Part 2
Telling/Dancing Our Stories Ourselves: Introducing Denise’s Story

Chapter 3: Transitions 1

“Every true dancer has a peculiar arrest of movement, an intensity of attention which animates his whole being. It may be called Spirit, or Dramatic Intensity, or Imagination, any word that explains why he does what he does.” (Martha Graham, 1980)

Lit by her spotlight, Suzanne is standing, centre stage.

She begins: “As a formally trained ballet dancer, Denise’s narrative (developed and written throughout 2015 and spring 2016), recalls in considerable detail, her memories of dancing with Fay Simpson. Denise’s stories are an invaluable part of the book/play/dance of memories, for many reasons. As far as I know, Denise is the only one from her dance class who travelled to England to pursue her training as a classical dancer and teacher. After completing her training, Denise returned to Jamaica to take an active role in teaching dance and working with some of the leaders in dance. In spring 1972, Denise danced the lead role in Fay Simpson’s version of Giselle, performed at the Ward Theatre. Generally, Denise’s stories are concise and very witty. They are integral because of the levels of specificity as a trained dancer that she brings to the book…”

Suzanne is about to continue when the three students, Misses Elizabeth, Thomasina, and Kathleen Cassandra, lit by their individual spotlights, taking flying, grande jetés and entering from both sides of the wings, run onto the stage. They shout:

“Miss, Miss. Stop, Stop, Stop, Stop, Right now!”

Suzanne pauses in shock.

Elizabeth says excitedly: “Big news. Guess what’s happening? Giselle (Denise) has just arrived at the door of the backstage…”

Thomasina interjects: “We pushed open the door, despite being told not to do so, just to see who was banging it down. We saw her standing right there, in front of us, dressed in her Toronto clothes. She looked really upset.”

Kathleen Cassandra explains: “Right now she is struggling to come into the theatre with her massive trunk with all of her fantastic costumes, from long ago. Her adult son and one of his friends are lugging her trunk for her. All three have come for tonight’s performance of ‘Tributes’!”

Elizabeth continues: “We hear that her flight was delayed in Toronto for several hours, because of bad weather. Then again, another flight to Kingston was delayed and she has been stranded at the Montego Bay airport for hours!”

Thomasina: “Better late than never. Well, she is here, now.”
**Kathleen Cassandra cannot suppress her excitement and shouts:** “We want to hear her tell her stories, now!”

Blackout conditions. Suzanne leaves the stage. The three students remain on stage.

The audience hears sounds of two young men, swearing in Canadian English and the shuffling of feet. There is a very loud shout, as a young man trips over the electrical wires which block, partially, the entrance to the wings. Finally, everyone hears sounds of a heavy trunk being dumped, unceremoniously, onto the stage, at the back of the stage, in front of the backdrop curtain. Everyone hears the clumsy, shuffling of feet as they exit the stage.

Lights up. Dim spotlights focus on the three students, who are standing around the trunk, with backs to the audience.

**Suzanne** now wearing her black toe shoes and still wearing her earlier costume, enters briskly from stage right. Doing a ballet dancer’s fast walk, en pointe, then a few twinkling, smooth bourrées, she moves rapidly to centre stage. As she is moving, she is followed by **Denise Desnoes**.

**Denise** is wearing leotards and tights under her flowing Toronto street clothes. As she enters the stage, she kicks off her shoes, quickly puts on her toe shoes, and expertly ties the ribbons. Denise moves to the large open trunk, from which ballet and costumes from several Santa Claus Parades appear to flow, as if, by magic. It appears too, as if, the number of costumes, headdresses and props, keeps coming from a continuous supply. Denise has danced with Mrs. Simpson for a good number of years. In a pensive manner, Denise walks slowly, towards the centre stage, her arms laden with costumes. The costumes have been lovingly preserved over the years, and today reside in her trunk, in the basement of her home in Ontario, Canada. She holds up each costume (which dances on its own, and appears suspended in mid-air). She begins with the fantastic long tutu worn in Giselle. Denise smiles with nostalgia, as she retrieves each costume, and places it on the floor. She starts by placing the Giselle costume down first, accompanied with its gleaming crown. Then she lays the costumes down in reverse chronological sequence.

While Denise is laying down the costumes, Elizabeth, Thomasina, and Kathleen Cassandra, who have been kneeling, busily rummaging in Denise’s truck, and admiring the costumes by holding them aloft in dramatic ways, now stand, independently. They gather up armfuls of the costumes, putting on bits and pieces. Still independently, they approach Denise. They are absolutely laden with costumes. Since the costumes are magic, as in an animated movie, some are held high overhead, and some remain suspended in mid-air.

Elizabeth, Thomasina, and Kathleen Cassandra stand beside Denise, in a half-moon, facing the audience. The three young students beam like little stars, as they hold up their samples of Denise’s beloved costumes. They put the costumes on the floor in small bundles. When Denise reads aloud, from her script, about a specific ballet, they hold up the matching costumes for the ballet in question.

Denise moves towards the audience. Suzanne steps backwards, and stands to Denise’s left. (Suzanne’s spotlight diminishes to a soft glow. A major spotlight now illuminates Denise). As she flips through the pages of her script, she speaks quietly, about learning her role as Giselle, the rehearsals, the performance and the ballet itself. As she tells her story, the spotlight illuminates her, sometimes more intensely, with warm, tropical lights, at other times with softer lights.
Chapter 4: Born to Dance

Denise begins in a quiet, firm voice: “Tonight, I reminisce about the role of dance in my life. As a professionally trained dancer and teacher, I became an active participant in the evolving dance movement in Jamaica which emerged in the 1970s. Some of my dance story was recaptured in a series of emails, which I wrote to Cecille, throughout 2015 to early in 2016. As we revisited the past, I realized the wealth of memories buried with time.

The Fay Simpson School of Dance performed bi-annual concerts, usually at The Little Theatre on Tom Redcam Avenue. I remember that the first half of each programme would comprise a simplified ballet for the younger students, followed by an original shorter work. The evening’s performance culminated in a ‘full-length’ adapted or original, work danced by the senior students.”

Flashback 1: Remembering the Simpson Giselle Ballet

“I begin with my memories of the ballet, Giselle, perhaps, the most significant role I danced for Fay Simpson. What do I recall of ‘Giselle’?

The peasant dress that I wore for the first act…full white skirt and red bodice with puffed sleeves. I loved that costume. I felt as though I started to transform into that happy young village girl. (See photograph). I wonder now if the other dancers felt the same about theirs.

Act 1 involved a lot of acting. There was little dancing ‘en pointe’ which, I think, lent to the ‘earthiness’ of a village scene and its lowly inhabitants.

Once I had learned the choreography, the muscles took over. I did not have to think about remembering steps. It was then more about involving the audience, with the emotions, of the story. The cheer and light heartedness in the company of fellow villagers, the happiness of falling in love and the devastation and heartbreak of betrayal that lead to tragedy.

I think it provided us all a real challenge. I remember being coaxed by Mrs. Simpson on being the ‘Giselle’ who was in love. That should not have been so hard, as I was partnered by the handsome Neil Sommers - an eloquent dancer. I believe, at the time, he was one of the few ballet trained male dancers in Jamaica. (See photographs).

In the ballet’s renowned ‘mad scene’ when Hilarion reveals Albrecht’s deceit, I recall the dramatic interaction between Giselle and her fellow villagers. I remember Giselle’s repetition of dances as she reminisces about happier times, with Albrecht. Her overwhelming grief leads to her insanity and death. As the villagers look on in horror, Giselle plunges a sword into her chest. (That took a lot of practice). A remorseful Albrecht runs to where she lies and Act 1 ends as Albrecht embraces Giselle’s lifeless form.

I was to learn from my mother that by the end of the first act that there were some audible sniffles from the audience. Our helper, dear Miss Pearl, was in tears… ‘She really dead Mam’?
In Act II, I actually felt like a different entity. I think the full-length white tutus we wore and the dancing, all ‘en pointe’, provided a magical ethereality. I recall a feeling of ‘floatiness’. The romanticism of this Act was achieved, I think, before we danced a step.

In this Act, Albrecht seeks out Giselle’s grave. (See photograph). She, now in the spirit-like form of a Wilis, has to save him from being danced to death by the Wilis, led by their Queen, the very able Norma Shim Quee. I hope she continued to dance.

I did have a favourite solo in Act II. It was the one in which Giselle pleaded for Albrecht. I was particularly drawn to that piece of music and still recall some of the steps. (See photograph).

I wait with bated breath and beating heart for the overture to end.

The audience falls silent, the curtain rises and an animated Giselle runs on stage to summon her friends to dance.”

**Flashback 2: Memories of Giselle, continued**

**Going home to dance:** “On my return to Jamaica, I resumed classes with Mrs. Simpson. I embraced the more relaxed atmosphere and the sense of self it allowed. The years of a strict Cecchetti regime had left little time for artistic opportunity. Some years later I was to learn, from my good friend Lynda (Mrs. Simpson’s daughter), that her mother was ‘heartbroken’ on my return as my dancing was technique-bound and I guess, lacking in artistry or style.

So, did Mrs. Simpson see me as a project when she asked me to dance the role of Giselle? I do not know. I do know that I was thrilled at the prospect and could not wait to get started.

1972 marked the 21st anniversary of the Fay Simpson School of Dance. The programme for the occasion would comprise an adaptation of ‘Cinderella’, choreographed by Mrs. Simpson, to be performed by the younger students; ‘Contrast’ - a new work by Mrs. Simpson - and an adaptation of ‘Giselle’, also choreographed by Mrs. Simpson, to be performed by the senior students.

I recall the months we spent in the studio, learning the choreography, as a happy time in an atmosphere of camaraderie and friendship. I enjoyed a freedom of expression in my dancing which had, for so long, been absent.

One of Mrs. Simpson’s greatest talents was her choreography. I believe that it was due to her love of, and brilliance, at interpreting music. She provided the dancer with what best suited her ‘instrument’. Were we aware of this at that time? I think that there are many things we only fully understand and appreciate, after spending some time ‘in life’, and then we ‘get it’.

Mrs. Simpson invited Neil Sommers, who I believe later joined the NDTC, to dance the role of Prince Albrecht. Michele Mowatt gave of herself in the male role of Hilarion (she handled a sword pretty well), and Norma Shim Quee was Queen of the Wilis. How graceful Norma was as the Queen. A lovely dancer.
A dancer who still brings a smile to my face is the sassy Jennifer Knight, who performed the jazz section of Mrs. Simpson’s ballet, ‘Contrast’. Such a personality, frequently on the verge of a giggle. I wonder where she is now.”

Dancing at the Ward Theatre: “When we moved from the familiarity of the ‘school room’ to the Ward Theatre, things became a lot more serious. Our excitement was tempered by a tension not experienced before then. The steps we had learned now had to be performed and stories had to be brought to life on the stage of the prestigious Ward Theatre.

I can still hear the words of my teacher…‘you are not Denise Hall, you are Giselle!’ This was a different Mrs. Simpson and we had a vision to fulfill!

The industry of the lighting, music and stage personnel (mostly family members), and the bustle of the various helpers with make-up and costumes, made it a magical time.

It was not all smooth sailing though. There were moments of anger, disappointment and frustration, before all was made ‘right and ready’ for the curtain to rise, on opening night. In my future endeavours [in dance], I was to have a better understanding of the emotions brought about by Mrs. Simpson’s vision of the ballet and the responsibility of bringing that vision to fruition.”

Flashback 3: Getting to Giselle via the Scenic Route

“I am working up to ‘Giselle’. Before I do, I wish to revisit some of the earlier ballets. When I think back to some of Mrs. Simpson’s choreographic works, I realize how relevant and timeless they were.

There was a Youth Series which dealt with issues such as esteem, rejection, compassion, friendship and, indeed, what would now be termed ‘bullying’. All issues, in the ballet, would be just as relevant today. In the first Youth Series, I believe that I performed with Jackie White and Cecille Harriott, in one of the pieces that depicted three school girls, their respective cliques, and how they resolved issues which arose from their differing personalities.

The original works that I was fortunate to perform were as follows:

- **The White Witch** (based on the Jamaican story of Annie Palmer of Rosehall);
- **The Three Mary’s** (a biblical work) and, the aforementioned,
- **Youth Series**.

All showed the diversity of Mrs. Simpson’s repertoire.

Then there were the classics. Many performed, before my time, with Mrs. Simpson which I shall leave others to reminisce. I do recall though, **Coppélia** - the unforgettable performances by Pansy Hassan and Sydney Burke and… **Giselle**. It is regrettable that we didn’t have access to video recordings, at that time. There was much that should have been recorded because videos of the ballets would have been a rich legacy.

In 1967, my father was invited to teach for a year at the University of Exeter in England. During that year, I continued classes with a local ballet studio, assisted with teaching and performed in
local amateur productions. It was during this time, that I began to consider professional training. Buoyed by the encouragement of my teacher and the memory of Mrs. Simpson’s earlier note to my father, ‘…she has great potential as a dancer’, when my family returned home, I remained. (In retrospect, during my teen years, attendance to class became somewhat irregular, hence Mrs. Simpson’s note to my father). By the year’s end, I had decided to stay in England.

I was auditioned and accepted by a Cecchetti ‘technician’ in London - a seventy-eight year old former member of the Diaghilev Ballet Russe with a back as straight as a rod, and a ‘turn-out’ to die for. For the next two years, I would attend two or three classes a day, Monday to Friday, and one on Saturday mornings.

In 1970 I returned home.”

**Flashback 4: Dancing at 11 Hope Road**

“Between the end of regular school and the beginning of dance class, one could hear the familiar sound of desks and chairs being moved in the school and piled away, to the side, to make way for the dance floor. As we waited for our class to begin, we would chat in hushed tones as Mrs. Simpson was quite strict. Sometimes, she would emerge onto the verandah of her home to reprimand us. Cars would begin to circle in front of the school to drop off students.

At the sound of Mrs. Simpson making her way across to the school, with her stack of long playing records in hand, a silence would descend. She welcomed us warmly. I recall a feeling of excited anticipation as I awaited our class, mixed in the earlier days, with a measure of apprehension which was soon put to rest by Mrs. Simpson’s gentle teaching style.

Class started at the barre where we would be put through our paces - plies, tendus, grand battement, rond de jambe, etc. - first on the right, then turn and on the left. In the early days, we would be accompanied on piano by Mrs. Simpson’s older sister, Gloria Cumper.

Then to the centre for more exercises - port de bras, adage, sautés, etc. All the time Mrs. Simpson gently making adjustments where needed to our positions, or posture, and demonstrating with such grace the way it should be done.

My favourite part of the class was what followed. Mrs. Simpson would move across to the record player, and after a few scratchy sounds of the needle, finding the desired track, the beautiful sound of ‘record music’- as I used to think of it - would fill the studio and Mrs. Simpson would demonstrate the sequence that we would learn that day.

Mrs. Simpson was not a small woman nor did she have the typical physique that one might associate with classical ballet. She had probably the broadest hips I had ever seen which rolled from side to side when she walked. Because she always seemed to move at the same pace (I don’t recall ever seeing her hurry), it was as though her hips were keeping time - rather like the pendulum of a clock. But as the ‘record music’ played, to me, she became the most graceful being to behold. It was here that her passion shone through as she lost herself in the music and was, for a few brief moments, transported to another place. And then it was our turn.

The class would usually end with movement across the floor. While you awaited your turn, you were expected to practice ‘in the corner’ and Mrs. Simpson did not look kindly on anyone using
any of this time for chatter. The class would close with a respectful curtsey between us - our teacher and her aspiring dancers.

I loved to watch classes for older students which would follow ours. I remember hoping and being impatient to be like them: with the dainty hand movements of Monica Ingleton; the stature of Pansy Hassan (Coppélia); the acting ability of Sydney Burke (the puppet master in Coppélia); the lyrical style of Hope Bent, partnered by the handsome Maurice Gray - surely they were in love, I would think; the technical strength of fiery Christine Anderson (White Witch) - just some of the many dancers inspired by our teacher, who would in turn, inspire me.”

Flashback 5: Learning modern and jazz dance

“At some point in time, we were introduced to Neville Black, a Jamaican dancer/choreographer, who had returned to Jamaica after many years abroad, mostly in Chicago I believe. His teaching was deeply influenced by the likes of Charles Weidman, Doris Humphrey, Mercier ‘Merce’ Cunningham and Martha Graham - some of the pioneers of American modern dance.

At the invitation of Mrs. Simpson, we were soon ‘contracting and releasing’, and enjoying the floor work and distortions of modern dance in Mr. Black’s classes. Their respective teaching and choreographic styles, mutual artistic generosity and a shared insistence on discipline, gave us the very best experiences in dance. We were so fortunate.

Mr. Black’s teaching style: Mr. Black used to count -- 1 2 3 - 2 2 3 - 3 2 3 - 4 2 3 -- I remember this specifically doing ‘triplets’ going across the floor.

If he was choreographing, it used to be -- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 - 2 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 - 3 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 - 4 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 (he would be counting not only the number of beats but also the bars).

He frequently used the term ‘yam foot’ to anyone whose foot was not pointed or flexed, appropriately. Also, he would say ‘no dahling’ if you weren’t getting something right.”

Flashback 6: The Giselle ballet program in 1972

“As I mentioned earlier, in 1972, the program was “Cinderella”, “Contrast” (an original Simpson classical/jazz work performed by Jennifer Knight and myself), and Giselle. The show took place at the Ward Theatre in Kingston.

Mrs. Simpson didn’t only create choreography for simplified versions of some of the well-known classical ballets, she also created her own works - The White Witch and The Three Mary’s come to mind, as well as numerous shorter works incorporating classical and jazz.”

Flashback 7: Mr. Black’s and Mrs. Simpson’s artistic collaboration

“A memory I have which illustrates the spirit in which Mrs. Simpson and Neville Black worked together - in preparation for the Youth Series, Part 1, in the late 1960s, Neville used some of Bach’s fugues to choreograph a series of short works. One of those pieces was the duet for Jackie White and himself. However, another of the pieces was particularly fast. Maybe, having
left it till the last dance to be choreographed, he had a choreographic ‘block’. He asked Mrs.
Simpson to work on it and to take credit in the program. Mrs. Simpson choreographed a solo,
delightfully performed by Norma Shim Quee. Neville was credited in the program.”

**Flashback 8: Getting ready for the shows**

“As performance time drew near, we would be fitted for our costumes - beautiful ballroom
dresses in a variety of colours, peasant dresses, tutus, colourful leotards and tights and numerous
character costumes.

My memory of the White Rabbit, in Alice in Wonderland (with Beth Donaldson?), has been an
enduring one. What a wonderful character performer she was.

The talents of various family members were utilized at this time. As I recall, Mrs. Simpson’s
husband (Gordon) assisted with props and backdrops.

Her brother (Dr. Reginald Carpenter) took on responsibility for the music and his wife (Kathy)
assisted with make-up along with Mrs. Simpson’s sister, Gloria Cumper.

Outside of family, Mr. George Carter provided lighting and his wife (Celia) worked the box-
office.

Other constants were of a tall gentle man who I believe was the stage manager, known to us as
‘Phillip’, who seemed to be in charge of other stage crew. As well, there was a photographer -a
slightly built gentleman who rode a bicycle…maybe someone will remember his name.

Once inside the theatre for rehearsals, I recall a level of contained excitement and anticipation.
The discipline of the studio followed us into the theatre and there were some challenging times
as we did our best to fulfill our teacher’s vision. I now have a better understanding of her
passion which at times, to some of us who experienced her displeasure, made her appear harsh.
But we were so young then. From the Gleaner reviews written by the likes of the seasoned critic
of the day, Harry Milner, I think we did her proud.”

**Flashback 9: Meeting Mrs. Simpson**

“As youngsters, we used to spend a lot of time sitting in a guava tree that hung over our fence
into the Cumper’s backyard. Gloria Cumper was Mrs. Simpson’s older sister. My younger sister
and I were friends with the two older Cumper children, Margaret and Pat. From time to time,
Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and their children, Lynda, Laura and Bobby, visited their relatives and we
would all play (usually hide and seek) in the Cumper’s well-treed garden. So it was at the
Cumper’s home that I first met Fay Simpson and her eldest daughter, Lynda, with whom I would
form a lasting friendship. My recollections of Mrs. Simpson, at that time, were of a friendly but
firm lady prone to laughter which could range from a spontaneous giggle to full blown ‘body-
shaking’ laughter.

Like so many little girls, I loved ballet and when it became known that Mrs. Simpson was a
ballet teacher, I was allowed to attend her school. At that time, I attended Surbiton Preparatory
School which was very near to Mrs. Simpson’s home and school at 11 Hope Road. Often, I would go from school and wait on her verandah for dance class to begin.

At that time, parents would be driving in to collect their children from the day school, and I would hear Mrs. Simpson exchanging pleasantries with some of the parents interspersed with her laughter or sometimes reprimanding a young pupil in her very firm manner.

I would tell the end of her school day by the crunch of the stones, on the walkway, as she made her way over to the house - sometimes seemingly deep in thought, sometimes with a shadow of a smile as though recollecting an amusing moment in her day. She would greet me with a warm smile, and as we got better acquainted, we would frequently sit and have lunch together at which time the highlight for me, I’m ashamed to say, was Miss Louise’s fried green plantain.”

**Flashback 10: Remembering the Santa Claus Parades**

Denise muses: “The Santa Claus Parades were designed (for the most part), we believe, by Gordon Simpson.

I recall Cecille, on occasion, you were a majorette with swirling baton. I remember, another time, when you were the beautiful Snow Queen to whom I had the honour of being an attendant. I remember, too, that I was Snow White and another time that I was Cleopatra. I remember that when I arrived in my Cleopatra costume, at Mrs. Simpson’s school, that Mrs. Cumper made sure to remove the heavy application of kohl that darkened my eyes.

At one stage, along the parade route, the floats were held up for some time by a man protesting that the so-called ‘attendants’ to Cleopatra were really slaves. He lay down in front of the float and had to be removed by police before we could proceed. The incident was included in The Daily Gleaner’s report of the parade.

I recall my friend Lynda as a clown on roller skates in the parades.

I remember that we would assemble at the school…there would be finishing touches to costumes and makeup and then we would be transported by bus to ‘Racecourse’. Some of us climbed up the big, high trucks, and boarded our respective floats. Others joined groups that would walk, dance and perform their way down King Street to Times Store - the main sponsor of the event.”

**Flashback 11: In retrospect**

“Ballet classes were seen as an elitist activity in Jamaica, at that time. That may have been for the most part, because dance teachers based their teachings on the formal methods of Cecchetti or RAD out of England -- a very ‘white’ experience.

Fortunately, Mrs. Simpson’s training was within an environment where classical ballet was slowly being influenced by a more ethnically diverse modern dance community. Hence, the founding in 1969 of the Harlem Ballet, by Arthur Mitchell and Karel Shook - the first company of classically trained black dancers. Do you remember when they came and performed at the Ward Theatre? They were fabulous. The Harlem Dance Theatre is now a multicultural institution.
Not only was Mrs. Simpson exposed to a more diverse dance environment, which most likely had some bearing on her creativity, but she did not (unlike some ballet teachers in Jamaica) adhere to the regimes and examinations of the syllabi put out by their associated (and still ‘very white’) organizations. She wanted her dance students to enjoy their classes; she wanted to stimulate their creativity and to share her love of dance with all.”

_Suzanne_ quietly rejoins Denise centre stage as she completes her reminiscences. Denise’s spotlight dims to a low glow. At the same time, Suzanne’s spotlight intensifies to its usual bright light.

_Elizabeth, Thomasina, and Kathleen Cassandra_ have been on stage during Denise’s narrative. They have completed sorting out the costumes which keep appearing from an apparently, inexhaustible supply. They have enjoyed themselves, immensely, trying the costumes on, and even enacting their own imaginary versions of the respective ballets, as they hear Denise’s narrative. Kathleen Cassandra, who loves bling, still holds up the long tutu from the ballroom scene in the White Witch. Elizabeth and Thomasina also wear some of the costumes from a few of the ballets. The three turn, and leave the stage, through the wings at the back of the stage.

_Elizabeth murmurs, from the wings, unaware that she has forgotten to turn off her clip-on mike:_ “How absolutely fascinating Miss Giselle’s story is, just as good as the bedtime stories which my Mummy reads to me at night.”

_Thomasina replies into her mike:_ “My Father tells my sister, and I, Anancy stories which I think that he makes up himself. Miss Burke has told us that one of Mrs. Simpson’s early ballets was about Anancy.”

_Kathleen Cassandra, not to be outdone, states loud and clear, into her mike:_ “Well, my Grandma, Beverlee, tells me all the time about Dr. Lucille Mathurin Mair. She used to be a Warden at Mary Seacole Hall, at UWI. She was a famous historian who researched and wrote about the rebel women slaves.”

_Suzanne, in a calm voice, deliberately speaking into her mike:_ “Come along girls. Do you realize that your entire conversation can be heard by the audience?”

Absolute silence reigns supreme.
References and Sources


Note: See the photographs, in the Reader’s Invitation and Challenge, in Appendix 2. There are several photographs from Sydney Burke, of the first version, of the Giselle ballet (1954). If anyone recognizes any of the dancers, please contact Cecille DePass, depassc@ezpost.com.
Sample Photos of the “Giselle Ballet” from Denise (Hall) Desnoes’ Archives

Denise Hall as Giselle, and Neil Sommers as Albrecht, the Duke of Silesia.
Left to right: Neil Sommers as Albrecht, Michele Mowatt as Hilarion, the Gatekeeper, and Denise Hall as Giselle.