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Kurdish headwear (see p. 5).

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The Colours of Folk Dancing

By Kevin Budd

Those who have not danced at all, or minimally, would be green with envy as they observe the fun had by long-time folk dancers. Its health benefits, as well as many social pleasures, to say nothing of its cultural enrichment leave us in the pink. If you are feeling low and kind of blue, then there is no better natural medicine for you than folk dancing. If you tell a friend, suffering under a black cloud, that many scientific studies have shown the benefits of public participation in dancing, well, it would be a white lie, at worst, and could encourage the friend to move, take a few steps, and be perked up. Folk dancing is an informal activity, no one will roll out the red carpet for you, but neither will you have to cut through any red tape in order to enjoy it. Though the first time dancing may be intimidating, with experienced dancers flying by like a blue streak, one can easily figure out simple patterns, make use of one's gray matter, and come through it with flying colours.



interested with a new healthy hobby that can take you from being a green dancer to enjoying the rainbow of dance choices from around the world.

So why, you may inquire, does the editor wax rhapsodic in such a multi-chromatic tone of voice? Why, you may also query, does this issue of our folklore journal proudly offer coloured photos for your

enjoyment and optical delight? The reason, my dancing friends, is elementary. This year marks the 40th anniversary of the existence of the Ontario Folk Dance Association. We could have held on to being permanently 39, hoarding our relative youth and shunning evidence of the advancing years, but no, proudly have we determined that the admirable course of action is to stride forth into the commencement of our fifth decade. So join us in our celebrations. We thought we'd try something special.

Out of the blue, you can go from bored to

This just in: Dateline, Toronto, Ontario, April, 2009...World Economic forecasts are so gloomy that

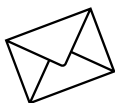
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The OFDA has established an e-mail list in order to communicate timely information of interest to folk dancers. If you would like to add your name to the list, send an e-mail request to: bvsdny@gmail.com



Please do let us know about special events!

it has finally begun to affect folk dancing. Yes, dear readers, those traditional coins you see on our cover, that ostentatious monetary expression of folkloric bling, dangling from the hats and costumes of folk dancers worldwide may be reduced to mere printed scrip in the



future. Instead of using coins, with their pleasant jingling tinkle, rhythmically adding to the auditory charms of dance, and ornamenting ancient clothing of oh, so many folk dancers, the recent financial downturns have resulted in the necessity to wear costumes displaying either promissory notes, such as, “30 coins are in pawn for the this costume” or “46

gold coins used to dangle here”, or the descriptive, “Imagine lots of jangling coinage here”, or the protective, “On legal advice, full coinage will not be displayed.” Perhaps the least appealing, but occasionally necessary note is the ,”Coins formerly displayed hereupon have been used to bail out fat cats”. Of course, these notes can be written in any appropriate foreign language of choice, but on the back of each must be the legal disclaimer, “The absence of displayed coinage should not be interpreted as the result of criminal activity.”

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“Newroz Piroz Be”

(or, “Happy New Year” in Kurdish)

By Karen Bennett



Rita Winkler

On the 21st of March 2009, 11 members of the International Folk Dance Club, University of Toronto performed four Kurdish dances in front of hundreds of Kurds at their 2009 Newroz celebration, held at the Ukrainian Cultural Centre on Christie just north of Bloor, Toronto. Only one of us was a genuine Kurd—Fethi Karakeçili, our leader and choreographer. The shameless impostors dancing with him were Dorothy Archer, Karen Bennett, Goran Eiriae, Judith Cohen, Elizabeth Lumley, Marylyn Peringer, Bev Sidney, Terri Taggart, Helen Winkler and Walter Zagorski.

Fethi told me he came up with the idea of our performance as he “wanted to have a group from IFDC because it is an international folk dance club. I wanted to perform with many people in the group who didn’t know how good they are. I wanted to share my knowledge and perform on the stage for my own community or any Canadian event. Part of teaching is giving an opportunity to your friends or students to perform and enjoy what they are doing.”

One of the persons “who didn’t know how good they are”—not only as a dancer but how well she wore a costume—was Elizabeth Lumley. Newroz was Elizabeth’s second

opportunity within a few months to don an ethnic outfit; in January, I’d drafted her to wear one of my original Bulgarian costumes at the OFDA-sponsored Bulgarian workshop and café, and she’d enjoyed her first costume-wearing experience so much that she was game to impersonate a Kurd as well. (Anyone in the group whose name wasn’t in this paragraph—that is, everybody else: “Please to not take offence” at my slothfulness.)

Back in November of 2008, Fethi had said to me that he’d like to get a group together from IFDC to show his fellow Kurds, most of whom didn’t know their own dances, what non-Kurds could do. Rehearsals, held at IFDC on Friday nights before the regular class started, began very soon after this brainstorm of his, and went on till the night before Newroz.

What is Newroz, you ask? Cribbed from a Kurdish website: “For Kurdish people, March 21 holds a special place in their hearts. . . . In Kurdish, New Year’s Day is called Newroz, which means ‘a new day.’



Photo by Judy Silver

Newroz has been celebrated as a national holiday since 612 BC. It is important to the Kurds not only because it is the beginning of their new year, but also because it marks the day that their national existence was first recognized. It was on this day in 612 BC that the ancestors of the Kurds united to rebel against the Assyrian empire. Their victory resulted in liberation for the people of this region. This is the reason why the people of Kurdistan, Iran and Afghanistan all celebrate Newroz, but in their own different ways.”



The preparations began at Judith Cohen's house...

In the Kurdish and Persian languages, the word “Newroz” or “Nowruz,” respectively, means not only “New Day” but “New Sun”: the rebirth of spring on the equinox, usually on or about March 21st. Hence the celebration to which we were invited on March 21st, which was a Saturday.

Our preparations on The Big Day began with assembling at Judith Cohen's house to don our costumes, excepting the shoes and hats, before walking en masse to the nearby Ukrainian Cultural Centre to perform. (Although I love getting into costume, walking around on the streets of Toronto wearing an odd and jingling headdress is more than I'm prepared to do.) Many were the exclamations of



Photo by Judy Silver

The whole group in costume, before the performance. Left to right: Walter (wearing costume from Adiyaman region), Karen (ditto), Dorothy (the Kurdish region of Northern Iraq), Bev (Adiyaman), Helen (Hakkari), Elizabeth (Urfa), Terri (ditto), Goran (who is seated, also wearing Urfa), Judith (Diyarbakir), Marylyn (ditto) and Fethi (Bitlis, Mus region)

“How does this go on?” and many were the adjustments that Fethi made to those of us who thought we knew how things went on. Fethi provided eight of the costumes; I furnished two women’s outfits I’d recently bought from the defunct international dance group VillageFolk (which had a Turkish suite in their repertoire, with costumes ordered from Turkey by the suite’s choreographer, Ahmet Lüleci); and Walter produced his own—also a relic of VillageFolk. Speaking of VillageFolk, one of its former leaders, Judy Silver, from whom I’d acquired the costumes, came with us as our groupie/cheerleader/comforting presence/photographer/general factotum, and very glad I was that she was with us. Helen’s daughter, Rita, was our other groupie.

Our opening dance had no name but it’s a common one done by women with scarves to welcome guests; the music was a song called “Xhimse.” Then we formed a line and the men joined us to do three dances from eastern Turkey: Govend (from Van region), Delilo (from



The men’s costumes are so easy to put on that lots of free time is available: Goran reads one of Judith’s books and is twitted about looking like a rabbi, while Walter waits with his trademark nonchalance.

Diyarbakır) and Kelekvan (from Van). During our set, some audience members encouraged us by ululating (which is called by the Kurds, in a fine example of onomatopoeia, “tilili”), a sound I found very energizing and one we occasionally mustered up when our dry throats permitted. (Aside: I learned to “tilili” from a 1975 movie called *The Wind and the Lion*, in which Sean Connery played a Berber chieftain who abducts an American woman [Candice Bergen] and her children in Morocco in 1904. The Berber women made this exotic high-pitched noise that I really liked, so I practised until I could do it too. “Everything I know, I learned at the movies...”)

When the music ended, we moved downstage to say to the audience

“Happy New Year” in Kurdish: “Newroz Piroz Be.” It was enthusiastically received.

The food we were treated to after our performance, all home-made, was outstandingly delicious. Bev Sidney voiced great praise for the salad, made with lemon vinaigrette, and the desserts, made with specially-prepared nuts.

Following us on stage were singers as well as children (all boys; incredibly cute) and teenagers in their own dance troupes. Eventually, Fethi managed to get the community up and dancing too. And one of the numbers was the Kurdish national dance, Delilo, which by no coincidence at all had been part of our performance. The Kurds consistently joined the lines by cutting into the middle (in order to dance beside their friends, naturally), which had the disconcerting effect of marooning some of us in a bunch at the ends



Rehearsing Scarf Dance on Friday Night at IFDC
Folk Dancer

of lines. However, this didn't denote unusual or discourteous behaviour by the Kurds towards the "outsiders"; cutting into lines is normal practice in numerous cultures (Serbs do it, for example), rather than joining at the end as international folk dancers are taught to do. We danced till almost midnight.

During supper, Goran (whose background is Serbian) had remarked that he wished the same kind of cross-cultural "interface" we'd just provided—whereby mainstream Canucks said to immigrants, in effect, "Hi; we appreciate your dances, your costumes, your culture; welcome"—had existed when he immigrated from Yugoslavia in 1988. The "two solitudes" of Canadians and Serbians had been quite isolated from one another.



Young Kurdish Performers

Our interaction with the Kurdish community bore some resemblance to what dozens of ethnic groups had provided during the nine days of Toronto's "Caravan" festival during its heyday in the 1970s and '80s—where, for example, international folk dancers would go to a Macedonian "pavilion" and an ensemble would sing and dance for us on stage while we ate their fabulous food, and later we did some simple Macedonian dances with them. (Um. During Caravan, I was a shameless impostor of a Croatian on stage. Methinks I see a pattern.) Or perhaps we'd go to the Ukrainian pavilions; there were five of them one year, I remember. The Ukrainian Cultural Centre in which the Kurds nowadays celebrate Newroz used to host a Caravan pavilion.

The rehearsals, the dressing, the performance, the meal, the community dancing—all were a great bonding experience for us. For example, I had barely known Marylyn or Goran before we began this adventure, despite dancing with them on Fridays. Once we were off the stage—and some of us, such as Bev and I, had not been entirely happy with our performance, in part because glitches in the music played havoc with our momentum—we were gratified

when so many Kurds came up to us to say thank-you. Fethi told us later, "Many people from the Kurdish community were surprised, and they loved your performance. They said you were better than their own groups."

And many Kurds took Marylyn to be a Kurd herself, as her face so resembled someone who hailed from Diyarbakır, the city whose costume she was wearing. When we later looked at the photographs that had been taken, Terri Taggart and I marvelled at how photogenic Marylyn was: just amazingly beautiful. Marylyn herself pronounced the entire experience to be "wonderful," while Elizabeth said that despite initial nervousness, she'd really enjoyed performing and had loved the challenge of the Kurdish dances Fethi had chosen.



Marylyn, resplendent in Diyarbakir costume

Fethi later sent the group an e-mail saying, "I can't thank you enough for your hard work and performance. It was a pleasure to work with you. You did a great job.... I will be happy if we can continue and add some more dances to our repertoire. My goal is to show people that folk dancing is not just fun; it is also artistic achievement for all ages." So it is.

Photos without credit are by Bev Sidney

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Tanzania

By Helga Hyde

On March 30th, 2008, my sister Heidi and I went on a memorable trip to Tanzania where we stayed and helped out at an orphanage in Mbeya known as The Olive Branch for Children run by Deborah McCracken (Deborah hails from Woodbridge, Ontario), and met the orphans whom we are sponsoring.

At the airport we met up with Deborah's mother, Ginette, and Martha Bell, another Woodbridge resident and flew via Amsterdam to Dar es Salaam at 10 p.m. Sunday evening (18 hours later).

After a day of rest in Dar es Salaam, the four of us went on a safari and ended up in Mbeya. The safari was great. The only disappointing part was that despite all of our efforts (we even went extra early one morning) we did not see any lions or any other member of the cat family other than seeing the track of one of them. The problem was that it was the end of their rainy season and the grass and other vegetation was so high that they had many places to hide. We visited two national parks, Mikumi and Ruaha. I am glad that we visited both since what we saw in one we did not necessarily see in the other. In Mikumi we saw lots of



Sisters Heidi Fiebig and Helga Hyde



elephants, zebras, giraffes, impalas, hippos, crocodiles and baboons. In Ruaha we only saw one elephant in the distance on our way out of the park, although we saw a lot of their dung on the road so we knew they were around. We also saw a lot of zebras and giraffes, some right on the road ahead of us or just to the side so we had good photo opportunities. The lodges that we stayed at were just outside the parks, and the accommodations and meals were very good. The one drawback was that although the main roads in Tanzania are not paved, the side roads are not and we had to travel 115 kilometers along one of these side roads full of ruts to get to the lodge. We had never experienced such a rough ride before. I mentioned this to our guide and he replied that these conditions were still good and they get a lot worse later on in the year.

When we arrived at the orphanage the orphans all rushed toward us and helped carry our luggage to the guest house that was our home for two weeks. They were all very friendly but language was a bit of a problem. Fortunately though, as they get taught English at school, some of

the older ones could understand quite a bit and were able to act as translators. The meals were a bit of a challenge. When we had inquired about them beforehand we were told that there would be no problem. However, we were not aware of the lack of protein in their diet. Fortunately Heidi had packed some protein bars. Breakfast usually consisted of white, sometimes brown bread, margarine, ultra sweet jam and peanut butter and the occasional egg. Most of the times we also had finger bananas and pears. A couple of times we had crepes and these were delicious and a real treat.

At lunch and dinner there was always a great bowl of rice and/or potatoes or pasta, with a small bowl of beans or cooked veggies. If there was any meat, which was not often, it was mainly gristle. This is their daily diet.

My project was to teach crafts to the children. When Deborah showed them the perpetual calendar many wanted to make it. That was fine, but unfortunately it was the most time-consuming project. (It involves stitching each month of the year, and numbers 1 to 31 on a small piece of plastic canvas. These slide between bars which are stitched onto a full sheet of plastic canvas (10½" x 13½") and the months and days get changed from month to month, thus making it a perpetual calendar). Since Heidi and



Heidi with some of the orphans

I only got to meet with the children between 4:30 and 7:00 p.m. during the week as they were in school until then, even with our help (we corrected some of their mistakes and continued a bit with the stitching in the evening and mornings before our next session) only one of the older girls managed to finish hers. The younger children worked on picture frames which also involved stitching on plastic canvas and five of them finished theirs. Fortunately the kindergarten teacher, who had also started one of the calendars and has a good command of English, is very good at crafts. The evening before we had to return home I gave her a crash course on the other crafts that I had planned to do with the children, and showed her how to use a glue gun. I was ever so glad that Heidi was with me for I would not have been able to manage without her help as the children needed constant assistance since they had never done anything like this before.



"My project was to teach crafts to the children."

On site at the orphanage they have a shop where they sell local crafts as well as tote bags, shirts, pillow cases, etc. made by their sewing team. I taught them how to make jewellery bags using fabric with elephants and this project too was a challenge. As an iron was needed for this project, I bought one when we arrived in Mbeya. So, at our scheduled time, we walked over with fabric, ribbons, pins, etc. to their sewing room, only to discover that for some reason they had no power in their building. Fortunately they had a

treadle sewing machine and when it was time to use the iron we marched back to the guest house as we had power there, showed them what needed to be done with the iron, and then went back to their place to finish the jewellery bag. I think this was a success because two days later they had several bags made up. I had given them the pattern for 3 different sizes.

The orphans are so fortunate to have Deborah as their director. They get three meals a day, they have their own room, 2-4 in a room, they get a good education and a lot of love. Some of the older orphans are going to university to become teachers, engineers, etc. When we were there, workers were in the middle of building a medical centre on site as well as laundry facilities as this is a requirement in order to have a medical centre. In the meantime the clinic has been finished and is open to the surrounding villages.

The children at this orphanage do not have AIDS. They lost their parents to AIDS. There is, however, a separate home, called Zion Home, a short distance from the orphanage that houses 7 children who had been diagnosed with AIDS as their blood cell count was so very low, but with medication, proper nutrition, sanitary surroundings and lots of love, these children are all thriving and one would not know that there was anything wrong with them. Two of these children are actually miracles. At age 2 ½ (now 5 ½) the doctors had given up on one of the girls and had only expected her to live another 2 months. She is now a very healthy active youngster and very bright. In December, 2007, Deborah was approached by doctors concerning an 18 month old baby boy, Davis. The doctors again had given up hope on him and told her that if anyone could help him she could. Deborah did take him in. At the time he only weighed 9 pounds but by the time we arrived he had more than doubled his weight and was walking. The only thing that he did not do as yet was talk. The other children at the Zion Home really love him and give him all of their attention and help. In fact, when Deborah brought him to the house, the children told her “you saved us, and we will save this baby.” We just learned that Davis is making tremendous strides. Other than a few words he still does not talk, but fully understands what one says.

One weekend, ten of us including two of the students presently attending high school who happened to have a week off, as well as some of the workers from the orphanage, and Jason, a peace corps worker who had lived in Tanzania for three years and was very much involved with agriculture, visited a village about 1 ½ hours from Mbeya to prepare, with the help of the villagers, a vegetable garden applying permaculture techniques. As Deborah has been to this village several times before hosting medical clinics, we were greeted with open arms. They embraced us and sang and danced for us as if we were long lost friends. One of the elders gave up his home for us so that we had a bed and with our sleeping bag and sheets that we took along we were quite comfortable. This was a true village. The walls of the buildings were brick, but the floors were bare earth and there was no electricity or running water. The Tanzanian women in these villages have a very hard life. They work from morning to night under extreme conditions and do not get much respect from the men.

This project involved clearing a piece of land from shrubs and weeds and preparing beds by double digging (meaning digging twice as deep as what one normally does for a garden bed), adding manure, or if available, compost, in the middle as well as on the top and then putting in plants or seeds. Provided the beds are properly watered, this method is supposed to result in an 80% increase in the produce. Applying the same techniques, we also prepared a garden behind one of the homes. In addition, we dug a channel along the back of the house as well as a couple of



channels into the garden at the end of which a deeper hole was dug so that when it rains the run-off from the roof will be collected into these channels and holes and gradually seep under the soil of the garden. So long as they continue to tend to these gardens they should become self sufficient and have enough produce for themselves as well as extra for the market.

On our way back to the orphanage we experienced some tense moments as we almost got stranded on the highway in the middle of nowhere. A big tractor trailer had jackknifed. The cab was in the ditch, though still upright, and the trailer was blocking three quarters of the highway leaving very little room between it and the edge of the road which fell into a steep ditch. It had also started to rain so that didn't help matters any. As there was danger of our bus tipping, we all got off while our driver maneuvered our bus back to safety with literally only an inch to spare. If we had not been able to get through, we would have had to walk to the nearest village, which was a long way off, as it would have been too dangerous to be stranded on the highway at night due to a high possibility of being attacked by highway robbers.

At the orphanage, Martha worked with their gardener and many of the orphans of varying ages to create a vegetable garden using the permaculture techniques. The children's enthusiasm was amazing. They all helped each other, the older ones teaming up with the younger ones and they always showed up on time for their duties. We have been told that they



have been watering their garden diligently and have already harvested a good crop of vegetables. These will certainly add much-needed nutrients to their daily diet.

The weekend that we had to return home, Deborah, the remaining members of our group, two doctors and two nurses went back to this village for a medical clinic. Unfortunately we missed out on this event, but prior to our departure we were able to help prepare hundreds of packages of medication to be dispensed at this clinic. We later learned that in the one day they saw over 900 people from surrounding areas, many suffering from malnutrition, dehydration, worms and parasites, AIDS, TB, malaria and a host of other ailments. Many had walked for hours as they have no other access to doctors or medicine. The Olive Branch supplies and transports all of the medicine, medical staff and volunteers for the clinics. A medical clinic which was under construction while we were there is now open and fully operational. The clinic is staffed 2-3 days a week by a nurse from Quebec, who arrived last fall and will be staying for two years. Since we were there, a group of local women took special training and they are working as community health workers and assisting the nurse.

On April 16th the children from the Zion Home, as well as us, were treated by Deborah's mother to lunch at a resort about 20 minutes away. This place has a pool and the kids couldn't wait to get into the water. Unfortunately it was a rather cool and rainy day so we did not go into the pool. This resort is run by a British couple. As we were the only ones there the lady showed us around the grounds as well as some of the rooms. Everything is nicely laid out and landscaped and is relatively inexpensive. It would be a great place to spend a few days just to relax. It is part of a coffee plantation and they also have tours that one can take. Since no one really knows what the actual birthday of these children is, once a year, usually in June, Deborah takes them to this resort for a birthday celebration for all of them. We got back to the orphanage just before supper time. Instead of eating in our guest house as we

usually did, Deborah told us that this evening, we, including the children, would all eat together in the gazebo. When Heidi and I arrived at the gazebo I found that the head table was all decorated with flowers and some balloons and the children sang Happy Birthday. This day was my 65th birthday and they had kept plans for this celebration a secret. At the end of the meal I was also presented with a cake and after dinner the children danced to their music. All in all, it was a very good day.

Using the public transportation system was quite an experience as well. They have vans with the names of their destinations written on the front of the hood. People simply stand at the side of the road and when they see one that goes to wherever they want to go they simply flag them down. These vans have a seating capacity for about 12 but they squeeze on as many others as they can to stand in the aisle.

Our trip back home was extremely long (43 hours from Mbeya to Pearson airport). We left the orphanage at 6 a.m. Friday morning by taxi to get to the bus terminal in Mbeya for the 6:30 loading time and we arrived in Dar es Salaam at 7:30 p.m., 2 hours behind schedule, and this is not uncommon. Yes, even over there they have traffic jams. At the bus terminal in Dar es Salaam we were met by a young Tanzanian, a friend of Deborah and Ginette, who speaks very good English and took us to the airport. This was a great help for us since not knowing our way around and not speaking Swahili we very likely would have been taken for a “ride” especially since the locals and uneducated believe that all whites are rich. We had about two hours before we took off on our 9 hour flight to Amsterdam where we had a 7 hour layover before getting on to our final flight home. Rather than spending all that time at the airport, we went on a 2 ½ hour tour of the city.

Although we did have a very memorable visit to Tanzania, we were glad to get home. If the opportunity presents itself, we would definitely go back.



Birthday Celebration at Utengule resort



“The Tanzanian women in these villages have a very hard life.”



Photos by Heidi Fiebig and Helga Hyde

Photos From Recent Dance Events....

For many more photos of this and other events, see the ofda website: www.ofda.ca/photos



On March 14th the OFDA hosted a Spanish Café. Helen Winkler introduced guest artists (left to right): Jorge Miguel playing classical guitar, Tamar Ilana (daughter of Judith Cohen) vocals and dance, and dancer Noelia La Morocha.

The Ensemble performed to an appreciative gathering and then Tamar proposed that she and Noelia would teach us two parts of a four part Sevillana dance that they'd demonstrated. This proved to be rather



Photos by Bev Sidney

ambitious, given the complexity of the dance form, and in the end, they were successful in teaching the first part. Tamar and Noelia were emphatic in their belief that we learned what would take others one month to conquer - but, it's not likely that any of us will be jumping into the bar scene dancing in Seville just yet.



Multiple offerings on the snack table, and wall decorations created by Jean McAdam contributed extra colour to the café





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Request for Submissions

2009 OTEA SCHOLARSHIP FUND



Each year the OFDA Executive Committee accepts applications for the OTEA (Olga Sandolowich, Teme Kernerman, Ernst Krehm and A Gladstone) Scholarship.

The deadline for submissions for 2009 will be May31.

The purpose of this fund is to assist people involved in any folk-related activity to further their studies, attend workshops/courses, etc., and thereby enrich themselves and benefit the Ontario folk dance community.

The applicant should specify: (a) what the gain will be for him/herself and the folk dance community; (b) a proposed timetable, including time required to complete the project; and (c) a proposed budget (maximum ~\$200 this year)

*Please forward OTEA Scholarship Fund applications to OFDA Steering Committee
c/o Beverley Sidney, 35 Touraine Avenue, Downsview, Ontario M3H 1R3
or bvsdny@gmail.com*



Miroslav and Rodika Marcetic have become grandparents again. Their oldest daughter Ivana had a baby boy on Feb 27th. Mazel Tov.

Wishes for a speedy recovery to Ruth Belick who has been suffering with back problems.

Wintering Vancouver resident Maya Trost was surprised at her Monday night VIFDC class in mid-March, to see the faces of visiting Toronto dancers Riki and Stav Adivi. Small world?

A book has been published to honor the memory of Dick Crum: *Balkan Dance: Essays on Characteristics, Performance, and Teaching*. McFarland & C., 2008. The book can be purchased on-line from McFarland or amazon.com.

On Saturday, March 14, Fethi Karakeçili taught 10 Kurdish dances at a six-hour workshop in the Churchill Recreation Centre, Ottawa. The dances were Govenda Giran, Delilo, Esmer/Harrani, Duzo, Kelekvan, Hanne, Dimme, Te'i, Govenda Tik and Peshtpa/Joftpa. He began the morning session with a culture corner that included a display of costumes

lugged from Toronto on the train. Although the workshop attendance was less than hoped for (possibly owing to Fethi's lack of fame outside Toronto and the higher-than-usual price of the workshop), the attendees were both pleased with the experience and charmed with Fethi, vowing to have him back again soon.

Jennifer Beecker (Adrienne's daughter), currently practising as an Emergency Physician in Ottawa, has recently received several scholarships that she'll pursue, while she works towards her 2010 graduation as a dermatologist from the University of Ottawa. She's been accepted at a famous dermatology clinic in Fort Lauderdale, to learn an innovative diagnostic technique, and was recently presented with a scholarship from the American Women's Dermatological Association that will allow her to attend Yale University for one month, to study dermatology under their prominent dermatologists. She also received a scholarship from St. Andrews in Dundee Scotland for early June this year and another to study in Edinburgh, Scotland. Plans are for Adrienne to join Jennifer in England or Scotland this summer for some well-deserved celebrating.

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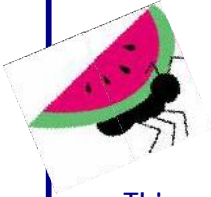
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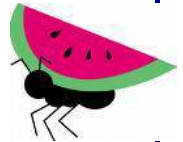
Saturday June 20, 2009
2 - 7:30 p.m.



This year's OFDA Picnic will be held at the Whole Village in Caledon, which is the site of an ecovillage and biodynamic farm on 190 acres.
(Address: 20725 Shaws Creek Rd, Caledon, Ont.).

There'll be:

- a tour of the farm, weather-permitting
- folk dancing for all, rain or shine, with some teaching for beginners
- a Potluck Picnic Supper - indoor accommodation if necessary

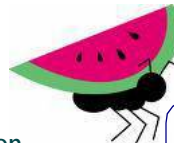


Carpooling

will be the order of the day, and Marylyn Peringer will help to connect those who have space in their vehicle with those who are looking for a ride.

From Hwy 401 take Hwy 410 north ~12 km
Left onto Mayfield ~3 km
Right onto Hwy 10 (Hurontario St), past Caledon Fairgrounds ~24 km
Left at 15th Side Rd (Charleston Side Rd) ~ 7 km
Right at Shaws Creek Rd to #20725 ~ 7 km

Driving time is 40 min. from the Hwy 401/ 410 intersection



Comprehensive driving instructions from various directions online at www.wholevillage.org (see "Contact Us" page)

www.ofda.ca