaris quote, in which case it becomes a topic for Grace during my monthly session.

Recently, I was thinking about my first encounter with a channel. That was 1984 and a time when I was in pursuit of learning what my dyslexia is about. The answer was



Your dyslexia is physically and psychologically based.  
Somehow this description made sense, then. Now, thirty plus years later, I felt this description might be simplistic. There must be more to it.  
Well, my hunch was correct. I asked Grace how she would interpret the meaning of the initial channeled reading. She expanded the definition of psychological  
It's a synergetic combination of my intellectual self, my emotional self, my spiritual self and my physical self.

Her comment felt on the mark. Why? Because over these thirty years, I have found the need to learn more about each of these components in order to unravel confusion. I am hypothesizing that my dyslexia and hyperlexia gave me the discomforts so I would have to explore what could be a solution. Well, here's where I am at right now. I am having a life on the planet this time, in part, to learn about rising above my shame, my shortcomings, my disappointments and my belief that there is something wrong with me. These broken parts of myself need and needed to be healed. It is an ongoing challenge, for there are many lives involved. And of course, I am also here to have fun. Yup, I do, a great deal of the time. The combination of them all has turned out to be a full-time job.

During these last thirty years I was often advised to connect with my childhood Anns. It is only in recent years that I have made a concerted effort to do so. My morning routine includes writing in my diary and then checking in with my inner Anns, ages three to thirteen, asking which of them has something to say. Initially, Ann at three, who experienced the incest, needed a lot of support.

In two words she stated her pain as a question

Why me?

A valid question, one that I took up with Grace.

Her response was

Your lifetime on this planet was intended to be one where you are primarily learning lessons.

It seems my soul and my "energy" (me) before birth scheduled this,

you might say. No, the specifics were not stated, but the core reasons, such as learning how to take responsibility for healing my emotions. Of course, these thoughts are not a response for a three-year old. What she needs more of is love and confirmation that I will look out for her. Yes, indeed I do.

We, the inner Anns and I, have evolved a routine. We sit in a circle and each time the formation is different. The characteristics that describe each of the Anns are very delineated. The Ann at thirteen can be thrown off by not feeling good enough. The Ann at ten has become quite feisty since she began moving through the feeling of anxiousness. The Ann at eight is struggling with school because no help is available. No one knows what to do. And so it goes. I am discovering that when we – Ann in present day and Ann in my childhood – join to address an issue, we both feel progress. Healing occurs.

Our morning get-togethers are enriching for other reasons. There are some days when all we want to do is laugh or to draw. And that's what we do. The wonderful fallout of it all is I gain more understanding into myself.

Not long ago, I had an insight into a past behavior. I discovered why I projected an attitude of anger during two interviews in the mid-90s for leadership positions in opera. At the time, I was baffled by my behavior. And I knew after those interviews that those two different prospective employers couldn't have been interested in me; they must have sensed it. Now I know what the anger was about. It was not towards the interviewers, it turns out it was a ruse. Here's how. Unconsciously, I knew I was not qualified for the position because of my lifelong difficulty to comprehend and easily remember what I read. In opera, a person in a top position needs to not only have the creative spark to be a producer and the knowledge of the process of producing opera, but also an intellectual knowledge of both the history and music of this wonderful art form. The latter is a shortcoming for me. My brain hears the information,

but many a time it just floats by because I am unable to image fast enough. Therefore, I can't always count on there being retention. Now I sense the anger I projected during those interviews was my unconscious protection to ensure I didn't get the position. It is now clear to me that my producing talent would have been only a part of the required equation for a leadership position in opera. It was very painful to accept this reality, but slowly I realized that it was intended. While I am not an intellectual, my compensation is I am smart. It has long stood me in good stead.



Perhaps you will recall I was training to become a Brain Gym specialist. I did not follow through with that idea. While I still use their exercises, along with the Masgutova Method, I saw Brain Gym was not my next professional path. In fact, there wasn't another. This recognition opened up my life to new opportunities and it came from working in 2008 on Barak Obama's campaign for the Presidency. I so enjoyed being part of his long-distance team that when he was being sworn in I knew I wanted to pursue more volunteer work.

Two organizations attracted me. Parents Education Network (PEN), an ambitious and emerging undertaking in San Francisco whose focus was helping parents with kids who are challenged with dyslexia/ADHD, intrigued me. Initially, I took tickets at the door before their lecture series. Then, I began listening to the lectures. My memory ability to process linear information comes by writing it down. No instant recall for me, I don't image that fast. So, I began writing up the lectures just to learn. PEN then posted my summaries on their blog, and I added them to my Dyslexia website, [dyslexiadiscovery.com](http://dyslexiadiscovery.com).

I also offered my volunteer services to the San Francisco Symphony (SFS) and San Francisco Opera (SFO). It was 2009, and the time of the financial downturn. I sensed they might have a project that needed attention but was on hold for lack of funds. David Gockley, General Director at the Opera took me up on the offer and asked me to contact Jon Finck,

Director of Communications and Public Affairs. I have no idea what David said to him but for the first time in my life, the person (Jon) that I came to interview with, was standing outside the Stage Door to greet me. Taking me to his cluttered office with two slits of glass for windows, walls plastered with fabulous photos of Maria Callas, and a large desk stacked with periodicals and newspapers, we sat down at a tiny round table, cleared, I am sure, for this interview. He explained The Opera has kept archive materials, some dating back to 1922/1923. They need organization and identification. We are looking for help. Would you be interested in taking the first steps in this process? I mused with myself and then thought, what can I lose? Yes, let's see what needs to be done. It seemed there would be much to gain for me and the opera. I agreed to give three hours a week.

The first day I cased the situation. In the Communications office there was a long string (10) of old grey four-drawer legal sized filing cabinets jammed full of photos and other memorabilia, dating back to 1930. On shelves, I found House Programs – bound in leather casings, thank goodness – and dating back even further to 1923. And there were endless shelves of miscellaneous reading materials in no particular order.

Down the hall and around two corners was the Plotter Room with a huge black machine six feet long and seven high that is used by the Technical Production staff to print stage scenery plans and working drawings. Also in this cramped space were stacks of boxes with photos and excess House Programs and more boxes with outdated press releases and photographs from opening night parties oozing out of them. And there were yet three more four-drawer, grey-brown legal-sized filing cabinets filled with artists' photos. Good heavens, more boxes were stacked on top of them. All fodder for the Archives.

Then, my guide and I set off for Valhalla (in Richard Wagner's *The Ring*, Valhalla is the home of the gods) climbing five flights of stairs to a storage

room on the top floor of the Opera House, behind the standing room area in the Balcony. This was not an elegant large space, but rather one crowded large room with shelves and shelves of boxes upon boxes of artistic memorabilia, Opera Guild materials, press releases, education program materials, opera scores, production books dating forty years back, and more four-drawer filing cabinets of artists information from my time at the Opera – late 60s. And much more, scattered on the floor.

We returned down the stairs on the other side of the Opera House, going back stage again to the fourth floor adjacent to the General Director's office and around the corner from my old office in the early 70s.

We walked through what used to be, in my day at the Opera, a conference room, and now houses cubicles for artistic and volunteer artistic staff.

At the back of this space is the Lobster Room. It's so named because the key chain originally had a lobster image on it (and still does). The room, about ten feet wide and twenty-three feet long, was initially intended for an organ (in the 1930s). Now it is grand central storage of 1,255 ten-inch reel-to-reel tapes of the live opera broadcasts from the 1970s and early 80s, along with 226 seven-inch opera reel-to-reel tapes. Add to that, more shelves reaching ten feet up along with drawers housing 4,900 videos and cassettes of opera performances. That's not all. When Terry McEwen retired as General Director from the Opera in 1988, Bernard Osher, a loyal and very generous donor to the Opera, bought from Terry McEwen his personal collection of 8,000 LPs, along with his art and gave it to the Opera. Terry had been a leading Producer for London Records, Decca's classical arm, for over twenty years and had generated many of the best classical recordings during that era. And yes, Terry's art collection is in the corner. Yup, you get the picture, this is a project.

One extraordinary accomplishment by one amazing woman, Kori Lockhart, made this project not quite so daunting. I knew Kori. She joined SFO in the PR Office in 1970 while I was working for Adler. Undertaking several roles in the PR office, including Publications Editor,

during her near forty-year tenure she was known from the day of hire as a lady with extraordinary knowledge of classical music and a temperament. Upon her retirement in 2001, she worked from home, was paid half salary and created this amazing online document using the bound House Programs dating back to 1932 as her resource. This includes a listing of each opera performed in a season along with the cast list, conductors, stage directors, designers, and much more. Here's the link: [archive.sfopera.com](http://archive.sfopera.com).

In 2009, when I came aboard, Kori was still very involved, adding photos where possible. It was amusing to observe the young staff in Jon's office who were challenged with how to deal with the Kori personality. Her bark could be worse than her bite, but sometimes it was hard to know which was which. I began a monthly trek to Kori's home in Kensington, over the Bay Bridge, bringing a stack of photos for her to identify. We renewed our friendship and had many good laughs and stories to share. Her cat Matcha, Kori's companion, decided she liked the box in which the photos were brought because it had a firm edge, great for scratching her neck. However, she consistently sneered at me, until one day she climbed on the table where Kori and I were poring over photos and sat right down in the middle of it all. Yup, she wanted attention and we gave it to her.

With Kori in my back pocket and after observing that the Opera's archive materials were very sketchily identified and organized, I knew my talent of making order out of chaos was a perfect challenge for me. No, I wasn't an archivist and wouldn't pretend to be. But I sensed a beginning could be made.



My first focus was unearthing San Francisco Opera former staff to help identify the memorabilia. As luck would have it, I had dinner that first week with Herbert Scholder, who had been Publicity Director on and off from 1958 to 1978. He seemed delighted to become involved. Identifying artists was one of Herbert's many talents. We were jammed into a small space with the Communications Staff. As he started through files of opera

productions, he discovered many photos of artists who had sung with the Opera, but some of those photos came from productions given at other opera houses – primarily the Metropolitan Opera, but also European opera houses. An important catch. Over the next few months, he pulled those photos, and we stored them in yet more boxes and put them in the Plotter Room. And so it went. Each day brought us a new challenge. Herbert and I were having fun figuring out our first steps.

Herbert kept running into photos of major opera stars during the late 40s that had been most often taken at the SFO stage door. The photographer's name on the back of the photos was Lilian Bauer. We didn't find her name on the official photographer list. Herbert decided to go online and see if he could find more information. Yes, she had written a book. Herbert ordered a copy and read it. There was very little on SFO – more on her current focus, which was dogs and dog shows. Herbert called the publisher for contact information and was given it. At which point he said to me Now you take over.

So, I called her. Yes, Lilian was an usher during the forties at the War Memorial Opera House. After performances, she waited at the stage door and took photos. Some wonderful photos. We also learned that each Opera season the ushers, near the end of the season, had a party where each usher dressed up as a character from one of the Fall Operas. They invited artists – who came! Lilian gave us photos of those events. Over the last ten years she has been a very useful 40s resource for us. When Herbert was stuck in his identification process, we sent a copy to her and often she had the answer.

One day, I dropped by Jon's door and commented  
We will need more former staff, guild members etc. to help  
with the identification.

He wasn't so sure

Why?

I need people who have photo memories as resources. We need the photos identified while former staff and Board members are still around,

walking on Planet Earth.

And, I sauntered on.

By the end of the year I am at the Opera for a day a week.

There's so much work I want to do.

Climbing a Haight Street hill, yes, the famous Hippy street,

I spied another walking towards me. I said

I know you. Who are you?

Stan Dufford. Who are you?

Ann Farris.

What are you doing?

I am volunteering at the Opera evolving their Archives.

I want to come.

The two of us were so surprised to see one another. I had lived in his house for a few months in 1970. As the two of us have physically changed somewhat in these last 50 years, it's not surprising there was no instant recall.

Stan worked at the Opera from 1956 as Wig Master and then later Wig and Makeup Master. He left the Company in 1968 because the chemistry between him and Mr. Adler was non-existent.

Moving on to Lyric Opera of Chicago, he remained till 2000.

Now, our Archive Volunteer Corps totals three. And Jon was losing his nervousness. In fact, he was beginning to be intrigued with photos that were in our archives. One day I said to him

I hope you are comfortable with the fact that there may be errors in the process of identifying artists.

He looked at me quizzically

Why should that be?

I am learning that no one will be correct 100% of the time. Herbert and Stan are often arguing about who is who. Herbert always feels he is correct. Stan is not always that sure about the name of a specific artist and is willing to dig into the Internet to find other photos of these artists and match their faces to the ones he was looking at. Very interesting dynamics between those two.



Jon commented

Okay, if we have volunteers who have been involved with the Company it's probably our best opportunity of getting correct identification. And yes, I guess errors will happen.

I countered

I think we can pretty well count on someone seeing the error and telling us. Opera aficionados love to catch that kind of error.

Okay, I get it.

I am beginning to enjoy working with Jon. At first you think he is a quiet sort – until he isn't. With a loud wonderful laugh and many good stories, one is always entertained. More than that, he has made a point in his career at the Opera of knowing its history. And what he doesn't know, he asks. He gives me lots of space to throw ideas at him. Often they begin with one-liners that I drop as I am walking by his office.

As my work progressed, I had lunch with David Gockley and said You must promise me that by the time you retire as General Director you will have found money in the Opera budget for an Archivist.

He nodded agreement. He knew why I made that comment.

When I left OPERA America fifty years ago, there was a hiatus in finding leadership and ground was lost. He was on the Board and watched. So, I know I can trust him.

Susan Mallot, a very efficient and extremely pleasant Managing Director of the San Francisco Opera Guild, put me in touch with Guild members who had been around in the 60s. Anne Kasanin and Beverly Coughlin, both former Guild Presidents, willingly came in monthly and identified photos. I wrote frantically. Not only was our time together productive, it was informative and loads of fun. Those two waxed on with Guild tales as they identified photos. We accomplished much. Later Jane Hartley, also a past Guild President, joined us.

I enlisted Lotfi Mansouri, former General Director of the Opera. He, Stan and I would lunch monthly in a different restaurant and then spend time in his home office while he identified photos. Again, stories flowed.

Nancy Adler Montgomery joined this process. One afternoon a month I arrive on her doorstep with a box filled with a stash of photos for identification. Her memory for the years 1965-1979 (from the time she married Mr. Adler until the birth of her daughter, Sabrina) is stellar.



[ 2012 ]

Living on the West Coast makes it easy to visit my family. Each Christmas I sojourn up in Canada. Haig and Mary, Katherine and Kit, open their homes to me and we celebrate.



HAIG AND MARY FARRIS



ANN & KATHERINE FARRIS, KIT PEARSON

In 2011, Heather Mackay Shemilt, a second cousin who lives in New York, suggested to Haig that the two of them host a Farris family reunion in Vancouver at the Vancouver Club. Our family came from three brothers: Wallace, Bruce and Wendell and their wives who ventured West to Vancouver from the Maritimes in the 1890s and early 1900s. Starting from scratch, they built for themselves and their families a base that, by 2012, had grown to more than one hundred family members living primarily in Vancouver but also coming from far flung locations: New York, Ottawa, Toronto, Sun Valley, London and more.



WALLACE, BRUCE AND WENDEL FARRIS FAMILY REUNION—2012 [PHOTO BY LAUREN TETRAULT]

It was a wonderful Sunday afternoon event which took place on the main floor of the Vancouver Club. We filled its elegant old wooden-lined room that opened up into a light-filled solarium. Heather had assembled a timeline indicating how all of us interlinked. Quite a feat. It was printed on many large pieces of paper and covered a good portion of the north wall of this large glass-enclosed space. Both my brother Haig and Bruce Housser, a second cousin, offered tales from the past. All of us had a good time, not only renewing friendships or meeting one another for the first time, but also checking out the links that Heather had so meticulously assembled. In the months preceding this event, I decided my part could be creating a CD of photos, starting with the early Wallace Farris family days, to share with this gathering group. It was shown on a large screen continuously during the event and I gave a CD to each family.



Back at the farm, the San Francisco Opera, Maestro Luisotti, the Company's Music Director, had just returned from a successful gig

at Covent Garden and was admonishing Jon saying  
The Opera's backstage hallways looked like any old corporate environment.  
You should see Covent Garden's backstage. History is all over its walls.  
SFO needs to do the same.

Jon's eyes lit up. Yes, it did have to change. David Gockley agreed,  
and we had a new project.

And more importantly, the work we were doing to evolve the Archives  
had a *raison d'être* for the administrative and production staff in  
the Opera House. We were no longer those old people volunteering  
in the Communications Office doing God knows what.

Very amusing.

Jon became curator. He asked for suggestions for photos.

Stan loved this project and was very forthcoming. Herbert did not  
and chose to continue his focus identifying photos.



By now, I am volunteering two days a week and enjoying every bit of it.  
The energy of working in an Opera House is always uplifting, generally  
quite dramatic one way or another, but taken as a total, ever so satisfying.  
And I love being around the music.

We had to accomplish the two hallway galleries on the 4th and 5th floors  
backstage on a shoe string. I went to Cheap Pete's, a frame factory outlet,  
to see what might be possible. Jon felt that their bid for matting and  
framing fit into our non-existent budget, and we sensed they could do  
a credible job. He also brought his staff aboard. Gelane Pearson,  
Communications Assistant, organized the process of getting the photos  
digitized and blown up ready for framing. Micah Standley, Editor of the  
House Programs and Robin Freeman, Communications Manager pitched  
in with suggestions and helped with the installation. Wonderful Julia  
Inouye, Associate Director of Communications, who always can be relied  
upon to come up with something new, channeling ideas in a different  
direction, became active with the project. I love collaborating with her.

We needed one hundred thirty-five photos to accomplish our goal. The theme Jon chose for the 4th floor backstage, where administrative and production staff have offices, was centered around photos honoring the successes of the seven general directors (since 1932). The fifth floor, where the large Chorus Room lives, along with many coaching rooms, each with piano and belonging to the different *maestri* and coaches in the House, was dedicated to the chorus, ballet and special projects. Jon organized a photoshoot of the musicians with the Maestro and that photo has a place of honor at the end of the 5th floor hall, adjacent to the Music Director's office. All of this was being done during the Fall Season. Yup, crazy – but we got it up. And during that time, my inability to remember images came to the fore. There were too many visual details within each photo for my brain to image and remember, not to mention the fact that there were one hundred thirty-five photos.

Oh, my goodness, it was such a painful situation. I was unable to give Jon the kind of support he needed. No, I still can't instantly recall which photo is which. You have no idea how frustrating this was/is. But I soldiered on. I knew we had the potential of making a huge difference to the quality of life backstage – and we did.



About this time, I decided, hey, the Archives need their own space. I didn't ask. Herbert, Stan and I just moved our work to the narrow, twenty-three-foot-long and ten-foot-wide "cupboard," the Lobster Room. Lori Harrison, Prop Mistress and her able crew, when they weren't working on the stage, came up to the Lobster Room to squeeze in and set up three tables, chairs and more. Jon finally had the budget for us to have a scanner and got us two computers from Tech Support. Both were such a rich gifts! With dedicated space, I could advertise in the Opera's House Program, given out at each performance, for more volunteers – individuals who knew opera and more particularly, San Francisco Opera, as well as having some computer skills.



And then I took a three-week vacation – an amazing trip to Tanzania. I received an invitation which I couldn't refuse: attend the wedding of Martin Maliyamkono, a former student of mine when I was teaching dyslexics in the early '80s the systems I created to help myself with my dyslexia. Martin's mother, Todo, who lived in Tanzania, and his Aunt Rube who lived in Oakland, had become friends when Todo was in the Bay Area. Now, I was visiting Dar es Salaam, a large city on the Indian Ocean side of Africa and meeting the tribe of ten brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts and uncles for a three-day wedding celebration.

It was an amazing experience. The traditions were so different. One sequence fascinated me. The wedding celebration is hosted by the groom's family on the wedding day and the bride's family are just guests. The Send Off, which happens two or three days earlier is the bride's family celebration. It is full of unusual traditions, including one of the bride's relatives rolling her body towards the groom's family and the groom's family offering a suitcase filled with "goodies" to show that the groom can look after the bride.

After the wedding week, we did several explorative visits in Dar Es Salaam, and side trips that included Bagamoyo, Arusha and a three-day safari, as well as days on the romantic island of Zanzibar. The latter is a truly beautiful island, steeped in architectural history and offering expansive pristine beaches with blue, blue, water. Great swimming!

On my website, [annfarris.com](http://annfarris.com), is a blog detailing my trip to Tanzania, with photos: [annfarris.com/blog/](http://annfarris.com/blog/)



[ 2013 ]

Back to San Francisco and the Opera.

By now, I am volunteering three days a week and still enjoying it.

Richard Sparks, former Subscription Manager, had recently retired.

I had hoped he would join us. No, it was too soon for him. However, he recommended Marianne Welmers, a former staff member. I followed up, for it had become clear that Stan needed an assistant with logging information into Excel on the computer. I knew as soon as I talked with Marianne that she and Stan would take to one another like two ducks to water. They love history, yes opera, but history in general and know it. Marianne was very comfortable with the idea of giving Stan computer support. Hanging out with the two of them, in itself, can be a delightful day's activity, they are so fascinating to listen to.

Nancy Jones took over a Micah Standley project, making a list in Excel of all the articles in the House Program books from 1932 to present day. That was a huge task, and to make matters worse for her, the two of us kept coming up with more research ideas to add to this list, which meant she was going through more than ninety programs, over and over. What a good sport she is.

Finally, Richard Sparks was ready to join our team.

He is a detail man and an important addition. His fascination is unearthing what it took to create auxiliary programs at the Opera – mostly started during the Adler dynasty.

We began with Western Opera Theater (WOT), a project initiated in the mid-60s with a focus on training and touring for emerging opera artists. Not long after Richard's arrival, it became clear that Richard needed an assistant. My tiny announcement in the Opera's House Programs resulted in more interest.

I asked

Richard, would you like to participate with me in interviewing prospective archive volunteers?

Yes, very much so.

Rhonda Robichaud, an Opera subscriber and theatre stage manager, materialized and became the WOT project computer supporter for Richard. Over many years, the two of them have created a well-documented history – through old programs, press releases,

photos of WOT – all describing WOT’s birth in 1966 to its closure in 2002. Rhonda is very proprietary of her and Richard’s materials.

One delightful day, Jon and the Communications Staff told us they would be celebrating the Archive Volunteers with a Christmas party. Julia outdid herself with the cake – huge, chocolate with a frosting of a lobster on the top. This party has become an annual event, which we all look forward to. Lobsters are now the emblem of the Archive Volunteers. And the Stage Door staff always are asking  
How are the Lobsters doing?



LOBSTER CAKE 2017



CHRISTMAS PARTY 2018

Ellen Grinnell, who had begun her opera life at age eight when her father had a Saturday Matinee subscription for the two of them to the Metropolitan Opera, joined us. There wasn’t an opera fact she didn’t know. I gave her the challenge of creating a listing in Excel of all the reel-to-reel broadcast tapes, beginning in 1970. Oh, what a project. I would pull the tapes from shelves ten feet up and give them to her for chronicling in Excel.

It got to the point where I knew we had to reorganize these tapes into alphabetical order by opera. Ellen suggested that she might be able to talk her daughter Lilly and her friend Seth Coad Douglas, both mad opera



fans and eighteen years old, into helping me on a Saturday, on a non-performance day. Sure enough, one Saturday, these energetic opera enthusiasts arrived, along with Ellen. We took over the artistic suite and lobbies on the fourth floor, removing 1,300 ten-inch reel-to-reel tapes and re-organizing them by opera alphabetically on the floor stretching down two halls. Seth, with one leg slung over the top of an eight-foot ladder, and I then reloaded them onto the shelves in the Lobster Room with Ellen sitting at the computer and checking her list as we restocked. Thank heavens, I had tons of food. We needed it. By 7 p.m. we were done, exhausted but ever so proud.



ELLEN GRINNELL, LILLY GRINNELL  
SETH COAD DOUGLAS

Ellen died nearly two years ago (2017). Her devotion to the Archives is so appreciated. Her unusual sense of humor always seemed to lighten the burden of confusion and hard work. Yes, this lovely lady is missed.

Jon reported that David Gockley and the Opera's Board of Directors recently decided to accept an invitation from the War Memorial Administration, which oversees the operations of the Opera House and Veterans Building. The offer: take over the 4th floor (top floor) of the Veterans Building (former home to the Museum of Modern Art) across the Courtyard from the Opera House when the retrofit of the building was complete. The construction work was required because of the damage to the building during the 1989 earthquake. This opportunity would make possible gathering together several of the Opera departments – Development, Education, Marketing, HR – which were scattered in rental properties throughout San Francisco. And not only would there be

a huge rehearsal hall/education center, but also a small theatre seating 299 located in what was the Sculpture Court during the SFMOMA days. The Costume Shop, which was located in a dilapidated building a fair distance from the Opera, would have a beautiful new space. Its hundreds of historic and current costumes would live in the large basement of the Veterans Building. Yes, and one plum – God bless David Gockley – there will be an Archive Center. Jon and I were so excited. This was a dream we hadn't counted on when we started this project.

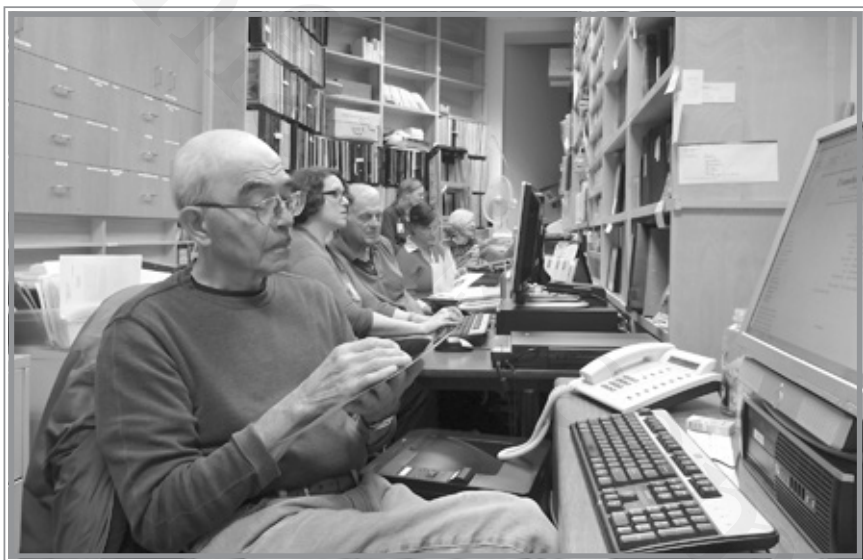
One day Richard Sparks suggested we unearth Rob Robb who had been on the Opera's PR staff and then worked for Amoeba Music Store on the Haight, which has an amazing collection of classical LPs. After much persuasion, Rob joined us. He and Richard, both avid collectors of Opera LPs, decided that on Mondays, for a couple of hours for several weeks, they would tackle the Terry McEwen collection of 7,500 LPs. From it, they culled 500 LPs that they felt were either germane to the San Francisco Opera Archives or important to keep for other historical purposes. The question became what to do with the rest. Jon and I and others explored ideas. We tried giving away a few to staff and there were few takers. Next, we thought of having a sale during the Season – but that would be so much work on top of producing the season. Then, lo and behold, in 2014 there was a *New York Times* article on Zero Freitas in Sao Paulo, Brazil who was collecting LPs. At this point he had five million. I said to Jon

Let's sell this collection in totality minus, of course, the five hundred LPs that Richard and Rob felt should be kept.

He and David Gockley agreed. I got in touch with the Freitas contact, Alan Bastos, in New York. It took time to put this deal together, but on a Friday in late August of 2014, Bastos and two cohorts arrived, boxed up all of these recordings and packed them into two vans. Bastos had also purchased an entire store of LPs in San Jose and all of the LPs were being packed in a container and sent to Sao Paulo. It was a grey, foggy summer afternoon as the two vehicles pulled away. I looked up at the heavens and said to Terry McEwen

Your collection is going to continue its life. I know we have done you a good deed, my friend.

Sure enough, a year later the *Manchester Guardian*, the widely respected British newspaper, had an article on Freitas and his Sao Paulo collection, now totaling seven million LPs. The only individual LP collection in the article that was mentioned was Terry McEwen's. Oh, I was so thrilled. And I venture to guess that the reason they chose this collection was because opera is an international art form. Now, you can see why I just love working on the Archives. There is always a new and different challenge.



ROB ROBB, RHONDA ROBICHAUD, RICHARD SPARKS, STEPHANIE ROGERS,  
BARBARA ROMINSKI AND ANN FARRIS IN THE LOBSTER ROOM

Not long after, Heidi Munzinger showed up with a great curiosity about opera. She worked wonderfully well on her own. I gave her the challenge of figuring out what was housed in Valhalla, the storage space behind the top balcony of the Opera House. The result: a detailed listing of all the boxes, file cabinets, and stuff loaded on shelves. At the same time, she produced a schematic of this space on the computer. Wow, that was

impressive. Along came Lawrence Kim, who began the organization and listing of all the other media sources stored in the Lobster Room. Shelves upon shelves of cassettes, video tapes higgledy-piggledy stored in no order. Over four years, Lawrence changed that. Now nearly 5,000 tapes have a sense of order. I was so amused to discover that a tool I found in a hardware store, a long-stemmed branch with a claw on the end, became his most favorite implement. He could pick up a small cassette tape on a shelf ten feet up and easily transfer it to its new home. He glowed when he was using this rich gift. And sadly, the end of his life came in 2017.

What is so amazing about all the work accomplished by the Archive Volunteers is the fact it is accomplished by very dedicated individuals who care about opera. Some work three hours or four hours a day, some two or three days in the week and some whole days. Whatever, they hang in with us, soldiering on.



In mid-August 2013 enter Jim Nance, who had auditioned for the Merola Opera Training Program many years ago. Not only does he love and know opera, but also he loves a project with detail and working alone. I suggested he take on the challenge of creating a complete listing of all the Opera staff beginning in 1923. The basic core information existed in the SFO House Programs. Oh my God, he became committed, coming in three days a week for three hours a day. Five years later, in Spring 2018, the project was accomplished. What a guy! We would delight in teasing him when he told us that had to take time off to go to Idaho for a haircut!

About this time, Jon said to me  
Let's honor those people who have been helping create the San Francisco Opera Archives. Not only was he referring to our volunteers, but also individuals from the Stanford University Music Library. Stan and I had made several treks to Stanford to view archives of former SFO singers and SFO Board member collections. And the San Francisco Public Library Archive staff had been extremely helpful. And of course, Kirsten Tanaka

at the Museum of Performance and Design. They and others were invited to a reception and the opportunity to attend a Dress Rehearsal.



*Back Row:* G.PEARSON, M.STANDLEY, R.FREEMAN, C.CROSBY, S.C.DOUGLAS,  
L.KIM, M.ERVITI, R.HEIGEMEIR, TWO LADIES ON FAR RIGHT, C.MORETTA, Q.BERGER  
*Middle Row:* J.FINCK, S.DUFFORD, M.WELMERS, K.TANAKA, UNKNOWN, J.NANCE, A.FARRIS, N.JONES  
*Front Row:* J.INOUE, E.P.BRABY, A.McMAHON, S.WRONKIEWICZ, T.UPDIKE,  
E.GRINNELL, N.ADLER MONTGOMERY, D.GOCKLEY

Jon's instincts on when celebration is important is not only very much appreciated but encouraging to those in the trenches. The SFO Archive Volunteers have really bonded with the work, the friends they have made and a wonderful sense of accomplishment.

Delightful and very informed, Stephanie Rogers responded to our ad in the House Program. The daughter of Glynn Ross who founded the Seattle Opera, Stephanie grew up in an "Opera House." An extraordinary source she is: She knows the operatic repertoire and the people. Just as she joined us, we receive a packet of telegrams (perhaps 100) sent to the family of Peter Conley, former manager of San Francisco Opera. In 1938, very suddenly, he died. Clearly, he had great respect from many people. His relatives wondered if we wanted these telegrams. I decided we best go through them to see if some came from Board Members or people involved in an early SFO group called Friends. That program was initiated

in the 1920s and continued well into the 1930s as an opera support group. Anyone who donated \$25 and up could be a Friend. Stephanie was an ideal person to do this job since her husband's family had been involved with the Opera in its early days. Stephanie knew the families. Several months later she had a fascinating Excel spreadsheet of the names of people who were involved at that time and their volunteer roles at the Opera. This was a very laborious undertaking and done thoroughly. We kept about fifty of those telegrams.

Susan Storch answered my call for help. In fact, it was her husband who read the announcement in the House Program and told her to apply. She was the closest individual we had in our group to actually being an archivist and gave us some good advice. Her professional business is creating indexes, those useful lists at the end of a book. And she had a great sense of humor to boot. A wonderful addition. We were amazed to learn that their season Opera tickets were first row on the main floor, over to House Right by the timpani. That's what they liked!

Karen Baumer replied to our ad. She had a career with a flexible work schedule. At the end of each year, she and Marianne were in competition about who had seen the most opera performances in a year. As Karen travels constantly to see opera, she won. It was amusing to watch this competition. Not long after, we interviewed Helen Chin. I wasn't sure whether bringing her aboard made sense because she had limited knowledge of opera. To Richard, yes, he felt her computer skills compensated. And sure enough she is still with us, given the difficult challenges we've had. Guess what, she has also become a devoted opera fan. Peter Felleman is another gem. He will take on any project given him and knows the art form.

And one night in the summer of 2016, I attend a lecture on the upcoming opera season. Sitting next to me was Phil Grisier. He was just retiring and wanted a project. I sold him on the Archives and in he came, offering upscale computer skills and his knowledge of opera. We were ever so fortunate. Sadly, Phil succumbed to cancer in 2018.

One day, a young woman, Nora White, applied to be an Archive Volunteer. We were surprised to have her interested until we learned the reason. She had recently concluded her studies in art in England. However, when she returned home, she answered the call of the family. Learn the family nut business. They grow various kinds of nuts in the Central Valley. The trade-off for accepting this responsibility was her having time to keep connected to the arts by volunteering for us. She is a very skilled lady on the computer and every project she takes on is done thoroughly.

Carol Buonagario came for an interview just at the time the Communications Office was needing someone to organize press clippings. Voila, a solution. She loved the work. Her face shone when I dropped by her desk. Sadly, in this last year, her health has kept her away. Susan Warble, a quiet, reliable lady and already on our team, willingly took over the press clippings organizational challenge in the Communications office. Then along came Mary Seastrand, a nurse, now retired, who had a subscription to the Opera. Richard and I knew she could be a welcomed assistant to the work we were doing: collecting opera memories from former staff. She soldiers on with us.

Marcy Bastiani is a recent acquisition. She was a long-term employee of SF Opera, working in the Box Office. And during these last ten years she kept saying to me: Ann, I am coming to work in the Archives when I retire. And sure enough, she's now on the team. Her career began in 1979 as Assistant Box Office Treasurer. Then in 2007, she became the Medallion Society Concierge Manager and remained in this position until 2016. From the get-go, when she indicated her interest years ago, I said We have the perfect project for you. Photo identification of the attendees to cast parties and other Opera events. She knows the faces of patrons and performers for the past thirty years and loves her non-paying job.

Throughout these years, Jon kept reminding me  
San Francisco Opera will be celebrating its 100th birthday in 2022/23

and we will need much detail on the Company's history.  
It will be important resource material for preparing hard and digital copy for this important celebration.  
I assured him  
Indeed, we know this. The Archive volunteers, now numbering sixteen, are hard at it.



I guess you can see we were – and are – having fun.  
Nobody grouched about the close quarters.  
In 2014 Jon offered  
I think it's time we paid you.  
I was so taken aback, I said  
Why?  
It confused me. I am a volunteer.  
The next day I agreed. Better to be paid a pittance than not at all.



Jon talked David Gockley into the idea of another photo gallery project in the new Wilsey Center for Opera. In fact, two galleries. The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art in the 30s had need of long hallways to hang art. Now, they would contain historic SFO photos.  
At the outset, I said to Jon  
I can't take this project on. The stress of trying to remember images is too much.  
He convinced me  
Ann, you will do the organizational side.  
Somehow, I couldn't turn him down. He is so much fun to work with because he is always coming up with good ideas that need fleshing out. And he's very open to other ideas. Yes, he can be moody, but his brilliance compensates. We play off each other wonderfully well.  
So, of course, I wanted a part of it.  
I invited a friend, Annette Schutz, whom I met while volunteering



for Parents Education Network, to check out our backstage galleries in the Opera House. She co-owns an art gallery, Arthaus, on Townsend and 4th with her business partner, James Bacchi. I wanted them to see what we had accomplished with the 4th and 5th floor backstage photos in the Opera House. I was hoping they would give us advice on how to do a better job in the 4th floor of the Veteran's Building now named the Diane B. Wilsey Center for Opera (so named for the lead donor on this project). Annette and James liked the concept of the backstage galleries but not the execution, and gave me the name of Rick Stone at Michael Thompson Framing in San Francisco to approach for the framing. They felt the quote would be within our budget. And it was. The results were stellar.



A few days before Memorial Day, 2013, I had an urge to take an art class. I thought it would be fun and looked to see what workshop might exist over the weekend. Sure enough, Mendocino Art Center on the coastline north of San Francisco had a two-day watercolor class and there was an opening. I rushed to Flax Art Store on Market and told this wise, older man who obviously had been with the company for years I need art supplies for a watercolor class in Mendocino but have no idea what they might be. This is an experiment, so I am not looking to spend a lot of money. Please suggest what I need. We had great fun. And I left – armed.

The next morning, I was on the road by 5 a.m. and in Mendocino by 10 – the start time. I had two wonderful days just playing. And when they put a bouquet of flowers in front of the class to paint, I knew that was impossible. So, I picked one flower and came up with a product I loved – and still do. I was hooked. I wanted to learn more, so I began signing up for extension classes at the San Francisco Art Institute.

One teacher, Pamela Lanza, and I connected. She helped me evolve a little bit of skill. And in my classes I met two new friends, Jana (now Ezawa)

and Eva Enriquez. Both from Europe, both accomplished artists, both in their forties and making life happen. We have flourishing friendships.



*Left: ANN FARRIS AND EVA ENRIQUEZ / Right: MIKA AND JANA EZAWA*  
SOUND BOX PRODUCED BY THE SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY



[ 2015 ]

Jon and I were given the go-ahead to start the process of interviewing archivists. David Gockley would retire in a year, and he was holding true to his agreement with me, made seven or more years ago. Jon and I did a lot of research on what an archivist does and after about six months we had a job description. After it was posted, in the first six months we had lots of responses, interviewed several and found only one that interested us. She declined because the commute from San Jose where she lived was too great. We were very sad.

I called my brother Haig for ideas. He was on the University of British Columbia Library Committee and very interested in archives. He gave me two names to approach for advice. One in Canada, one in the US. Carol Moore, head of the Library System at the University of Toronto said

Not surprising you haven't found the right candidate. You have a very special job to offer that only a few can fill. It will take you a year. She truly helped us take the stress away from the search. Catherine Quin at UCLA put me in touch with Susan Luftsche, who gave me specifics about the job description that needed correction. And we started again.

One Saturday morning at the cleaners Jon ran into a SFMOMA colleague, who has a similar position to him at the Opera. He asked Does your organization have an Archivist?

Yes.

We are looking for an archivist and need advice.

She promised to send the information. Well, the Opera was about to start Fall Season and in all the craziness that it brings to the Press Office, we forgot that she forgot to send it along. A couple of months went by and those two again ran into each other at the cleaners.

This time the information came.

We took the Archivist, Barbara Rominski, to lunch, described the job and asked if she knew any candidates.

Yes, three: myself and two others.

We interviewed her, were very impressed with what she had accomplished at SFMOMA, establishing and growing their archive into an amazing resource.

The rest is history. She needed four months to finish up at SFMOMA, moving them into their new space, the newly designed SFMOMA.



Meantime, we had two galleries to prepare, as well as a move from the Lobster Room to the new Archive Center, which has two good-sized rooms: one for public research and the other for storage of many boxes of files, along with working tables, etc. And there's an office for the Archivist. My now sixteen very able and hardworking volunteers gave a hand as we prepared to move. We just had to get it all done. Around this time, the Opera's Development Office had a very good piece of news.

They had found a sponsor for the Archives, Edward Paul Braby, who was willing to make a major donation to support the SFO Archives Center. Yup, we sure are legit now.



One of the big challenges with the photo galleries was finding a technology which would give us high quality digital copies of the photos Jon wanted to have on the walls. Some of the originals were lost but the photos were found in old Souvenir Books that had been produced by Herbert Scholder and others in the 60s and 70s. How to do this?

I asked the Opera's photographer, Corey Weaver

Can you take acceptable photos from souvenir books of the past?

No. See if you can find a company or individuals who do drumming – a technique not unlike scanning, but there are many scans over the same photo.

I called our contact at the Computer Museum in Silicon Valley. She said

No, I haven't used the technique, but I hear Levi's in San Francisco has.

I called Levi's archive department and they gave me a contact.

Enter Act3 Partners: Jack Schaeffer and Jeff Hurn.

My contact was Jack, who explained

Jeff is a digital artist and has evolved a technique of producing high quality photos from lousy originals – e.g. magazines like your old souvenir magazines.

How do you do it?

We will bring our computer and large screen and demonstrate.

I had a hard time convincing Jon that it was worth his time to meet this team. The Opera was two weeks away from opening the Fall 2016 Season and he was busy. I warned our guests that it may only be me.

To ameliorate the situation, I booked the Conference Room next to Jon's office to ensure he would show up.

It was a sunny day, which augured well. Jack and Jeff set up and showed me the results. It looked impressive. I had the Souvenir Books for them to see, the photographic quality of which was very poor.

They seemed undaunted.

So, I went next door to Jon to convince him to join us

You have to take a few moments. The results are stellar.

Within a half-hour he was impressed. Of course, he worried about what it would cost but...

Within a couple of weeks, the details were worked out.

Meantime, some of the Archive volunteers: Stan, Richard, Marianne, Nancy, Ellen, Heidi and Stephanie pulled photos that they thought ought to be considered for the galleries. In fact, this group hosted a lunch in the large Conference Room to make their presentations. Jon was deeply touched and included two of the photos.



[ 2016 ]

January came and the furniture arrived for the Archive Center.

We had done a good job with our selections. It was very satisfying to see. I began picking up and/or ordering all the supplies we needed. I wanted the Center to be ready for our Archivist by the second week of February.

During January, a team of our volunteers and I packed up 50 boxes of production files from the Communications Office and odds and sods from the Lobster Room. Valentina Simi, Assistant to the Music Director, let us store these archive materials in Maestro Luisoti's office (he was off-site). The boxes filled with archive material and two baby grand pianos became good bedfellows.

Meantime, Jon, our digitizing team, Jack and Jeff – now affectionally referred to by us and the Stage Door guards as J & J – and I were focused on content for the two photo galleries. One gallery would have black and white photos only, the other color. My issue of not remembering images came to the fore very fast. To Jon's credit, he did not hassle me about this issue. But I know he sure could have used better help.

The Friday before the beginning of February was moving day into the Archive Center. All hands on deck, yes again driven by our wonderful volunteers, The boxes were being moved from the Maestro's office and transferred by truck around the corner to the Veterans Building and upstairs to the Archive Center. God bless Richard Sparks. He gladly took on the challenge of figuring out how to shelve all of those boxes in the large middle room of the Archive Office. I was quite distressed because the ladder we (the Opera's Technical Production Office staff and I) had ordered was subsequently rejected twice by the Production Staff: "damaged in transport." At the very last moment as we were loading our boxes into the trucks, the Opera's Property Mistress, Lori Harrison, came flying into the Archive Center saying the ladder that we had ordered had finally arrived undamaged. There was a loud cheer.



A.FARRIS, N.JONES, R.SPARKS, M.WELMERS, K.SCHRODER, H.CHIN, S.DUFFORD



February came and the arrival of Barbara Rominski. All of us on the Archive Team were thrilled. The volunteers were great in sharing their projects, and very quickly Barbara knew what first steps to take: Re-organize the Production files into an archive system. Barbara is a workaholic and undertook this whole task by herself – working day

and night. I was relieved I no longer had the day-to-day running of the Archives. I was now up for less responsibility.



My focus continued on the Galleries.

As we were hanging the Black and White Gallery of fifty plus photos, I looked up at the lighting system and realized the bar by which they were attached was sagging. This resulted in creating uneven shadows at the bottom of the photos where the plaques with the details of each photo were intended to be installed. Never a dull moment. The lighting company who had created and manufactured the system for this project had a new challenge, and eventually they reached a good solution. Finally, at the end of February the Black and White Gallery photos were hung. Thanks to Teresa Concepcion, Communications Associate in Jon Finck's office, the labelling of each photo was both accurate and attractively presented. The digitizing and the framing quality were and are top drawer. Yes, the final product looked very professional – even though and not unexpected, individuals found errors in identification. It is ever thus.



ANN FARRIS, JULIA INOUE, TERESA CONCEPCION, JON FINCK AND BARBARA ROMINSKI  
[PHOTO BY SCOTT WALL]



[ MARCH 2016 ]

I knew I had to have some rest. Yup, I was plain exhausted, and we still had the color gallery to complete. With some time off, I was back at it and we completed the color gallery.

Now it is late spring. I said to Barbara

I am going to take three weeks off in August, then come back in September for a month. In October I am going back to being a volunteer, working one day a week doing projects – building SFO histories of yore. Please do not tell Jon until I do.

Eventually the moment came. The conversation went very well.

No, he wasn't pleased, but he understood. His only question was

Why didn't Barbara tell me?

Because I asked her not to.



Now, I have my personal life back. After four days a week at the Opera, this change was very welcomed. I rented a tiny space in Art Explosion, a huge warehouse in the area where the dotcoms hang out in San Francisco. I began exploring who I am artistically with forty-nine other artists doing the same in their cubicles. It is wonderful to have this magical environment with others – all much more evolved artists than I. I soldier on.

As to any romance: nope. One man intrigued me until I realized he has that Don Giovanni energy: a rogue in the quest of women – certainly not a relationship. There is a very famous aria in the opera *Don Giovanni*, sung by Leporello, the Don's henchman. He outlines the hundreds of women who have come and gone in Don Giovanni's life. While I first saw *Don Giovanni* in 1958 during the Vancouver International Festival, (Joan Sutherland in the cast) it took me more than fifty years to finally accept, during my attendance at a recent *Don Giovanni* performance in San Francisco, that



this behavior was zero-sum, as David Neenan would say. Boy, it takes a lot to grow up. Certainly, it is time to let go of that fascination.



[ FEBRUARY 2017 ]

I woke up one morning with another decision: I was going to move out of San Francisco. I was tired of the cold, grey fog and having no summer. I don't like feeling chilled. I need the warmth of the sun to keep me healthy. Later that very day, Joan Arhelger, my housemate and owner of the flat in San Francisco where I was living, shared that she is going into semi-retirement from being a stage lighting professor at San Francisco State University and will probably renovate the apartment.

Is it not amazing that these two events happened on one day? Well, I was prepared for this announcement. She gave me ten months advance notice. Certainly generous! I toyed with moving south, first to Los Angeles, (too much traffic), then San Diego, a possibility and finally Encinitas (on the Coastline). The latter really attracted me – felt like living in Hawaii.



JOAN ARHELGER

However, I decided not to leave the Bay Area and my friends. As soon as I took that decision, out of the blue came a suggestion: Vallejo, a tiny town at the tip of San Francisco Bay, just south of Napa and the wine country. I was immediately attracted. It has a charming historic district where I was lucky to find an apartment with a garden (for pots). By December, I was moved in. And all my personal belongings now could come from Canada and storage in San Francisco. What makes me happiest after the lovely weather is

the fact that I have beautiful/majestic art on my walls created primarily by two artists: my sister Katherine and my oldest friend, Sherrard Grauer. Thanks to Annette Schutz and her colleague, Bonnie McGregor, both oozing talent for positioning art, these “old friends” and more are now up on walls for me to enjoy.

My sister’s painting, *Land of Home*, is the cover of this book.



ANNETTE SCHUTZ AND SHERRARD GRAUER’S FRONT HALL ARRANGEMENT



I can imagine you are wondering what’s with the commute to San Francisco. Well, there’s a delightful ferry which takes an hour, or I drive when I need my car.



Now, I am near to finishing my autobiography. Recently I was surprised to discover that there is a common theme between this book and my first book, *The Other Side of Dyslexia*. When I was writing my dyslexia book, the approach I used to uncover a way of expressing my thoughts employed the five senses: see, hear, taste, touch and smell. In the last while, I have learned through Grace that there is an extension of these well-known

senses. They are titled unfamiliar senses. When Grace described their characteristics, I realized I have been employing these naturally all my life.

When we say “hear” it refers to sound. The unfamiliar is “voice”: a sense of what is really being said. This experience is one that I became skilled at from a very young age. Whenever I walked into a room, I knew what was going on with each person. I am amazed that this talent has a name. When we say “smell”, it’s the fragrance we are referring to. The unfamiliar sense is movement: The air is static or almost dead, or conversely something is tingling with a life force energy. And so it continues with the other unfamiliar senses. I find this all quite exciting. Exploring beyond what is the conventional, I enjoy.

Recently, I was feeling overwhelmed with the amount of work I have created for myself. My commitment to the Opera and my desire to give more time to finish this book, my autobiography, were at odds. In tandem with this situation, I was noticing that my thumbs, which have been dancing with the idea of becoming arthritic despite my exercises and cream, were feeling quite painful. I mentioned all of this to Grace during my monthly chat. She asked what is the emotion that is most prevalent for you right now? I thought a moment and said

Anxious.

Yes.

Grace concurred, saying

She felt this anxiousness began at age ten when I was unable to keep up with the demands of two teachers.

I felt she was right on the mark.

Now, my homework was to work with my inner child, Ann at age ten, to release this pain and confusion. The next morning my left thumb was very painful from the arthritis. I suddenly had the idea that my anxiousness was locked in my thumb. This gave me the impetus to see if I could energetically pull this painful energy out. So, I began by holding my right hand over my left hand and just pulled the pain out.

Oh, my goodness, it worked. I had never done anything like that before. I was so amazed.

My ongoing commitment into investigating what is or was going on emotionally at any given moment in this life or past lives continues. I know they can have a negative or positive physical impact on me as I live my daily life. I am beginning to also wonder if the confusion I often felt – and still do at times – was my way to cover my anxiety. Perhaps my determination as a ten-year-old of not being viewed as “lesser than” was a factor. Could I, Ann, at ten years old, have chosen confusion, relegating anxiousness into the background? I am going to keep exploring to see what I can unearth.

Here's a quote I have kept for many years. It comes from *The Nature of Personal Reality*, a book channeled by Jane Roberts. One can change one's experience by altering beliefs about yourself and your physical existence. It's such encouragement.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Over these past ten years during which this autobiography was written there have been many who have offered invaluable advice, support and encouragement. I am deeply grateful to each and every one of you. Without your participation this book would not have reached completion.

|                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Rae Ackerman            | Michel Gagnon          |
| Barbara Armstrong       | Claire Gilbert         |
| Richard Balthazar       | Romilly Grauer         |
| Tracey Bennett          | Sue Harvey             |
| Larry Blackman          | Baz Here               |
| Anna Kyhlberg-Bostrom   | Jeff Hurn              |
| Bolshoi Theatre Editors | Gerald/George Holmes   |
| Marilyn Casselman       | Peter Hunt             |
| Helen Chin              | Monte Jacobson         |
| Teresa Concepcion       | Tom Joyce              |
| Barry Cowger            | Birthe Jorgenson       |
| Jimmie and Connie Craig | Dr. Roberto Kaplan     |
| Gretchen Creery         | Sherrard Grauer        |
| Robert Darling          | Darlene Kotchonoski    |
| Lewis Crickard          | Ing. Peter Kozak       |
| Lis Dawso               | Wanda Larson,          |
| Cynthia DeHay           | Murray Laufer          |
| Jon Finck               | Leslie Maziejka        |
| Gail Flitton            | Roberta Pilk MacDonald |
| Sue Harvey              | Sandra Merrill         |
| Haig Farris             | Ann McAdams            |
| Jason Farris            | Sylvie McClean         |
| Katherine Farris        | John Moreschi          |
| John K. Friesen         | Susan Moreschi, Grace  |

Anne Murphy  
Network of Executive Women  
Kit Pearson  
Emily Porter  
Trixie Postoff  
Rosemary Rau Levine  
Richard Rodzinski  
Barbara Rominski  
Jack Schaeffer  
Mary Seastrand  
Megan Schlase  
Robert Shapiro, Zoosh

Nancy Shipley Rubin, Aurora  
Richard Sparks  
Mary Starnes  
Ruth Schwartz  
Maureen Heneghan Trip  
Jan Wilson  
Diane Whiteside  
Naj Wikoff  
Erwin Wodarczak  
Yale University School of Art  
Archives Office

## APPENDIX I

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EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL, MONTREAL  
THEATRE PRESENTATIONS DIVISION PROGRAMMING  
APRIL 29TH TO OCTOBER 28TH, 1967

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*Location:* Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, Place des Arts

### BALLET

**Ballet of the Twentieth Century, Belgium**—Artistic Director: Maurice Béjart  
Conductor: Guy Barbier, Three Programs: Fernand Schirren  
*Divertimento*, Webern: *Two Cantatas*, Stravinsky: *The Rite of Spring*  
Bach: *The Art of the Barre*, Baird: *Erotica*, Hindu music: *The Swan*  
Pierre Henry: *Variations for a Door and a Sigh*, Pierre Schaffer  
*Symphony*, Ravel: *Bolero*, Berlioz: *Love Scene from Romeo and Juliet*

**Les Grands Ballets Canadiens**—Ludmilla Chiriaeff, One Program:  
Orff: *Carmina Burana*, Glazunov: *Divertissement*, Adam: *Giselle*  
Lavallée: *Pointes sur Glâce*, Etler: *Gehenne*, Brott: *La Corriveau*

**New York City Ballet, USA**—Artistic Director: George Balanchine, Two  
Programs: Fauré, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky: *Jewels*, Tchaikovsky: *Swan*  
*Lake* [Act II], Stravinsky: *Apollo*, Gottschalk: *Tarantella*, Sousa/Kay:  
*Stars and Stripes*, Bizet: *Symphony in C*, Tchaikovsky: *Pas de Deux*

**Paris Opera Ballet, France**—Artistic Director: Michel Descombey, Two programs  
Czerny: *Etudes*, Ravel: *Daphnis and Chloe*, Martin: *Symphonie Concertante*  
Delibes: *Coppélia*, Auber: *Grand Pas Classique*, Saint-Saëns: *Le Cygne*

**The Australian Ballet**—Artistic Directors: Peggy Van Praagh, Robert Helpmann,  
Musical Director, Noel Smith, Australian 19th Century Music arranged  
by Harold Badge: *Melbourne Cup*, Williamson: *The Display*, Verdi: *The*  
*Lady and the Fool*, Toyama: *Yugen*, Strauss: *Elektra*, Glazunov: *Raymonda*

**The National Ballet of Canada**—Artistic Director: Celia Franca, Two Programs:  
Prokofiev: *Romeo and Juliet*, Minkus: *La Bayadère* [Act IV]  
Ridour: *La Prima Ballerina*, Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake*

**The Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, Great Britain**—Artistic Director: Frederick  
Ashton, Two Programs—Prokofiev: *Cinderella*, Bach: *Brandenburg*  
[No 2 and 4], *Paradise Lost*, *The Dream*

**Tsetovitch Dance Company of Byelorussia, USSR**

## OPERA

**Canadian Opera Company**—Director: Herman Geiger-Torel, Sommers: *Louis Reil*, Offenbach: *Tales of Hoffman*

**Hamburg State Opera, Federal Republic of Germany**—Director: Rolf Leibermann  
Hindemith: *Mathis der Maler*, Berg: *Lulu*, Weber: *Der Freischütz*,  
Janáček: *Jenůfa*

**La Scala of Milan, Italy**—Director: A. Ghiringhelli, Verdi: *Il Trovatore*, Bellini:  
*I Capuleti e I Montecchi*, Verdi: *Nabucco*, Puccini: *La Bohème*

**Montreal Symphony Opera Season, Canada**—Gounod: *Faust*, Verdi: *Otello*

**The Bolshoi Opera, USSR**—Artistic Director: Mikhail Tchoulski, Mussorgsky:  
*Boris Godunov*, Tchaikovsky: *Queen of Spades*, Prokofiev: *War and Peace*  
Rimsky-Korsakov: *The Tale of the City of Kitezh*, Borodin: *Prince Igor*

**The Royal Opera, Stockholm, Sweden**—Producer: Göran Gentele  
Verdi: *A Masked Ball*, Birger-Blomdahl: *Aniara*, Stravinsky: *The Rake's*  
*Progress*, Wagner: *Tristan und Isolde*

**Vienna State Opera, Austria**—Director: Egon Hilbert, Strauss: *Der Rosenkavalier*  
Mozart: *The Marriage of Figaro*, Strauss: *Elektra*, Berg: *Wozzeck*,  
Mozart: *Don Giovanni*

## ORCHESTRA

**Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra, USSR.**—Conductor: Gennady Rozhdestvensky

**Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, USA**—Conductor: Lukas Foss

**Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Netherlands**—Conductor:  
Bernard Haitink

**Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Czechoslovakia**—Conductor: Karel Ancerl

**Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, USA**—Conductor: Zubin Mehta

**Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and Montreal Symphony Orchestra USA**  
& Canada—[joint concert] Conductor: Zubin Mehta

**Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, Australia**—Conductor: Willem van Otterloo

**Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra, Federal Republic of Germany**—Artistic  
Director: Karl Richter,

**National Youth Orchestra of Canada**

**New York Philharmonic Orchestra, USA**—Conductor: Leonard Bernstein

**Orchestre National de l'Office de Radiodiffusion Télévision Française**  
Director: Maurice Leroux, Conductor: Charles Munch

**Orchestra of the International Federation of Jeunesses Musicales**



**Orchestre de la Swiss Romande, Switzerland**—Conductors: Ernest Ansermet  
Paul Klecki

**Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Canada**—Conductor: Seiji Ozawa, Canada

**Vienna Philharmonic, Austria**—Conductors: Karl Boehm, Joseph Krips

#### OTHER

**Belafonte in person with Miriam Makeba, USA**

**Canada Gala**—Concert: Congrès des Médecins de Langue Française

**Festival of Soviet Nations, USSR.**

**Jeunesses Musicales**—Gala of the National Competition Winners, Canada

**La Scala Opera of Milan, Italy**—Verdi: *Requiem*

**The Red Army Chorus and Dancers, USSR.**—Conductor: Boris Alexandrov

**The World Festival Inauguration Gala**—*Poem*: Pierre Dupuy: *Terre Des Hommes*

read by Jean-Louis Barrault and Sir Laurence Olivier, Pevost/Lalonde:

*Symphonic Poem*—*Terre des Hommes*, Montreal Symphony Orchestra

Rutger's University Choir, Albert Millair and Michelle Rossignol

and the World Festival Chorus



#### EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL

#### THEATRE PRESENTATIONS DIVISION PROGRAMMING



*Location:* Maisonneuve Theatre, Place Des Arts

#### THEATRE

**A.P.A. Repertory Company, USA**—Artistic Director: Ellis Rabb, Kaufman &  
Hart: *You Can't Take It With You*, Pirandello: *"Right You Are"*

**Charlottetown Festival Company, Canada**—Artistic Director: Mavor Moore  
Campbell/Harron: *Anne of Green Gables*

**La Comédie De Saint-Etienne, France**—Artistic Director: Jean Dasté  
Molière: *L'Avare*; Marivaux: *La Double Inconstance*

**Le Toucan de Paris, France**—Artistic Director: Jean-Marie Serreau  
Césaire: *La Tragédie du Roi Christophe*

- Kabuki Theatre of Japan**—Sumidagawa, Kanjincho, Keisei, Hangan Ko  
Kyokanoko Musume Dojoji, Fujimusume, Japan
- National Theatre of Belgium**—Director: Jacques Huisman, Belgium  
Hugo: *Ruy Blas*, Claus: *Thyl Ulenspiegel*
- National Theatre of Great Britain**—Artistic Director: Laurence Olivier  
Strindberg: *The Dance of Death*, Congreve: *Love for Love*  
Feydeau: *A Flea in her Ear*
- Teatro Stabile di Genova, Italy**—Artistic Director: Luigi Squarzina, Goldoni:  
*I Due Gemelli Veneziani*, Simons/Nichols, USA: *The Odd Couple*
- Théâtre du France Renaud-Barrault, France** with participation of **Le Théâtre de Nouveau Monde, Canada**—Homage to Saint-Exupéry
- Théâtre de France Renaud-Barrault, France**—Claudel: *Le Soulier de Satin*  
Billetedoux: *Il Faut Passer par les Nuages*
- Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, Canada**—Artistic Director: Jean-Louis Roux  
Molière: *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*
- Théâtre du Rideau Vert, Canada**—Artistic Directors: Yvette Brind'Amour  
Mercedes Palomino, Pinsonneault: *Terre d'Aube*  
Calderon de la Barca: *La Vie est un Songe*

#### MUSIC/DANCE/BALLET

- Electronic Music and Experimental Films with New Music**—  
Federal Republic of Germany
- English Opera Group, Great Britain**—Production Director: Colin Graham,  
Britten: *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Handel: *Acis and Galatea*  
Walton: *The Bear*, Gay/Britten: *The Beggar's Opera*
- Fiesta Cubana, Cuba**—Director: Rogelio Paris
- Icelandic Singers, Iceland**
- Jeunesses Musicales, Final International Composers' Competition**
- Martha Graham Dancers, USA**—Artistic Director: Martha Graham
- Mormon Tabernacle Choir, USA**
- Recital: Istomin-Stern-Rose**
- Recital: Michelangeli, Italy**
- Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Canada**—Artistic Director: Arnold Spohr  
Freedman: *Rose Latulippe*, Choreographer: Brian MacDonald
- Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples, Italy**
- Star Soloists of the Ukraine, USSR**
- Verievka Company of the Ukraine, USSR.**—with 20 Star Soloists
- Violin Soloists of the Bolshoi Opera, USSR.**

EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL, MONTREAL  
THEATRE PRESENTATIONS DIVISION PROGRAMMING

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*Location:* Port-Royal Theatre, Place Des Arts

DANCE

**Algerian National Dance Ensemble**

**Ballet Roland Petit**—Artistic Director: Roland Petit with the Ars Nova Ensemble

Artistic Director: Marius Constant, France—Varèse: *Octandre*

Constant: *L'éloge de la folie*, *Formes*

**Dance and Mime of Mexico**

**National Dance Theatre Company of Jamaica**

**Erick Hawkins Dance Company, USA**

**Folkloric Ballet of Morocco**

**Japanese Folk Dance and Music Troupe**

**National Folkloric Troupe of Tunisia**

**National Dance Ensemble of Ceylon**

**The Imperial Folkloric Ensemble of Ethiopia**

**Yolanda Moreno and the Folkloric Ballet of Venezuela**

MUSIC

**Bath Festival Orchestra, Great Britain**—Yehudi Menuhin

**Berlin Philharmonic Octet**—Federal Republic of Germany

**Canadian Broadcasting Corporation**—eight chamber music concerts

**Collegium Musicum Zurich, Switzerland**—Conductor: Paul Sacher

**Copenhagen University Choir, Denmark**

**McGill Chamber Orchestra, Canada**—Conductor: Alexander Brott

*Inaugural Gala:* Pro Musica Society, McGill Chamber Orchestra

**International Voice Competition**

**Jeunesses Musicales Soloists, Federal Republic of Germany, Great Britain**

**Jeunesses Musicales Soloists, Spain, USA**

**Jeunesses Musicales Soloists, Belgium, Italy**

**Jeunesses Musicales Soloists, France, Switzerland**

**Music and Dance from India**—Ravi Shankar, Bismillah Khan, Ali Akbar Khan,

The Kathakali Dancers

**Northern Sinfonia, Great Britain**—Conductor: Boris Brott, Great Britain

Orford Quartet, Canada

*Recital:* Frans Broun, Belgium

*Recital::* Danzi Woodwind Quintet, Netherlands

*Recital:* De Saram, Peris, Ceylon

*Recital:* Detlef Kraus, Federal Republic of Germany

*Recital:* Engel, Switzerland

*Recital:* Eschenbach, Federal Republic of Germany

*Recital:* Haeflinger

*Recital:* Petrov USSR.

*Recital:* Presti-Lagoya

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*Location:* Port-Royal Theatre, Place Des Arts

*Recital:* Musique Française, France—Christian Larde, Marie-Claire Jamet

*Recital:* Slovak Quartet, Czechoslovakia

*Recital:* Soloists from Liège, Belgium—Artistic Director: Géry Lemaire

*Recital:* Soloists of Prague, Czechoslovakia

*Recital:* Szeryng, Czechoslovakia

*Recital:* Szeryng and Soloists of Prague, Czechoslovakia

*Recital:* Talich Quartet, Czechoslovakia

*Recital:* Tortelier, Engel, France and Switzerland

*Recital:* Vlado Permuter

*Recital:* Zagreb Soloists, Croatia, Swiss Soloists: A. Nicolet, H. and U. Holliger  
J. Wyttenbach

Yehudi Menuhin and The Bath Festival Orchestra, Great Britain

Leader: Robert Masters

#### MUSIC THEATRE

Camari Theatre of Israel—Gronemann: *King Solomon and the Cobbler*

One Hundred Years of Musical Comedy, Canada—Director: Aida Broadbent

## THEATRE

**Bristol Old Vic Company, Great Britain**—Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure*  
*Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet*

**Centre Dramatique Romand avec la collaboration du Théâtre de Carouge**  
 Switzerland—Frisch: *La Muraille de Chine*

**La Comédie de Saint-Etienne, France**—Artistic Director: Jean Dasté  
 Marivaux: *La Double Inconstance*, Molière: *L'Avare*

**Holiday Theatre, Canada**—Director: Joy Coghill, Lambert: *The Riddle Machine*  
 Nicol: *Beware the Quickly Who*

**Manitoba Theatre Centre, Canada**—Director: Edward Gilbert, in collaboration  
 with the Shaw Festival, Shaw: *Major Barbara*

**Neptune Theatre, Canada**—Artistic Director: Leon Major, O'Casey: *Juno and*  
*the Paycock*, Murphy: *The Sleeping Bag*

**Rideau de Bruxelles, Belgium**—Artistic Director: Claude Etienne, Willems:  
*Il Pleut dans ma Maison, Bertin, L'Oiseau Vert*



EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL, MONTREAL  
 THEATRE PRESENTATIONS DIVISION PROGRAMMING

*Location: Expo Theatre*

## MUSIC THEATRE

**Diana Ross and the Supremes, USA**

**Don Messer Jubilee Show, Canada**

**Duke Ellington and Sarah Vaughan, USA**

**Hello Dolly, Carol Channing, USA**

**Folkloric Ensemble Lado, Yugoslavia**

**Marlene Dietrich**

**Mireille Mathieu, Canada**

**Monique Leyrac with Jacques Michel, Canada**

**Ommegang Benelux Folkloric Group, Belgium**

Ottis Redding Show, USA

Pop Goes Australia, Australia

Pop Stars of Prague featuring Karel Gott, Czechoslovakia

Semaine de la Chanson, Canada—Pauline Julien, Louise Forrester and  
Claude Gauthier, Les Cailloux, Renée Claude and Michel Conte  
Donald Lautrec, Gilles Vigneault

Simon and Garfunkel, USA

Swiss Folkloric Gala, Switzerland

The Four Seasons with Neil Diamond, USA

The Lovin' Spoonful, USA

The Land of Smiles, Austria—Franz Lehar with Giuseppe di Stefano  
and Dagmar Koller

Pearl Bailey with Louis Bellson and Bunny Briggs, USA

The Turtles, USA

#### OTHER

Canadian Film Festival, Canada

Ed Sullivan Show, USA

Heartbeat of Africa, Uganda

International Film Festival

Poetry Gala

Scandinavian Gala

Retrospective International Animated Films

The Jack Benny Show, USA—with Jack Benny and special guest Jack Jones

#### THEATRE

Bristol Old Vic Company, Great Britain—Directors: Tyrone Guthrie, Val May  
Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*

National Theater of Greece—Director: Alexis Minotis, Aeschylus: *Agamemnon*  
Sophocles: *Oedipus at Kolonos*, Aristophanes: *Plutus*

Stratford Festival Company, Canada—Artistic Director: Michael Langham  
Shakespeare: *Antony and Cleopatra*, Gogol: *The Government Inspector*

EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL, MONTREAL  
THEATRE PRESENTATIONS DIVISION PROGRAMMING

*Location:* Garden of Stars in La Ronde

**Daytime show**—*The Magic Box* for youngsters

**Action Time Show**—5 pm show for teenagers, two hours of rock and roll dance to live bands

**Evening Presentations**—Popular musical revues

*Vive La Canadienne*: starring Muriel Millard and produced by the artist  
*Hellzapoppin 67*, starring Soupy Sales and produced by  
Alexander H. Cohen

*Prestige de Paris*, starring finest variety acts from Paris including  
Casino de Paris, Lido de Paris, Moulin Rouge, L'Opéra de Paris  
Comédie-Française

*Location:* Saint-Jacques Church

**The English Opera Group, Great Britain**—Production Director: Colin Graham  
Britten: *The Burning Fiery Furnace*, *Curlew River*

*Location:* Notre-Dame Cathedral

**Vienna State Opera, Austria**—Conductor: Maestro Josef Krips  
Mozart: *Coronation Mass*

AMPHITHEATRE DIVISION PROGRAMMING

*Autostad* [seating 25,486]

While the Theatre Division staff did not have responsibility for this facility, spectacles produced were:

**Canadian Armed Forces Military Tattoo**

**Flying Colours**—produced by Leon Leonidoff, Producer at  
Radio-City Music Hall, New York

**La Grande Parade de la Gendarmerie Française**—produced by

French film director Christian-Jaque

**The Great Western Rodeo**

**The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus:**

“The Greatest Show on Earth”

**World Horse Spectacular**

#### OTHER PROGRAMMING

**All Indian Field Lacrosse Championship**

**“Europe vs The Americas” Track and Field Match**

**International Soccer Tournament**

And, on the 1967 Exposition site there were entertainments at the Plaza des Nations, Puppet Theatre in Children’s World on La Ronde as well as other on-site locations.



## APPENDIX II

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### EXPO 67 WORLD FESTIVAL PERSONNEL

Gordon Hilker, Artistic Director; Jean Cote, Administrative Director

Gilles Lefebvre, Associate Artistic Director; David Haber, Producer

Theatre Presentations

Dave Dauphinee, Producer; Audostade Presentations,

Roger Garand, Producer Special Events

Mary Jolliffe, Head Publicity; Gilles Dignard, Administrator

La Ronde Entertainment

John Pratt, Deputy Director-Producer of Entertainment and Host

|                       |                         |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Richard Aboud         | Walter Cavalieri        | John Ellis        |
| Don Acaster           | Lucille Cazes           | Jean-Louis Faure  |
| Rae Ackerman          | Andis Celms             | Ann Farris        |
| Serge Allaire         | Hilory Chalmers         | Lyse Fontaine     |
| Christopher Banks     | Francine Chaloult       | Joes Forest       |
| Susan Baldwin         | Maj. Arnold Charbonneau | Bernard Fortier   |
| Marthe Beauchesne     | Raymond Chasles         | J.O. Fortier      |
| Judy Bergstrand       | Lionel Chetwynd         | Kenneth Frankel   |
| Normand Bisaillon     | Micheline Chevette      | Denys Frappier    |
| Richard Blackhurst    | Lily Chirsner           | Edward Fuger      |
| Marc Blandford        | Normand Choquette       | Mark Furness      |
| Lucie Boily           | Nicole Cloutier         | Anne Gadbois      |
| Jean-François Bonin   | Strena Cody             | Huguette Galipeau |
| Raynald Bordeleau     | Pierre Collin           | Nicole Gauthier   |
| Mariette Boucher      | Gertrude Cooke          | Michèle Gay       |
| Louis-Marie Bournival | Frank Costi             | Louise Girard     |
| Carol Brainin         | Pierre Cote             | Maurice Gobeil    |
| Shirley Brass         | Colin Cutts             | David Gorrington  |
| Philip Bridgeman      | Yvan Darveau            | Peter Goslett     |
| David Brodeur         | Ted Demetre             | Yvonne Goudreau   |
| Dennis Brunet         | Michel Dernuet          | Keith Green       |
| Tatiana-Olga Brunst   | Ian de Voy              | Marie Guibert     |
| Kaylee Campbell       | Gilles Duchesnay        | Christian Gurney  |
| Marilyn Casselman     | John C. Dutton          | Pat Hanley        |

|                      |                          |                       |
|----------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Janet Harper         | Pierre Martel            | André Racicot         |
| Peter Hawkins        | Paula Martin             | Thomas Radford        |
| Maureen Heneghan     | Walter Massey            | Gisèle Rainville      |
| Lawrence Hertzog     | Col. T. J. E. McClelland | Barbara Reid          |
| Roger Hetu           | Gilbert McDonald         | Charles P. Renaud     |
| Loretta Hickman      | Cathy McKeehan           | Monique Renaud        |
| David Hignell        | Jennifer McQueen         | Pierre Renaud         |
| Gerry Hill           | Raymond Menard           | Jean-Paul Riopel      |
| Gerald Holmes        | Jane Merrick             | Gilles de la Rochelle |
| Anne-Marie Holowaty  | Nathan Miller            | Jill Ross             |
| Hannah Horowitz      | Bernard Morin            | Pierre Gil Saindon    |
| Elisabeth Horton     | Betty Morris             | Denys Saint-Denis     |
| Carol Ann Inglis     | Chester Morss            | Roger Samson          |
| Hugh Jones           | Didi Morton              | Rosario Sauriol       |
| George Kwasmiaik     | Janine Nadon             | Josephine Sheridan    |
| Terry LaBrosse       | Jane Needles             | Ron Singer            |
| Alayn LeMarche       | Pierre di Nerome         | Celine Smith          |
| J. Gilles LaFrance   | Tom Nutt                 | Rolande Soucy         |
| Raymonde La Marche   | Marcelle Ouellette       | Glav Sperling         |
| Theresa LaMer        | André Quimet             | Carolyn Strauss       |
| Louise LaPlante      | Richard Owen             | Michael Tabbitt       |
| Monique LaRose       | Michael Palmer           | David Thornton        |
| Lois Lawson          | Jacqueline Paradis       | Anna Trioano          |
| Georges Lebel        | Robert du Parc           | Sandra Unsworth       |
| Joseph LeClaire      | Michel Parent            | John Uren             |
| Gérard Lepine        | Annette Paris            | Suzanne Vermette      |
| Colette Letourneau   | Robert Patoine           | Denise Viens          |
| John Lewis           | Stewart Paul             | Alice Vonck           |
| Marilyn MacLean      | Jacques Pelletier        | Donald Walker         |
| Peter MacNeil        | Eric Perth               | Sarah Walker          |
| Susan Manger         | Jessica Peters           | Alan Wallis           |
| Louise-Anne Marchand | Maurice Phaneuf          | Sandra Walton         |
| Bondfield Marcoux    | Ellen Pierce             | Carole Woddis         |
| Benôit de Margerie   | Richard Pochinko         | Robert Young          |
| Esther Martel        | Charlotte Poulin         | Irene Zagdaj          |

## APPENDIX III

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### THE ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL MAY 5TH – OCTOBER 13TH, 1986 PRESENTATION LISTING

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*Location:* Queen Elizabeth Theatre

**Ballet Espagnol Antología, Madrid, Spain**—The Rondalla Lirica

Conception and Director: Jose Tamayo, Programme: *Antología de la Zarzuela* with special participation of Plácido Domingo

**Ballet Gala, Canada**—Artistic Advisor: David Y. H. Lui

**Les Grands Ballets Canadiens**—Programme: *Collisions*

Music/Conductor: Henry Kucharzyk, Choreographer: James Kudelka

**The National Ballet of Canada**—Programme: *Lost in Twilight*

Music: Per Norgard, Choreographer: Constantin Patsalas

Conductor: Ermanno Florio

**The Royal Winnipeg Ballet**—Programme: *Steps*,

Music: R. Murray Schafer, George Frideric Handel

Seven Key/Nivek Ogre, Choreographer: Brian Macdonald

**42nd Street, USA**—Programme: *42nd Street*, Music: Harry Warren

Lyrics: Al Dubin, Book: Michael Stewart & Mark Bramble

Director: Lucia Victor from the original by Gower Champion

Producer: David Merrick

**Kirov Ballet, USSR.**—Artistic Director: Oleg Vinogradov,

Director: Maxim Edouardovitch Krastin,

Programme: *Swan Lake*, Music: Tchaikovsky,

Choreographer: Oleg Vinogradov

Programme: *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin*, Music: Alexei Machavariani

Choreographer: Oleg Vinogradov

**National Theatre of Great Britain**—Director: Peter Hall

Programme: *Animal Farm*, based on book by George Orwell

Directors: Peter Hall/Alan Cohen

**The Royal Ballet, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Great Britain**—

Assistant Director: Paul Findley, Conductor: Ashley Lawrence

Vancouver Symphony Orchestra

Programme 1: *Romeo and Juliet*, Music: Sergei Prokofiev

Choreography: Kenneth MacMillan

Programme 2: *Le Baiser de la Fée*, Music: Igor Stravinsky

Choreographer: Frederick Ashton

*A Month in the Country*, Music: Frédéric Chopin,

Choreographer: Frederick Ashton, *Galanteries*, Music: Wolfgang

Amadeus Mozart, Choreographer: David Bintley

**The Charlottetown Festival, Canada**—Programme: *Anne of Green Gables*

Book: Donald Harron, Based on the novel *Anne of Green Gables* by

L.M. Montgomery, Music: Norman Campbell, Lyrics: Donald Harron

Mavor Moore, Norman Campbell, Elaine Campbell, Director and

choreographer: Alan Lund

**Vancouver Opera, Canada**—Artistic Director: Brian McMaster

General Manager: Beverly Trifonidus

Programme 1: Georges Bizet: *Carmen*, Conductor: Kees Bakels

Director: Lucian Pintilie, Set Designer: Radu Boruzescu, Costume

Designer: Miruna Boruzescu, Choreographer: Caroline Lamb

Chorus Director: Beverly Fyfe

Programme 2: Leoš Janáček: *From the House of the Dead*

Conductor: Martin André, Director: David Pountney, Set and Costume

Designer: Maria Bjornson, Chorus Director: Beverly Fyfe

—•—

*Location: Playhouse Theatre*

**Beijing People's Art Theater, China**—Programme: *Teahouse*,

Playwright: Lao She, Director: Jiao-Juy-yin/Xia Chun

**Dance in Canada**

**Paula Ross Dance Company**—Programme: *Mobile*, A collaborative concept  
by Paula Ross and Bodo Pfeiffer

EDAM—Programme: *Parade*, Concept and Director: Jennifer Mascall

**Toronto Dance Theatre**—Artistic Director: Kenny Pearly

Programme - *Goblin Market* Choreographer: Christopher House

Music: Ann Southam

**Jumpstart**—Programme: *It Sounded Like Cry*, Conceived and Directed by

Lee Eisler and Nelson Gray, Choreographer: Lee Eisler

**O Vertigo Dance**—Choreographer, Ginette Laurin

**Toho Company, Japan**—Producer: Tadao Nakane, Programme: *Medea*

Playwright: Euripides, Director: Yukio Ninagawa

**Royal Thai Ballet, Thailand**—Artistic Director: Seree Wangnaitam

Programme 1: *The Khon Drama, The Chui Chai Dance and Sri Nuan Dance*

Programme 2: *The Khon Drama, (Part 1 & 2)*

Programme 3: *Rabam Si Phak, The Kohn Drama (Episode 2)*

*Dance of the Nine Gems, Ram Mae Bot, Sri Nuan Dance, Manohra's*

*Dance of Sacrifice by Fire, Garuda Dance, Thai Martial Art*

Programme 4: *Prelude by the Thai Traditional Ensemble, Praleng Dance*

*Kridabhiniharn Dance, Nang Yai or Shadow Play, Thai Martial Art*

*Rabam Si Phak, Paying Homan to Nora Teacher's Dance*

*Manohra Dance of Sacrifice by Fire, Sat Chatri Dance, Finale*

**State Theatre of Heidelberg, Federal Republic of Germany**—Manager: Peter

Stolzenberg, Choreographic Theatre of Johann Kresnik, Artistic Director

and Choreographer: Johann Kresnik, Programme: *Sylvia Plath*

Music: Walter Haupt, Choreographer: Johann Kresnik

**Théâtre sans fil in collaboration with The National Arts Centre Theatre and****Nouvelle Compagnie Théâtrale, Canada**—Programme: *The Lord of the Rings*

Taken from the works of J.R.R. Tolkien, Adaptation: Claire Ranger

Jacques Trudeau, André Viens, Pierre Voyer, Director: André Viens

**Vancouver Playhouse, Canada**—Artistic Director: Walter Learning

Programme 1: *God's Not Finished With Us Yet*

Playwright: Sharon Pollock, Composer: Bruce Ruddell

Programme 2: *Paracelsus*, a musical, Updates the Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*

Playwright: George Ryga, Director: John Juliani

—•—  
*Location: Orpheum Theatre*

**Philadelphia Orchestra, USA**—Music Director and Conductor: Riccardo Muti

Artists: Murray W. Panitz, Richard Woodhams, Anthony M. Gigliotti

Nolan Miller, Bernard Garfield

**La Scala Di Milano, Italy**—General Director: Carlo Maria Badini,

Artistic Director: Cesare Mazzonis, Verdi: *Messa da Requiem*

Conductor: Lorin Maazel, Artists: Maria Chiara, Lucia Valentini,

Veriano Luchetti, Paul Plishka, Choir Conductor: Giulio Bertola

**L'Ensemble Vocal de Lausanne, Switzerland and Vancouver Chamber Choir****CBC Vancouver Orchestra, Canada**—Conductors: Jon Washburn, Canada

Michel Corboz, State Orchestra of USSR, Conductor: Evgeny Svetlanov

Artists: Natalia Gutman, cello: Oleg Kagan, violin

**The World Festival Closing Gala, Canada**—Vancouver Symphony Orchestra

Conductor: Theo Alcantara, Vancouver Bach Choir

Conductor: Bruce Pullan, Artist: Jessye Norman

**The World Festival Opening Gala, Canada**—Vancouver Symphony Orchestra

Conductor: Mario Bernardi, Programme: Alexina Louie,

Fanfare: *The Ringing Earth*, Ralph Vaughan Williams: *Ode to Music* and

arias sung by Luigi Alva, Peru; Rockwell Blake, USA; Elizabeth Bolton

Canada; Martha Collins, Canada; Miguel Cortez, Mexico; Stafford Dean

Great Britain; Maureen Forrester, Canada; Esther Hinds, Barbados

Hei-Kyung Hong, Korea; Makvala Kasrashvili, USSR.; Edith Mathis

Switzerland; Norbert Orth, Federal Republic of Germany; Louis Quilico

Canada; Roberto Scandiuizzi, Italy; Richard Stilwell, USA

Jocelyn Taillon, France; Delia Wallis, Great Britain

**Vancouver New Music Society, Canada**—Programme: Music: Steve Reich

*Clapping Music*, *Octet*, *Sextet*, *Tehillim*, Conductor: Owen Underhill

Artists: Steve Reich, Bob Becker, Joe Clayton, Melinda Coffey

Thomas Eckett, Salvador Ferreras, Violet Goosen, Russell Hartenberger

Beverly Johnson, Catherine Lewis, Arlie Thompson

**Vancouver Symphony, Canada**—Music Director: Rudolph Barshai

General Manager: Michael Allerton

Programme 1: Conductor: Rudolf Barshai

Artist: Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Soprano

Programme 2: Conductor: Rudolf Barshai,

Artist: Dame Janet Baker, Mezzo-Soprano;

Programme 3: Conductor: Kazuyoshi Akiyama,

Artist: Maurice André, Trumpet

Programme 4: Conductor: Gerard Schwarz,

Artists: Katia and Marielle Labèque, Duo-pianos, Vancouver Bach Choir

Programme 5: Conductor: Kazuyoshi Akiyama

Soloist: Maureen Forrester, contralto

Programme 6: Symphonidipity: A Concert for Earth, Peace and the

Future, Conductor: Peter McCoppin, Artists: The Canadian Electronic

Ensemble, Larry Lake, James Montgomery, David Jaeger

Programme 7: Conductor: Christopher Seamans, Ivo Pogorelich, pianist

*Location:* Throughout the Expo Site for ten days

**World Drum Festival**—Artistic Director: John Wyre, Assistant Artistic Director:

Sal Ferreras, Canada, Artists: Abraham Adzinyah, USA; Batucaje (10)\*

USA, John Bergamo, USA; Bomas (4), Kenya; Dene Drummers (7)  
 N.W.T, Canada; Dou Dou Rose Ensemble (6), Senegal; Steve Gadd  
 USA; Harmonites International Steel Orchestra (22), Antigua  
 Hong Kong Dragon Boats (132), Indonesian Gamelan (30)  
 Inuit Drummers (4), NWT, Canada; Ken Isles, St. Vincent, Kan Sun  
 Young Dance Troupe (1), Korea; Lapo Kabwit (5), St. Lucia  
 Les Compagnons d'Akati (16), Côte d'Ivoire; Los Papines (4), Cuba;  
 Naqara and Dholak Drummers (8) Pakistan; Nexus with  
 Sharda Sahai (5) Canada

*Location: Expo Theatre*

**Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal, Canada**—Music Director and Conductor:

Charles Dutoit, Artists: Angela Hewitt, piano; Nigel Kennedy, violin

**World Drum Festival Finale:** Artistic Director: John Wyre

Assistant Artistic Director: Sal Ferreras

Programme: *Corridos Mexicanos, Serenade of Long Ago, Old Sound, Veracruz (Celebration of the Branch), Chipas, Guerrero, Jalisco*

Part 1: Introduction, Intuit Drummers, Dene Drummers

African Ensemble: Abraham Adzinyah, Les Compagnons d'Akati,

Dou Dou Rose Ensemble: Themba Tana, Bomas of Kenya

Part 2: Queen's Lancashire Regiment Drum Corps, Steve Gadd, Samulnori, Indonesian Gamelan, Nexus

Part 3: Caribbean Carnival: Los Papines, Batucaje, Lapo Kabwit, The Harmonites International Steel Orchestra

Part 4: Naqara and Dholok Drummers, Orero Georgian Drummers and Dancers, The Harmonites International Steel Orchestra, Themba Tana, Glen Velez, John Bergama, Nexus, Sharda Sahai and Trichy Sankaran

Part 5: Finale, From tablas, to talking drums, bronze gongs to silver bells jazz ensembles to Javanese gamelans

Ballet Folklorico de la Universidad de Guadalajara, Director General and Choreographer: Prof. Carlos E. Ochoa, Mexico

Orero Georgian Drummers and Dancers (18), USSR.; Queen's

Lancashire Regiment Drum Corps (7), Britain; Sharda, Sahai, India

Sal Ferreras, Canada, Samulnori (4), Korea; Trichy Sankaran, Canada

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\*( ) indicates number of performers

Siamese Ensemble (10), Thailand; Themba Tana, Canada  
 Thai Drummers (24), Thailand; Glen Velez, USA

*Location:* Plaza of Nations

**Urban Sax, France**—Artistic Director: Gilbert Artman,  
 Producer: Pierre Guy Merlin,  
 Programme: Seventy saxophone players from France with the assistance  
 of Spirit Song Society, Native British Columbia drummers  
 Mountaineers: Outward Bound Federation of Mountain Clubs of B.C.  
 Simon Fraser University Pipe Band, Maple Leaf Singers, George Gillis  
 Chorus-master: Maple Ridge Choral Society, Robin Thomas  
 Chorus-master Dancers: Pacific Motion Dance Company

*Location:* Xerox International Theatre

**Indonesian Dance, Indonesia**—Choreographic advisor: Sardono Kusumo  
 Programme: Legong Keraton, Kecak, Barong

*Location:* Canadian Pavilion

**Carbone 14: Canada**—Programme: *Le Rail*, Author, Stage Director and  
 Set Designer: Gilles Maheu, Necessary Angel Theatre Company  
 Programme: *Mein*, Created by: Stewart Arnott, Ines Buchli  
 Mark Christmann, Dorian Clark, Denis Fores, Maggie Huculak  
 Tanja Jacobs, Susan McKenzie and Richard Rose  
 Director: Richard Rose, Tarragon Theatre, Canada  
 Programme: *Albertine, In Five Times*, Playwright: Michel Tremblay  
 Translated by: John Van Burek and Bill Glassco, Director: Bill Glassco

*Location:* Pacific Coliseum (transformed into an “opera house”)

**La Scala di Milano, Italy**—General Director: Carlo Maria Badini  
 Artistic Director: Cesare Mazzonis, Italy  
 Programme: Verdi: *I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata*, Coordinator



and Orchestra Director: Gianandrea Gavazzeni  
Choir Conductor: Giulio Bertola, Production by: Gabriele Lavia  
Staged by: Antonello Madau Diaz, Scenery by: Giovanni Agostinucci  
Costumes by: Andrea Viotti, Surttitle translation by: Sonya Haddad  
Artists: Cosima Arnone, Maria Chiara, Elizabeth Connell, Francesca Garbi, Yasuko Hayashi, Monica Tagliasacchi, Lucia Valentini Terrani  
Nella Verri, Bruno Beccaria, Aldo Bramante, Paata Burchuladze  
Redento Comacchio, Francesco Ellero D'Artegna, Ezio Di Cesare  
Veriano Luchetti, Paul Plishka, Saverio Porzano, Luigi Roni, Paolo Sonson

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*Location:* West End Community Centre:  
Ice Rink (transformed into the Outback of Australia)

**The Playhouse Company, Australia**—in association with the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, Administrator: Wendy Blacklock  
Programme: *No Sugar*, Playwright: Jack Davis, Director: Andrew Ross

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*Location:* Vancouver Aquarium

**Vancouver Bach Choir, CBC and Rhombus Media, Canada**—  
Conductor: Bruce Pullan, Artists: Judith Forst, Mark Petrotti  
narrator: Knowlton Nash, members of the Vancouver  
Symphony Orchestra

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*Location:* Playhouse Theatre Rehearsal Hall

**Artcetra**—Gathering of the Royal Bank/Expo 86 World Festival artists and experts the morning following an opening night of an attraction  
Sponsored by: Jacob Suchard and Nabob Coffee.

*See Appendix V for photos of some Artcetra gatherings*

## APPENDIX IV

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### THE ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL STAFF

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <i>Producer:</i>                             | Ann Farris Darling                            |
| <i>Assistant Producer:</i>                   | Sue Harvey                                    |
| <i>Assistant to the Producer-Finance:</i>    | Renee Paris                                   |
| <i>Supervisor-Technical:</i>                 | Don Finlayson                                 |
| <i>Supervisor-Production:</i>                | Jeff Herd                                     |
| <i>Assistant Supervisor-Production:</i>      | Lesley MacMillan                              |
| <i>Assistant Supervisor-Production:</i>      | Paddy McEntee                                 |
| <i>House Coordinator:</i>                    | Tim Davisson                                  |
| <i>Assistant:</i>                            | Paris Simon                                   |
| <i>Secretary:</i>                            | Emilia Wagner                                 |
| <i>Clerk Typist:</i>                         | Diana Anderson                                |
| <br>   |   |
| <i>Manager-World Festival Sales:</i>         | Susan Mathieson                               |
| <i>Publicity/Promotions Coordinator:</i>     | Doug Hughes                                   |
| <i>Writer-Entertainment:</i>                 | Richard Forzley                               |
| <i>Secretary:</i>                            | Wendy Massie                                  |
| <br>   |   |
| <i>Volunteer Hospitality Co-Chairperson:</i> | Tani McNair                                   |
| <i>Volunteer Hospitality Co-Chairperson:</i> | Nicola Simpkins                               |
| <br>   |   |
| <i>Consultants-La Scala</i>                  |   |
| <i>Executive Project Manager:</i>            | Frank Brannen                                 |
| <i>Acoustician:</i>                          | Larry Kierkegaard                             |
| <i>Aesthetic Considerations:</i>             | Len Auerbach, Jack Suesse                     |
| <i>Coliseum Lobby Designer:</i>              | David Youngson                                |
| <i>Sound Designer:</i>                       | Roger Gans                                    |
| <i>Surtitles:</i>                            | Sonya Haddad                                  |
| <i>Technical Installation:</i>               | FM Productions:<br>Ed Stewart, David Prothero |

ENTERTAINMENT DIVISION  
STAFF SUPPORTING THE WORLD FESTIVAL ACTIVITIES

|  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| <i>VP of Entertainment:</i>                  | Hamilton McClymont                   |
| <i>Manager-Contracts:</i>                    | James Conrad                         |
| <i>Manager-Finance:</i>                      | John McLaughlin                      |
| <i>Director-Marketing and Entertainment:</i> | Jeff McNair<br>(until January, 1986) |

*Entertainment Services*

|                                   |                      |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>Manager:</i>                   | Misha Tarasoff       |
| <i>Assistant Manager:</i>         | Paul Shaw            |
| <i>Supervisor-Transportation:</i> | Mark Porteous        |
| <i>Airport Coordinator:</i>       | Diane Marcoux        |
| <i>Supervisor-Accommodation:</i>  | Angela Hyde-Courtney |

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| <i>Stage Manager and Transportation:</i> | Carl Scott |
|--|------------|

|                              |              |
|------------------------------|--------------|
| <i>Supervisor-Festivals:</i> | Hugh Wakeham |
| <i>Stage Manager:</i>        | Marti Kulich |

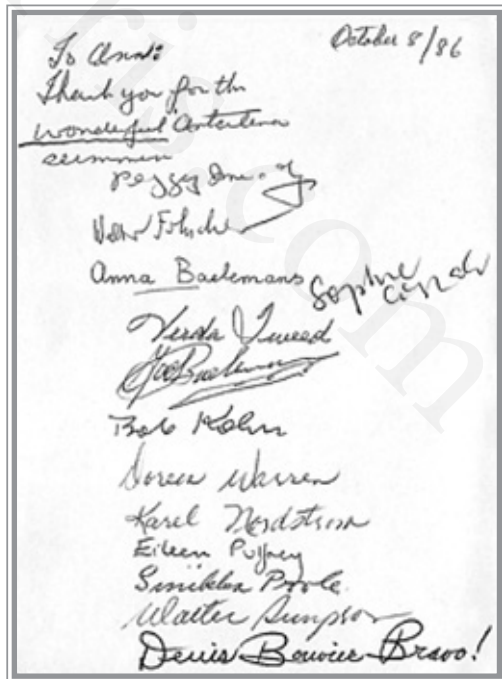
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|--|-------------|
| <i>Attractions Producer:</i>           | Paul Mercks |
| <i>On-Site Entertainment Producer:</i> | Nancy Boake |

|                                       |              |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| <i>Finance:</i>                       | Terry Wright |
| <i>Director/Vice President-Legal:</i> | Russ Anthony |

## APPENDIX V

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These photos were taken during *Artcetra*, an event that took place at 11 a.m. the morning after every Opening Night of an attraction. I, Ann Farris Darling (AFD), hosted representatives of the previous night's production. The conversations varied greatly. I began the discussions with questions about their attraction. And, the audience was invited to participate by asking questions. Quite quickly we had a dedicated corps of followers, about twelve, who were interested in all the World Festival attractions. Sometimes, the audience numbered fifty and more. Unbeknownst to me, one of our loyal followers took photos of most of the events and gave me a scrap book with these photos at the last *Artcetra*. I was deeply touched and am now glad to share her work with you.



## THE ROYAL BALLET



SIR KENNETH MACMILLAN, PRINCIPAL CHOREOGRAPHER; AFD;  
DAVID BENTLEY, DANCER; CHOREOGRAPHER, ANTHONY RUSSELL



AFD; STEPHEN JEFFERIES, DANCER; PAUL FINDLAY, ASSISTANT MANAGER



NORMAN MORRICE, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR; MONICA MASON, PRINCIPAL REPETITEUR;  
ANTHONY RUSSELL-ROBERTS, ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTOR; SIR JOHN TOOLEY, GENERAL DIRECTOR



VANCOUVER SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
DOUG HUGHES; CHRISTOPHER SEAMAN, CONDUCTOR; AFD



VANCOUVER PLAYHOUSE THEATRE COMPANY, *PARACELSDUS*  
GEORGE RYGA, PLAYWRIGHT; AFD; JOHN JULIANI, DIRECTOR



### URBAN SAX

GILLES YEPREMIAN, GENERAL MANAGER; J. MARIE PROUVEZ, LIGHTING DIRECTOR;  
GILBERT ARTMAN, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR; INTERPRETER



### PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

FRANCK KADERABEK, PRINCIPAL TRUMPET; AFD; WILLIAM SMITH, ASSOCIATE CONDUCTOR;  
SIDNEY CURTISS, VIOLA; PR LADY



NECESSARY ANGEL THEATER COMPANY, *MEIN*  
TANYA JACOBS; BRUCE VAVRINA; RICHARD ROSE, DIRECTOR; AFD



NECESSARY ANGEL THEATER COMPANY, *MEIN*  
AFD; MICEL FISH; STEWART ARNOTT; MARK CHRISTMANN





OPENING GALA  
MAUREEN FORRESTER; AFD



STATE THEATRE OF HEIDELBERG, *SYLVIA PLATH*  
JOHANN KRESNIK, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR & CHOREOGRAPHER; AFD AND  
WALTER HAUPT, CONDUCTOR



### BALLET GALA: PRODUCED BY DAVID Y.H. LUI

*DANCE IN CANADA*, PAULA ROSS; *JENNIFER MASCALL*; *EDAM*, INTERPRETER;  
GENETTE LAURIN; *O VERTIGO DANCE*, AFD



### BALLET GALA

CATHY TAYLOR, ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET; JAMES KUDELKA, *LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENES DE MONTREAL*; HENRY KUCHARZYI, COMPOSER; DAVID Y. H LUI, PRODUCER OF BALLET GALA



*42ND STREET*

AFD; JILL, CAST MEMBER; WILLARD SCHAFFAR, PRODUCTION ELECTRICIAN



*ANNE OF GREEN GABLES*

TRACEY MOORE; TERRY DOYLE; GLENDA LANDRY; AFD



ROYAL THAI BALLET ARTISTS



MONTREAL SYMPHONY

CHARLES DETOIT, CONDUCTOR; ZARIN MEHTA, MANAGING DIRECTOR; AFD



CARBONNE 14: *LE RAIL*  
JOANNE MADERE; AFD; LORNE BRASS



LA SCALA  
ANTONELLA MADUA DIAZ, STAGE DIRECTOR; GIANANDREA GAVAZZINI, CONDUCTOR;  
INTERPRETER, AFD



### KIROV BALLET

OLEG VINOGRADOV, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR; INTERPRETER; MINISTER OF CULTURE



### KIROV BALLET

TEIWURAZ MURVANIDZE, SET DESIGNER; AFD



MOSCOW SYMPHONY

AFD; YEVGENI SVETLANOV; MRS.SVETLANOV; VLADOMIR SOKOLOV, PRINCIPAL CLARINETIST;  
VALERI POPOF, PRINCIPAL BASSONIST



VANCOUVER PLAYHOUSE THEATRE COMPANY:

*ALBERTINE IN FIVE TIMES*

SUSAN COYNE; JOY COGHILL; AFD; CLARE COULTER





BALLET FOLKLORICOLE UNIVERSIDADDE GUADALAJARA

LETITA TRUJELLO CABRAL; JOSE MANUEL FLOREZ; MUNGIUA LUPITA



BALLET FOLKLORICOLE UNIVERSIDADDE GUADALAJARA

LIC DORA GARCIA PEREZ; HEAD OFFICIAL; INTERPRETER; AFD





THE ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL, ARTCETRA. TROUPE AND ARTISTS UNNAMED



THE ROYAL BANK/EXPO 86 WORLD FESTIVAL, ARTCETRA. TROUPE AND ARTISTS UNNAMED



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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**A**NN FARRIS WAS BORN IN 1937, educated at Crofton House School in Vancouver. B.C., University of British Columbia (BA) and Yale University, School of Drama (MFA). Her career in the theatre began with Theatre Under the Stars in Vancouver. She worked as a Production and Stage Manager with the Vancouver International Festival, and the Canadian Opera Company.

She moved to the international arena through her involvement with the 1967 World Exposition in Montreal where she was Head of Production for the Theatre Division of the World Festival. This opportunity opened her door to working with La Scala, Vienna State Opera, Bolshoi Opera and many more attractions in opera, theatre, dance and popular entertainment.

Her opera career continued at the San Francisco Opera with Kurt Herbert Adler, General Director. Later she took on the challenge of evolving Opera America, a voice for professional opera in the United States and Canada. Subsequently, she became Director of the Opera-Musical Theater Program at the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington, DC.

In 1986, another world exposition intrigued her, and she became Producer of the World Festival for the 1986 World Exposition in Vancouver, BC. The five and half month festival embraced thirty attractions with sixty-five opening nights.

In mid-life Ann learned she is dyslexic and later hyperlexic. She refocused her life to explore these conditions, an activity that lead her to a spiritual path, non-religious, and a commitment to understanding herself in the greater scheme of life. She founded Global Art and Business providing long range planning and administrative transformations services to non-profit arts organizations.

In the last ten years Ann returned to the San Francisco Opera as a volunteer and then as staff, spearheading the beginning of the Opera's Archives.

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#### AWARDS

*Alumni 75th Anniversary Award: University of British Columbia*

*American Society of Training and Development:*

*Professional Excellence Award*

*Volunteer of the Year Award: San Francisco Opera*

*Lifetime Achievement Award: Crofton House School*

