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Folk Dancer

The Magazine of World Dance and Culture

Street "folk dance" in Paris, France. Photo by Kevin Budd.

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Viewpoint

A Folk Dance, You Say?

By Kevin Budd

Another successful summer of dancing in the park has drawn to a close, and we thank all who helped organize and run the events, and of course everyone who came out to dance, sharing in this long tradition. Volunteering and participation are the two cornerstones of any healthy folk dance community. If you haven't been doing either ...well it's fall again, and time to get active doing folk dances! It's good for you and good for your dance community.

So what are folk dances anyway? I ask this because of our editorial choice for a cover this issue. Take a look at this list of characteristics from Wikipedia, the online encyclopedia.

- They are dances performed at social functions by people with little or no professional training, often to traditional music or music based on traditional music.

- They are not designed for public performance or the stage, although traditional folkdances may be later arranged and set for stage performances.
- Their execution is dominated by an inherited tradition rather than by innovation (although like all folk traditions they do evolve)
- New dancers often learn informally by observing others and/or receiving help from others.
- More controversially, some people define folk dancing as dancing for which there is no governing body or dancing for which there are no competitive or professional performances.

What do you think folk dancing is? Fun? Community? Tradition? Exercise? Whatever?

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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: ontariofolkdancers@gmail.com

Please do let us know about special events!

Our cover photo shows a moment in Paris, France, at spot with a great view of the Eiffel tower. Here we see some young men leaping about doing what can be called "break dancing" to recorded music. Is it a new folk dance? Perhaps. Or...perhaps not. I shall let you decide. Let's remember that there are similarities to other forms of traditional dance here, capoeira from Brazil, calusari from Romania, and certain African dances too, all ancient traditions. Their costumes are not, perhaps as painstakingly created as the average Balkan outfit, but we must ask ourselves if this is a modern folk dance and an appropriate costume not too different from capoeira haberdashery.

Curt Sachs, author of the authoritative, (yes, even more authoritative than Wikipedia) *World History of the Dance*, writes that "the dance is the mother of the arts." and he quotes a lovely bit of inspiration, from a Gnostic gospel, of the second century, saying, "Whosoever danceth not, knoweth not the way of life." And who is reported as having spake these insightful words? None other than Christ. Do we think of Jesus as a dancer? Perhaps we should. Like the Hindu Lord of the Dance, Lord Shiva, sometimes referred to as either The Destroyer, or the Transformer, perhaps the person who inspired Christianity was a folk dancer. We are in good company.

Now just for fun, compare the cover dancers to this photo, taken on a cruise ship in July. Is this folk dancing? I see a Japanese tailko drummer, with a woman wearing a Thai headpiece involved in a Chinese-style ribbon dance.

Photos by Kevin Budd

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Memories of Turkey

By Marylyn Peringer

Photos by Marylyn/Stephen Peringer

Eminome, Fish Restaurant at the Golden Horn in Istanbul

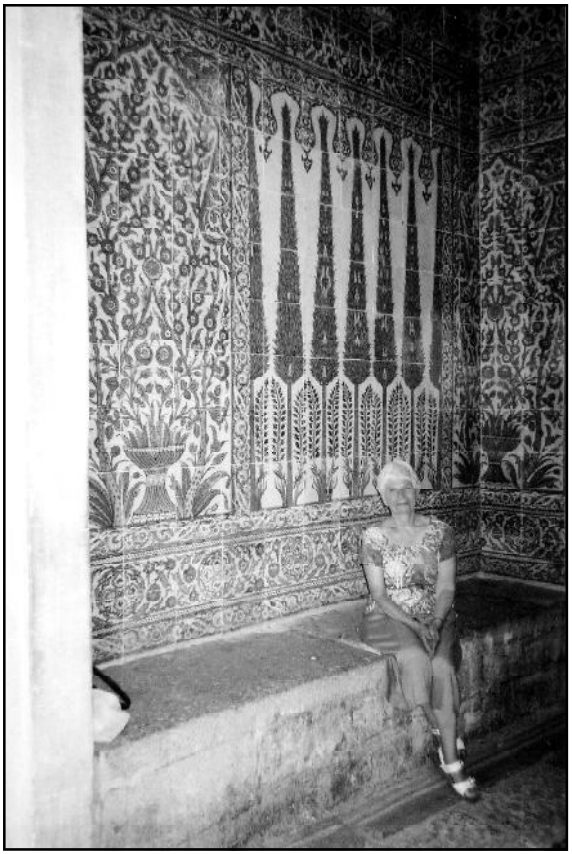
In Istanbul, the story I heard most often went something like this: "Where are you from? Oh, Canada! Do you like this shawl/carpet/ necklace/ lamp/ whatever? I can give you a good discount." Then, after much haggling, "Fifty percent off; for you I will do this. For anyone else, impossible!" (Said with a straight face. Don't you love it?)

Hawking merchandise in every conceivable way seems the norm in Istanbul. At the traffic-jammed highways leading to the bridges across the Bosphorus, young boys circulate amid moving cars selling bottled water and the crunchy, sesame-coated bread rings called simits.

Along the rocks of the waterfront in Kadiköy (my son Stephen's neighbourhood in Asian Istanbul) a line is strung between two poles; hanging from it are not laundry items but inflated balloons bobbing and waving in the breeze. Pay the man who sets them up a few Turkish lira and you can test your marksmanship with a rifle or pistol. For sharpshooters like Stephen, alumnus of his university rifle club, there were rows of eggs and even individual cigarettes waiting to be felled by a good shot. With the pistol I managed to burst three balloons—not outstanding, but quite satisfying to someone who had never held a gun before. Two hands for steadier aim, just like the women cops on TV.

There was buying and selling everywhere. At the ferry docks on both the European

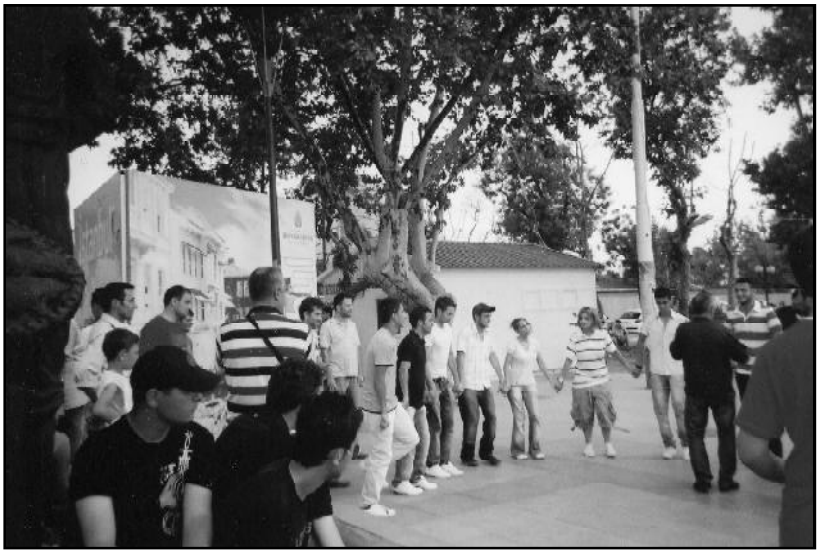
and Asian sides, you could pick up simits, roasted ears of corn, or a fresh fish sandwich from a vendor. Once the ferry was under way, waiters hoisting trays of tea (in tulip-shaped glasses, always drunk with sugar) would cruise among the passengers. For half a lira, less than fifty cents in Canadian money, how could one resist? So I would sip my strong, sweet tea by the ferry window and watch, as the boat left Asian waters and the amazing shoreline of European Istanbul came ever closer. There were the six spires of the Blue Mosque, the four of Aya Sofia, the domes and treetops of the Topkapi palace, home of sultans. It was Constantine, many hundreds of years before, who prohibited the erection of tall buildings close to the water so that all of his people in Constantinople (later Istanbul) could look out at the sea. Yes, Toronto citizens, are you thinking what I'm thinking?



Marylyn in the anteroom of the Harem of Topkapi Palace, Istanbul

Even from my fourth-floor bedroom window in Stephen's flat in Kadiköy I could lean out over the narrow street, turn my head to the right, and glimpse the Sea of Marmara beyond the trees of the waterfront park. I shared the view with the gulls and pigeons who always congregated at dawn on the roofs opposite and woke me with their call-and-response songs: the gulls screeching, the pigeons cooing in reply. I soon got used to it. I also got used to walking in the street, as the sidewalks were too narrow. But every corner offered a chance to explore. There were entire streets devoted to bookstores (Turkish-language publications only, unfortunately); others, closed to vehicular traffic, were filled with cafés and restaurants. In the evening, these were so many tables of dining, drinking, *tabla* (backgammon)-playing patrons spilling out into the street on either side that Stephen and I needed to walk in single file. And before long a waiter would catch our eye, thrust a menu in our faces, and we would become a part of the street landscape as well.

I had hoped to meet a group in Istanbul who met regularly for Greek dancing, but was unsuccessful; I think they had disbanded for the summer. However, I did get to see some Turkish dancing in an unexpected place: the Kadiköy ferry docks. My son and I were returning from a visit to the European side of Istanbul when we saw crowds watching something. It wasn't a protest or demonstration of some kind, for we had witnessed one the previous day (apparently a fairly regular occurrence in Istanbul), and this time no placards were in evidence. Instead, we could hear live music and singing; it turned out to be coming from two circles of dancers, each with a musician in the centre. Both groups were doing the same dance, one accompanied by a sort of bagpipe, the other by a stringed instrument resembling a violin. The steps of the dance, whose music was unfamiliar to me, did not seem difficult although it had a fast tempo and occasionally broke into much stomping, shouting and vigorous arm movements. The singing from one of the groups was call-and-response; the leader was a tall athletic man



Dancing at the ferry docks, Kadiköy Istabul

in his early twenties. As a matter of fact, all the dancers seemed to be in the 18-25 age group, while the musicians were much older. Stephen told me the dancing was probably the spontaneous aftermath of a goodbye party for a man off to do his mandatory military service.

Although I never got to do any dancing, Greek, Turkish or otherwise, the Turkish folk dance music I did know kept running through my head all the time I was in Istanbul: Iste Hendek, Ali Pasha, Kendime. Perhaps it was brought on by the amount of folk music emanating from restaurants, shops and other spaces open to the public. And I just had to have lunch at Konyali, the restaurant in the grounds of Topkapi palace (even though it cost me about $35 in Canadian funds, a bit steep for cafeteria food). But I did find out what the word means: "from Konya", the town in central Turkey that is the centre of the mevlevi brotherhood, or whirling dervishes.

Since my return from Turkey people have asked me the expected questions for someone in my line of work. Did I learn any Turkish folktales? Had I met any Turkish storytellers? Well, no, to be honest. I didn't discover any storytelling group akin to Toronto's 1,001 Friday Nights, nor did I run into a wrinkled, bearded teller of tales in a dark corner of the Grand Bazaar. But in another sense, I found nothing but stories. I had never been in the Middle East before, a part of the world where language, architecture, the soil itself hold so much history. Kadiköy, for example. It was originally a Greek settlement called Chalcedon, also named "the City of the Blind" by the people on the opposite shore; for Chalcedon had been settled first, and surely only blind men would choose a simple seaside location rather than the strategic site across the water which commanded three avenues of shipping: the Bosphorus, coming from the Black Sea; the Golden Horn, flowing from the Balkans; and the Sea of Marmara, leading to the Dardanelles and the Aegean.

Marylyn at the Konyali Restaurant

Does the word Chalcedon sound familiar? How about Smyrna, Antioch, Miletus, Ephesus, Cappadocia? The names breathe ancient history, Biblical studies. At Troy, I used my imagination, as the guide instructed us to do, while I stood on land overlooking what was probably the

Scaean Gate and a tract of marshland finally giving way in the distance to a narrow beach and the sea. The Aegean was now much farther away than in the days of Achilles and Hector; the classical Troy of Homer was now levels 6 and 7 of archaeological exploration. But the land is there and the story still lives. More modern tales are nearby, just across the Dardanelles, where we visited the nearly hundred-year old trenches and the many cemeteries—British, Australian, New Zealand and Turkish—that resulted from the battle of Gallipoli. We also heard from our Australian-born guide, an articulate and passionate storyteller, how Turkey unwittingly found itself allied with Germany in World War I.

I could write pages about my visit to Cappadocia, its underground cities and bizarre rock formations; I could go on and on about the lives of the sultans and the palace intrigues at the Topkapi harem. Enough is enough. I remember last winter telling people I was going to Turkey. Anyone who had already been there immediately started talking excitedly and never stopped. Now I know why.

Marylyn and son Stephen below fake Trojan Horse

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A cellphone chorus of "Sedi Donka."

By Judith Cohen

Just a couple of days after arriving in Spain last month, I was in Zaragoza for a meeting and at the evening "Zaragoza Diversa" festival discovered that one booth had Bulgarian products and, talking with the women running the booth, further learned that there are about 1000 Bulgarians in the city. They were astonished that some apparently random visitor to the city knew Bulgarian songs and dances, they put on some music, and we spent quite a while dancing in the Plaza del Pilar (ie the Square of the Virgin of the Pillory.)

Judith - not in Spain

A week later, and after a delightful (but danceless) few days at Murray and Lavinia's lovely new home south of Granada, one of my favourite Spanish cities, I gave two small dance workshops. The second was in the town of Teruel, famous for its Mudejar architecture and for its annual production of the medieval story of the "Lovers of Teruel", for which I sang one year, and was fascinated by the townspeople all wearing medieval clothes as they bought their morning baguettes and papers and walked their equally medievally-dressed (it was a cold February) dogs. The festival includes invented medieval dancing (that was the Folk Dancer-relevant sentence), a bullfight with a very small bull (not dressed medievally), an exhibit of medieval torture instruments and midnight bonfires with Templars and Cathars roasting sausages; also a terribly affecting death-of-the-lover scene, followed, the next morning, by a somewhat more prosaic death-of-the-not-to-be-his-wife scene (she leans over to kiss his face in the coffin and flops down over him, equally extinct but less gracefully so.)

Anyway, none of the people there had ever seen, much less done, any Balkan dancing. I concentrated on rhythms, and they learned quite a lot in just a few short hours. I had prepared short MP3s of dances with different rhythmic patterns to use as cellphone rings, and for some reason these students fell in love with "Sedi Donka." They all had bluetooth on their cellphones, and all demanded a copy. So during the pause we sat on the floor and bluetoothed (is it a verb? bluetothe? bluetathe?) "Sedi Donka" to each others' phones till everyone had a copy. Then we all phoned each other to make sure they worked.

When I left the town the next day, they were planning to coordinate a session in which all 15 cellphones would ring simultaneously, with "Sedi Donka" sounding simultaneously in the slightly different pitches of each brand and model. I don't know whether to be sad or sorry not to be there to hear it.....

But next year I'll teach them the dance. No more sticking to simple, basic lesnoto for this lot....maybe they can add it to their medieval(ish) production of the "Lovers of Teruel."

Judith in Spain

Post Card from China

By Mel Mann

Chongquing Harbour at night

When first planning next year's "Dance on the Water" trip to China, I thought that it would be a good event. But now having experienced it all I am sure it will be an outstanding trip and a delight every day. Esther and I just returned from our "check out" trip where we experienced next year's whole trip. We also met with dance teachers and leaders in several communities and are already planning many joint events.

China is an exciting place to visit now. China has, and is now, expending as much energy for next year's EXPO as they did for the Olympics. They have torn down many slums and replaced them with massive high rises, while at the same time created large public parks with ponds, bridges, rock gardens and trails interspersed among the new structures. Shanghai is an exciting, vibrant city while at the same time featuring and celebrating its heritage. Who would expect an attractive, lively "China Town" in Shanghai, China? What's more, to visit a four acre, four hundred year old garden within its boundaries made it hard to limit the amount of photographs we took of all the ponds, paths, buildings and rock formations. We were amazed at the new trees we saw all over and then were told that the Chinese are replacing more trees than are lost in the world's rain forests. The Bund, the famous and beautiful water front area, is under

renovation in preparation for the EXPO.

Our ship, the Victoria Prince, is spacious and all cabins have a balcony with a sliding glass patio door. Each cabin is larger than the typical river ship and has a TV with cable reception and nightly films, telephone and attractive furniture. Each bathroom has a bath tub with a shower over the tub (except for the suites that have a very large bathroom with a separate large glass enclosed a shower).

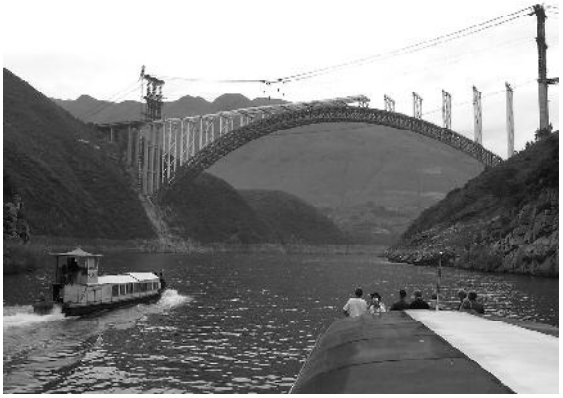
Chinese musician on board ship

The food was delicious, beautifully presented, plentiful and the service could not be matched. At full capacity, there are two passengers for every one staff member. Besides the management's and staff's excitement about hosting our dance group, there are innumerable adequate places to dance on board.

All sightseeing and shore excursions are prepaid, including admission fees; there are no optional tours or shore excursions sold. Noteworthy shore excursions included a day long visit to the Yellow Mountain, Huang Shan, which included an 11,000 foot long, 3,600 foot ascent to the top of the mountain by cable car, where we were treated to a lovely lunch in the mountain top hotel. The spectacular views of this mountain scenery struck us as a combination of Yosemite and the Grand Canyon. This was followed by the incomparable vistas of the Three Gorges Dam and the Lesser Gorges. Other noteworthy excursions were a performance of the talented Chinese Acrobats show, a Chinese cultural Tang Dynasty dinner show and a full morning visit to the Temple of Heaven where we observed and interacted with local people enjoying themselves at games, dancing, karaoke, and poetry, all in that lovely setting which we hated to leave. Of course the famous Terra Cotta Warriors and the Great Wall were highlights of the trip.

The talented Canadian dance teacher, Sandy Starkman, will lead dancing next June and she probably will be teaching, among other things, some Chinese dances. We will have many opportunities to see dance performances and to dance with locals both in parks and dance studios.

There are already ten persons signed up for this trip which has an early sign-up discount. For more details see ad on page 25 and check the internet link: "http://www.folkdanceonthewater.org" where you will see more photos of the trip that Mel took. You can contact Mel for details at (510) 526-4033 meldancing@aol.com



Bridge under construction in the Lesser Gorges area

Dancing in Spain is Mainly in the North

By Murray Forbes

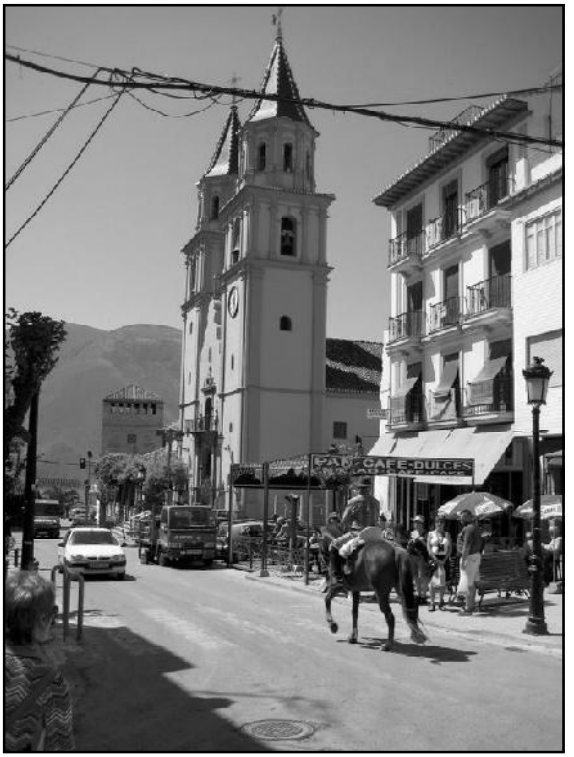
Lavinia and Murray on their front balcony

Inspired by Kevin Budd's story "A Doll is Bought in Brooklin" I thought I should answer that burning question that is hovering in all your minds: "Is there international folk dancing in Spain"? The connection might seem tenuous to some but it seems to me that Kevin's doll was almost certainly Diaspora Sephardic and not from Russia. In any event the answer is yes.

We happened to be attending a Greek dance workshop by Moisidis Kariacos in Toronto when I asked this very question. Well he didn't know but a Spaniard had attended one of his workshops some time back and if I e-mailed him – the kind of response that one expects to mean 'get lost and stop bothering me' 'don't call us we'll call you'. Some months later however we received a charming e-mail from Blanca from Asturias with a string of websites and contacts that seemed endless and in perfect English – that is to say my type of Spanish.

The weekend after we moved to the south of Spain to live (in the Alpujarras amongst the mountains of Andalucia), we were off on a two day drive to the North of it to attend a Pontic Greek dance workshop in a tiny village in Navarra – why else would one go to Navarra in early March one might ask. If there is something that the Spanish are exceptional at it is how to party. Notwithstanding our extremely limited and in my case nonexistent Spanish we were immediately swept into the fold. In marked distinction from most folk dance workshops that I have ever attended, even though nearly all the participants were experienced dancers, there was no

The Forbes' garden patio



Downtown Orgiva

hint of that advanced workshop terror that typically creeps into the brow of "serious" dancers. In fact an error in the step was the source of general hilarity. One slight challenge to anyone trying to teach dances in Spain however is that the Spanish also love to talk and listening is not really that high up on the list of priorities. In any event the party never really ended until the weekend was done.

The location is worth mention. Beire is a tiny medieval village right next to Olite, the site of the palace of the kings and queens of Navarra. We stayed in an ancient monastery authentic right to the living conditions. The dormitories and all the facilities were co-ed which could have been quite awkward but for the tactfulness of participants – who in any event were for the most part female.

Now we are retired time is not an issue for us and we took the opportunity of the long drive to discover various charming towns and villages on our way. As an ultimate act of revenge my colleagues at the office got together and bought me a GPS to entertain me while driving through my retirement. A stern lady robot closely related to the Daleks argues with me incessantly. On this occasion she distinguished herself by directing us down a pedestrian-only street in Soria after I refused to turn down two one-way streets in the wrong direction and one street that my small vehicle could clearly not fit through. It was shortly after we had been informed by an endangered pedestrian of our fatal error (and possibly other pertinent pieces of information that our combined command of Spanish may not have fully understood), that we discovered a rare and wondrous sight in the heart of a Spanish town, namely a vacant parking spot, from which we could try our feet at walking down the pedestrian-only street to our hotel. Naturally we failed to notice a well camouflaged sign to the effect that we had to pay and display a parking permit obtainable from a carefully hidden ticket machine. Our confidence in Spain however was totally restored when on returning to a 90 euro parking ticket with some complex mumbo jumbo on the back about "anulacion" we were assisted by the parking ticket official to undo the ticket by feeding some minimal extra fee into the machine.

We went back up to Beire again some months later to attend a Thracian Greek workshop. This was just as enjoyable as the first time, only this time we were greeted as long lost friends as opposed to new friends. In addition the weather was much warmer and we were able to dance outside in the courtyard for some of it.

In contrast we also attended a more extensive workshop in Ploermel, Brittany. It was a much larger and longer affair lasting for 10 days and encompassing Thracian Greek, Macedonian, Greek Island and Serbian dancing as well as concurrently Breton and Irish dancing. There was also live Greek, Breton and Irish music. One would have to say that having fun or any semblance of enjoyment was not apparently the first priority. The dancing was taught at a very high

level and perfection was definitely the minimum requirement. We in fact left some days early partly because of the general solemnity of the affair and partly because of the weather. This part of France is very pretty but also very wet.

Unfortunately all our attempts to find folk dancing in Spain had turned up events in the North of Spain. This entails a lot of driving as Spain is quite big. Although we have used this also to discover various beautiful old towns in which we stayed en route, we were disappointed not to have found anything vaguely Balkan in the South. However a month or so ago we had some Canadian friends visiting us and were wandering slowly through the old part of Granada when Lavinia noticed a handwritten poster advertising Greek dancing in a café on Thursday nights starting at 9:00 pm. As Granada is only an hour's drive from us we determined to go and see what was going on. Granada is a maze and getting into and out of it is a significant challenge without having to actually find some fixed location within it. Eventually however we found the tiny little student café hidden on the edge of the old Jewish quarter where we became the only persons in the bar. At about 10:30 a young Greek guy turned up who informed us that he was the teacher and with whom we chatted in English while he got into the teaching mood. Then at about 11:00 some equally young primarily Greek students from Granada University showed up as well as other bar patrons unrelated to the dancing and off we went well into the wee hours through the omnipresent Spanish bar smoke screen and to the impediment of bar customers (some of whom joined in). Not that we blended in in any way but at least we could do the dances. We became weekly addicts until the teacher left for Greece for the Summer.

Through attending the café Barbol where we brought the average age up to the low twenties one of the dancers invited us to attend an afternoon of Danzes sin Fronteras which turned out to be held in what must have been an old palace in the Albayzim facing the Alhambra and is now part of the university of Granada's faculty of Arabic studies. To say that the view is spectacular is an understatement. The dances were simple and there weren't many participants but the building was exquisite with the walls covered in the original tiles and a total front-on view of the Alhambra across the valley.

"Öur Mountain"

Well we are still discovering. There is some enormous festival near Avila in the centre of Spain at the end of July also by Danzas sin Fronteras, and although much of the program is not of interest to us we have found some workshops on the first weekend that we are going to attend. They include some Balkan dancing and a Turkish / Armenian workshop so we will see. Maybe in the next installment of "A Man Grows Old in Andalucia" we will be able to enthrall you with the definitive verdict.

Post Script

The search for dancing in Spain continues, as detailed below in a subsequent communication from Murray....

August 3, 2009

This Friday we are heading up the mountains to a little village where a violinist and accordianist are playing Klemzer music. Who says we are isolated?

We have in fact embraced quite a local cultural life. We have been to some odd (and very odd) thingummies in the neighbourhood. For instance we went to an extremely odd film called "Media Luna" in Kurdish with Spanish subtitles showing at a dilapidated ruin of a 16th century olive mill 10 minutes walk from us playing to a very diminished audience. To the extent a) there was a plot, and b) I gathered the gist of it, the film was totally incomprehensible, . Something about a bunch a middle aged Kurdish musicians going to play a concert in Iraq in a school bus from Iran or somewhere, being brutalized by border police, and a nominal young Kurdish beauty skipping through snow covered mountains pulling coffins - I might have missed some of the nuances. The music was excellent. We also went to a very enjoyable guitar duo playing in a hard to find placeta in Lanjaron which was not only free but also featured municipally sponsored sangria, which might account for the large number of Spanish that attended.

On 24th to 26th July we drove to Avila where we stayed in a hotel where our bedroom windows opened onto the wall of the city. Avila is low key and Spanish – primarily rich Madrilenos. From there we attended a weekend dance festival in Arenas de San Pedro which is in the Sierra de Gredos between Toledo and Avila. Avila is quite charming, but a good hour and a half (albeit stunning route through the mountains), from Arenas. It was very hot, and the festival was a real mish mash of things. A lot of the workshops that we were interested in, true to Spanish custom, just did not happen and so we ended up trying some extremely different types of dancing. As you know we mainly concentrate on Balkan and Eastern European village dances. Under the caption 'Silk Road Dancing" or rather its Spanish equivalent we all got to practice being dismembered chickens and one would have to admit that not too many of us looked convincing Nepalese when we frantically waved our arms about and wiggled our hips. Oh well at least it was cross cultural, but give me a curry any day. On one of the days we stopped for breakfast below an unrenovated old castle in Mombeltran which we managed to walk around. Amazing mountains, large rocks and lots of forest. Very pretty.

Then on 1st Aug we went to a local Flamenco concert and show in the school grounds of Orgiva - which was very good and lasted until 1:30 am. In fact there is such a thing as flamenco overload, but it does increase one's ability to sleep through the nocturnal choral practice by our neighbourhood hounds. In this case in fact the standard got increasingly better as the evening progressed ending up with a series of extremely large men with high pitched voices ululating to the accompaniment of a series of well played guitars and some professional hand clappers. Right at the end there was some dangerous looking stamping and arm gesticulating from some very full bodied women - ferocious is Spanish womanhood.

All the best. Murray

From a photo by B.Sidney

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The Back Page - Tidbits

The OFDA will present a

Folk Dance Workshop

Balkan Rhythms & Dances with Judy Silver

- *Learn to recognize musical time signatures*
- *Learn to identify common Balkan dance rhythms from Greece, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Serbia, and Croatia*
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Date: *Saturday,* ***September 12, 2009***
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ontariofolkdancers@gmail.com

Seeking Folk Dance Teacher

Little did I suspect, when I signed up for Teme Kernerman's course in how to teach folk dancing, that the benefits would pay off so well. See the following e-mail that I recently recieved
....Bev Sidney

Subject: Dance Class
From: tim00011@msn.com
Reply to: timfidelity2008@yahoo.se

Hello,

I am happy contacting you with a convinced experience of your company to teach me and my wife our first dance or choreography dance in our up coming wedding inorder to entertain guests at the wedding. You have to choose a good dance style for us as we have none in mind and we want the best from you.we would visit you country before the wedding.we spend 3 hours per day for 2 weeks.The date for the wedding is September 29th 2009 and please we want to start the classes on the 20th of August to start the class immediately.we want to make an initial deposit of $3,000 USD.Then after we can check the balance.

1) Do you have a POS machine for charging of credit cards?

Please get back to me now or call me anytime. God bless you.

Regards,
Mr Tim Mccarron.
Mobile: +447045768990

(Sadly, I will have to turn down Tim's offer, as I can't fit them into my schedule...bs)

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Purchase your tickets now!
They will be available at Toronto and Hamilton classes.

To purchase tickets, contact one of the following folkdancers:

1. Riki Adivi
2. Dorothy Archer
3. Adrienne Beecker
4. Mirdza Jaunzemis
5. Arlene Lindfield
6. Marylyn Peringer
7. Paula Tsatsanis

Info: ontariofolkdancers@gmail.com

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