

In This Issue

Blood and gore from Vincent Lam and Jowita Bydlowska

Michael Healey reviews Steve Cohen's *Chamber Magic*

Atom Egoyan under the swinging lightbulb

Mathew Henderson reverses Proust into a parking spot

The improvisations of Michael Snow

... and much more



Joni Mitchell receiving a rapturous send-off from a NYTimesTalks crowd, with Jorn Weisbrodt

—David Leyes

Today @ Luminato Festival

Time	Event	Location
All Day	Luminato Portraits: An Art on the Move Project	Festival Hub
10AM	Dolls by Viktor&Rolf	Thorsell Spirit House
11AM	Stockpile	Allen Lambert Galleria
Noon	Lunchtime Illumination David Ben, Steve Cohen & John Placko	Festival Hub
Noon	MAI — Prototype	Trinity Bellwoods Park
6PM	Evening Illumination: A Conversation with Mark Morris	TIFF Bell Lightbox
7PM	Chamber Magic	George Brown House
7PM	L'Allegro Movement Project	Daniels Spectrum
7:30PM	Joni: A Portrait in Song — A Birthday Happening Live at Massey Hall	Massey Hall
8PM	Patricia Cano Danse Ihasa Danse	Festival Hub
9:30PM	Chamber Magic	George Brown House
9:30PM	The Daisy Theatre	Berkeley Street Theatre
11:30PM	The Courtyard Revue	Berkeley Street Theatre



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—Photo by Matt Barnes

On the QT

From Jorn Weisbrodt

There was really nothing quiet last night at *Joni: A Portrait in Song and A Birthday Happening Live at Massey Hall* when Joni Mitchell came up on stage. It showed that her voice has never ceased to enthrall audiences and is more important today than maybe ever before, especially in times where pop music seems to be reduced to hook line after hook line that just follow each other like people on an Escher staircase: constantly climbing but never getting to the top.

At our *Chamber Magic Show* at the George Brown House the other day one patron gave one of her diamond earrings to Steve Cohen for a magic trick and he made it disappear and reappear on a photograph by Liz Taylor but it would not come back. We are trying to contact the estate now to see whether this earring was or was not sold in the Christie's auction in 2011 but are not too hopeful about getting it back.

One of Ronnie Burkett's marionettes, an elderly German Nazi officer who is trying to shut down the Daisy Theatre was heard yesterday repeatedly ranting about high culture and also the artistic director of this festival who happens to be German as well. The artistic director came up on stage and tried to explain to the Nazi officer that he does not believe in the distinction between high and low culture but only good and bad art and *The Daisy Theatre* was obviously good art. He was not amused and threatened to close down the theater if Ronnie Burkett would not continue with a striptease act. He did, it was an overwhelming experience and all the men in the audience stormed the stage to applaud her.

—Jorn Weisbrodt

Pro & Con

A bloodletting! Jowita Bydlowska and Vincent Lam on the real stuff vs. the fake...

My white undershirt was red, soaked in red. There was a sound: my grandmother screaming. She rushed toward me, pulled me off the swing. I had cut open my head by banging into the swing's metal pole. I felt nothing; it felt like nothing. It was just a colour; the emotion was hers, my grandmother's. I was four. The world was still half-ghost, half-real. Blood was fake, meant nothing.

At twelve years old, I was standing in a lineup to a kiosk. A man with a flap of skin hanging off his face and a bright stream of red gushing out of it approached us and slurred, demanding to be taken to emergency. I spent the next three hours with him, his terrible face bleeding all over streetcars, before we found a hospital that would take him. The doctor thought I was the man's daughter and the man looked at me with pleading, drunk-en eyes so I watched him get stitched up and understood for the first time that pain was real, that blood was real and that it made us human. It was a secret: a river underneath skin that opened sometimes, revealing the preciousness of it all.

—Jowita Bydlowska

Because it doesn't clot when you want it to flow—like in a heart attack.

Because it doesn't flow when you want it to clot—like in a trauma.

Because it doesn't ever produce an adverse transfusion reaction. (So long as you don't transfuse fake blood. If you did, it would be a great day for a malpractice lawyer.)

Because you could make fake blood cherry-flavored.

Because you could use tomato juice for fake blood.

Because you could make cherry-flavored tomato juice and have it dripping from your fake plastic fangs! (Isn't it odd that one doesn't find cherry-flavored tomato juice on hospital meal trays? Something for a suggestion-box?)

Because, "Political liberty, the peace of a nation, and science itself are gifts for which Fate demands a heavy tax in blood!" — Honoré de Balzac, So, fake blood would be better, yes?

Because, "When liberty comes with hands dabbled in blood, it is hard to shake hands with her" —Oscar Wilde. Another vote for fake blood, agreed?

Because fake blood could, if appropriately constituted, be thinner than water. (Fake blood: when there's rivers of it, you can shrug. Real blood, not so.)

—Vincent Lam

Speed Interview

Atom Egoyan, master of time, responds quickly. By phone, May 8 2013, 9m59s

- 1 | Eastern or Western philosophy? *Western*
- 2 | What is your mother's favourite colour? *Brown*
- 3 | Are you an early riser, or a night owl? *Early riser*
- 4 | Who would play you in the movie of your life? *Alan Rickman*
- 5 | What was the first concert you attended? *Cheechee & Chong.*
- 6 | What was your favourite childhood book? *Curse of the Viking Grave*
- 7 | Favorite painter? *Matisse*
- 8 | Savoury or sweet? *Savoury*
- 9 | What do you wear to bed? *Nothing*
- 10 | Have you ever been arrested? *Uh, apprehended.*
- 11 | What would be your last meal? *Spinach with curried lentil at Rivoli.*
- 12 | Your favorite comedian of all time? *Bill Cosby and Lenny Bruce*
- 13 | What was your nickname in high school? *Goy-Goy*
- 14 | Can you sew a button? *Yes, definitely. Very handy.*
- 15 | How would you describe Twitter, in three words or less? *Unknown to me.*
- 16 | E-Readers: pro or con? *Grudgingly pro. One reads differently and way too fast. I like the visual imprint of the page.*
- 17 | What historical figure would you like to have dinner with? *Orwell and Wagner, both prone to very different diatribes.*
- 18 | What would you whisper into the ear of your 16-yr-old self? *Patience*
- 19 | If you hadn't become a filmmaker, what do you think you'd be right now? *Diplomat*
- 20 | What don't you get at all? *Video Games*
- 21 | Which alcoholic beverage can you never drink again? *Scotch—makes me too mean.*
- 22 | If you could take any character from any book or movie to bed, who would it be? *Ada—from Nabokov's Ada or Ardor*

—Staff

Find the Golden Key

A golden key is hidden somewhere in downtown Toronto! The person who finds it and brings it to the Information Kiosk in David Peacut Square wins a pair of tickets to every show at Luminato in 2014.

CLUE #5 of 8:

An area of southern India lying between the Western Ghats and the Arabian Sea.

Luminato, at Apogee

Luminato is in full-swing now, deep in the heart of a sunny week in which audiences and crowds have filled almost all available spaces at Luminato venues. News of special guests at the Courtyard Revue have leaked widely through social media, and it's now common knowledge that Hydra—a supergroup comprising Lesley Feist, Snowblink, AroarA, Charles Spearin, and Lucky Paul—is playing three nights at the Revue. Their opening set played to a sold-out crowd at the Berkeley Street Theatre last night and no doubt will again tonight and Thursday.

Too late to make print deadline on Tuesday night was the final show of *The Life and Death of Marina Abramovic*, which played to a packed house at the Sony Centre and was received with an lengthily extended standing ovation. Marina and crew later showed up at the Courtyard, where the star sang to the gathering, only to be followed by an a cappella rendition of "Bohemian Rhapsody" by another of the show's stars, Christopher Nell. Nell not only sang the song with astonishing clarity, but played all the instruments with his voice, including the drums. Upon concluding, the place exploded, and the evening was only half over.

Yesterday at lunch, members of the performance collective, Gob Squad, joined Kat Sandler and three other Toronto theatre practitioners, to discuss the new realities of theatre in a world where the idea of what a "play" is has changed, well, dramatically. Gob Squad—which starts from "post-dramatic" ethos—tries to meet its audience "at eye level," as member Simon Will put it. "At Gob Squad," he continued, "we're motivated by the idea of working in an expanded space and to let go of what is theatre? and what is dance?"

Only by letting go can we discover the new. With five days left, there's still plenty of opportunity for Luminato-goers to let go ...

Artists on a BLIND DATE

Damian Rogers and Sarah Thom meet cute

Damian | Hello Blind Date!

How are you enjoying this unpredictable summer/fall/spring/winter weather? I'm writing this from the back seat of a car heading for Buffalo, as I have to ride next to my 7-month-old son to keep him calm on the long drive. Just passing the lake, approaching the highway, and it looks beautiful (the lake, not the highway), all glittering gorgeous blue expanse. What's that expression? On a clear day you can see Hamilton?

Every time I drive by the lake I kick myself for not spending more time enjoying its proximity to my house. Do you feel like you take advantage of the waterfront? I've often lived near the Great Lakes; we camped on Lake Huron when I was growing up, my mother now lives near Lake Erie, and I lived in Chicago for years, which makes good use of Lake Michigan. Chicago also has a Lake Shore Drive, which we thought was hilarious to call LSD. I don't hear anyone call it anything but "Lake Shore" here.

Are you from Toronto?

—"G"

Sarah | Dear Blind Date,

Yes, I am enjoying the spring. Yes, I do love swimming in lakes (though the ones close to be are small not great). No, I have never been to Toronto.

I imagined you speeding along the road with your child sleeping peacefully, but in my daydream the car turns a corner and everything goes into hyper-drive and you are floating now in a hover-car along Lake Shore Drive. The sun is shining brighter than usual and everything has gone Technicolor ... is that what Buffalo is like?

All day I have been trying to write a story about transformation, then my teenage son came home with electric blue hair, the story is always closer than we think.

XXXX

—"S"

Damian | Dear G,

I will now think of a boy's beautiful blue hair when I look at the lake on a bright day.

Oh if only Buffalo had more of a psychedelic hover-car pulse. Buffalo reminds me of a little Detroit: it has that rust-belt post-meltdown aura around its formerly proud and glorious downtown. There are some gorgeous Art Deco buildings, but also long soul-destroying strips of scorched industrial ruin. My mother moved to that area a few years ago to be closer to me. The poet Robert Creeley worked at the SUNY-Buffalo for years before he died and a former professor of mine in Ann Arbor was just telling me how Creeley wanted to turn Buffalo into a thriving avant-garde hub, like North Carolina's storied (and short-lived) Black Mountain College. The university's poetics collection is supposed to be incredible, but I haven't had the chance to check it out yet. There's a really good used bookstore where I gave a reading a year or so ago. Usually, though, I drive into town, visit my mother where she lives in the suburbs, and head home.

What is your vision of Toronto? Are you hoping to meet our mayor?

XX

—S

Sarah | At last, the weekend, a chance to catch my breath. This week has been hectic, a short rehearsal phase on a new project with new collaborators.

We had a short try-out on Friday with some of the material generated during the week and thankfully it all went well.

Now we have a little time to let it all filter through.

Continues over...

Comix by Lorenz Peter



lorenzpetr.blogspot.ca

From the LightNews Archives

June 19 1921

EPIC CHESS MATCH BETWEEN DUCHAMP AND PICABIA ENDS IN DRAW

Lucky ticket holders were treated to a nail-biter at the Mutual Street Arena last night when art-world stars Marcel Duchamp and Francis Picabia faced off in the Game of Kings. The match, which began at six in the morning, and concluded nine hours later over Pernaud, began promisingly when Duchamp stood on his head and kicked the table halfway across the arena. Picabia responded knight to F2, at which point Duchamp took a nap, forcing the draw. Said artistic director Dame Aislinn Powers: "We thought nothing could beat last year's game of charades between Helen Keller and Harold Lloyd, but boy were we wrong!"

—Saff

Contributors

Jowita Bydlowska is a Toronto writer. She appears in A Literary Picnic on June 22.

Vincent Lam is a Toronto novelist. He appears in A Literary Picnic on June 22.

Atom Egoyan is a celebrated filmmaker.

Sarah Thom is a member of the theatre collective, Gob Squad. Their *Super Night Shot* plays at the Hub June 20 and 22.

Damian Rogers is a Toronto poet and one of the programmers of the Courtyard Revue. She appears in A Literary Picnic on June 22.

Michael Healey is the author of some of this country's best-loved plays, including *The Drawer Boy*. Mathew Henderson is a Toronto poet. He appears in A Literary Picnic on June 22.

Elizabeth Ruth is a Toronto novelist. She appears in A Literary Picnic on June 22.

Alexander Neef is a the general director of the Canadian Opera Company.

Michael Snow is one of Canada's most beloved visual artists.

Rufus Wainwright is a talented singer/songwriter and opera composer.

Jorn Weisbrodt is the Artistic Director of the Luminato Festival.

For tickets and more information, please visit www.luminatofestival.com

Masthead

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Michael Redhill

ASSISTANT EDITOR/
PARTER-OF-WAVES
Nora Fleury

PRODUCTION
MANAGER
Dan Daley

DESIGN
Pentagram
Dan Daley

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, LUMINATO FESTIVAL
Jorn Weisbrodt

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SCENE & HERD

Steve Cohen's sleight of hand dazzles at the Luminato Festival

—*Magicana*

Review

Michael Healey on Steve Cohen's Chamber Magic

An old-school venue, suitable for an old-school show. Steve Cohen specializes in close magic—coin and card tricks, illusions involving pieces of jewellery cadged from audience members, tiny glasses of whatever beverage you can think of, poured from a magic kettle and passed to the person who placed the order.

Cohen has refined his tricks and patter over thirteen years as magician-in-residence at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, doing five shows a week to small audiences (no more than fifty or sixty people). The intimacy breeds complicity. You might arrive sceptical, but the first time he looks you in the eye or asks you to hand over your wedding band, you're his. So much so, in fact, that you find you don't mind the corny humour ("dad jokes" my seatmate called them) or the hoary setups ("I am the first Westerner to bring this illusion from Japan").

In an age where television magicians make Vegas buildings disappear and we assume it's technology tricking us, there's great charm in watching someone manipulate two decks of cards eighteen inches away from your nose. So adept is Cohen, he brings audience members from the back of the room to stand right beside him so they can have as close a view as possible. He'll ask people on either side of him to grab his wrists to insure he's not manipulating anything (which, of course, he is—just not in that moment).

And the show's climax is designed to involve practically everyone in the room. Cards containing personal details from everyone's lives are sealed in a box, and then Cohen somehow divines those details and assigns

them to their owners. Pets' names, where people have travelled, even one astonished audience member's penchant for going commando is revealed. Go, even if you hate being fooled, because you're involved in the fooling. And if you go, honour the request for cocktail attire and wear something fun. Entering into the spirit of Cohen's enterprise is the best way to get the most out of it.



Dom Flemons on harmonica and cowbones, at the Courtyard Review, J 17 / 2013

Blind Date, continued from front page,

I now live in Berlin but come from Britain, I have spent some time on tour in North America and Canada but really know little of it.

Your descriptions conjure up far-away places, somehow familiar through a celluloid memory.

I am not sure what to expect of Toronto, I have long since stopped trying to get to know a place before I arrive.

I used to look on Google Earth and street view, but then found it was strange to arrive with such a distorted perspective.

So now I like to be surprised.

Berlin is beautiful in the summer, I cycle through the Tier Garten on my way to work.

This tree filled park is known as the lungs of the city. Breath easy...

—G

Damian | I love the idea of a city's lungs made of trees. The weather has been alternating between rainy and sunny days and so it looks very green (and wet) outside right now. One of Toronto's best qualities is its many parks, some quite tiny and some large enough that the wildlife sometimes encroaches on the city—sometimes you hear about coyote trouble in certain neighborhoods, and we had a family of raccoons living in the back of the house for a few months. I was walking a few days ago through a canopy of trees and remembered that I read of a Japanese practice called "forest bathing." Cities are wonderful places to get work done, but I absolutely need to be around trees. I'm craving a trip to the country; maybe after the festival.

This weekend I spent a lot of time trying to organize my home office, which involves figuring out which books I want close at hand; which books can be put into storage; which books I will sell in order to make room for more books. There are always more books. It's a slow process, because inevitably while deliberating over where to put a particular volume, I open it up and start reading. This is all very pleasurable, but then the baby wakes up and I have to leave the piles all over the floor in an ongoing state of chaos. This is my best attempt at organizing.

XXXX

—S

Sarah | ... sitting in a cafe, watching the storm clouds gather, I love a good thunderstorm so I am happy.

Good to hear that Toronto has plenty of green, I am now looking forward to a bit of tree-bathing next week.

It becomes clear that you are fond of books. I have a strange relationship with them. I am severely dyslexic, if it were not for the magic of spell check this mail would be impossible. But I do love reading, very very slowly. All my books have peeled back corners

and are full of underlining and notes in the margin. I can not borrow them or lend them, they have to mine, so I can do with them what I will!

One of the things I love about being on tour is the amount of time I get to read. A book becomes related to a certain a place. I haven't decided what to bring to Toronto yet.

It is a long time on the fucking plane. (I hate flying, I know hate is a harsh word but its true, I hate it.) I can't watch films on those tiny screens on the plane, so what book I bring is now becoming an issue.

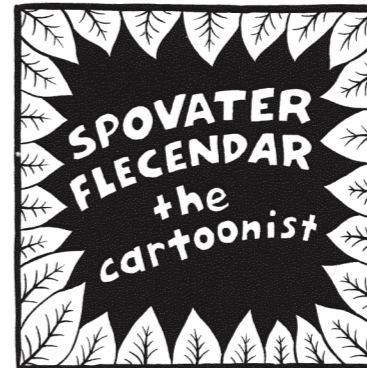
Die Qual der Wahl as they say here in Berlin (the agony of choice). Hope we'll somehow meet in Toronto ...

XXX

Reverse Proust Questionnaire

Mathew Henderson answers the all-important question: **Catherine Zeta Jones?**

- 1 | **Black pumps.** How should cyclists inflate their tires when the green pumps are broken?
- 2 | **Quantum physics.** Quantum physics or raccoon fights?
- 3 | **Root canal.** A place where young plants might have a romantic gondola ride?
- 4 | **Caviar in Cleveland.** An alliterative place to eat unfertilized, potential fish?
- 5 | **My cellphone.** Why do your jeans have a rectangular frayed patch near your progressively less potent testicles?
- 6 | **As often as possible.** Avocadoes?
- 7 | **My grandmother's cooking.** What does your grandfather eat?
- 8 | **Turkish coffee.** What did the pilgrims drink?
- 9 | **Man's best friend.** A common term used for a dog?
- 10 | **Catherine Zeta Jones.** Catherine Zeta Jones?
- 11 | **Never in leotards.** Do you play any sports?
- 12 | **Rick Shaws.** Who lived next door to you when you were fourteen?
- 13 | **Rob Ford's feet.** What smells like crack and feet?
- 14 | **A dozen boa constrictors.** What is twelve times squeezier than three boa constrictors?
- 15 | **Only in the dark.** Are you good at math?
- 16 | **Unscrupulous.** Your approach to Scrabble?
- 17 | **My ankles.** Worst place to feel a breeze?
- 18 | **The laundromat.** The worst place in the city?
- 19 | **Oblivion.** Favourite Elder Scrolls game?
- 20 | **Shark attack.** Where sharks store their old skis and photo albums.



To be continued...

Dave Lapp

Square One

Elizabeth Ruth in the starters' blocks

"Sunrise in late August, wind sweeps through the valley of the Sierra de Grazalema and the morning air shimmers with red dust."

So begins my new novel, *Matadora*—about a female bullfighter in 1930's Spain. I spent six years writing this story and all along I'd wanted to begin the book by grounding the reader in the mountainous region of Andalusia that defined my protagonist's life and ambition. I also wanted the colour red in the first line of the book. Both bullfighting and the theme of passion, which permeates the novel, can be represented by the colour red.

Another Contest!

Answer a question, win some books!

Bookish? Wordy? This should be easy for you. Simply tweet the answer to the below question with the hashtag #Luminatobooks and you'll win a book by one of our Literary Picnic authors. Don't miss the Picnic, this Saturday (weather, please, permitting) in Trinity Bellwoods Park, from noon to 4pm!

QUESTION: What is the only word in the English language with three double letters in a row.

FIRST TEN CORRECT ANSWERS WIN!

Dear: Diary

Michael Snow improvises

After experiencing revelations listening to early New Orleans Jazz while I was in highschool, I started to play (piano, trumpet, synthesizer) in bands and later, for a couple of years, made a living playing jazz.

I went through many influences (from Jelly Roll Morton to Thelonius Monk) but eventually around 1960, my playing became more and more "free" (improvising with no prior themes). I would like to discuss the creative process that I have become involved with in many years of spontaneous music-making both solo and in ensembles. This activity has been as important to me as my work in film and video, photography, or sculpture.

Everyday Heroes

By **Alexander Neef**

My executive assistant Laura is a personal hero with an enviable ability to accomplish a lot in a very small window of time. As both gatekeeper and taskmaster, she keeps me organized and on schedule. It's no easy feat to keep the distractions of the day at a minimum so that the priorities are always clear.

THE TWEETS OF EMILY DICKENSON | A Day! Help! Help! Another Day! Your prayers, oh Passer by! For tickets to Joni—I did not buy! Steady—my soul ...

THE EAVESDROP | "The problem with Wagner is that he wrote so much about himself and so much of it is stupid. This was a great problem of Wagner's; he would talk and talk." — Gerard Morriert