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# *Folk Dancer Online*

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# Folk Dancer Online

Editor ..... Dorothy Archer  
Production ..... Bev Sidney  
Advertising ..... Paula Tsatsanis  
**Dance Calendar** .... Terri Taggart  
Distribution ..... Judy Deri

To contact the Editor, or to send calendar items, articles, and other magazine content:  
[folkdanceronline@gmail.com](mailto:folkdanceronline@gmail.com)

Proofreaders  
.....Blima Dreezer  
.....Rachel Gottesman  
.....Adam Kossowski  
.....Shirley Kossowski  
.....Kalina Serlin

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Web Design: Noemi Adorjan  
friendlyweb@gmail.com  
Web Maintenance: Helen Winkler



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**Cover Image:** Bulgarian women, singing and dancing. See article on p.13. Photo: Murray Forbes.

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## Editorial

by Dorothy Archer

It's been a long time since we could enjoy a little bit of a social life. Some groups were outdoors in the summer as mentioned in the *Grapevine*, others are making plans for the winter months indoors.

I was really impressed how well Judy Silver could dance in her Zoom sessions with a bandaged leg. Then I found out that it wasn't a bandage but she had rolled up her pant leg to indicate her right foot. Seems some people have asked for this so Riki Adivi has a ribbon tied around her pant leg and Dale Adamson of Surrey, B.C. wears a long dark stocking. Personally, I wish that leaders would wear shoes that are a different colour from the dance floor. Brown on brown equals invisible.

Waterloo Camp was on Zoom and a very nice evening it was. You can read about it in this issue. Stockton Folk Dance Camp gave a week of diverse entertainment. I enjoyed viewing Cesar Garfraz who taught contra-tiempo, a type of dance with elaborate moves which sends a message, usually about social justice. To get a better idea of what he was doing, I went to You Tube and share it with you here at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u8gFvs2bjFA>. Mainewoods Dance Camp held an in-person camp with protocols for vaccination and personal preferences for physical distancing and wearing masks. Also, Murray Forbes writes about a dance camp he and Lavinia attended in Bulgaria. They plan to be in Toronto in late October.

Nancy Nies, as usual, has researched an interesting article about dancing and costumes in Mali and Burkina Faso. Birgit Ages promotes live band music and its advantage for folk dancers. Aside from this, it is an interesting explanation of how a band is formed.

There is more news of Rita and Gabe in the *Grapevine*. Rita really does have a creative mind as well as a sense of humour. She painted portraits of the staff at Dani, a group she attends. She portrayed them as animals except for the service dog which she depicted as human.

If you haven't tried leeks, here is your chance. They are a mild vegetable and this recipe makes a pleasant dish.

For those of you who are writing an article for a future issue, or thinking of it, please note the *Submission Guidelines* on page 5. My thanks to Nancy Nies, Paul Gipe and Bev Sidney for their valuable input.

Enjoy your new freedom,

Dorothy



## CONDOLENCES

to folk dancers and their families...

A donation has been made by OFDA to its Bereavement Fund in memory of:

Long-time OFDA member Marion Melvin, who died in Halifax, August 2020, at the age of 92



and  
former OFDA member Ruth Budd, who died in June this year, at the age of 97

and  
Mary Christine Deighton, who died recently in England. Mary is the mother of Hamilton folk dancer and OFDA member, Lynda Vuurman.



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- It is preferred, but not obligatory, that articles be submitted electronically as an attachment to an email.
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- Credit for photos and illustrations should be included. Suggested captions are welcome.
- Articles must be submitted six weeks before the date of publication.
- Articles over 2000 words may be shortened or divided over successive issues.
- Articles may be edited at the editor's discretion.

## WEBPAGES WORTH VIEWING

The Facebook public group Medieval Mirth & Jollity has a video of a catchy sample of music being played on Medieval Hurdy Gurdy: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1912926405550351/permalink/2029529653890025/?sfnsn=mo>

And, if you have an interest in learning about old musical instruments, here's an Early Music Instrument database which contains a lengthy listing of instruments from the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque eras, with information about and sound bites of each instrument: <https://caslabs.case.edu/medren/>

Syrtyos on Facebook (with dancers from the Russian Ballet): [https://fb.watch/6dxRJR4A\\_1/](https://fb.watch/6dxRJR4A_1/)

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# *The Drama of Dama: Dogon Dancers in Disguise*

by Nancy Nies

The months of October and November bring to mind the celebration of Hallowe'en in the U.S. and Canada, with its masks, disguises, and aspects both funny and frightening. Mexico's Day of the Dead features both whimsical and serious sides as well, with its colourful memorial altars and lively *folklórico* dancing. The Dogon people of Mali and Burkina Faso have *sigi* and *dama*, ritual funeral events which, though not necessarily associated with the fall, and differing in many other ways from the two North American holidays, do have certain elements in common with them.

I was introduced to *dama* – and the masked Dogon dancers – through articles published in *Spotlight*, the online newsletter of California's Museum of Ancient Wonders (MoAW). A visit to this museum is recommended, by the way, should you find yourself in the Palm Springs area. Each issue of *Spotlight* focuses on a particular exhibit, such as the museum's large collection of authentic replicas of ancient African tribal art, including Dogon masks.

## **Of Masks and Men**

Intrigued, I began to do some research and to realize just how much there is to learn about the Dogon, whose population is estimated to number between only 400,000 and 800,000: their religious and cultural beliefs; their system of sects and castes; their numerous languages and dialects; their wood sculpture and mud architecture; their villages and cliff dwellings; their mathematical and astronomical knowledge; their understanding of anatomy and physiology; and – the focus of this article – their masked ceremonial dances. There are mask societies called *awa*, made up of initiated men, who have their own secret language called *sigi so*, organize *sigi* and *dama* events, make the elaborate masks and perform the ritual dances. A recent MoAW *Spotlight* states that these masks create “a mystical, empyreal [celestial] bond between the past and present, the sacred living and the honored dead.”

The French anthropologist Marcel Griaule, who lived among the Dogon in the 1930s and 1940s, quoted



*Dogon dancers wear colourful masks, 2009.*

Photo: Oberson, Wikimedia Commons.



on the Cultures of West Africa website, put it this way: “Through the medium of masks, Dogon dancers carve out an opening into ancestral, spiritual worlds, urging souls onward to the afterlife.” Dr. Christa Clarke, in a 2006 article on *kanaga* masks, writes that for their traditional *dama* dances, the Dogon use more than 80 different types of masks, constructed of carved wood and dyed, woven hibiscus fibre. The masks illustrate all aspects of Dogon life. Clarke writes that “[t]hey represent various human characters familiar to the Dogon community, such as, hunters, warriors, healers, women, and people from neighbouring ethnic groups ... [and] may also depict animals, birds, objects, and abstract concepts.”



Dancers perform a ritual dance wearing *kanaga* masks representing the arms and legs of the creator god; Sangha, Bandiagara district, Mali, 2007.

The *kanaga* mask represents the face as a rectangular box with deeply carved eyes, surmounted by a double-barred cross. One of the many interpretations of this structure is that it represents the arms and legs of the creator god; another is that the lower bar symbolizes the earth and the upper bar, the sky. The *sirige* mask, according to Shawn R. Davis (“Dogon Funerals,” *African Art*, Summer 2002), is worn only if the deceased were alive during the *sigi*, a celebration in honour of the first ancestors, which can last for years. As with the *kanaga* mask, the dancer’s face is covered by a rectangular wooden box with deep eye openings, like a Dogon mud house with narrow windows. The *sirige* mask is, however, topped by a wood plank two to three metres tall, painted to look like a house with many storeys.



Male Dogon dancers in *yana gulya* masks portray women of the Fula, a neighboring ethnic group, 2009.

In the Dogon culture, with its strictly defined gender roles, women do not dance or wear masks. Along with children and visitors, they make up the audience. It should be noted here that among the dozens of



Dancers wear tall *sirige* (“storeyed house”) masks, Sangha, Bandiagara district, Mali, 2007.

Photo: Bluesy Pete, Wikimedia Commons.

Photo: Oberson, Wikimedia Commons.

Photo: Bluesy Pete, Wikimedia Commons.





Male dancer wears a *satimbe* (“sister on the head”) mask honouring women ancestors; Sangha, Bandiagara district, Mali, 2007.

Dogon masks used in *dama*, there are only two representing women. One is the *yana gulya* mask, made of cloth and cowrie shells, which depicts a woman of the Fula (a Muslim people scattered throughout West Africa). The other, the only mask representing Dogon women, is the *satimbe* mask. Topped by a female figure with arms outstretched, it honours the women ancestors of the Dogon, who, according to Davis, “are said to have discovered the purpose of the masks by guiding the spirits of the deceased into the afterlife.”

Until the end of the 20th century, joining a mask society at the time of initiation (circumcision) was the affirmation of a boy’s transition to manhood. Nowadays initiation takes place earlier, and elders decide when a boy is mature enough to join a mask society. The word “mask” refers not only to the object, but to the initiated men who wear them. Polly Richards, in “The

Dynamism of Dogon Masks and Mask Performances,” from the website of The Menil Collection, writes that the masks – the word in this case referring to both the objects and the men – “are believed to possess *nyama* (life force) or *pangan* (power) that makes them fearsome – a power that can be physically dangerous or beneficial.”

## Of Dama and Dances

In her article, excerpted from her forthcoming book *Dogon Now: Masks in Motion*, Richards describes the dances themselves. The dancers enter the village or designated dance area, with each mask type making its entrance in a predetermined order, and each group dancing in a line, in order of descending age. The ritual dances involve jumps, leaps, bends, dips, turns, and even stilt-walking. The latter, featuring flapping of the arms, represents long-legged water birds.

The acrobatic *kanaga* dance, writes Richards, is considered one of the most difficult, “intended purely to show off the performers’ masculinity and prowess.”

The highlight of the dance is “the moment when he rotates the headpiece 360 degrees, swinging it to the ground and then up again in a swift movement.”



Dogon men, costumed and masked as Fula women, dance on stilts; Sangha, Bandiagara Cliffs, Mali, 2007.



*Dama dancer swings kanaga mask to the ground, rotating it 360 degrees, and back up; Mopti region, Mali, 2016.*

Performances of masked Dogon dances are very competitive. When a dancer performs solo and especially well, he is cheered and even given money by audience members. Less skilled dancers may be publicly criticized in the society's secret language. After the last dance, elders decide on the best performances by an individual dancer and by a village ward – a decision which generates much heated discussion in the village.

Richards draws a distinction between two types of Dogon “masquerade” performances: the *emina goo* – the mask dance itself, a serious performance with a serious purpose, and the *emina yogoro*, a satirical performance designed to make the audience laugh.

The *dama* dances, according to Richards, “provide the public focus, spectacle, and ceremonial framing” for rituals performed by elders, in private, to ensure the passage of a soul to the spirit world. Christa Clarke writes that because of the time and expense involved, *dama* are nowadays rarely performed for their original purpose. Like folk performances in many countries, *dama* are more often staged today in celebration of national holidays and as entertainment for tourists. “Dogon Country” is one of Mali’s main tourist attractions, and the masked dance performances provide the Dogon with income.

Click on the link below to watch a short video of highlights of a 2012 performance of *dama* dancers in the village of Tirelli, Dogon, Mali. I was amazed to see them dance so energetically – barefoot, in the dust – all the while managing to keep the very heavy (and/or very tall) masks on their heads – holding them in place, according to one source, with their teeth!

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=whAY9R-\\_7ac](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=whAY9R-_7ac)



*Kanaga and sirige dancers perform a ritual dama dance; Mali, 1974.*



## Of Costumes and Colour

The following evocative sentence begins Marcel Griaule's eyewitness account – found on the Cultures of West Africa website – of *dama* in the village of Ogol: "A line of 150 masked Ogol dancers emerged out of a trembling mirage of sandstone, advancing along the dusty paths that crossed the fields."

Griaule goes on to describe the dancers' costumes. On their bare chests shone bright-white strips of cowrie shells, while their heads were covered by hoods woven of black and yellow fibres. Completing the ensemble were red fibre ruffs, arm bands and skirts, along with black trousers. Other dancers represented blacksmiths, Moors and Fula, shoemakers, drummers, thieves, and hunters. Still others wore wooden masks painted in red, yellow, black and white, to depict antelope,



Masked kanaga dancers perform in colourful costume; Mali, 2009

deer, and birds. Last to enter were the dancers wearing the "skyscraper" *sirige* masks.

Although Griaule calls the masks "the faces of the world of the dead," he notes that the branch of greenery held by each dancer represented the essence of life, and that the red of the dancers' fibre skirts symbolized the sun. Arriving in the village square, the dancers arranged themselves in short lines according to costume type, and danced to the sounds of drums and iron bells, songs in their mother tongue and impassioned pleas in the men's secret language: "Shed tears for my dead father! The tears fall, fall from my eyes!" Griaule tells us that during the performance that day, through the universal language of movement and colour, he and his Dogon companion witnessed both the past and the future.



Dama dancers wear vibrantly coloured costumes portraying Fula women; Mali, 2009.

In a fascinating 18-minute video directed by Polly Richards, "Dogon Mask





Photo: H. Grobe, Wikimedia Commons.

*Dogon dancers pose, wearing a variety of masks and costumes; Mali, 1974.*

Stories” (in French with English subtitles) Dogon men and women were interviewed in 2010 about the masks and dancing which play such an important role in their culture. Watch the video here: <https://vimeo.com/131739277>

### **Comparisons and Contrasts**

Our Hallowe’en is said to have evolved from an ancient Celtic festival held November 1, celebrating the beginning of the Celts’ new year and marking the end of the harvest season and the start of winter. For the Celts the distinction between the living and the dead became muddled at this time, and spirits of the deceased were believed to return to earth on the eve of the new year to cause trouble. To frighten away ghosts, the Celts built bonfires and wore costumes -usually animal heads and skins. Similarly, the Dogon people believe that souls can bring misfortune to the living if not ushered safely into the spirit world by masked, costumed *dama* dancers.

Mexico’s Day of the Dead is thought to have had its origins in the Aztec use of skulls to honour the dead. For the October 2017 issue of *Folk Dancer Online*, I wrote about the Mexican Día de Muertos observance here in Bakersfield, where families create elaborate altars to honour the lives of lost loved ones, Aztec and *folklórico* dancers perform in colourful costume, and the faces of many dancers and spectators alike are painted to resemble skulls. The Dogon people also pay tribute to their dead by making use of masks, costumes, music, and sometimes humour.

It is interesting to note that the Dogon beliefs and rituals regarding death bear some similarities to those of the ancient Celts, and to learn that the Dogon *dama*, like the Mexican Day of the Dead, remembers and honours those who have died – by means of a vivid, energetic celebration of life.

# *Bulgarian Dance Tour 2021 with Iliana Bozhanova*

by Murray Forbes

They say that wisdom comes with age. While completely fulfilling the latter, for me, wisdom seems rather dull and I much prefer nostalgia. Thus, three years ago, having read again the Greek/ Bulgarian article that I wrote for *Folk Dancer* in 2009, I decided that it was time to return to Bulgaria.

Now as all folk dancers know, Bulgarian dancing can be a form of high-performance gymnastics. As I pawed over the internet for Bulgarian dance workshops, waves of fear swept over me. Lavinia and I had, some years back, attended a weekend workshop in Belgium where a highly motivated group of Bulgarian dance specialists, mainly from France, made sure that it was in no remote way any fun. We dropped out for the final day from mental and physical exhaustion. Even watching the young Bulgarian teacher leaping about was exhausting.



*Murray Forbes (left), and Todor Yankov, Iliana Bozhanova's accompanist.*

However, we happened to be on a Greek Island learning Greek dancing when I mumbled to a very nice Dutch couple that I was looking for a workshop in Bulgaria where the participants in general were not younger than 50 and preferably not specialists. Thus, we discovered and enrolled in a great sounding 10-day Dutch tour that limited itself to one day of the dreaded five-yearly festival of folklore in Koprivshtitsa. We attended this overcrowded festival in 2009 and quickly concluded that it was a once in a lifetime experience. However, I reckoned that we could easily find something else to do that day.

Then just as we had booked our cheap and inflexible flight, the plague descended and both trip and festival got cancelled. Undeterred we shelved our enrolment. This August, uncertain to the end, we arrived in Sofia, vaccination certificates and negative PCR tests in hand to participate in this most enjoyable tour. In the intervening period, however, we managed to get three years older, which in my case resulted in a knee that needed an operation that I was valiantly postponing until the hospitals shed COVID patients.

We don't speak a word of Dutch or Bulgarian nor read Cyrillic. Trying to locate our tour at Sofia airport was the first challenge. Finally, I sent them a picture of the two of us on some mountaintop in Spain and they located us. Luckily, Iliana, the excellent teacher, spoke pretty good English

*Photo: Murray and Lavinia Forbes.*

and no Dutch. The Dutch all spoke good English although, of course, they preferred Dutch so we were a bit on the edge.

It was an extensive and energetic program that my bad knee did not survive and I came back limping in great pain but one is meant to suffer for culture. I have to admit that denial was probably not the soundest strategy as we stomped and stamped and leapt about not to mention the mountains climbed and villages visited.

In thoroughly charming Koprivshitsa, devoid of the thousands of visitors during festival time, an event developed in the main square involving some young girls doing American style majorette marching to modern music interspersed with a young lady crooning rather well through a very loud speaker. Eventually, however, the event drifted into traditional folk music to which Bulgarian villagers and visitors joined with the children. No leaping, the complication was to not trip over the uneven flag stones. Not, however, the best therapy for destroyed knees.

These tours can be a bit intensive. There were 25 participants (a friendly and tolerant group) and we travelled everywhere by tourist bus with an incredibly skilled Bulgarian driver who fulfilled his Bulgarian duties of smoking his way through large numbers of cigarettes and speaking French.



*One of the many inns.*

The organizers clearly liked spa hotels because they all met this description – putrid water stinking of sulphur from all the taps with miraculous therapeutic qualities, no doubt. The first one in Starosel, a village not far from Koprivshitsa, was a very grand affair with a large-scale winery. It was an enormous complex near some Thracian ruins that we visited while our new Dutch friends perfected the finer points of the dances we had learnt. In addition, we

got to participate in a wine tasting session in which the hostess (the daughter of the owners) turned out to be a folk culture enthusiast and sang beautifully in the reconstructed Thracian wine tasting cave. In fact, our talented group included two who played recorders and flutes and many who sang rather well, making all bus trips a Bulgarian musical experience. We did not make it to the spa but the food was excellent, thereby adding weight to the knee.

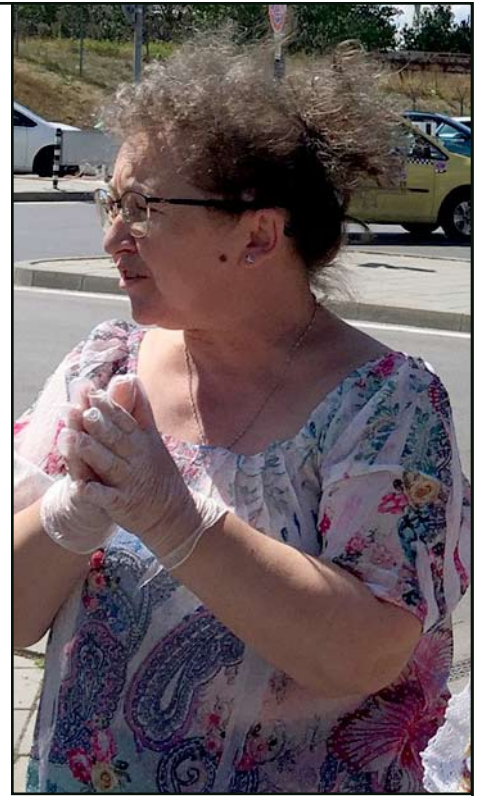
At this point I have to say that Iliana, accompanied by an excellent



accordionist, Todor Yankov, is one of the best dance teachers that I have come across. Normally she teaches young Bulgarians which may explain how she manages to break down complex steps into segments in such an effective way. She also dances very well so watching her was of great assistance.

After three days of excessive luxury, we made our way over the Rodopi Mountains to the tiny village of Ognyonovo in the Pirin Mountains close to the Greek border. The spa hotel, while comfortable, was more normal and we spent seven days based there. The dance classes took place in Garmen, a neighbouring village, on the stage of its cultural centre.

Iliana taught some challenging dances from Thrace and northern Bulgaria. In addition, towards the end of the workshop Georgi and Marianne Garovi came from Blagoevgrad to teach some of the finer details of the dances from Pirin, which for us was less enjoyable. Since Georgi was born in this region, they were able to arrange some exceptional outings to various village events.



*Iliana Bozhanova.*



*A feast of banitsas.*

There were a lot of outings all of which were interesting and enjoyable. We managed a couple of picnics in the mountains. One above Bansko involved ascending in an alarming old style ski lift, the type that doesn't slow down for getting on and off. Getting off was particularly entertaining. One had to lift the security bar on arriving and two large Bulgarians then tilted the chair slightly upon which one had to scurry, or be yanked by them, rapidly out of the way or be clobbered.

We also visited a loud celebration in Sabor Village for Saint Bogoroditsa which is like a Virgin Mary day with a live amplified group. The *zurnas* (deafening wind instruments used for raising the dead) were replaced by a clarinet. Not so for our visit to another smaller traditional village where the hosts prepared and cooked *banitsas* (pastries with feta cheese, eggs, possibly a few flies and so on, in them), while singing back and forth. They were a mature group of substantial

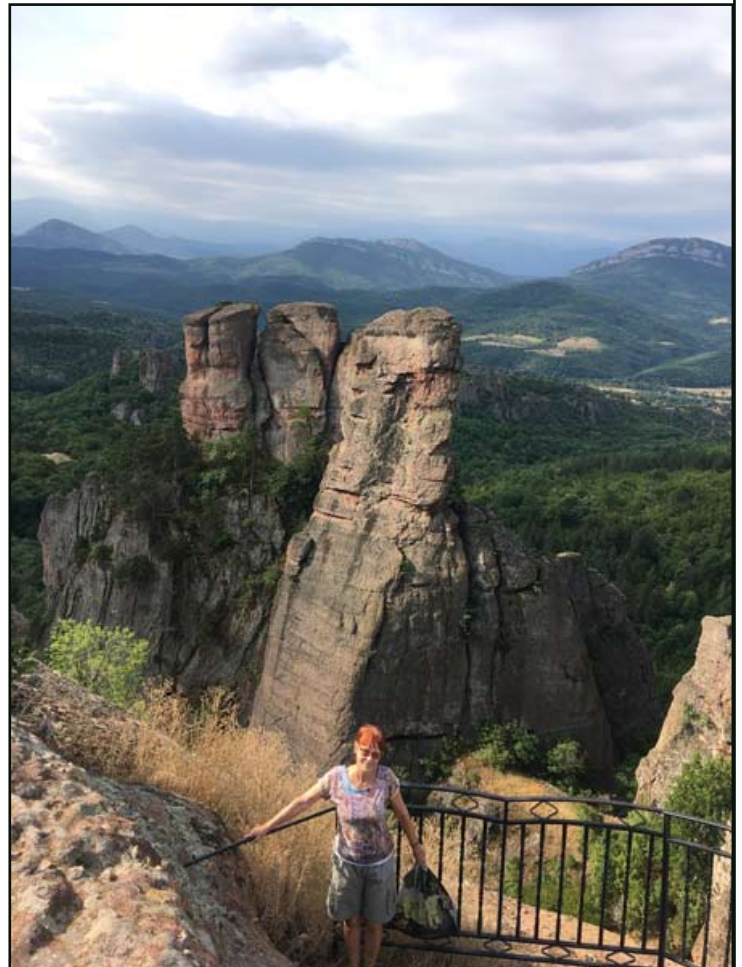
dimensions seated squarely on the ground without the apparent agony experienced by the rest of us. It was a precious outing. I found that homemade *rakia* was excellent for deadening the effect of *zurnas*.

We visited museums and workshops for Bulgarian shoes and drums and small lute-type instruments. Our last night was spent in Blagoevgrad in a grand spa hotel that was a refurbished historical building, located at one end of the pedestrian-only street. This is a charming laidback sort of place suffering from lack of commerce after two years of minimal tourism. The grand finale party in the hotel was so loud that we escaped to our room, not least because my knee by this stage was incapable of any more dancing.

For the last three days I rented a car and made the traumatic and perilous trip up to the north of Bulgaria. The roads varied from modern highways with 140 km/h speed limits to treacherous potholed tracks. The small Peugeot was alarmingly modern and took some understanding but once tamed, and we had persuaded the young Bulgarian giving us the remote key to change the GPS to English from Cyrillic, it functioned very well.

I had rented the only holiday apartment in Belogradchik where there are the remains of a Roman fort built into some incredible Utah-style rocks. The only problem is that Belogradchik is devoid of any surviving restaurants and apart from the magnificent rocks it lacks anything remotely interesting, including atmosphere.

Our apartment was basic to the extent that it didn't even have a couch or any comfortable seating and the minuscule bathroom up some rickety stairs had a shower that irrigated the entire room. The traffic outside our bedroom kept going intermittently all day and night and the Russian owner's noisy bar was below us. I decided at about 3:00 a.m. to walk away from the second night and booked into a wonderful converted *hamam* in Vidin beside the Danube River, a short walk from another Roman fort. In the evening we had an excellent meal aboard a stationary boat on the river beside a



*Utah-style rocks in Bulgaria.*





*Lavinia outside restaurant on the Danube.*

lively Bulgarian family who we discovered lived in New Jersey. We had a great chat enhanced by the *rakia* that they were systematically working their way through. Great fun.

Spain has invented a replacement for the Inquisition. In addition to the vaccination certificate, notwithstanding that one is arriving from a green-rated country, one needs to obtain a QR code from its health department. It is reasonable to require some way of contacting persons visiting Spain in case someone on the 'plane comes down with COVID but the problem is that to obtain this code one needs to be a computer expert or Russian. After one has worked out how to request this online form, one then has to go through a six-step process in which the computer summarily denies truthful responses and pre-empts one from proceeding further. Where I finally gave up was the description of the trip. Our trip was from Spain to Bulgaria, and back to Spain. This was not permitted. I tried pretending that our trip was the other way round and this was also rejected. Once one has passed a stage there is no going back and one is prevented from starting over. Luckily, we arrived at the airport early where an aggressive Ryanair check-in person, in nearly indecipherable English muffled through a mask, sent us packing to a desk where a Russian lady struggled for half an hour obtaining our code for the best €20 fee that I have spent. This was followed by the most intensive security we have been through since we tried to fly to New York through Kiev. Lavinia met a new friend, a security guard, who gave her a full-bodied massage but was unable to find any lethal weapons.

All in all, this was another memorable trip. We are also now firm groupies of Iliana and Todor, the former who teaches, sings and dances so well and the latter who plays the accordion incredibly well.



# *What It Takes to Have a Band*

By Birgit Ages

*Reprinted, with permission, from Northwest Folkdancer, April 2009.*



*Folk Voice Band of Seattle. The author is seated in the front row holding her accordion.*

There are various schools of thought for having a band. Here in Seattle, we have Folklife Festival, and you can see a lot of bands.

You can take a fiddle, a bass, a mandolin, recorder, guitar, and accordion, and you have a band. Various countries have different ethnic instruments like a tamburitza, or bagpipe, or harp. There are also various percussion instruments, like cymbalim or the hammer dulcimer. (In Germany, it is called a Hackbrett.) Some instruments, like tuba[s], trombones, trumpets, are more for marching bands.

Band instrumentation depends on the type of music you play. With international folk dance music, you have a unique situation, because one minute you are playing a tune from Russia, and the next minute one from Germany, then an Israeli dance tune, then a Scandinavian tune, then a Polish or Italian tune. When we were in Europe in 1989 for our honeymoon we went to several folk festivals that had one thing in common; can you guess what that instrument was? An accordion!

Once you have settled on the instrumentation, there is the question of how you get the right interpretation and styling. Is it something you have to be born with? Well, music is a language like any other language – but once you learn it you can communicate with people from all over the planet. Like a language, music has vocabulary – the equivalent of notes, words, phrasing, sentence structure. The vocabulary of music is bars/measures, rests, time signatures, key signatures and harmonies. Some styles play very basic melodies, and some are more elaborate. Sometimes the vocals are what make the tune and the instruments are mostly back-up.

All in all, music is what makes a dance. When we [Folk Voice Band] play for the dance group Katrilli, everyone comments on what a difference “live” music makes to the dancers.

When folk dancing was in its strong time, there were students and young people, and the halls were full of enthusiastic dancers, especially where you had live music.

Want to bring more life to your party? Then try live music, and introduce your friends and family to the joys that folk dancing can bring. The beauty of international folk dancing is that it brings together people from all walks of life, and music from all corners of the world. How magical to hear the flutes or mandolin or vocals with the old songs.

## XXL TOUR to GEORGIA, ARMENIA and (OPTIONAL) IRAN

Following the successful XXL Tour to three countries in 2018, Tineke & Maurits are planning a wonderful new XXL tour in June 2022. Don't miss it! Registration is open. Payment due in 2022. Info on our website:

[www.tinekevangeel.nl](http://www.tinekevangeel.nl)



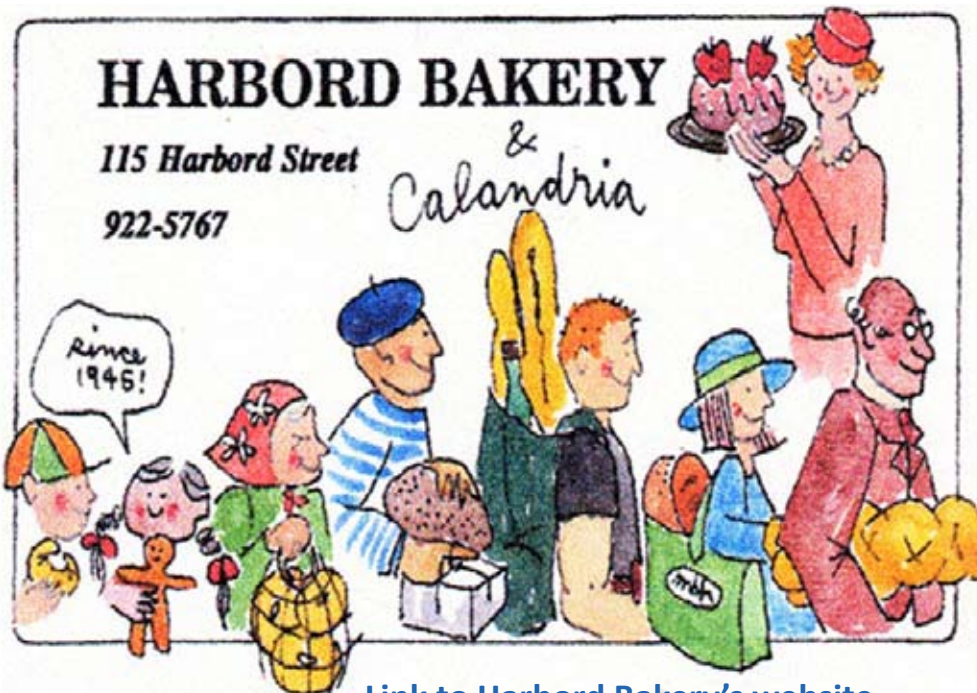


## Waterloo Camp 2021

Hope you didn't miss Waterloo Camp this year. It was a happy time on Zoom on the evening of May 22nd. Sandy Starkman, chairperson of the camp committee, opened the evening by welcoming all. Anita Millman then introduced Lucia Cordeiro who taught two lively and fun dances from Brazil: "Chan Chan" that used the music of the Buena Vista Social Club Band and "Maracatu Misterioso." She was followed by Vlasto Petkovski who also taught dances which made one want to get up and move: "Maslincice Zelena" and "Niz Korija Zelena" from Macedonia. Not only were these dances very popular with those attending, but the teaching was excellent. Both teachers will be at the 2022 Camp – something to look forward to.

Walter Zagorski made announcements of upcoming events and introduced the rest of the evening. There were breakout rooms for socializing and then a bit of nostalgia – a slideshow of shots from past camps. The party started with Alene and Charles Boyar from Rochester leading dances, followed by Riki Adivi, and then Dale Adamson from Surrey, B.C. Last up was Walter filling in for Judy Silver who had technical problems and couldn't participate.

Sandy closed the program with thanks to all who helped in the production and a reminder to meet at next year's camp.



[Link to Harbord Bakery's website.](#)



## *From the Folk Dance Cookbooks*

### *Leeks in Wine Sauce (Franche-Comté)*

Submitted by Joel Olivier to  
*Ontario Folk Dancer Cookbook* vol. II



6 lge. leeks  
100 g Swiss cheese, shredded  
30 g butter  
30 g flour

1 c. dry white wine  
1/2 c. heavy cream  
Salt and pepper to taste

Wash leeks well and cut into pieces. Cook in salted boiling water for 15 mins. Drain well and place into a large, well-greased ovenproof pan.

In a pot, mix butter and flour over medium heat. Add wine, cream, salt and pepper to make a smooth sauce. Pour sauce over leeks and top with shredded cheese. Put into 400 degree F oven until heated and until cheese begins to brown.





## The Grapevine

All has not been quiet in the parks and other outdoor venues. The Dundas Senior Folk Dancers, led by Anita Millman, returned to the outdoors in early July. To accommodate proper distancing, they had three shifts. One shift was joined by a group of teenage skateboarders. In response to local demand, Adam Kossowski resumed folk dancing on the Hamilton Waterfront in August. Physical distancing was maintained but masks were not required. A paved area adjacent to the stage was available for an overflow crowd to form



*Toronto English Country Dance Assembly in Withrow Park.*

Photo: Maxine Louie.



*Olga Sandolowich and Don Heights Folk Dancers.*

a circle. Maxine Louie, who has been practicing and teaching Qigong for many years, gave Qigong lessons as a warm up for dancing. After this exercise, the Toronto English Country Dance Assembly members donned masks and pool noodles and danced several times in Withrow Park. Olga and the Don Heights Folk Dancers gathered in Frank and Annemarie Kaufman's backyard to enjoy a potluck lunch and dancing on August 15th.

Former OFDA member, Ruth Budd, died June 30th at the age of 97. She was a bassist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and played in the Toronto Mandolin Orchestra (Shevchenko). Her interest in folk music influenced her son, Kevin, folk dancer and master of many instruments, especially the pan flute. For the story of the life of this remarkable woman go to <https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/theglobeandmail/obituary.aspx?n=ruth-jubudd&pid=199315514>. Our condolences to Kevin and his family.

Photo: Agnes Bliewas.



Marion Melvin of Halifax died in August 2020. She was 92. Members of OFDA met her in Halifax when they attended the Nova Scotia Camp in the early 1980s. She subsequently became a member of OFDA and attended the Waterloo Camp with her son in 1984.

The exciting lives of Rita Winkler and Gabe Nikolakakis continue to evolve. Gabe was a performer for Youth Day Global, [youthdayglobal.com](http://youthdayglobal.com). Rita congratulated him with this painting.

Rita was recently interviewed by an Australian YouTube tv show about Down's Syndrome. And that isn't all! The painting of folk dancers in the park shown below will be part of a calendar being compiled by L'Arche London, Ontario.



Image: Rita Winkler.

*Rita Winkler's painting for her friend, Gabe.*



Image: Rita Winkler.

*Folk Dancers in the Park.*