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Folk Dancer Online (formerly Folk Dancer/the Ontario FolkDancer) is the magazine of the Ontario Folk Dance Association. We publish five issues per year (Feb. 1, Apr. 1, June 1, Oct. 1 and Dec. 1).

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Visit OFDA's Website
for local information and links to other
dance-related sites.

www.ofda.ca

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Ontario Folk Dance Association (OFDA) is a non-profit organization. Established in 1969, incorporated in 1986, the OFDA's aim is to promote folk arts and particularly folk dancing of many cultures.

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Cover Image: A flag-bearer marches in the parade celebrating the patron saint of the Contrada della Lupa (Siena, September 1980). Photo. Nancy Nies. See article p. 8.

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See http://ofda.ca/wp/calendar/ FOR DANCE CLASSES/GROUPS INFO See http://ofda.ca/wp/dance-groups/ See http://ofda.ca/wp/about/membership/

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RETURN TO OFDA WEBSITE.

Dancing in the Summer Months

by Dorothy Archer

Dancing outdoors in the summer months can be an enjoyable time. Granted, if the grass hasn't been cut or the pavement is uneven dancing can be a bit of a trial but the fresh air, the sunset and the camaraderie make up for it. This year has been particularly good for weather which means a lot to Toronto dancers who, unlike those in Hamilton and Richmond Hill, don't have cover. The nice weather probably accounts for the good turnouts often supplemented by passers-by. Sometimes one sees the same faces in the "audience" and we surmise they make watching the dancing (or participating) part of their evening entertainment. Most centres in Canada dance outdoors in the summer — Anita Shlien refers to dancing on the docks in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, in her article in this issue. So if you haven't been out, put it on your bucket list. It makes for a pleasant evening.

Bringing in younger dancers is often discussed. In this issue we have two instances of young dancers being introduced to folk dancing. Anita Schlien and Terri Taggart both started with a parent. I don't think there is much hope of using this as a strategy to increase membership though. Experience tells many of us that the chances of a younger relative continuing on are pretty slim. On the other hand, Anita's tribute to her father and her love of folk dancing does show that, whether by accident or design, folk dancing can be passed on through the generations

In this issue we go to India with Murray and Lavinia. This issue covers their visit to Goa. In Part 2 Murray tells about their visit to neighbouring states. Nancy Nies recounts a visit to Italy and the Contrada della Lupa in Siena. If you haven't been to foreign climes for a while, you will enjoy these articles.

Karen Bennett took part in the Stockton Folk Dance Camp this year and has sent an interesting account of it. And Stefania Miller has written about Waterloo Camp in May. Further to the Waterloo Camp, Sheryl Demetro was intrigued with the art work on the cover of Karin Bellaart's CD and suggested delving into the history of it. With the help of Karin, we have brought you details.

The recipe this issue can be used as a dip or a spread and will take you back to Molly Frankel's "poor man's caviar" at pot lucks. Molly gave me her recipe but, alas, I can't make it as deliciously as she did. I hope that someone will give this recipe a try and we can enjoy it again.

A happy and interesting fall to all of you. I hope you enjoy reading this issue - I'll be in Italy. Ciao!

ARTICLES WORTH READING

An online article, dated April 2016 at MedicalDaily.com describes the benefits of dancing. Click on the title below to read:

Thinking On Your Feet: Dancing Wards Off Neurodegenerative Disease By Rewiring The Brain



It references physiological responses to dance activity which result in strengthening muscle memory, promoting neuroplasticity and dancing away brain disease.

VIDEOS WORTH WATCHING

Did you know that the OFDA website has a "Links" page containing interesting, informative, or amusing links related to dance? If you haven't checked them out, here's one to whet your interest:

Click on this link to experience a video of the amusing variety:

Shrewsbury Folk Festival Dancing



Many thanks to members Heidi Williams and Carl Toushan for their kind donations to the OFDA!



Link to Anna Todorovich' website.

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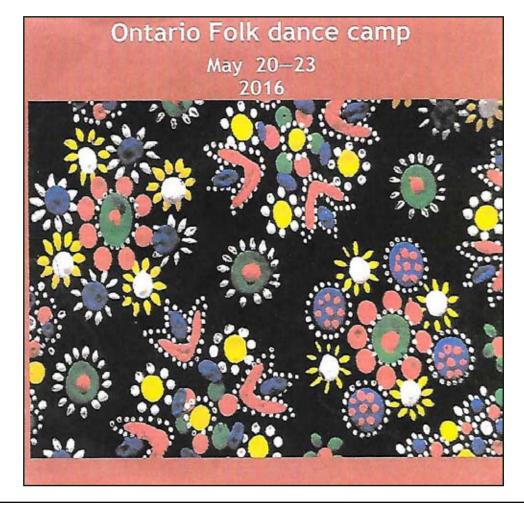
Staphorster Stipwerk

This article was prepared by Dorothy Archer following a suggestion by Sheryl Demetro. Many thanks to Karin Bellaart for her translation from the internet. For more information consult www.craftscouncil.nl.

The artwork on the cover of Karin Bellaart's CD, distributed at Waterloo Camp this year, is called *Staphorster stipwerk*. Staphorst is one of the few villages in Holland where traditional costumes are still worn by elderly women. *Stipwerk* (a stip is a dot) is a unique technique used to print on clothes and after World War II, on wooden materials also.

The printing is done with stamps made of materials in the house – wooden bobbins or corks in which nails, pins or other pieces of metal are inserted. The stamps are dipped in paint and different motifs are combined into patterns. Colour is important. Blue and green are the colours for mourning and red and yellow are never used during these periods.

Since 2010, there have been initiatives to design contemporary clothes with the patterns of this technique. In 2016, Walter van Beirendonck, a Belgian fashion designer, used patterns of this folk craft in his collection shown in Paris.



Link to Shan Shoes website.

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Celebrating with the Contrada della Lupa by Nancy Nies

In a narrow street just off Siena's Piazza del Campo, young men in medieval garb skillfully tossed flags high above our heads, caught them on their descent, and threw them high once again. The flags bore the image of the female wolf with the twins Romulus and Remus, and, like the costumes, were black and white with orange trim, representing the Contrada della Lupa (*la lupa*=the she-wolf). It was September 1998, and the flag-throwing was part of the Contrada's annual *festa* honoring its patron saint, San Rocco. Paul and I were lucky enough to witness this impressive spectacle.

At the time, we were taking a two-week intensive Italian course at a language school in Siena, and accommodations had been arranged for us with a family living outside the city in the Tuscan countryside. The family consisted of Signora Enza Ciacci and her adult children, Lucia and Francesco, Francesco's wife, Cristina, and, on the way, the first baby of a new generation. Our hosts shared their lovely home with us, fed us delicious meals, and taught us about Siena's *contrade* (plural), the historic districts of the city.

The family, with the exception of Cristina, was affiliated with the Contrada della Lupa. It just so happened that during our stay in Siena,



A souvenir Lupa scarf bears the image of the she-wolf, as well as the Contrada's colours.

that Contrada's yearly celebration would occur, and we would have the chance to attend some of the festivities. We watched a *giró* (a parade of flag-bearers and drummers in medieval costume, followed by *lupaioli*, or members of the Lupa *contrada*, in street clothes but wearing Lupa scarves) and the performance of their *sbandieratori* (flag-throwers). We also visited the Contrada's museum and joined the Ciacci family and a huge crowd of other *lupaioli* for a traditional, celebratory *cena* (dinner), served *al fresco*.

We learned that the *contrade*, of which seventeen are still in existence today, were created during the Middle Ages to provide troops to defend Siena as it fought to remain independent of Florence and other city-states. Over the centuries, the *contrade* lost their original function but took on greater significance, in that members currently celebrate all important events—baptisms, marriages, deaths, church holidays, festivals—within their own *contrada*. Each has its own symbol, flag, colors, motto, territory, chapel, baptismal font, fountain, museum, and patron saint. Though other Italian towns also have *contrade*, those of Siena are famous for their competition in the annual *Palio* horse race. When I commented to Signora Enza that one's *contrada* seemed to be akin to a religion, she replied that it was more than a religion.

Looking back on the two weeks we spent in Siena, Paul and I have to say that the highlight was getting to know the Ciacci family and attending the colourful festivities of their *contrada*. Our most dramatic memory is of standing with other spectators in that narrow street, admiring the skill of the young men tossing flags high in the air.

For a ten-minute video of the September 2015 parade of the flag-bearers and drummers of the Contrada della Lupa, followed by adults and children walking and singing, go to: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZF4F8jDacfE.

Upcoming Folk Dance Events...

SATURDAY OCTOBER 15, 6-10 P.M.
ODFA'S AZERBAIJANI DANCE CAFÉ & POTLUCK SUPPER
SEE DETAILS ON OUR WEBSITE: http://ofda.ca/wp/ofda-cafes/

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 8-11 P.M.

IFDC HOSTS A BALKAN PARTY WITH LIVE MUSIC BY TO BALKAN FOLK ENSEMBLE. AS WELL, GOLDEN THRACE BULGARIAN FOLK DANCERS WILL ATTEND, DANCE WITH US AND ALSO WILL PERFORM DANCES FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF BULGARIA. VIEW POSTER

OFDA AGM Snapshot

The following details are taken from the 2015-16 Year-End Financial Report, prepared by Treasurer Janis Smith for the Annual General Meeting.

ASSETS		2016	2015
Total Assets		<u>\$27,383.64</u>	<u>\$25,400.86</u>
IncludesCurrent		\$14,708.78	\$12,709.66
	Fixed	\$ 2,281.87	\$ 2,059.59
	In Trust for OTEA	\$10,392.99	\$10,631.91
REVENUE			
Total Revenue, ex	kcluding Events	<u>\$5,532.53</u>	<u>\$6,724.83</u>
Includes	Membership	\$4,155.67	\$4,811.32
	Advertising	\$ 738.50	\$ 791.74
	Donations	\$ 594.00	\$1,000.00
EXPENSES			
Total Expenses, excluding Events		\$1,819.53	\$3,203.04
Includes.	Magazine - Printing	\$ 297.93	\$1,187.38
	- Postage	\$ 468.13	\$ 840.90
EVENTS	_		
Cafés: Arabic (-\$4	150.63); Dale Hyde (-\$149.06)	; Venezuelan (-\$3	30.17);
Georgian (-\$293.		,	•
New Year's Party	(-\$30.00); AGM (-\$352.96),		
•	ark: Toronto (-\$237.50), Hamil	ton (-\$200), Rich	mond Hill (-\$100)
_			,
OTEA Scholarship Awarded		\$ 300.00	\$
Excess of Revenue over Expenses after events		\$2,221.70	- \$398.95
	•	,	

Summary from Treasurer, Janis Smith

To this date both membership and advertising revenue have been consistent with past years. In the coming year we will look at possible ways to spend our surplus of over \$2,200 due to lower costs of publishing an online magazine. Taking out liability insurance is one option, as is using the money for promoting and advertising folk dance.

Summary from Membership Chair, Mirdza Jaunzemis

June 2016: Canada – 203 USA – 26 Overseas – 3 Total: 232 June 2015: Canada – 212 USA – 30 Overseas – 3 Total: 245

Elected Executive for 2016-17

Steering Committee: Riki Adivi, Bev Sidney, Helen Winkler

Members-at-Large: Devianée Caussy, Judith Cohen, Mirdza Jaunzemis,

Roz Katz, Adam Kossowski, Shirley Kossowski, Gary McIntosh, Marylyn Peringer, Janis Smith,

Patricia Stenton, Mary Triantafillou and Paula Tsatsanis



Riki Adivi led the Armenian candle dance, Mom Bar, which she taught during the camp review. As the last dance of the evening, it was done with a darkened room and hand-held candle lights.



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Ontario Folk Dance Camp: May 20-23, 2016

by Stefania Szlek Miller



Lee Otterholt, Karin Bellaart and Sandy Starkman.

By the end of the long weekend, my fit-bit recorded over 80,000 steps, my brain was saturated with new dances, and my soul satiated by the music and communal fellowship with dancers from all over Canada and the United States. The two teachers - Karin Bellaart from the Netherlands and Lee Otterholt, who spent most of his life in Norway and now resides in California, were excellent in presenting their dances, and participating in all dance sessions

and parties. We are beholden to Sandy Starkman and her hardworking committee for organizing another successful camp, OFDC's 58th, at the lovely campus of the University of Waterloo.

It was Karin's first visit to Canada and our camp. A highly trained dancer (folklore and classical ballet) and experienced teacher, Karin introduced us to four Dutch dances as well as dances from six other countries and cultures. During the one hour evening Saturday cultural corner, Karin presented a well-researched history of dances in the different regions of the Netherlands with some video demonstrations, including one done by a young group dancing in wooden clogs. Fortunately we did not do any of the Dutch dances in wooden clogs – very hard on the feet and very unforgiving if one is off beat. While the Dutch couple dances varied in level of difficulty, my favourite was Trekzak, a relatively simple schottische mixer with distinctive couple turning steps – a challenge for many of us. Most of her other dances were done in line formation and included variants on Skopsko Crno Gorka, and an Israeli couple dance choreographed as a circle dance to haunting lyrical music, Hagan Habil Adi.

It was Lee Otterholt's second visit to our camp (first was in 2008), and many of the participants have also toured with him to exotic places. Like Karin, Lee is also a highly trained dancer, instructor and choreographer with emphasis on styling rather than just learning the steps. His selection included dances from Albania, Armenia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Greece (Kali Tihi, a nice variant of a Syrtos), Moldova, and Turkey. Given Lee's Balkan expertise, the surprise of his repertoire, and one of the hits of the camp, was a very energetic Polish dance W Moim Ugródecku. The syllabus included translations of the lyrics to many of the dances. We were

impressed with Lee's powerful singing voice, especially to the Armenian candle dance Mom Bar.

Evenings were more relaxed after so many hours of formal instruction. We wore something red for the Saturday evening party, and Dale Hyde introduced a Métis dance, Red Carpet Waltz, that everyone could pick up. Sunday evening included a very well-attended singing session with Karen Bennett before the dance party. We were also very pleased to have 30 young students from Colombia ioin us for a few fun dances led by Olga Sandolowich,



Red was the theme for Saturday's evening party!



Aylene Boyar leading Syp Simeon.

Sandy, Lee, Karin and Dale ending in a follow-theleader Syp Simeon led flawlessly by Alene Boyar from Penfield, N.Y. This is the second year that the Colombian students are visiting Canada on a study tour, and their leader, Marko Betancur, and his assistant, Sian Lloyd, thanked Sandy and us for the warm hospitality extended to the students. They certainly brought down the average age of

dancers, even if for a brief period. We partied until after 11:00, and after refreshments Walter Zagorski led the after party programme until after 2:00 in the morning.

Sleeping in student residences is not the ideal for many of us, but it is offset by a very spacious dance studio with a nice wood floor. We had time other than on the dance floor to socialize with old friends and meet new ones from far off places. The weather was perfect to sit outside with refreshments, or walk around the pretty Waterloo campus with the crab trees in full bloom. Food served in the cafeteria was varied and

Photos: Bev Sidney.

plentiful, and was supplemented in between and after dance sessions by the hardworking OFD camp crew.

Those of us in the greater Toronto and Hamilton area are lucky to have a world-class international dance camp within easy reach of our homes. I have already marked May 19 to 22, 2017 for the 59th anniversary of the Ontario Folk Dance Camp.

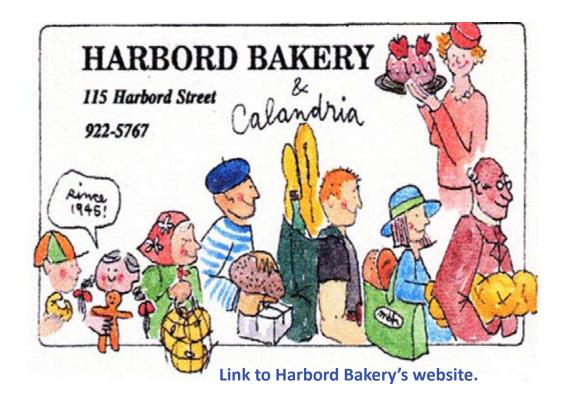


Wheat Staff, donated to the camp this year, by Gloria and John Grindlay.





More artful handiwork displayed in the hairstyle of Karen Walker's granddaughter, Elena, the youngest participant at this year's camp.



International Folk Dancing and My Father

by Anita Shlien

It was the summer of 2004. I had just come back to Ottawa to live in my parents' house after my first year at Dalhousie University in Halifax. I was looking for jobs, but could only get part-time and volunteer work, as I was also taking a summer course. I still had a lot of free time.

One night, I was supposed to meet my friend Dinah downtown to go clubbing. She was a high school friend who lived near Elgin Street. My Dad offered to give me a ride downtown but I would have to accompany him to the international folk dance club and wait there. In those days, my father was in charge of running the music at the club. He had to be there most nights.

Actually, my father has been involved with the folk dance club in Ottawa for years — since before I was born. I remember hearing some of the music blasting in our house as he embarked on the project of converting records and tapes to MP3 files for the club's laptop.

Anyway, back to that fateful night. I was sitting and watching the people dance. I decided to jump in and join them! I broke the line of people and did just that. I quickly learned that I had broken some dance etiquette by breaking the line, but the people were pretty forgiving.

I must have stayed for a bit of the teaching. I don't actually remember



Anita (front right) dancing on a Friday night at IFDC.

much else from that night. Maybe they were teaching Ma Navu or another easy one.

All I know is that after that night I was hooked on dancing! My father invited me to join him again on a Thursday night, and I did.

I also tried other kinds of dancing – my father introduced me to English Country Dancing, Israeli folk dancing, and to Contra Dance. I tried Swing Dancing and Salsa with friends.

The four month summer went by rather quickly. And when it was time for me to go back to Halifax for my classes, I looked on the internet for an international folk dance club there. I joined the club, and started attending regularly. The people who lead the club are very nice; they are Jane and Davy Schlossberg. I got to know them and others a little bit. Jane and Davy even had me over for a Passover Seder one year!

The following summer I decided to stay in Halifax and take some summer classes, to get ahead. Summers in Halifax were nice. You could go to the beach, or there was a jazz festival and a busker festival. But I always made time for international folk dancing. The folk dancing in the summer was on the ferry docks. We would take the ferry from Halifax to Dartmouth, and then we would dance on the Dartmouth boardwalk. It was great to dance outside by the water!

Some years later, I have found folk dancing again in Toronto. Now I am working full time at a Retirement Home. I am an Activation Coordinator – I plan and facilitate the activities for the seniors. A few of the residents even participate in folk dance groups across the city. But so far I have not run into any of them at the club I go to at University of Toronto Schools. The people at IFDC have been very friendly to me. I was very impressed by their Balkan Folk Dance Party with live music! It was great to see so many people dancing to Makedonsko Devoyce and other favourites.

When I look back on my life over the last decade, I realize that folk dancing has given me a lot. It has given me confidence at my workplace. I am now known as the person who is always getting residents up and dancing whenever there is a party with live music! It has introduced me to many interesting people, some of whom have become friends. It has helped me to make connections with people for jobs. But most importantly, it has improved my relationship with my father. It is always a joy to bring my father to folk dancing in other cities, and introduce him to the group there. I am truly grateful to him for introducing me to this wonderful activity. Thank you Dad!

Link to Jim Gold's website.



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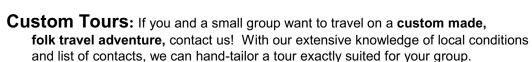


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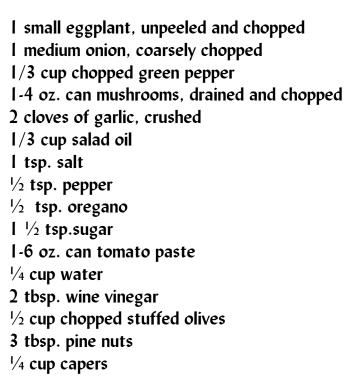


FEATURED RECIPE

From the Folk Dance Cookbooks

Caponata (Italy)

Submitted by Bea Montross to Ontario Folk Dancer Cookbook vol. 1.



Combine eggplant, onion, green pepper, mushrooms, garlic and oil in large skillet. Cover pan and simmer for 10 minutes. Add remaining ingredients. Mix and simmer, covered, for 25 minutes until eggplant is cooked, but not mushy.

Chill at least overnight, or freeze. To serve, bring to room temperature.



Stockton Folk Dance Camp 2016

by Karen Bennett

I attended the first week (July 17-24). Although it might seem to readers of this magazine that I go to Stockton, California every year, 2016 marked only the seventh time I'd attended since my first visit in 1993. The faculty were: Jitka Bonušová (Czech and Slovak); Scot and Erin Byars (Squares and Round Dance); Alix Cordray and Simon Løvald (Norway); Joe Graziosi (Greece); Evren Soytopcu (Workshop: Turkish Women's Styling); Steve and Susan Kotansky (Balkan); Ahmet Lüleci (Turkey); and Richard Powers and Melissa Carvell (Partnered Social Dance). The second week of camp had the same faculty but different theme parties on Wednesday and Saturday.

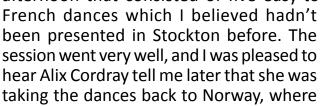


Gergana Panova-Tekath leads an easy line dance at a party, followed by Steve Kotansky and Ping Chun. Gergana attended as a camper, not as a faculty member teaching Bulgarian dance. (Wonderful personality and dancer!). Gergana lives in Los Angeles.

As I was covering the dances of Jitka

and Steve for the Research Committee and usually went to both of their classes (i.e., four in all)

every day in order to note how the live teaching differed from the dance descriptions in the preliminary syllabus, I had few chances to attend other classes. One exception was a Dances for All Ages Session I taught on Monday afternoon that consisted of five easy-to-intermediate



she'd teach them to live music played Norwegian-style (Hardanger fiddle!). With one exception (Le Bal Breton, which I learned from Yves Moreau in 1993), the dances have been taught in the Toronto-Hamilton-Waterloo area by me, Léa Chauvigné or Karin Bellaart within the past couple of years.

As a big fan of not only Joe Graziosi but his dance choices, I kept an eye on what he was presenting, and was happy



Joe Graziosi.



Jitka Bonušová.



I model a costume from Liptovske Sliace, Slovakia, that I was donating to the scholarship auction on Wednesday afternoon. An oft-heard query, because of the headdress: "Is that Dutch?" The headdress "wings" should be starched and stand out from my head.

Cristian Florescu doing Romanian, Bruce Hamilton teaching English, and Radboud Koop for Russian, with other faculty to be announced, including many guest ("cameo") appearances by past Stockton teachers. I tried very hard to go to the 60th anniversary camp in 2007, but it filled up early so there

was no room for me. I'm determined that this will not happen for 2017.

Evren Soytopcu models an antique Pomak bride's costume from Balikesir, western Turkey, at the Wednesday auction. The costume, donated by me, was much praised by Ahmet Lüleci: "This is an original! You can't find these any more!" Evren holds the hand-embroidered velvet shoes that went with the costume but were too small to fit her.

to see many dances suitable for bringing back to Ontario. (Many of Jitka and Steve's dances are also suitable, as I'd expected, and I'm looking forward to teaching them.) It was icing on the cake that all three teachers are some of my favourite human beings.

For the Saturday 23 July talent show I hooked up with Randi and Murray Spiegel (from whom I've learned many rounds I've taught at past Ontario Folk Dance Camps) and Kathy Martin, an elementary music teacher. The YouTube video of the four of us singing the complicated round Breathless may be found at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nzzdh_s6t1Q&feature.

Dates for 2017, which will be the 70th anniversary of camp, are July 16-23 (first week) and 23-30 (second week). The camp URL is www.folkdancecamp.org/. The 2017 faculty will include Roberto Bagnoli teaching

International, Caspar Bik of the Netherlands doing Georgian, France Bourque-Moreau teaching French-Canadian and International, Sonia Dion and



eto: Eliot Khung

India – February 2016, Part I

by Murray Forbes



Beach view though trees.

Having suffered the relative chill of winter last year in our village in the south of Spain, we got to speculating with some friends at a party about increasingly elaborate strategies to avoid doing so this year. Thus, one thing leading to another, my wife Lavinia and I found ourselves at the end of January in northern Goa on a beach between Arambol and Mandrem in a rather primitive beach hut belonging to a surf club. I hasten to add that neither

of us surfs but northern Goa in February has just about the perfect climate with a sweeping breeze along the endless white sand beaches and a wide range of beach infrastructure – some of which unfortunately with amplified music type noise.

So perhaps you query what northern Goa has to do with India and it is indeed a good question. The principal language, for example, around the patch where we were, was Russian. This totally over-discovered patch of sand was enhanced by young yogis and alternatives with perfect bodies and marginal clothing. Try though we did to look inconspicuous we were a very visible minority – twice or three times the average age group, without getting into the thorny issue of perfect bodies. We did in fact try to attend some of the yoga classes but it was far too yogic for us and we had no chance of achieving the contortions required not to mention the filthy floor that we were doing it on. As a result, eating seemed like a preferred form of exercise.

We arrived like the living dead, having driven to Madrid, flown to Istanbul and from there to Mumbai, changed terminals and flown on to Goa airport, followed by the long taxi drive in the Indian road chaos to our dilapidated hut (one had to tread gingerly around a rotten patch of flooring to avoid falling through). It was sort of like camping except that the food in just about any of the innumerable beach restaurants (of whatever genre one wanted, including Russian and Israeli) was superlative. Our hut sat amidst coconut trees in a little garden right by the beach and it was reasonably quiet and very relaxing – well that is to say when our club was not having its live music night or a neighbouring

club a weirdo fusion type "entertainment" amplified to awaken the dead. Luckily the law in Goa is that music-type racket has to end by 10:00 p.m. so normally by 11:00 the main din had petered out and the party wilted shortly thereafter.

Our friends who talked us into this also talked us into some entertainment from an even more alternative chill out a little further up the beach. We lasted approximately ten minutes based on our recollection of the haunting sound of real Ud music. The Ash - maybe Hash - resort provided a highly amplified fusion-type concert thing with cosmic inspired dancing from the deep inner self by a scantily dressed woman, or possibly man, it was not unambiguous. Vladimir Putin, or whoever, on his electronic Ud accompanied by some amorphous collection of divinely inspired sacred instruments including, naturally, a bongo by a black American - not to be clichéd - did not chase us. Nor the yogicallyinspired narrator bellyaching about the eternity of arty type 'thingmes' in a spiritually enhanced voice, artily dressed like a Shakespearian nymph. Nor even the excruciating squatting on reed mats. It was the second-hand marijuana smoke that finally did it. It is possible that the dancing was in fact divinely inspired. When one recalls that God is in fact French it ought not to surprise one that dancing from the true inner self includes influences from the court of Louis XIV.

Of course nothing in India – even on its Russian coast – can be totally relaxing. Motor scooters have augmented the road terror to the point that pedestrians need 360 degree vision and superior motor reflexes. The most dangerous and numerous of these are operated by tourists with absolutely no experience or ability to handle them.

India is a cash society hence the necessity to brave the roads to get to the ATM machines. These do exist but mostly do not function at all or run out of money. Even when they have some it is rationed to minute amounts to the point that one has to keep going back to them to replenish. We found no hotel or restaurant that accepted credit cards and paying our beach hut bill turned into a full time job of lengthy and dangerous sorties into one of the neighbouring villages – not all hardship as the route passed a very good French patisserie and a family that made first rate samosas.

Normally at some point or other in India, one's stomach gives out but in Goa, with the overwhelming amount of tourism, this did not happen to us. Instead the chap in the plane behind me, hacking away down my neck on the flight from Mumbai to Goa, managed to transmit a flu-like cold that floored me for about a week.

After alternating between up the beach and down the beach for days on end – beautiful though the eight km. stretch was – we started looking for diversions. Lavinia enjoys massages and spas and similar forms of

brutality, amongst which was a Russian sauna operated by a Rasputin look-alike. The session included submersion in a tub of icy water out of which she was unable to crawl and had to be bodily dragged and culminated in a beating with birch twigs – weird but true.

Another diversion involved a taxi ride through road chaos to Mapusa which, endearing though it was, was not a welcome relief from the artificial world of beach tourism. It had an extensive and interesting market and shops that sold the delicious Indian *mithai* – sweets, the best being milk and cashew-based (*burfi*, *pera*, *ras malai* and so on).

Our friends also persuaded us to go with them to the Anjuna allnight weekly hippy market where syncretic entertainment massively overwhelmed our homemade earplugs. It was actually quite fun and as we went and left early we managed not to be crushed to death under the throng.

One of the days we got really adventurous and took a series of local buses to Panaji, which is a pleasant low-key capital, followed by a bus trip up the beautiful river to Old Goa which is delightful with its Portuguese style grandeur still visible in the form of gigantic churches.

On another occasion a Ukrainian family in the neighbouring hut to ours told us of a beach in Maharashtra, the next state up from Goa, called Paradise Beach. Our taxi driver let us off at a magnificent fort in a state of some extreme decay next to an amazing beach with almost no one on it. This must have been how it was in Goa before the beaches were discovered by tourists — absolutely stunning with almost no infrastructure. We had misunderstood the driver as he was going to drive us from the fort to the beach. Instead, we descended to the river where

we unwisely rejected the boatman's offer to row us across in favour of wading waist deep through some rather nasty sludge against strong current which on reflection was probably quite dangerous. In fact, on the way back I thought we might be better off crossing where the river meets the sea but then saw an enormous fat snake swimming there waiting for the odd tourist to drop by to vary its fish diet.



Lavinia on the porch of our primitive beach hut in Goa.

The Grapevine

Marg Taggart died July 26th. She began dancing at the University Settlement House and it was here she introduced her young daughter, Terri, to folk dancing. More recently Marg danced with the Don Heights dancers and at the Toronto School Board Friday morning class led by Olga Sandolowich.

Walter Rasiuk died July 2nd. His photograph appeared in the June 2015 issue in the article titled "About the Accordion." www.ofda.ca/fdo/archives/2015/3jun15.pdf

Devianée Caussy and Mirdza Jaunzemis won the draws at the June 11th AGM & Camp Review Café for 50 percent off their next membership renewal.



Marg Taggart.



Baby Shower hijinks on May 6 at HIFDC.

Congratulations to Léa and Arnaud on the birth of their son. Hamilton International Folk Dance Club welcomed Raphaël Dubra at the last session of the season on June 3rd. Born on May 31, Raphaël danced his first dance Joc de Leagane in the arms of his father. HIFDC's baby shower party on May 6th was also a great success with a zany performance by Paul Tressel as bottletoting baby in carriage and Rick Adamczyk as the proud mother. The (real) expectant couple was presented with a travelling baby buggy and car seat, baby monitor, beautiful quilt made by Joan Tressel, and hand-made buggy blanket by Halina Adamczyk. Halina also made the cake in French colours.

Helen Kirkby was honoured twice in May of this year. She received an Ontario Volunteer Service

Award in May from the Minister of Citizenship, Immigration and International Trade. The Textile

Museum also recognized her many years of volunteering. Helen became interested in the Museum when Walter Bye, editor of the *Ontario Folk Dancer*, asked her to write an article about a costume exhibit. Later she visited the Museum to see an exhibit of Macedonian costumes and decided to volunteer at the Museum when she retired.

Allen and Roz Katz flew to Dublin and from there travelled the back roads of Ireland and spent the nights sleeping in castles. Terri Taggart and her husband, John Rose, spent time on the West Coast in Vancouver, Victoria and other parts of Vancouver Island, and Seattle, Washington.



Helen Kirkby.

The Macedonian dance group, Zvravez Assembly, performed at the Tulip Festival in Ottawa in May and the Musical Festival in Markham in June. Folk dancers Mary, John and Aphrodite Triantafillou and Valerie Sylvester are members of this group.

Dorothy Sloan writes that she enjoys reading the *Folk Dancer Online* because she misses International folk dancing very much. She is able to continue Scandinavian dancing because it is couples, but her husband cannot be left alone so she can't come to Olga's group as she often did.



No, Justin is not standing on a chair.

Justin and Fred Slater won their third world doubles crokinole title at the World Crokinole Championship this June and Justin won his third world singles title. Justin is the second person ever to win both the singles and the doubles at the same time. Justin and Fred are the second father/son team to win the doubles title. Note: See article from the Tavistock Gazette of June 4, 2016, reproduced on our website by permission.

Rina Singha presented Kathak Mahotsav Canada 2016 in August to celebrate the art

and beauty of Kathak dancing. The concert was preceded by a four-day workshop on Kathak as the springboard to choreography. Rina offered discounts for folk dancers, as well as an arrangement to donate to the OTEA Scholarship fund \$5 of every \$20 ticket purchased by folk dancers.

Dancing outdoors was popular this summer. All groups had good turnouts, no doubt helped by the good weather.



Hamilton Folk dancers on the Hamilton Waterfront in July.

Susan Samila, who now lives in Perth Ontario, fell into a big hole in the sidewalk and broke her leg. She is in a wheelchair until November. She sends greetings to everybody.

Fethi Karakeçili had physiotherapy this summer after straining his back and neck in a car accident in April.

Judith Cohen gave a lecture on "Sephardic Music and Its Connections" to Spain and Portugal" on August 21 at the Aga Khan Museum, Toronto. Originally slated for a room with 60 seats, the event had to be relocated to a larger room when more than 100 people attended. Her other activities this summer included giving a paper at a conference on Mediterranean music in Naples, Italy, and some fieldwork in neighbouring villages. She gave papers, as well, in Lisbon, Portugal and Zamora, Spain, and did village fieldwork there and the northeastern Spain-Portugal border area. She gave concerts with her daughter, Tamar, in Madrid and in the small town of Hervás, and one on her own in Barcelona. She then spent some time in Germany, consulting with a colleague about the new Jewish song archive she is directing, and spent a few days at the Yiddish arts workshop in Weimar. She returned to Toronto, gave the Aga Khan lecture, and went back overseas to Holland. She was invited to Utrecht to give a lecture-demonstration on perceptions of and changes in Sephardic music, for a symposium on Jewish music which is part of the annual Early Music Festival.



Link to Whittamore's Farm website.